THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

While Lady Fielden had been talking to Dolores he had drawn the two girls into the broad bay-window and, under cover of great admiration of art, had done his utmost to persuade them that he was the proper person to show them the real beauties of Florence.

When Lord and Lady Fielden had driven away, a certain sense of isolation came over the three ladies. After all there was nothing like their own country-people, they all agreed. Lady Fielden stood quite alone, for her kindness and goodness. Dolores and Kathleen had much to say in praise of Harry, but Gertrude sat in perfect silence when his name was mentioned.

As time passed on, Lord and Lady Fielden seemed almost to live at the Villa Baira. Harry had his wish, and took the young girls, with his mother as chaperon, to see all the beauties of Florence. And very happy days they were, save in one respect, —Gertrude appeared so frequently to be preoccupied. She was longing to begin what she had grown to consider the work of her life.

A month passed, and letters arrived recalling the young nobleman to England; business affairs on his estate required his attention and presence.

They were all together in the vineyard when Lord Fielden told them this. Dolores looked sad; she did not like the idea of losing the friends with whom she had been so happy. There was a short silence broken only by the murmur of the river and the songs of the birds.

"Dear, mamma," Gertrude began. "I ought to beg your pardon for taking what Lord Fielden calls the floor of the house; but I want to say something to you, and I wish also to say it before our best friends I want you, mamma, dearest, —and I ask the favor in presence of Lady Fielden—to let me go back to England with her"—Harry would have cried out, but prudence restrained him—"and begin the work to which I intend devoting my life. She will help me; and something tells me that I shall succeed. Do not say I am too young. Mamma, dearest, youth has wisdom sometimes. Lord Fielden"—and here Gertrude's eyes rested upon the young nobleman with a softened light that stirred every pulse in his strong frame—"will help me. He is the son of our best friend my dear father must have known him when he was a boy. He is strong and patient; and no man could do a more noble work than clear away the shadow that rests on the fair name of a gentleman. Mamma," she continued, even more earnestly, "will you come home to Scarsdale and help me?"

Dolores shook her head.

"Do not ask me, my dear. I cannot not bear it," she replied hastily.

"Will you let me go?" she pleaded.

"Yes, if you really wish it, Gertrude."

"I do indeed; and, mamma, you shall remain here, if you will, until you receive a message from me saying, "The mystery is solved." You will come then?"

A quick flush rose to Dolores' face a troubled light shone in her eyes.

"If ever you can send me that message, Gertrude, and it means that—that he is cleared from guilt, I will come; but, if it means simply that you have found him, do not ask me—let me stay here until I die."

It was a touching sight to see the fair young daughter kneel at the feet of her mother as she said in clear, firm tones—

"If shall be so, mamma. When—mind, I do not say 'if'—when I can prove my father's innocence, I shall write to you and ask you to come."

So it was arranged that Gertrude should go back to England with Lady Fielden.

Dolores had parted with her beloved daughter; she had kissed her and blessed her, and sent her out to do her life's work. No persuasion could move Dolores. She would keep ever to her one promise. She would return to England if all were well; if it were not, she would remain in Florence until death called her. Kathleen declared that she would not leave her. Lady Fielden had noticed that a handsome Neapolitan Prince, a cousin of the Countess, showed a marked preference for the fair English heiress, and she wondered if that influenced Kathleen in her decision; but she kept a discreet silence on the subject. Kathleen's gentle voice had been full of tears when she said—

"I must stay with mamma."

Which daughter did Dolores love best—the one who had gone out alone to do battle with the world and clear her father's name, or the one that remained with her because she loved her so well?

CHAPTER. XXX.

English life and scenery were quite a new experience for Gertrude. The sea-washed shores, the tall white cliffs, the clover meadows and green lanes, the woods, streams, and valleys, had a nameless charm for her. She even went so far as to declare that she loved the gray mists and fogs, the cold winds and keen frost. The fair scenery and coloring of fair little Italy were nothing to her beside these beauties of her own home. Her poetical emotional nature was awakened, and there were times when Lady Fielden was afraid that the girl's intense feeling would endanger her health. But it did not. The brave young heart was roused to its work.

Gertrude took one day to rest, and on the next Lord and Lady Fielden drove her to Scarsdale. It was touching to see the girl's face as she roamed over the old house. Now and again faint gleams of memory came over her, and she would stand quite still, struggling with her tears. It was then that Harry had some difficulty to restrain himself from taking her in his arms and comforting her.

Mrs. Pickering, the old housekeeper, wept for joy.

"You are welcome, indeed, Miss Allanmore!" she cried. "I had never even hoped to see any of the family here again."

Gertrude's eyes opened widely at the sound of her name; but Lady Fielden made a gesture for silence. One or two of the old servants who had been there at the time of Sir Karl's disappearance were equally delighted to see their master's daughter. Gertrude would have taken up her residence at Scarsdale, for she longed to be alone; but Lady Fielden would not hear of such a thing.

Fielden Manor House was a fine mansion, the gray walls of which were covered with clustering ivy. It had large windows, wide hearths, carved mantel-pieces of priceless value, wide staircases and corridors. There was a large entrance-hall, with richly-stained windows, which was, in its way, a museum of art. The costly pictures and statues which adorned it had been the collection of many generations. Altogether the Manor House presented a combination of comfort, and luxury, and Lord Fielden was justly proud of his beautiful home. The grounds were well and tastefully laid out and were famous for their fine old trees and a sheet of water called the Mere. The park was extensive with herds of deer; while better hunting shooting, and fishing, were not to be found in the county. Gertrude confessed a great admiration for the Manor, and she was very happy with her host and hostess.

A faint rumor had spread through the county that Sir Karl's daughter had returned to the old home because she was not satisfied with regard to her father's fate, Everyone pitied her. People had long believed Sir Karl's fate sealed and settled; he had left the country with Miss de Ferras sixteen years before, and his name was almost forgotten. Now there came suddenly among them a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with the bloom of childhood on her face and a heart all on fire to clear her father's name, protesting her innocence, proclaiming aloud that there had been some mystery with regard to his fate, and asking bravely and boldly for help from everyone.

Gertrude spent days after day in the old home at Scarsdale, questioning the housekeeper until she knew every detail connected with Sir Karl's disappearance far better even than her mother; she spent hours in the rooms that had been her father's trying to imagine from his surroundings what he had been like. She made friends with the old groom James, who never wearied of repeating all that he knew in connection with his master's disappearance.

Of Lord Rhysworth, who was still unmarried, Gertrude had made a complete conquest. He teased her by calling her "Donna Quixote;" but he owned to himself that, if it were possible for any one to succeed in throwing light on Sir Karl's fate it would be his devoted daughter, who would accomplish that end.

One day Gertrude sat down with her three friends to hold their first deliberation together. The consultation took place in Lady Fielden's boudoir.

"It seems a puzzle to me," said Lord Rhysworth. "To put our task into plain English, we want to know the best plan for finding a lost man —one man lost in this great wide world. Now, as a matter of course, the first question is, how shall we proceed?"

"Send for one or two detectives to help us; those men always think of things that never occur to any one else," said Lord Fielden.

"I agree with you; it would be a very wise thing to do," said Gertrude.

Then Lady Fielden objected—

"A detective was employed at the time, but he could make nothing out of the case."

"Perhaps we may obtain the services of one with more brains," said Lord Rhysworth, "I think any case we can but try. Detectives have every facility for communicating with each other and of obtaining information. Even should the man we employ do no more than make suggestions, they may lead to something."

So, it was agreed that the first thing to be done was to send to Scotland Yard for one of the ablest men in the police force. Gertrude gave a sigh of relief. To her sanguine mind it was a great deal to have made a start.

"After all," she said to her friends, "the world is but a small place. When I think how soon we can go round it, to look for one man lost in it it cannot be so hopeless. I have been told, that no matter where a person goes he is sure to meet some one he knows. If that be true, surely to find the one being one loves cannot be so very difficult a task."

"We shall have difficulties enough, but we must not let them discourage us," said Lord Fielden—"indeed my idea is that nothing in life is worth doing unless there are plenty of obstacles to be overcome. I like meeting them as if they were so many enemies and conquering them one after another."

He was rewarded by a grateful look from Gertrude's blue eyes. After a few more words, the council for that day ended.

It met in more solemn conclave four days afterward; and Mr. Shaw the detective, was at the head of it. He listened attentively while Lord Rhysworth gave him the particulars of the Baronet's disappearance.

"Now, read these letters," said Gertrude, "and see what you gather from them."

The letters that her mother had held so long were placed in his hands and he seemed to weigh every word as he read them. Then he was silent for some few minutes, after which the oracle spoke.

"My opinion is that it all rests with the lady," he said slowly.

"With the lady!" was re-echoed in different accents of wonder, and incredulity.

"Yes, with the lady," he repeated. "Indeed, I should not be surprised to find that the gentleman did not accompany the lady at all."

The interest of the listeners increased.

"Take this first letter," continued the detective, "written by the lady to Sir Karl. She does not write as though he cared for her,—not in the least. She wants him to do her a favor, and does not wish his wife to know about it. He evidently—from all you tell me, Miss Allanmore,—disliked it yet he goes, and we never seen again. The supposition of every one is that the lady persuaded him to elope with her. There can have been no previous arrangement—that is quite clear from the tone of the writer's letters. Now consider this second letter, which every one seems to have taken as proof conclusive. I do not believe that Sir Karl was with the person who wrote it. It reads to me as though it were intended to suggest that idea, but that is all. She does not write, 'Sir Karl is with me,' perhaps she dared not—she writes. 'You will never see Sir Karl again. I have had my revenge.' Who knows what her revenge was? She may have murdered him. She may have induced others to murder him, and have hidden his body. She may have had him kidnapped and locked up in a lunatic asylum. She may have done anything and everything except the one thing which I am quite sure she did not do—persuade him to run away with her. Who can tell what shape or form her vengeance took? I should say myself that the quickest and best way of learning the gentleman's fate is to search for the lady."

"To search for the lady," they repeated.

"Yes, I am sure the key of the mystery lies with her. If any one has thought that all these years Sir Karl has been wandering about with her a happy man they have made a mistake. Taking all things into consideration, together with the fact that the gentleman has never drawn one farthing of his income, I should rather say that he was dead than living, and I should far rather say that the lady had in some mysterious fashion made away with him than that he had run away with her. If Sir Karl had been alive, he would have drawn his money. No man would have allowed an income like that to accumulate. I must say that my great wonder is that no one saw the matter in that light before, for it is the true light, I am sure."

They all agreed with the officer; and Mr. Shaw entered in his notebook every detail with which they could supply him. There was no limit as to expense.

It was certainly a puzzle now in what quarter to commence conducting the search. There was no portrait of Lola de Ferras; but Lady Fielden remembered her so well and described her so accurately that Mr. Shaw felt hopeful of recognizing her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

From that day mysterious advertisements began to appear in the journals—advertisements that puzzled the readers. They were all addressed to Lola, and were variously subscribed; but no answer to them ever came.

The bankers with whom Madame de Ferras had invested her money were discovered; and, when urged, as a matter of life and death, to tell what they knew of the whereabouts of Miss de Ferras, they had but one fact to reveal. It was this—that the account had been closed soon after madame's death, and that they had not the least notion as to her daughter's place of residence or the state of her affairs—in fact they knew nothing at all about her. There was therefore no intelligence to be gained from that quarter; nor was there indeed from any other. Yet Gertrude's brave young heart never quailed.

When every inquiry had been made every means exhausted, the council met again.

"Our task does not seem so easy now as it did when we first met to consult together," Gertrude said, "but we shall accomplish it as surely as the sun shines in heaven. Many things have failed us, but our courage and perseverance are not amongst the number."

Her listeners assented warmly; it would have broken her heart had they not done so.

"My dear mother has written, and wants me to return to her; but I cannot—I must not. I will finish my task or die over it."

No one had any further suggestion to make. Mr. Shaw owned that he was baffled, but that he did not despair, and was by no means inclined to give up the case, though more fully convinced than ever of the difficulties with which they would have to contend.

"If we had any clew, however small," he said, "if we only knew whether Miss de Ferras was living or dead, it would be some satisfaction."

"It would be much easier to discover if she were dead than to find any trace of her living," declared Lord Fielden. "If she is dead, and has been buried, some one must know something of it. We can take action so far. Let us advertise in the French and English papers that any one who can give proof of the death of Mademoiselle Lola de Ferras shall receive one hundred pounds reward."

"One hundred pounds," cried Mr. Shaw.

"Yes," answered Lord Fieldenn—"double that amount, if it be needful, if the news be worth it. Why, I would almost give the last farthing I had for the purpose."

And the beautiful eyes thanked Harry with one of those glances he loved so well.

It was agreed that the advertisement should be sent to all the leading Continental journals and English newspapers. It could hardly fail to bring about a good result. If Lola de Ferras were living, and any one knowing her wrote to say so, they would be able to find out her whereabouts; if she were dead, they would know that further efforts in that direction were useless.

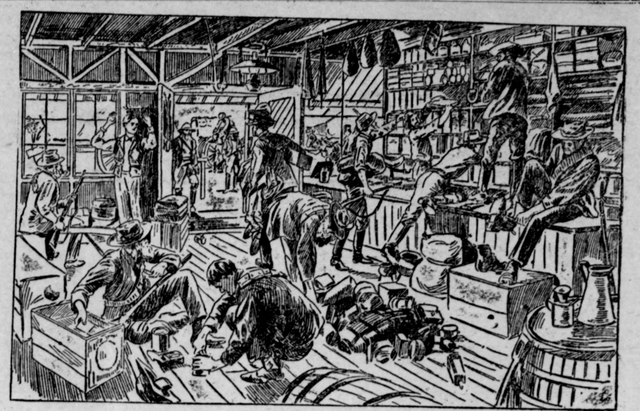
"If she be dead," said Gertrude, slowly, "what has become of my father?"

"We must be patient," said Lord Fielden.

The next thing was to send off the new advertisement. In due course there came many answers; but they all bore but little upon the matter in hand.

If ever a man worked hard it was Lord Fielden; morning, noon, and night he was engrossed in the one important business of his life. He had written to all the foreign embassies and to the heads of the foreign detective police; he went once to Paris, and communicated with the secret force there. In Germany and Belgium in Italy and Spain, the story was circulated that a rich English "milord" was ready to pay any price for information concerning a beautiful Frenchwoman who years ago, had, it was supposed, left England with another English "milord."

To Be Continued.



THE WAR THAT NEVER ENDS: BOERS LOOTING A GENERAL STORE IN THE FREE STATE

DOCTORS BAFFLED

BY THE CASE OF MRS. HARRISON, OF ORANGEVILLE.

She Was Completely Run Down—Racked With Pains in the Back, Head and Limbs—Again Rejoicing in Good Health.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Many cases are constantly being brought to light of persons being cured by that wonderful remedy—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—after doctors have failed to be of benefit. Among them may be noted the case of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, a well known lady who resides in the near vicinity of Orangeville, Ont. A reporter of the Sun hearing of Mrs. Harrison's wonderful cure called at her home to inquire into the facts of the case. Mrs. Harrison said she was pleased to be able to testify to the great curative powers of these pills. She said: "For some years I have been a constant sufferer. Just what to call my disease I do not know; even the doctors were unable to diagnose it. I was completely run down. I had racking pains in my head, back and limbs. I was unable to secure sound sleep, and on arising in the morning would feel as tired as when going to bed. My stomach was in a bad condition and the least movement caused me heart to palpitate violently. Doctors' treatment failed to be of benefit to me and I was in a very discouraged state when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thinking that they might relieve me a little I procured a supply and began taking them according to directions. From the first I could see that they were helping me, and by the time I had taken half a dozen boxes I was free from the ailments that had made my life miserable. It is now several years since I took the pills and not the least sign of my old trouble has since shown itself. I would strongly urge the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for any person who has a weak or run down system and I am sure they will not fail to be beneficial."

To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a blessing, curing when all other medicines fail and restoring those who give them a fair trial to a full measure of health and strength. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN INTERESTING STANDARD

What is your idea of a man of honor?

A man of honor, said the French nobleman, throwing out his chest, is one who will pay his wine bill and card debts, even if he has to marry in order to get the money.

OVER THEIR HEADS.

She—I suppose your French helped you a great deal when you were in Paris?

He—Er—no; you see, all those I had occasion to speak to were tradespeople and all that, you know. They don't understand elegant French.

ARTIFICIAL.

First Menagerie Keeper—What's wrong?

Second Menagerie Keeper—Keep that curtain down until I get the sacred cow's hump on straight.

A SUMMER IMPRESSION.

This world's a Turkish bath immense
Within a single hour
You dwell in heat that's most intense
And then you get a shower.

THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE.

Why We Should Be Content With Such Things As We Have.

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "Be content with such things as ye have."—Hebrews xiii. 5

The first reason that I mention as leading to this spirit advised in the text, is the consideration that the poorest of us have all that is indispensable in life. We make a great ado about our hardships, but how little we talk of our blessings. Health of body, which is given in largest quantity to those who have never been petted and fondled and spoiled of fortune, we take as a matter of course. Rather have this luxury and have it alone, than without it, look out of a palace window upon parks of deer stalking between fountains and statuary. These people sleep sounder on a straw mattress than fashionable invalids on a couch of ivory and eagle's down. The dinner of herbs tastes better to the appetite sharpened on a woodman's axe or a reaper's scythe than wealthy indigestion experiences seated at a table covered with partridge and venison and pineapple. The grandest luxury God ever gave a man is health. He who trades that off for all the palaces of the earth is infinitely cheated. Bless God today, O man, O woman, that though you may be shut out from the works of a church, and a Bierstadt and a Rubens and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre or the Luxembourg or the Vatican—the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

Another consideration leading us to a spirit of contentment, is the fact that our happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstances. You see people happy and miserable amid all circumstances. In a family where the last loaf is on the table and the last stick of wood on the fire, you sometimes find a cheerful confidence in God, while in a very fine place you will see and hear discord sounding her war-whoop and hospitality freezing to death in a cheerless parlor. I believe real happiness oftener looks out of the window of

A HUMBLE HOME

than through the opera glass of the gilded box of a theatre. I find Nero growling on a throne. I find Paul singing in a dungeon. I find king Ahab going to bed at noon, through melancholy, while near by is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard. Haman, prime minister of Persia, frets himself almost to death because a poor Jew will not tip his hat, and Ahithophel, one of the great lawyers of the Bible times, through fear of dying, hangs himself.

Another reason why we should come to this spirit inculcated in the text is the fact that all the differences of earthly condition are transitory. The houses you build, the lands you cultivate, the places in which you barter, are soon to go into other hands. However hard you may have it now, if you are a Christian the scene will soon end. Pain, trial, persecution, never knock at the door of the grave. A coffin made out of pine boards is just as good a resting place as one made out of silver mounted mahogany or rosewood. Go down among the resting places of the dead, and you will find that though people there had a great difference of worldly circumstances, now they are all alike unconscious. The warm hand that protected the senator and the president and the king is still as the hand that hardened on the mechanics' hammer or the manufacturer's wheel. It does not make any difference now, whether there is a plain stone above them from which the traveller pulls aside the weeds to read the name, or a tall shaft springing into the heavens as though to tell their virtues to the skies. In that silent land there are no titles for great men, and there are no rumblings of chariot wheels, and there is never heard there the foot of the dance. The Egyptian guano which is thrown on the field in the East for the enrichment of the soil, is the dust raked out from the sepulchres of the kings and lords and mighty men. Of the chagrin of those mighty men if they had ever known that in the after ages of the world they would have been called Egyptian guano.

Another reason why we should culture this spirit of cheerfulness is the fact that God knows what is best for his creatures. You know what is best for your child. He thinks you are not fit to deal with him as you ought to be. He criticises your discipline, but you look over the whole field, and you, loving that child, do what in your deliberate judgment is best for him. Now,

GOD IS THE BEST OF FATHERS.

Sometimes his children think that he is hard on them and that he is not as liberal with them as he might be. But children do not know as much as a father. I can tell you why you are not largely affluent, and why you have not been grandly successful. It is because you cannot stand the temptation. If your path had been smooth, you would have depended upon your own sure-footedness; but God roughened that path so you have to take hold of his hand. If the weather had been mild, you would have loitered along the water courses, but at the first howl of the storm you quickened your pace heavenward, and wrapped around you the warm robe of a Saviour's righteousness. Would God that we could understand that our trials are the very best thing for us. If we had an appreciation of that truth, then we would know why it was that John Noyes, the martyr, in the very midst of the flame reached down and picked up one of the faggots that was consuming him and kissed it, and said: "Blessed be God for the time when I was born to this preferment." "They who suffer with him in heaven." "Be content then with such things as you have."

Another consideration leading us to the spirit of the text is the assurance that the Lord will provide somehow. Will he who holds the waters in the hollow of his hand allow his children to die of thirst? Will he who owns the cattle on a thousand hills and all the earth's luxuriance of grain and fruit, allow his children to starve? Go out to-morrow morning at five o'clock, into the woods and hear the birds chant. They have had no breakfast, they know not where they will dine, they have no idea where they will sup; but hear the birds chant at five o'clock in the morning. "Behold, the fowls of the air, they sow not neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feeding them; are ye not much better than they?" Seven thousand people in Christ's time went into the desert. They were the most improvident people I ever heard of.

THEY DESERVED TO STARVE.

They might have taken food enough with them to last them until they got back. Nothing did they take. A lad who had more wit than all of them put together, asked his mother that morning for some loaves of bread and some fishes. They were put into his satchel. He went out into the desert. From this provision, the seven thousand were fed, and the more they eat the larger the loaves grew, until the provision that the boy brought in one satchel was multiplied so he could not have carried the fragments home in six satchels. "Oh," you say, "times have changed, and the day of miracles has gone." I reply that what God did then by miracle, he does now in some other way and by natural laws. "I have been young," said David, "but now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." It is high time that you people who are fretting about worldly circumstances and fearing you are coming to want, understand that the oath of the eternal God is involved in the fact that you are to have enough to eat and to wear.

Again: I remark that the religion of Jesus Christ is the grandest influence to make a man contented. Indemnity against all financial and spiritual harm. It calms the spirit, dwindles the earth into insignificance, and swallows up the soul with the thought of heaven. Oh! ye who have been going from place to place expecting to find in change of circumstances something to give solace to the spirit, I commend you this morning to the warm-hearted, earnest, practical, common-sense religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no peace, saith my God, for the wicked, and as long as you continue in your sin, you will be miserable. Come to God. Make him your portion and your God, for heaven and you will be a happy manyou will be a happy woman.

Let us all remember, if we are Christians that we are going, after awhile, whatever be our circumstances now, to come to a glorious vacation. As in summer we put off our garments and go down into the cool sea to bathe, so we will put off these garments of flesh, and we will step into the cool Jordon. We will look around for some place to lay down our weariness, and the trees of the grove will say: "Come and rest under our shadow," and the earth will say: "Hush! while I sing thee a cradle hymn," and while six strong men carry us out to our last resting place, and ashes come to ashes, and dust to dust, we will see two scarred feet standing amid the broken sod, and a lacerated brow bending over the open earth, while a voice tender with all affection and mighty with omnipotence will declare: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Comfort one another with these words.

DISCOVERY IN SURGERY.

German surgeons have discovered that the delicate membrane which covers the contents of an egg will answer as well as bits of skin from a human being to start the healing of open wounds which would not otherwise heal. The discovery has already been successfully tested.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JULY 7.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. i, 1 to ii, 3. Memory Verses, 26, 27—Golden Text, Gen. i, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It is very refreshing to turn after so long a time in our studies to the beginning of this heavenly book, God's own beginning of His own book, but how to say just a little of what ought to be said on so large and important a portion in so brief a space is difficult. The Bible begins and ends with a perfect condition of things on earth (Gen. i and ii; Rev. xxi and xxii), no sin, no curse, no sorrow, no suffering, no devil visible. Gen. iii introduces us to the adversary, and Rev. xx tells of his final destiny.

1. A sublime and simple statement of how the world was made. Compare Ps. xxxiii, 6, 9; Jer. xxxii, 17. As to the one by whom God did it all see John i, 1-3; Col. i, 14-16. The word here translated God is a plural word, and we may see here the Trinity. Not only find comfort in the power of our Lord and Saviour, but what you cannot begin with God do not begin at all, whether a book or letter or transaction.

2. Waste and void and darkness (see R. V.) are not suggestive of God, and Isa. xlv, 18, R. V., says that God did not make the earth a waste. The first verse is a dateless verse and tells us of what God did perhaps tens or hundreds of thousands of years ago. The second verse tells us of how things were some 6,000 years ago when God began to bring order and beauty and fruitfulness out of the chaos and darkness. The interval between the first and second verses gives room for all the geological periods which may be desired.

3-5. The words "and God said," used ten times in this chapter, tell us of the word of God by which or by whom all things were made. The Spirit of God is the great worker and the word of God is the great instrument by which God accomplishes all things. So the two phrases, "the Spirit of God moved" and "God said," tell how God does all His work in nature or in grace. As to light coming by the word, see II Cor. iv, 6; Ps. cxix, 130, and on the division between light and darkness see II Cor. vi, 14.

6-8. The second day's work is a firmament or expanse, not something solid, but something thin or rare, dividing waters above from waters below. I am willing to believe that these six days were six ordinary days, as any simple person would suppose from Ex. xx, 11, and that God did on each day just what He says He did. The simplest way of reading Scripture is the best (Math. xi, 25). The practical lessons for the heart and life all through this portion are very simple and helpful. Verse 2 describes the heart and life of every unsaved person, and the first day's work is suggestive of the new birth and the division that at once begins to be made manifest in the life. The second day's work suggests how the life is to be nourished not by waters below, but by waters above, and is illustrated by Jer. ii, 13; John iv, 13, 14; Rev. xxi, 6; xxii, 17.

9-13. On the third day the dry land is made to appear, and He covers it with grass, herbs and trees. The suggestion for the believer is that of a resurrection life and fruitfulness and is set forth in such passages as Col. iii, 1-4; Phil. i, 11; iii, 10; John xv, 1-11. The seed and fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself reminds us that flesh produces only that which is fleshly, and the spiritual can only come by the Spirit. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles (John iii, 6; Math. vii, 16). The association of the third day and resurrection is seen in the stories of Isaac and Jonah and the marriage in Cana (Gen. xxii, 4; Math. xii, 40; John ii, 1), also in Hos. vi, 2.

14-19. On the fourth day the sun, moon and stars are appointed for signs, seasons, days and years, to be lights in the firmament and to rule over the day and night. We think of them in connection with seasons, days and years, but are not apt to consider that they are signs, and when attention is called to Jer. xxxi, 35, 36; xxxiii, 20, 21, and that Israel is always a nation before God some people are greatly astonished. The sun turns our attention to the Lord God as our sun and shield and to the time when the righteous shall shine forth as the sun (Ps. lxxxiv, 11; Math. xiii, 43). The moon, which is said to be a ruin of nature and reflects upon us the light of the sun, tells us how we are to let our light shine that God may be glorified, by living in His light and abiding in His love, by seeing Jesus only.

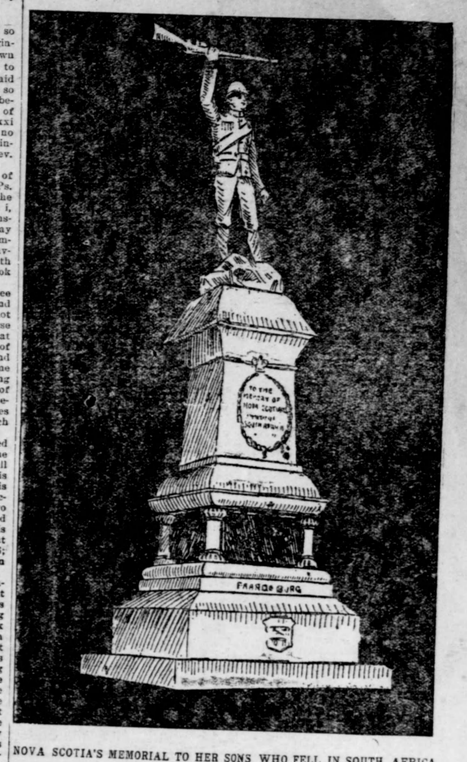
20-23. The fifth day shows us the waters and the air, with abundance of fishes and fowl, and command given them to be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters and multiply in the earth. The fifth day is associated with blessing and abundant multiplication, for here the words are first used, and we cannot think of Prov. x, 22, R. V., "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and toil addeth nothing thereto;" of His blessing which gave Israel a three years' crop in the sixth year and fed abundantly 5,000 men with five loaves.

24-31. On the sixth day cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth are made, and man in the image of God, male and female, to have dominion over all; man made of the dust of the earth, a full grown, perfect man, and woman made of a part of man's body and given to him to be a helpmeet for him; and He called their name Adam (chapters ii and v, 1, 2). The Spirit tells us by Paul in Eph. v, 30-32, that Adam and Eve are typical of Christ and the church, and the Spirit elsewhere teaches us that as Eve was builded out of Adam by his sleep (Gen. ii, 21, 22, margin), so by virtue of the death and resurrection of Christ, the true Eve, the church is now being builded out of Him, and, when completed, shall be brought to Him, and there shall be a marriage and then the kingdom (Rev xix, 7; Dan. vii, 27).

England exports umbrellas to the value of £610,000 every year.

NOVA SCOTIA'S TRIBUTE TO THE BRAVE

The Memorial Which Is to Be Erected in Halifax by the Residents of the Province.



NOVA SCOTIA'S MEMORIAL TO HER SONS WHO FELL IN SOUTH AFRICA

Nova Scotians at home, as well as some sons and daughters of the province who are away from home, are manifesting much interest in the Nova Scotia Soldiers' Memorial, which is to be erected in Halifax, to commemorate the heroism of the Nova Scotians who gave their lives for Queen and Empire, during the South African war.

The design has been prepared by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, of Ottawa, a well-known Canadian sculptor, who has also undertaken the contract for the completion and erection of the memorial. The corner stone is to be laid by the Duke and Duchess of York on his coming visit to Halifax and the work is to be completed not later than Victoria Day, the 24th of May, 1902.

The total height of the memorial will be 25 feet, of which about 14 feet will be of Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick granite, surmounted by a Nova Scotia soldier in bronze 11 feet high. The soldier is in the act of signalling "Enemy in Sight." The various bases will be in single pieces, so that they cannot be affected or thrown out of position by frost.

The four columns will be of beautiful New Brunswick red granite; the bronze medallions, enclosed by the four columns, will be most realistic representations of the departure from Halifax, the battle of Paardeberg, and other battles in the war, and can only be fully appreciated when they are cast and on exhibition. On the centre base will be an inscription to the memory of Nova Scotians who fell in South Africa, enclosed in a wreath of laurel, and on either side will be the Canadian, British and Nova Scotia flags entwined, with the Mayflower, maple leaf and coat of arms. On the reverse side will be the names of all Nova Scotians, who gave their lives for their country. It will be a beautiful work of art, one of the finest monuments in Canada, and the admiration of all who see it for all time to come.

RUSSIA BARS ENGLISH COAL.

Most Important Patent for Cooking Peat.

Russia is about to try to do without English coal and coke. Hitherto the importation has reached the figure of about 20,000,000 roubles yearly. A large factory has been erected by the Government near St. Petersburg, and a new patent is to be worked there for the coking of peat on a large scale. Experiments have already given the most brilliant results, showing very little less heat-giving power than is contained in coal.

The peat after treatment costs one-third the price of coal. Russia possesses enormous tracts of peat, and the future of the process is practically assured. The new peat is being used on the Nikola railway, between St. Petersburg and Moscow. Many of the biggest manufacturers from the interior of Russia have come to St. Petersburg at the invitation of the minister of finance in order to test the peat-coking process of the greatest importance to Russia. Firstly, it will put a stop to deforestation; secondly, it will enable the Ural mountain industries to be developed, and, thirdly, the Russian fleet will be entirely independent of England for its coal supply.

A SATISFACTORY SCORE.

You never seem to give even a thought to your ancestors.

Oh, yes, I do; I often rejoice that, within public recollection, none of them ever got hanged.

THE KING'S LIBRARIES.

The King is planning several alterations and improvements at Windsor Castle. In the meantime, although the State apartments will remain practically untouched His Majesty has shown considerable interest in the great library, which has indeed, the most complete collection of books which could possibly be found. At Balmoral also there is a very fine library, and just before the Queen's death the books were adorned with a very pretty new bookplate. Its design is lozenge shaped, with red and black edges, and with the word "Balmoral" in black lettering in the centre. Above, the royal cypher, with the crown, completes a simple but very effective device.

DOGGETT'S BADGE.

The race for Doggett's Coat and Badge which takes place for London watermen every 1st of August, from London Bridge to Chelsea, is a memento of the accession of George I. to the throne. Doggett was a native of Ireland, was an Orangeman and a keen politician. The dress is a gorgeous red, and the plate is engraved with the house of Hanover, and the inscription "Liberty," besides oars and ornamental devices.

THRIFTY SCHOLARS.

To encourage thrift in pupils the London School Board runs in connection with the Post Office a number of penny banks The amount deposited last year was £33,300, about £4,000 more than in 1899. At the end of the year the sum of £28,145 remained to the credit of the youthful depositors.