THE WHITE ROSE.

"I cannot see any one, Dolores," he said; and even then the very utterance of the beloved name seemed to lighten his sorrow, "Dolores!" he repeated, dwelling tenderly on the word.

But the visitor would take no denial; he had followed the servant to the drawing-room.

"I must come in, Cliefden," he said, 'I must see you."

"It is Lord Rhysworth," said Dolores, unclasping her arms, with a little flush on her face.

The visitor entered—a tall, aristocratic-looking man, rather above middle-age, but not old enough to be called elderly. He was not handsome but his face was that of a noble, generous man.

"You must forgive me, Squire," he said. "I could not help coming to see you. Is the news I hear true? Has the company failed?"

"Yes; and I am a ruined man—ruined, penniless—shall soon be homeless. I, the last of the Cliefdens, in my old age, must die a pauper!"

The Squire's voice sank into a murmur, and his head fell upon his breast. Lord Rhysworth turned to the girl, whose face had grown colorless with emotion.

"Is it quite true, Miss Cliefden?" he asked.

'Quite, true, my lord," she answered.

'I am very sorry," said Lord Rhysworth. The words were simple, but they had the ring of sincerity and truth. "I am more sorry than if the same misfortune had happened to myself," he continued. "Is there any way out of it?"

"No," answered the Squire, sadly. "I must leave White Cliffe and find refuge in a workhouse or almshouse, and Dolores—oh, Dolores, my darling!—will have to work. I am the last of the Cliefdens, and such is my destiny. Fate has been more than cruel to me!"

Again the soft arms stole round his neck, and a sweet voice whispered to him—

"Papa, what some men call fate others call Providence; and Providence can never be cruel."

But the Squire would not listen.

"I am an old man," he murmured; "my eyes are dim, and my hair is gray. I am an old man, and it is hard to eat pauper's bread and die like a pauper."

Then Lord Rhysworth went up to him, and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said gently—

"Will you listen to me, Squire? I can find you a way out of your trouble—a way by which you may live at White Cliffe, by which you may enjoy a good income, with every comfort and luxury until your death, if you will listen to me." There was a curious hesitation, in his manner, a pallor on his face, and a tremor in his voice. "Let me marry your daughter Dolores," he went on, "and you shall be a rich man for life," Hush—do not speak—do not refuse! Hear what I have to say first—a rich man for life, Squire! I will buy back White Cliffe for you. I will settle an annuity on you. You shall be a richer man than you have ever been. Hush—wait! I love Dolores. I have loved her since the first moment I saw her—a child, you remember,—and she came dancing into the room with little blue shoes on. I have loved her all her life. I would sacrifice much to make her my wife. I love her as no young man could ever love her. She shall be the happiest woman in the land. One moment more. I lay my fortune, my title, my heart, my very life at her feet. She shall live in luxury and magnificence, She shall never know one wish ungratified, one longing unindulged. She shall have all that this world can give her, all that love can compass for her, if she will marry me." He paused for a few moments, not from want of words, but because his emotion was so great. "Hush," he said again—"you must not give me any answer yet! I could not bear it. Let me grow calm. Wait until I recover myself."

CHAPTER II.

They formed a striking group—the old Squire, with his gray head raised in wonder, his face full of pain, surprise, and pleasure, all striving for mastery; the young girl by his side, whose faultless face had grown perfectly colorless, whose hands clung more closely to her father's neck; and the eager, noble-looking man.

Twice the Squire had essayed to speak, but each time his voice had died away; the only sound that had come from his lips had been the whispered name of "Dolores!" Twice he had looked up with an eager excited gesture, as though he would fain interrupt, but the fire and passion in the other face had stricken him dumb.

Lord Rhysworth bent over him.

"You must not think," he said, "that I take an unfair advantage. I speak abruptly now; but the object of my visit has been the dream of my life. I was thirty years of age before I looked with admiring eyes at any woman's face; and then I saw Dolores. She was only a child, but, oh, how I loved her, and how I have loved her ever since! She was only a child, but I vowed then that, when she grew into womanhood she and no other should be my wife. I have watched her from year to year, and have loved her with a deeper and deeper love as time went on. Dolores," he cried, turning suddenly to the beautiful wondering girl, "have you never guessed how much I loved you?"

"No," she answered faintly.

"I wonder at that," for girls are quick enough in such matters. There have been times when I have gone away half mad from you, and have left you because I could no longer control my love. Dolores, have you never fancied it?"

"I have never even thought of it," she answered.

"My beautiful love, you are fresh and fair as the morning. your eyes beam with the clear light of youth and innocence, your lips have the bright smile of happy childhood! It was hardly likely you would think of it. Still I have loved you so! I am not young, Dolores; but many a man of half my years has a heart twice as old. My eyes have sought no face save yours, my heart no love but yours—you have filled my life. I have wanted to tell you this for months past, but I have lacked courage. It is your father's trouble that forces it from me now. I come of a race that knows no fear; but I tremble for the word which has to fall from your lips, and which will mean either life or death for me!"

Once more he paused, unable to speak. The Squire looked up at the beautiful colorless face.

"What do you say, Dolores?" he asked.

"I do not know what to say, papa; I am bewildered," she answered.

"I have been too abrupt!" cried Lord Rhysworth. "Dolores, I wish I could pray to you; my prayers should be so eloquent that you could never refuse them. I will make you so happy, and will live only for you. No younger man could give you the love, the care, the tenderness, the devotion that I shall lavish on you. Dolores, you will be truly happy with me. I am sure, if you will but risk the trial."

"You are very good," she answered.

But he saw that her lips were pale, and that the words came with difficulty.

"I meant to be kind," he said regretfully; "but I fear I have been cruel. I have been too abrupt. Dolores, you must think the matter over. I will take no answer yet—neither 'Yes,' nor 'No.' Think over it. Squire, will you do the same? And, then, after a few days, you will write to me, Dolores. I do not wish to press my suit unduly, my dear; but always remember that your words will bring me either life or death."

"Whatever happens, Lord Rhysworth," observed the Squire, "I shall never forget your goodness to me."

"Never forget my love for your daughter," was the reply. "Use your influence for me, Squire, and you shall be the happiest man in the world. Dolores, if your heart says one word in my favor, listen to it. I must go now; and when you have an answer for me perhaps you will write?"

"Yes," she returned, faintly, "I will."

He took her white cold hand in his, raised it to his lips, and kissed it with passionate tenderness. Then he whispered a few words to the Squire and retired.

Father and daughter sat for some few minutes after his departure as though they were turned to stone. Then, drawing her to him gently, the old man said—

"What do you think of his Lordship's proposal Dolores? Is it a favor from Heaven?"

"I cannot tell," she replied.

"He is very good, very noble; and, oh, child, from my heart I dread poverty and the workhouse! He is generous and wealthy. He said I should be a rich man. What will you do, Dolores? Can you give me some idea, something to rest my heart upon, something to think of and hope for?"

"I will consider the proposal, papa," she answered. "I cannot decide at once. I must have time."

"You would be mistress of Deeping Hurst—a place the like of which is not in England—Lady Rhysworth of Deeping Hurst; and I should be a rich man. You love me, do you not, Dolores?" he asked, with almost childish eagerness.

She kissed his forehead tenderly.

"I love you so well," she replied, "that I would give my life for you, papa."

"And you will weigh his lordship's offer? I shall try to be satisfied with those words, Dolores. I feel better now. Get me a bottle of the Burgundy with the yellow seal—there is enough to last until I am a rich man and you are Lady Rhysworth. Then I will go to sleep. My brain is tired; it aches with terrible misgivings. Sometimes, when I was a young man, I passed the almshouse at Deeping. I should not like to live there, Dolores. You must not let the last of the Cliefdens go there."

"I will think about what we had better do," she said; and, though his eyes followed her wistfully, she would say no more.

She brought the bottle of Burgundy and gave him a glass of it. Tears came to the old man's eyes.

"I should not live long without my wine, Dolores," he said; "it gives me fresh life."

She brought a pillow and lowered the blinds, making him comfortable as only such loving hands could, and then left him.

It was piteous to see how old and worn his face seemed to grow when he was left alone. He slept; and in his sleep he went back to the dreams of his youth, for he murmured continually the one name that seemed to be engraved upon his heart, "Dolores;" while his daughter went to her room knowing that she held the issue of their lives in her hands. She had promised to think of Lord Rhysworth's proposal, to see what she could do; but her reasoning powers seemed to have left her all at once, and she could not collect her thoughts.

Since yesterday what a change had come over her life! Yesterday she was little more than a child, her girlish heart full of a beautiful love-dream, into which no sorrow, pain or care came—only yesterday; and now she was a woman, with a woman's doom of patient endurance and self-sacrifice hanging over her.

Before she could decide the question which troubled her, she must sit down and think over the events of her life. Trus it had all been passed at White Cliffe; but it was not so devoid of interest as one might expect. She remembered no other home—indeed she had no other; but she recalled some long, bright, happy years, when her fair, gentle mother had taught her herself, because she loved her too well to intrust her to any one else—calm, quiet years that had not a ripple on their surface. Her home had been a tranquil, well-ordered one; life had been smooth as a silent river on a summer day. But there were some scenes which were so vividly impressed on her memory that they would never die away; they came to her now.

She remembered a fair summer day; when she with her mother, was sitting on the lawn, and the Squire came to them full of eager interest in some news he had just heard. Wynchcombe Hall had been purchased by a French lady, a widow, Madame de Ferras, who had been exiled from France for political reasons. She had purchased the Wynchcombe property, and had named the Hall "Beaulieu." It was reported that she had one daughter and was possessed of ample means.

"That will be very nice for Dolores," Mrs. Cliefden had said. "I have often wished that she had a playmate!" and the gentle lady was highly delighted with the prospect.

Dolores could remember how, as her parents discussed the new-comers, she wondered in her childish mind what this playmate would be like, never dreaming that on that day a new element would be brought into her life which would mar and blight it.

She recalled one day when they went together—the Squire, her mother, and herself—to visit Madame de Ferras. Dolores remembered the stately handsome matron with her courtly polished manner, and the startling vivid beauty of her daughter Lola. Before her dusky beauty, the complexions of English girls looked pale and delicate; for Lola de Ferras was gifted with unusual loveliness. She was three years older than Dolores; and there was every reason to believe that they would be great friends. Madame de Ferras was delighted with her visitors; she made friends at once with fair and gentle Mrs. Cliefden, was most gentle to the Squire, who was full of admiration for her, and charmed with Dolores.

To be Continued.

When Discouraged Turn to Dr. Chase

He Cures Every Case of Piles Thoroughly and Well Without the Danger, Expense and Pain of an Operation.

It is surprising what a large number of men and women suffer from the wretched uneasiness and torturing itching of piles. You may be among those who, through modesty or fear of the surgeon's knife, have been prevented from appealing to your physician for a cure. You have tried the hundred and one things that friends have recommended, and have become discouraged. You say, as many have said before you, that there is no cure for piles.

Now is the time for you to turn to Dr. Chase, whose famous ointment is recognized the world over as the only actual cure for every form of piles. The real substantial value of Dr. Chase's Ointment has given it a unique position among medicines. It is used in nearly every neighborhood on this continent, and has become known by word of mouth from friend to friend and neighbor to neighbor. Ask your friends about it, ask your druggist, ask your doctor. Others have been discouraged, and after years of misery have been cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. Here is one. Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburg, near Ottawa, writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from nearly every form of piles for the last twenty years, and during that time both here and in the old country have tried most every remedy.

"I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles. I strongly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to mothers or indeed to any person suffering from that dread torment—piles."

Mr. George Thompson, a leading merchant of Blenheim, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years, and at times they were so bad I could scarcely walk. I tried a great many remedies, but never found anything like Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application I obtained relief, and was completely cured by using one box." Ask your neighbors about Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for piles.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Ointment for 60 cents a box from any dealer. If you prefer, enclose this amount to these offices and the remedy will be sent, postpaid, to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A NUISANCE ABATED.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks on Three Great Evils.

A despatch from Washington says;—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text; "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."—Jeremiah xxii. 19.

Jehoiakim sat for ten years on a throne. Plenty of gold—plenty of sycophants—plenty of chariots. When he rode, I think he rode with four horses; and when he wore diamonds, I think he wore them as big as a walnut. If there had been a railroad so early in the history of the world he would have stolen it. He wallowed in sin until a sudden change in public affairs, and then he died in shame, and was kicked out of public contempt; "Buried with the burial of an ass."

I address young men to-night upon the romance of crime, and I want to show them that though crime may be gilded and fascinating, the end is ruin here and damnation hereafter.

I. There is the romance of fraud. The heroes of this country are fast getting to be those who have most skill in swallowing "trust-funds," banks, stocks, and moneyed institutions. Our young men are dazzled by the quick success, and say, "That is the way to do it. He was a country peddler a few years ago, now see what a gorgeous turn-out!" He who steals a vest from a second-hand clothing-store gets a ride in the city van without an opportunity of looking out of the window, but he who swallows a moneyed institution astonishes the Park with his equipage.

I thank God when fortunes thus gathered go to smash. They are plague-struck, and

BLAST A NATION.

I like to have them go to pieces in such a wreck that they can never again be gathered up. I like to have them made loathsome and an insufferable stench, so that honest young men may take warning.

If God should put suddenly into money, or its representative, the power to return to its rightful owner, there is not a bank or a safety deposit that would not have its sides blown out; and parchments would rip, and gold would shoot, and mortgages would rend, and beggars would get horses, and stock-gamblers would go to the almshouse. How much dishonesty in the making of invoices, and in the oaths at the Custom-house, and in plastering of labels, and in filching of customers of rival houses, and in false samples, and in the making and breaking of contracts! Hundreds of young men are being indoctrinated in the idea that money must be had quickly, and that the larger the scale on which they take it, the more admirable the smartness and legerdemain.

The public mind is utterly poisoned and diseased on the subject of money-making, and no wonder that God spake to all the cities of the world, saying, "Look out how you get your money. By the hand of death or judgment it shall be wrenched from your grasp. If you get riches by fraud, you will leave them in the midst of your days, and at the end you shall be a fool."

II. Next, I speak of the romance of libertinism. Society has severest retribution for the impurity that lurks about the cellars and alleys of the city. It cries out against it. It hurls the indignation of the law at it. But society becomes more lenient as impurity rises toward affluence and high social position, until finally, it is silent, or disposed to palliate. Where is the judge, or the sheriff, or the police? who dare arraign for indecency the wealthy villain? May he not walk the streets, and ride the parks, and sail the steamers, flaunting his vices in the eyes of the pure? Does not the vile hag of uncleanness look out from tapestried window, and walk richest carpet, and rustle finest silk, and roll in most sumptuous carriage? but where is the law to take these brazen wretches of "high life" and put their faces in the iron frame of the State Prison window?

At what time the Lord God will begin to purge our cities I know not, or whether it shall be by flood, or by fire, or by hurricane; but I do not believe the holy God will stand it

MUCH LONGER.

I think that the thunderbolts of his indignation are hissing hot, and that soon he rises up to scourge these crimes, against which he hath uttered more bitter curses than against any other, the fate of Sodom, and Gomorrah will be found to have been more tolerable than that of our modern cities, which knew better, but showed disposition to do worse.

III. Next, I speak of the romance of assassination. God gives life, and he only has a right to take it away; and that man who assumes this divine prerogative has touched the last depth of crime. Society is alert for certain forms of murder. If a citizen, on his way home at night, is waylaid and slain by a robber, we are all anxious for his arraignment and execution. For garroting, or the beating out of life with a club, or axe, or slung-shot, the law has a quick spring and a heavy stroke. But let a man come to wealth or social pretension, and then attempt to avenge his wrongs by aiming a pistol at the head or heart of another, and immediately there are sympathies aroused; and the lawyers plead, and the ladies weep, and the juries are bribed, and the judge halts; a new trial is granted, and the case is postponed for witnesses that never come; and after a number of months in prison, the door is opened and the murderer is out. I call this the romance of assassination.

If capital punishment be right, then let the life of the polished murderer go with the life of the ignorant and vulgar assassin. Let there be no partiality of hemp, no aristocracy of the gallows. We are, in our cities, on the march back toward that state of barbarism, where every man is judge, jury and executive officer—a state of society in which that man has the supremacy who has the sharpest knife, and strongest arm, and stealthiest revenge and quickest spring.

My advice to all young men is to sell their pistols, and take the knife out of the top of their cane, and depend on God and their own stout arm for defence. A man who does not feel himself safe without deadly weapons is in the wrong kind of association and companionship, and you had better get out of it; for the probability is that either they will kill you or you will kill them—which latter thing, for your soul in eternity, will be

THE GREATEST DISASTER

of the two; for "no murderer hath eternal life;" and in the future life there is no romance of assassination.

Oh young man, take not the manners, and customs, and habits of what is wrongly called "high life" for your example. Do not think sin is less to be hated because it is epauleted and adorned. The brown-stone front can no more keep back the judgments of God than can the cellar door. Behold how God blows up the magnificent wickedness of high places!

There may be some here who have ventured into sinful courses who would like to return. You came in here to-night discouraged, and feel that there is but little hope. I will tell you of a daughter who went from home into the paths of sin. After many months of wanderings she resolved one night to go home to her mother's house. It was after midnight when she arrived at the house. She supposed that the door would be locked; but, putting her hand on the latch, the door opened. She asked her mother why it was that the door after midnight, was unlocked. Said the mother, "That door has never been locked since you went away. I have given orders that, by day and night, it should be unfastened, for I was sure that you would come back, and when you came I did not want you to be hindered a minute." So I have to tell you that the door of God's mercy is ever unlocked. By day and by night it stands open for your coming. Though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they were red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Though you may be polluted with all crimes, and smitten of all leprosies, and fired by the most depraved passions, and have not heard the Gospel invitation for twenty years, you may have set upon your brow, hot with infamous practices and beweated with exhaustive indulgences, the flashing coronet of a Saviour's forgiveness.

Who is it that cometh yonder? Methinks I know his steps. Methinks before this I have seen the rags. Look, all ye people of God! Out of all the windows of heaven let the angels watch! A prodigal returning! Let us go out and meet him. Welcome back again to thy long-forsaken home and to thy long-forsaken God. The dead is alive again! The lost is found!

Heart Palpitation.

A QUEBEC LADY RELEASED FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

She Had Tried Many Medicines Without Avail, But Ultimately Found a Cure Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Few bodily afflictions are more terrible than disease of the heart. The live in constant dread and expectation of death, sudden and with last farewells unspoken, is for most people more awful to contemplate than the most serious lingering illness. The slightest excitement brings suffering and danger to such people.

For several years Mrs. Gravel, wife of P. H. A. Gravel, foreman in Barry's cigar factory, St. John's suburb, Quebec, was such a sufferer, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is again in the enjoyment of good health. Mrs. Gravel says:—

"My general health was bad for several years, my appetite was poor, and I was easily tired, but it was the frequent sharp pains and violent palpitation of my heart which caused me the greatest alarm. I tried many medicines, and was treated by several doctors, but in vain. Finally I became so poorly that I was not able to do any household work, and was frequently confined to my bed. At the suggestion of one of my friends I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes I began to gain new strength and vigor. The pains in my heart were less frequent and less severe, and in every way my health was improving. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I had completely recovered my health. I have gained in flesh; my appetite is good, and I am able to do all my household work without feeling the awful fatigue I was before subject to. I am very thankful to Dr. Williams Pink Pills, for they have truly released me from much suffering, and I hope that others may be induced to try this wonderful medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LARGER, NOT SMALLER.

Ah, said the sympathetic man, I see you have contracted a cold.

No, answered the man who strives to be accurate, even amid suffering. I have expanded it.

McJigger—What do you think of Jiggley marrying that girl who stutters so? Thingumbob—He's in luck. She certainly won't be able to out-talk him. McJigger—Nonsense! They say she's very determined. Just imagine how frightfully long it will take her to give him a piece of her mind.

Mr. Hubb—Nonsense! I do not see why I should take any notice of the epithet he applied to me. It meant nothing. Mr. Penn—What? Why the man called you a blithering idiot. Mr. Hubb—Exactly; and there is no such word in the English language as blithering.

What would you do if you were to suddenly fall heir to a fortune? asked one anarchist. That is an absurd question replied the other. I am not so short-sighted as you believe. I went through the family records and made dead sure that I couldn't possibly fall heir to a fortune before I turned anarchist.

ATTACK ON PARIS APPETITES.

Deputies Vote to Forbid the Sale of Absinthe and Other Bitters.

The London Pall Mall Gazette's Paris correspondent writes: "A momentous decision—in appearance—has been taken by the Chamber in a casual kind of way. The manufacture and sale of absinthe and the other decoctions that go by the name of appetizers are to be forbidden in France. Such, at any rate, is the purport of an amendment tacked on to the Drink bill that has just been voted. The Government are invited to issue a decree tabooing all drink of which the consumption, in the opinion of the Academy of Medicine, is a danger to the public health.

"The realization of this revolutionary measure, of which the author was very fittingly, a Socialist, is, of course impracticable. The Government will quietly ignore the invitation they have received and the Chamber will have sufficient sense to forget its bootless vote. Not, indeed, that there is not much to be said for the measure in itself, but to suppress the practice of drinking aperitifs by a stroke of the pen is as feasible as it would be to abolish smoking by royal proclamation.

"During the past twenty years the habit has attained to appalling proportions in France. It is calculated that in Paris alone some 600,000 persons consider it is impossible to dine until after they have swallowed a so-called appetizer. Many people indulge in the habit before lunch as well as before dinner, and needless to say the number of those who are not content with a single drink is legion. The consumption of aperitifs in Paris, after increasing for many years at the rate of 10,000 hectolitres a year, has of late gone up by leaps and bounds, and the annual increase is now 30,000 hectolitres.

"There are no two opinions as to the fact that these aperitifs among which absinthe is no worse than the many varities of bitters, represent the very direst form of alcoholic poisoning. The healthiest persons cannot swallow these lethal decoctions with impunity; they are a sure cause of nervous disease and physical degeneration. The ravages they are causing in France are universally recognized. A serious effort to grapple with the evil is assuredly imperative; unhappily, the vote in the Chamber is not serious."

IRRESISTIBLE RUSSIA.

Anglo-Russian Alliance the Only Guarantee of a World of Peace.

Russia's destiny seems to be to sail on with relentless indifference to all the rest of the world, like that vast dark star which, astronomers tell us, travels through space eternally in a straight line, says the Fortnightly Review. Look where you like, while men sleep, the mighty Russian web is being spun—pliant before the gale—but still holding on. The extension of Russia is the most notable historic fact of the last three centuries, and now, under our very eyes, she is adding region after region to her dominion, with the Empire of China practically at her feet. Also what we in England fail to grasp is not only the extraordinary material progress of Russia in Siberia and in Manchuria but the incalculable benefits she will derive from those inexhaustible fields, not alone as an outlet for the population of her less favorably endowed lands of forest and steppe, but as a country in which armies can be raised by the million, while leaving her own people in their peaceful occupations.

A comprehensive or bird's eye view of these regions would be a revelation to ninety-nine Englishmen out of a hundred who have no conception of the vast colony of Siberia into which the liberated serfs have been poured, covering its face with the golden glory of grain and exploiting its untouched mines of gold, silver, copper, coal and oil. On all these crown lands the settler has nothing to pay for twenty years. He can practically grow corn for the mere price of labor—his own and that of his sons. He is exempt from

MILITARY SERVICE

for ten years, which leaves him ample time to found his home and establish himself on the soil. He pays no taxes, local or imperial. His children are educated by the state for the state; and his affairs are arranged by intelligent government officials, and are not the sport of urban or rural district councils. When he arrives in his colony he can procure everything necessary to make a start with from government stores—implements, house-building material, seeds, and, in addition, he can secure a loan on easy terms, also from the government. Men, striving their utmost to develop the country, watch his interests, and the spectacle is that of a great people resting in security, and undisturbed by the claims of political or parliamentary exigency. In Russia the colonization of these lands is considered a vital necessity; more so than any dreams of conquest, whether in India or elsewhere. The true swing of the pendulum of the Russian Empire is east, following the line of least resistance. The destiny of nations follow natural laws, and the east, the far east, is the direction in which Russian effort can be most successful.

Let us frankly go to this great Russian Empire, whose shadow covers the world, whose autocrat is married to the grand-daughter of our own great empress and queen, and say to those wise men who guide its councils; "The world is wide enough for us both, and our commercial interests need not clash."

The closer and more seriously this question of an Anglo-Russian friendship is studied, the more clearly does it stand out as the only possible guarantee of the peace of the world.

REMORSELESS SOLDIERS.

The Russian authorities have always been aware of the usefulness of their Cossack soldiery in quelling outbreaks even in European Russia. Forty years ago these wild soldiers of the steppes were sent to quell the insurrection in Poland. The horrible butchery which had ensued in Warsaw and other Polish towns forms one of the blackest pages in the history of Russia. Only eighteen months ago the Cossacks were let loose in the streets of St. Petersburg to restore order among the disaffected students of the university. Riding straight into the bands of students the Cossacks lashed right and left with their long cruel reins loaded with lead, and the students were literally driven into submission.

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JAN. 20.

"Greeks Seeking Jesus." John 12. 20-33. Golden Text. John 12. 32.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 20. Certain Greeks. Not Jews speaking Greek, who are called Hellenistai, "Grecians," but Hellenes, "Greeks" by language if not also by race. Gentiles who reverenced the God of the Jews. Just how far their religious culture had gone we need not guess. They were not fully proselytes. As Dr. Comper Gray says, "They may have been easygoing Gentile travelers who were accustomed to worship the gods of the place into which they came, as the manner of some in our day is—to do at Rome as Rome does without considering whether or not Rome does right." We may without much risk, however, regard these men as worshipers of the one God revealed in the Old Testament, like the devout Greeks mentioned in Acts 17. 4. The feast was the annual feast of the passover, the greatest of all Hebrew religious ceremonies, and in this special year it was made of prime importance to the world by the death of Jesus Christ.

21. The same came therefore to Philip. The names of Philip and Andrew are both Greek, though the men themselves were doubtless full-blooded Hebrews. A Greek name may readily have attracted the Greek visitors. Of Bethsaida of Galilee. The residence of Philip was also the residence of Andrew. We would see Jesus. The four words are a marvelously fit starting point for a heart-to-heart talk with pupils. No thoughtful, devout, sympathetic teacher needs any suggestions here.

22. Philip cometh and telleth Andrew. Consulting in his hesitancy the friend and associate of his boyhood. Andrew and Philip tell Jesus. What was the cause of the delay in bringing the Greeks to Jesus? Perhaps we may find it in our Lord's repeated statement that he was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. The beautiful old legend of the messengers of Abgarus, though without historic basis, can hardly be overlooked in the study of this lesson. According to this tradition or legend that good Gentile king, on hearing that Jesus was scorned by his countrymen, sent ambassadors to him to invite him to his home. These Greeks were those ambassadors. The reply of verse 23 would fit such a message as Abgarus is known to have sent; and in any case it is to be inferred that Jesus received these Greeks.

23. The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Until now he had said, "It is coming." "Did he mean that he was glorified in the desire expressed by these Greeks to see him? No; but he foresaw the time after his resurrection and ascension when Greeks and Gentiles from all nations should believe in his name."

24. Verily, verily. A call of attention to the exceptional importance of what is to follow. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone. This is true of every grain of wheat; except it shrivels and comes to its end, the harvest cannot come to its beginning and grow. The whole verse is a parable of the death of our Lord and its holy consequences. (See verse 32.)

25. See Matt. 10. 39; 16. 25; Luke 17. 33.

26. If any man serve me, let him follow me. Words have strange histories. The Greek might be literally translated, "If any man is a deacon to me." Deacons and ministers are servants of the churches, and church members are servants of Christ. In this sense we are all deacons. The Master's servants are to follow him; he is on a journey. By the thorny path of holiness, suffering, and toil he proceeds to glory, and constantly his servants must be with him. Where I am, there shall also my servant be. This is a promise of heaven hereafter, but it includes much more. "As the time of his passion drew near our Lord repeated his assurances of his abiding protection, and future reception of his servants to share his victory, to live and reign with him."

27. Now is my soul troubled. He foresaw the grief and anguish of soul which should shortly come upon him in the Garden of Gethsemane. Compare Luke 22. 42. On reading this St. Augustine composed this prayer; "O Lord, our Mediator, God above us, yet for us made man, I acknowledge thy mercy; for in that thou, who art so great, yet in thy love to man wast willingly troubled, how many members of thy body troubled in their own infirmity against their will, hast thou comforted that they should not perish by despair." Christ evidently had a thoroughly human clinging to life, which is as natural as hunger and sleep, and not more sinful than either. What shall I say? Jesus recognized that he is to be the pattern of all good men in coming generations. How shall he meet this trouble? Father, save me from this hour. A better meaning is made by putting a question mark after the word "hour"—"Shall I say, Father, save me from this hour?" For this cause came I unto this hour. "The cause or the purpose must not be frustrated by the weakness of a moment spoiling the object and work of a life."

28. Father, glorify thy name. "This is what I will say." Words of absolute self-surrender. A voice. Clearly heard by the Saviour. I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again. "The Father had glorified his name in the incarnation of his Son, in his baptism and miracles, his life and doctrine. But it was to be still further glorified in his passion and after his passion, when death should have no more dominion over him, when he should be exalted above the heaven, and his glory above all the earth."

29. The people . . . . said that it thundered. That is, the crowd of bystanders, among whom doubtless there were believers and unbelievers. What they heard may have been an indistinct noise. Others, however, with clearer physical and spiritual hearing, identified the voice and said, An angel spake to him.

30. Compare John 11. 42.

31. Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out. The time for the separation of the evil and the good has begun; the time for the deliverance of mankind from him who is here and elsewhere called "the prince of this world," John 14. 30; 16. 11, the usurper of God's right, Ezek. 21. 27. He whose rebellious pride expelled him from heaven shall now no more prevail on earth, Luke 10. 18.

32, 33, John 3. 14, 15; 8. 28. The lifting up from the earth has reference both to the crucifixion and the glorification which was to follow it. The word man is supplied by the translators. "Things," "forces," would do as well or better. Every agency and government, the ingenuity, thrift, nobility of human nature as well as its turbulences, the industry of man and the wrath of man alike, are drawn into the kingdom of god.

A STAFF COLLEGE IN INDIA.

Great Britain Has About Decided to Found One There to Meet Local Needs.

The Boer war impressed the British Army authorities with the necessity for largely increasing the number of students at the home staff college at Camberley, since the value of the instruction there given was proven in the field beyond all cavil. Although in some conspicuous cases men have come to the front as military leaders without the staff college training, they would still have been the better for it, and are themselves willing to confess it. Moreover, through the campaign commanding officers have expressed their preference for staff college men.

The increase of the home college could not advantageously meet all the demands, consequently, the Acting Commander-in-Chief in India, Gen. Sir Arthur Palmer, and many corps and division commanders, have recommended the creation of another staff college, locating it in India. Much expense is involved in the present method of sending officers from India to England to take the course at Camberley and then return to their regiments; moreover, the conditions of warfare in India are different in many respects from those in Europe, and the special training required can only be effectively given in India. For these reasons it has been decided to establish the new college in India, and to make its curriculum correspond to the conditions existing.

IT CAME HIGH.

Doctor—You've got a fever, sir.

Patient—Is it what you would call a high fever, doctor.

Doctor—Well, it is and it isn't. Five dollars, please.

Patient—H'm! Is the fever as high as the fee, would you say?

SUGAR FROM MANY SOURCES.

Sugar is made not only from sugar cane and beet, but from sorghum, a sort of maize, from the sugar maple, sort of maize, from the sugar maple and from the date palm.