THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

"For Heaven's sake, let me go—let me go!" she murmured.

"Tell me who you are and what you want," he said, "and you shall go the next moment."

"I am no one whom you know. I have been looking for work. I am a poor woman, and I have been to all the big houses to try to get some sewing. I came here today; but there was nothing for me to do. I was tired and hungry, and I fell asleep among the ferns in the park. I am only trying now to find my way out of the park. I have done no harm. Let me go, for Heaven's sake!"

The woman's story might be true. He relaxed his hold.

"Tell me," he said—"was it you who looked in at the dining-room window at the Manor and terrified a young lady?"

She was silent. He repeated the question.

"Yes," she said, "it was. I did not mean to frighten anyone. I was cold and hungry. The bright lights attracted me, and I looked in. I meant no harm—I did no harm. Let me go!"

That one word "attracted" proved fatal. She had spoken in a low, murmuring, hoarse voice, almost impossible to distinguish; but in that word he had recognized the never-to-be-mistaken roll of the French "r" which the people of no other nation can imitate.

He grasped her more closely.

"You are a Frenchwoman!" he cried. "You have perhaps come from that wicked woman herself!"

Just then a few rays of light broke through the clouds; they parted in majestic grandeur, rolling away in heavy masses of black and white vapor, leaving the moon sailing peacefully in the sky.

"Thank Heaven!" he cried. "Now I can see you!"

"Let me go," she wailed piteously—"let me go!"

She made a wild dash at him. It was her lost hope. It was as though an ocean wave had flung itself against a rock—useless, vain, indeed injurious to herself. The last shred of disguise fell from her, and she stood revealed in the moonlight—which she cursed in her heart—a tall stately woman, with a mass of black hair and dark, wild eyes, contrasting vividly with her white face; the false hair had been trampled under foot in the struggle. The moon now shone out more fully and clearly, so clearly that Lord Fielden could see every line of the stranger's face and figure. In a moment it flashed across him who she was.

"I know you," he said. "You are the woman for whom I have been searching morning, noon and night, for whom I have sought all over Europe—you are Lola de Ferras!"

A low cry came from her lips, and, Lord Fielden releasing his hold, she fell upon the ground, shuddering, trembling.

"You are Lola de Ferras," he repeated, "the woman who alone knows the secret of Sir Karl Allanmore's fate. You must come with me."

As he took her hands for the second time, his eyes fell upon her wedding-ring, and it startled him. Was she married, and to whom?

"Whither are you taking me?" she asked. "I will not go to the Manor House. Where are we going?"

"To the keeper's cottage," he replied. "I shall detain you there until you solve the mystery of Sir Karl's absence for us."

"Then I shall die there!" she replied, with a triumphant laugh. "There are many clever inventions in this world; but I have not yet heard of one which can make a woman speak when she chooses to be silent."

"Nor have I," he agreed gravely. "I shall leave it to your sense of honor to speak. I am quite aware that I cannot compel you."

"You can lock me up, shut me in prison—you can do anything and everything you will; but I am queen of the position, and I shall remain so."

They reached the keeper's cottage at last; and she stood in silence while the door was unfastened. Lord Fielden kept a keen watch upon her, knowing well she would make her escape if it were possible; and that he was resolved she should not do.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The keeper looked bewildered when he opened the door. There stood Lord Fielden, and by his side, held fast by him, was a lady with a face very beautiful and proud, yet white and weird, with great black eyes that seemed to blaze with liquid fire, and a mass of black hair. She had neither bonnet nor shawl; her dress was of plainest black; yet, in some vague way, the man felt that she was a lady.

"Walk in, madam," said Lord Fielden.

"I have brought this lady here, and she is to remain in close custody until tomorrow morning. Let her have every care, every attention—all that she requires; but she must not be left alone, so that she can escape."

Lola looked at him defiantly.

"You may do all that, yet you cannot make me speak," she replied. "I tell you frankly that, if I can get a chance to kill myself, I will do it. If I can find the least opportunity to escape, I shall take it."

"Then I will stay myself," said Lord Fielden. "You have a room upstairs, Mrs Turnbull; the lady will prefer it to this, and you can take her some tea there. I shall sit up here. Madam," he continued, turning to where Lola stood with a defiant look on her face, "I shall be on the alert. Remember if you make any desperate attempt to escape, I will give you in custody for a crime you would not like to hear my name."

"Merci, monsieur," she said, with a mocking smile—"merci; you will have to prove every charge you bring against me."

She went up the narrow staircase more with the air of an injured queen than of a prisoner. It was a very plain room into which she was shown. For a few moments she stood like some caged tigress in the middle of it, and then hastily closed the door.

"Are you open to a bribe?" she asked, turning to the keeper's wife. "I will make you a rich woman for life if you will do one of two things. Either bring to me poison that I may destroy myself, or give me the chance of escape through the window here. I swear to you that I will make you rich for life."

"I cannot," said the woman. "I dare not; we have always served my lord faithfully."

"If he and you but knew what was best for the whole family, you would beg of me on your knees to go," she said.

But the woman shook her head; she could never, come what might, betray her trust.

The night passed in pleading and useless prayers.

It was pitiful to see the way in which Lola de Ferras paced up and down the room, at times wringing her hands and crying out that she was trapped and lost, at others that they should never make her speak—never; no one could do that.

When morning came Lord Fielden wrote a little note to his mother to say that she was to come to the cottage at once, and bring Gertrude with her—that there was immediate need for their presence. He cautioned the keeper to keep silent as to what had happened—indeed, he had little to reveal—Lord Fielden had told him nothing.

In less than an hour the two ladies were on their way. Lady Fielden deeply anxious and agitated, Gertrude full of wonder.

"I am sure she said, as they drove along, "that it is something about the advertisements; Lady Fielden, I am quite certain of it."

Lady Fielden's first words to her son were of reproach that he had been out all night, and that she had been greatly alarmed about him.

He went up to the side of the low pony carriage, and in a few words told them what had happened. Gertrude's face flushed and her eyes flashed.

"Lola de Ferras!" she cried. "Is it possible? Has Heaven granted my prayer at last?"

But Lady Fielden grew deadly pale.

"Lola de Ferras! Oh, Harry I cannot see that woman—that wicked woman!"

"You must see her for my sake," cried Gertrude. "Oh, Lady Fielden, my dearest and truest friend, you must forget everything else except that you have to help me and that my father's name must be cleared!"

They spent some few minutes discussing what had happened.

"She will never speak," said Lady Fielden; "she is still as she says, 'queen of the position.'"

"She will speak," declared Gertrude, "for I shall implore her to do so in my father's name."

They found Lola sitting in a chair by the window, and in her eyes was the look of a hunted animal driven to bay. She never glanced at the ladies, but spoke to Lord Fielden at once.

"Have you any further indignities to offer me?" she demanded. "Am I to be kept here in prison, a show for you and your friends?"

"Tell us one thing," said Lord Fielden—"you, and you alone, can tell it. Is Sir Karl living or dead?"

A curious smile curled her lips.

"I shall tell you nothing," she replied.

"Do not be obstinate, madam. Think of the lives that you have ruined already."

"Have I?" she cried. "I am right well pleased; that is just what I intended to do. I tell you candidly that you are right in your supposition. I, and only I, so far as I know, can solve the mystery of Sir Karl's fate. You want to know, of course, if he went away with me or not—if he asked me or I asked him—if he thought the world well lost for love of me—if it was he who placed this wedding-ring upon my finger—if he be living or dead. All these things you want to know; but you never shall. I am the only one who can tell you, and I never will—never!"

"You shall be compelled!" cried Lord Fielden.

"I do not think so. No human power can compel me. I would rather—— Ah well, never mind what! Let me remind you of one thing, my young lord," she said. "Be pleased to bear in mind that you are laying yourself open to a heavy penalty, if not imprisonment, by the course you are pursuing."

How British taxation compares with that of other lands. The diagram shows at a glance the percentage of earnings paid out in taxes by the different peoples. The Italians pay the heaviest percentage and the Finns the lightest.

RELATIVE TAXATION OF THE NATIONS.

Harry knew that what she said was perfectly true.

"Justice before men, and justice before heaven are different things," he said. "Before Heaven you know your own crimes; you know the lives that have been ruined by your sin; and, whatever man may say, Heaven at least will not misjudge."

The smile she gave them was most insolent.

"You will find out your mistake," she said.

"Will you tell us one thing at least? Is Sir Karl living or dead?" asked Lady Fielden.

"That is the one thing, Lady Fielden, that I refuse to tell," she replied defiantly.

"But you know?" said Lord Fielden.

"Certainly I know; but I will never share my knowledge. You can do anything you please—imprison me, place me in a madhouse, kill me, if you will—anything; but my secret and his you shall never force from me. You cannot prove a single thing against me. I defy you!"

"We have your letters," remarked Lord Fielden; "and you must remember how they criminate you."

"I do not believe," she said, "that if you laid them before the most skillful lawyers in England, you could find a single damaging statement against me."

He feared that it was true, no matter what their own opinions of her might be. They could take no proceedings against her for anything she had written.

"It will be your wisest course," she said, proudly, to Lord Fielden, "to let me go, or I may probably do what you are doing to me now—imprison you. I have warned you. If you keep me here until I die, what will you gain if I refuse to speak?"

"Unless you had something to conceal or something to fear, you would not have struggled so desperately with me in the park," declared Lord Fielden.

"I wanted to be free," she said. "I came over here in disguise. I wanted neither to be known or to know anyone. The plain fact of the matter is, I saw your advertisements and I wished to know why I was wanted—what had happened. Foolishly enough, I left my home, and came in disguise."

"Do you know why you are wanted?" asked Lady Fielden.

"No," she replied, "I am still in the dark about it."

Lady Fielden' appeared surprised.

"During all these years," she said, "Sir Karl's name has been associated with the commission of a great crime; but the time has come when people refuse to believe him guilty of that crime, when his daughter demands proof of his innocence to give to the whole wide world."

Lola de Ferras smiled again the mocking, hateful smile for which Lord Fielden could almost have struck her.

"Innocence is a most charming quality," she said; "the difficulty in the present instance is to prove that it ever existed. I refuse to speak. I have not kept silent all these years to be compelled to speak now; there is no power which can force me to do so."

"Not if you have lost all womanly feeling," said Lady Fielden. "If pity, compassion, justice, and honesty are all dead in your heart, then is all appeal in vain, both for the living and the dead."

"It is all in vain," she said. "I will tell you what you will no doubt think a very shameful truth. This moment, in which I see my enemies humbled before me, is one of the proudest and sweetest of my life. After that, have you anything further to say to me?"

It was Gertrude who spoke next; until now she had kept perfect silence.

"Let me speak to you," she entreated. Dearest Lady Fielden—Harry, leave me with her; for my father's sake she will surely speak to me! Go and leave me alone with her."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

As mother and son descended the stairs, it occurred to Lord Fielden that it might not be safe after all to leave Gertrude with Lola de Ferras; she was so violent that she was quite capable of doing her bodily harm. But he contented himself by pacing up and down beneath the window, where he could be within call of Gertrude if she had any cause for alarm.

As soon as the door closed behind Lord and Lady Fielden, Gertrude went up to Miss de Ferras.

"Let me speak to you," she said. "You repulsed me yesterday; you will not do so today. They tell me that you loved my father very dearly. If that be the case, you must love me, for I am Sir Karl's daughter."

"You are also the daughter of Dolores, who stole him from me," was the sullen reply. "But for her he would have been mine."

"That is all past," said Gertrude. "I do not know what your life has been, but no one could have been more unhappy than my mother. She is so sweet and true, so thoughtful and good; yet, since my father's disappearance, she has been buried alive. Dear mamma, I have never seen her enjoy one moment's happiness. Have you no pity for one whose life has been wrecked through your instrumentality?"

"I have none for Dolores. She took from me the only treasure on earth for which I longed. Even now the mention of her name maddens me. I have no pity for my old rival, the white rose. I hate Dolores. Do not name her to me again."

"Then if you have no pity for mamma, have you none for me? You loved Sir Karl. I am his daughter; and, strange to say, although you have been our most bitter enemy, I cannot help liking you and feeling a kind of sympathy for you because you loved my father."

For the first time, the defiant expression on Lola de Ferras' white face softened, and her pale lips quivered piteously. How long was it since any human voice had spoken kindly to her?

"You loved my dear father," went on the pleading voice. "They say that I am like him, that I have his eyes and hair, and that my voice resembles his. Look at me and tell me if it be true?"

Lola de Ferras was seated by the window. Gertrude went up to her, touched with sudden emotion, and knelt down by her side.

"Look at me," she repeated, "and tell me if I have my father's eyes."

The pale face bent over her, the pride and haughtiness died out of it as the unhappy woman met the clear honest gaze of the sweet loving eyes. Gertrude went on—

"I was a little child when my father left us, but I felt the deepest and most passionate love for him. I wish that I could remember him, that I had some recollection of his voice, of the kissing spot on my forehead, of the touch of his hand on my hair. I have no memory of my father. All these years," she continued, feeling that her companion's interest in her was aroused, "I have honestly believed him dead; but suddenly, and quite accidentally, I have discovered that death is not the cloud which overshadows us, but shame. My mother, who had kept this story from us, was compelled, through our meeting with Lady Fielden, to tell us the truth, but, while my mother, my sister, my friends, and the whole world together, believed my father guilty, judged and condemned him, a voice cried ever louder in my heart that he was innocent, and that I must clear his name. It was as though by night and by day he called to me, 'Gertrude, my daughter, for long years all men have traduced me; come and prove to the world that I am innocent of the crime with which I am charged.' Think you, who loved him, that in all the wide world no one believed in his innocence but my mother? I stand alone to do battle for him, and there is no one but you who can help me. Mamma has told me everything—how you wrote to my father and begged him to see you and how he went out to meet you. After that night he was neither seen nor heard of again; everyone says and believes that he went away with you. I alone refuse to believe it."

"Why do you refuse to believe it?" asked the elder woman in a low voice.

"Because I have faith in him. I have looked for hours together at his photograph. His face is not that of a man who would be disloyal. People may say what they like; I do not believe that my father went away with you. Then a letter came from you saying that you had had your revenge, and that my mother should never see my father again. Do you know how I interpret this letter? I found no proof in it of my father's guilt. I came to this conclusion, that, whatever might have been my father's fate, it was known to you, and that you alone could solve the mystery. You may hate my mother because you found she was your rival; but you, even you, must have hard work to make look too proud and pure to have spent your life as the world believes you to have done.

"The pale lips quivered, and it seemed as though the elder woman's eyes were filled with tears; she held out her hands with a gesture of pain.

"Do anything," she cried, "except be kind to me; that is the one thing I cannot bear."

"If kindness will win you, let me be kind," pleaded Gertrude. "Try to think that it is my father who is kneeling here, pleading to you, asking you to clear his name from stain, from the shadow of guilt. I call upon you by the memory of the love you had for him to speak!"

With a bitter cry Lola fell upon her knees.

"You torture me!" she said. "For Heaven's sake let me alone!"

"I cannot," answered Gertrude. "Oh, tell me the truth! Tell me one thing, I pray, I beseech you. Is my father living or dead?"

Lola de Ferras was silent for a few moments. It seemed to her as though the words pierced her inmost soul; while the thought overwhelmed her that Sir Karl's daughter, with Karl's blue eyes and clustering hair, with the well-remembered tones of his voice, was praying to know whether he was living or dead.

To be Continued.

A Child's Suffering

HER MOTHER FEARED SHE WOULD NOT REGAIN HER HEALTH.

She Was First Attacked With Rheumatism and Then With St. Vitus' Dance—She was Unable to Help Herself and Had to be Cared for Almost Like an Infant

(From the Orangeville Sun.)

Among the much respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. Marshall, who lives in a pretty little cottage on First street. For some years her twelve-year-old daughter, Mamie, has been a sufferer from rheumatism combined with that other terrible affliction—St. Vitus' dance. In conversation recently with a reporter of the Sun Mrs. Marshall told the following story of her daughter's suffering and subsequent restoration to health:—"At the age of eight," says Mrs. Marshall, "Mamie was attacked with rheumatism from which she suffered very much, and although she was treated by a clever doctor her health did not improve. To make her condition worse she was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, and I really gave up hope of ever seeing her enjoy good health again. Her arms and limbs would twitch and jerk spasmodically and she could scarcely hold a dish in her hand, and had to be looked after almost like an infant. While Mamie was in this condition a neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with beneficial results in her own family advised me to try them in Mamie's case. I had myself often heard these pills highly spoken of, but it had not occurred to me before that they might cure my little girl, but now I decided to give them to her. Before she had completed the second box I could see a marked change for the better, and by the time she had taken five boxes all trace of both the rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance had vanished, and she is now as bright, active and healthy as any child of her age. Some time has elapsed since she discontinued the use of the pills, but not the slightest trace of the trouble has since made itself manifest. I think therefore, that I am safe in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only restored my child to health, but have worked a permanent cure."

Rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and all kindred diseases of the blood and nerves, speedily yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the cures thus effected are permanent, because this medicine makes rich, red blood, strengthens the nerves, and thus reaches the root of the trouble. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Seventy-five per cent. of all people alive have a touch of consumption at some time of their lives, which, as a rule, cures itself.

Canada has the largest forest in the world. It is in the Labrador and Hudson Bay district, and is, roughly, 1,000 by 1,700 miles.

Germany holds the European marriage-record at present with 53 per 1,000 inhabitants. England and Denmark come next with 52.

The gross rental of London's buildings is 43 million pounds, while that of all the agricultural land in England and Wales is under 27 millions.

A man blows 700 smoke-clouds in smoking a pipe of average size. Four pipes a day for twenty years would mean nearly twenty and a half million smoke-puffs.

A spider's thread is really composed of four smaller threads, each of which consists of 1,000 separate tiny threads, so that the thread we see is spun of 4,000 films.

June is the calmest month in the year, there being an average ten June gales in fifteen years. July comes next with eleven, while August had thirty-two in the same period.

Although the diameter of the earth has been roughly known for many years, it has only lately been accurately ascertained, after 30 years' labor, at a cost of $500,000. It is 7,926 miles at the equator, and 7,899 from Pole to Pole.

The United States holds the record for increase of population within the last 65 years, with 626 per cent. British Colonies come next with 516 per cent., and, third, Russia with 71 per cent., and that of the United Kingdom 63 per cent.

REWARD FOR THE FAITHFUL

How it is Possible for Us to Accumulate an Eternal Fortune.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "For the Kingdom of Heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants and delivered unto them his goods.

"And unto one he gave five talents to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability."—St. Matthew, xxv. 14, 15.

Many of the parables of Jesus Christ were more graphic in the times in which He lived than they are now, because circumstances have so much changed. In olden times, when a man wanted to wreak a grudge upon his neighbour, after the farmer had scattered his seed wheat over the field and was expecting the harvest, his avenger would go across the same field with a sack full of darnel grass, scattering that seed all over the field, and of course he would spoil up and spoil the whole crop; and it was to that Christ referred in the parable when he spoke of the tares being sown among the wheat.

The servants spoken of in the text are members of the Church. The talents are our different qualifications of usefulness given in different proportions to different people. The coming back of the owner is the Lord Jesus returning at the judgment to make final settlement. The raising of some of these men to be rulers over five or two cities is the exaltation by the righteous at the last day, while the casting out of the idler is the expulsion of all those who have misimproved their privileges.

Learn first from this subject, that becoming a Christian is merely going out to service. If you have any romantic idea about becoming a Christian, I want this night to scatter the romance. If you enter into the kingdom of God, it will be going into plain, practical, honest, continuous, persistent Christian work. I know there are a great many people who have fantastic and romantic notions about this Christian life, but he who serves God with all the energies of body, mind, and soul, is a worthy servant, and he who does not is an unworthy servant. When the war trumpet sounds, all the Lord's soldiers must march, however deep the snow may be, or however fearful the odds against them. Under our Government, we may have colonels and captains and generals in time of peace, but in the Church of God there is no peace until the last great victory shall have been achieved. But I have to tell you it is

A VOLUNTARY SERVICE.

There is no drudgery in it. In our worldly callings sometimes our nerves get worn out, and our head aches, and our physical faculties break down; but in this service of the Lord Jesus, the harder a man works the better he likes it, and a man in this audience, who has been serving God for forty years, enjoys the employment better than when he first entered it. The greatest honor that can ever be bestowed upon you, is to have Christ say to you on the last day, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Again, I learn from this parable that different qualifications are given to different people. The teacher lifts a blackboard and he draws a diagram, in order that by that diagram he may impress the mind of the pupil with the truth that he has been uttering. And all the truths of this Bible are drawn out in the natural world as in a great diagram. Here is an acre of ground that has ten talents. Under a little culture, it yields twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Here is another piece of ground that has only one talent. You may plough it and harrow it and cultivate it year after year, but it yields a mere pittance. So here is a man with ten talents in the way of getting good and doing good. He soon, under Christian culture, yields great harvests of faith and good work. Here is another man who seems to have only one talent, and you may put upon him the greatest spiritual culture, but he yields but little of the fruits of righteousness. You are to understand that there are different qualifications for different individuals. There is a great deal of ruinous comparison when a man says: "Oh, if I only had that man's faith, or that man's money, or that man's eloquence, how I would serve God!" Better take the faculty that God has given you, and employ it in the right way. The rabbis used to say, that before the stone and timber were brought to Jerusalem for the Temple every stone and piece of timber was marked, so that before they started for Jerusalem, the architects knew in what place that particular piece of timber or stone should fit. And so I have to tell you we are all marked for some one place in the Great Temple of the Lord and do not let us complain, saying: "I would like to be the foundation stone, or the cap stone." Let us go into the very place where God intends us to be, and be satisfied with the position. Your talent may be in personal appearance; your talent may be in large worldly estate; your talent may be in high social position; your talent may be in a swift pen or eloquent tongue: but whatever be the talent, it has been given only for one purpose—

PRACTICAL USE.

You sometimes find a man in the community to whom you say, "He has no talent at all;" and yet, that man may have a hundred talents. His one hundred talents may be shown in the item of endurance. Poverty comes, and he endures it; persecution comes, and he endures it; sickness comes, and he endures it. Before men and angels he is a specimen of Christian patience, and he is really illustrating the power of Christ's Gospel, and is doing as much for the Church, and more for the Church, than many more positively active. If you have one talent, use that; if you have ten talents use them, satisfied with the fact that we all have different qualifications, and that the Lord decides whether we shall have one or whether we shall have ten.

Again, I learn from the text that inferiority of gifts is no excuse for indolence. This man, with the smallest amount of money, came growling into the presence of the owner of the estate, as much as to say, "If you had given me seven thousand dollars I would have brought fourteen thousand dollars as well as this other man. You gave me only fifteen hundred dollars, and I hardly thought it was worth while to use it all. So I hid it in a napkin, and it produced no result. It's because you didn't give me enough." But inferiority of faculties is no excuse for indolence. Let me say to the man who has the least qualifications, by the grace of God he may be made almost omnipotent. The merchant, whose cargoes come out from every island of the sea, and who, by one stroke of the pen can change the whole face of American commerce, has not so much power as you may have before God, in our test, faithful, and continuous prayer. You say you have no faculty. Yes, the men with one talent are to save the world, or it will never be saved at all. The men with five or ten talents are tempted to toil chiefly for themselves, to build up their own great name, and work for their own aggrandizement, and do nothing for the alleviation of the world's woes. The cedar of Lebanon, standing on the mountain, seems to hand down the storms out of the heavens to the earth, but it bears no fruit; while some dwarf pear tree has more fruit on its branches than it can carry. Better to have one talent and put it to the use, than five hundred wickedly neglected.

Again. My subject teaches me that there is going to come a day of

SOLEMN SETTLEMENT.

The day will come when the Lord Jesus Christ will appear, and will say to you, "What have you been doing with My property? What have you been doing with My faculties? What have you been doing with what I gave you for accumulative purposes?" There will be no escape from that settlement. I have sometimes been amazed to see how an accountant will run up and down a long line of figures. If I see ten or twelve figures in a line and I attempt to add them up, and I add them up two or three times, I make them different each time. But I have admired the way an accountant will take a long line of figures, and without a single mistake, and with great celerity, announce the aggregate. Now, in the last great settlement, there will be a correct account presented. God has kept a long line of sins, a long line of broken Sabbaths, a long line of profane words, a long line of disarded sacraments, a long line of misimproved privileges. They will all be added up, and before angels, and devils, and men, the aggregate will be announced. Oh, that will be the great day of settlement. I have to ask the question, "Am I ready for it?" It is of more importance to me to answer that question in regard to myself than in regard to you; and it is of more importance for you to answer it in regard to yourself than in regard to me. Every man for himself in that day. Every woman for herself in that day. "If thou be wise thou shalt be wise for thyself; if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it." We are apt to speak of the last day as an occasion of vociferation—a demonstration of power and pomp; but there will be on that day, I think, a few moments of entire silence. I think a tremendous, an overwhelming silence. I think it will be such a silence as the earth never heard. It will be at the moment when all nations are listening for their doom. "Come ye blessed!" It shall thrill with new joy through the ranks of the saved. "Depart ye cursed!" It will throw additional darkness into the abandonment of the lost.

Lastly. I learn from this parable of the text, that our degrees of happiness in heaven will be graduated according to our degree of

USEFULNESS ON EARTH.

Several of the commentators agree in making this parable the same as the one in Luke, where one man was made ruler over five cities, and another made ruler over two cities. Would it be fair and right that the professed Christian man who has lived very near the line between the world and the Church—the man who has often compromised his Christian character—the man who has never spoken out for God—the man who has never been known as a Christian only on communion days—the man whose great struggle has been to see how much of the world he could get and yet win heaven—is it right to suppose that that man will have as grand and glorious a seat in heaven as the man who gave all his energies of body, mind and soul to the service of God? The dying thief entered heaven; but not with the same startling acclaim as that which greeted Paul, who had gone under scorchings and across dungeons and through maltreatments into the kingdom of glory. One star differs from another star in glory, and they who toil mightily for Christ on earth shall have a far greater reward than those who have rendered only half a service.

Some of you are hastening on toward the rewards of the righteous. I want to cheer you up to-night at the thought that there will be some kind of reward waiting for you. There are Christian people in this house tonight who are very near Heaven. This week some of you may pass out into the light of the setting sun. Oh, weather-beaten voyagers, the storms are driving you into the harbor. Oh, my brothers and sisters, how sweet it will be, after the long wilderness march, to get home. That was a bright moment for the tired dove in the time of the Deluge, when it found its way safely into the window of the ark.

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JULY 28

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xii,1-9.
Golden Text, Gen. xii, 2.

In chapter x we have 70 descendants of Noah among whom the earth was divided, and Deut. xxxii, 8, says that God set the bounds of the people with reference to the number of the children of Israel, although such people were not then in existence except before God. From the world was made both the church and Israel were real to God, and He clearly saw the end when through them He would rule the world in righteousness (Isa. xlii, 4). In Chapter xi tells of man's degeneracy and union against God to make them a name. This is the beginning of the story of Babylon, the end of which is found in Rev. xvii and xviii, and the great feature of which is self glorification. "Let us make us a name." Here we have the beginning of languages, because of this rebellion. Then follow the ten generations from Shem to Abram inclusive. In chapter v we had the ten generations from Adam to Noah inclusive, these 20 generations being on the line of the righteous and leading on to Christ. Man apart from God ever degenerates. Sin turned Adam and Eve from Eden, sin brought the deluge and destroyed all except those in the ark, sin brought the confusion of tongues, and now after 2,000 years sin again prevails, and from the idol worshippers beyond the river the Lord takes Abram that He may bless him and make him a blessing to all people on earth (Joshua xxiv, 2, 3).

1-3. I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing, and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed. These are some of the words of the Lord to Abram while yet in Ur of the Chaldees, by which He would draw him from country and kindred and perform through him all His pleasure by separating him unto Himself and placing him in a land which He would in due time give him as an inheritance. Stephen said in his discourse that the God of glory appeared to Abram, and it is evident from another record that something more than the earthly inheritance was set before him, for he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God (Acts vii, 2; Heb. xi, 10). Notice in these opening verses of our lesson the fourfold "I will" of the Lord—"I will shew," "I will make" and the double "I will bless." The promises and assurances are all from God. Abram hears, believes, obeys. He died in faith, not having received the promise, for God gave him none inheritance in it, yet He promised that He would (Heb xi, 13; Acts vii, 5.).

4, 5. "Abram was seventy and five years old when he departed out of Haran." In chapter xi, 31, 32, we read that his father, Terah, who served other gods (Joshua xxiv, 2), accompanied him so far as Haran. Abram tarried there until his father died, and then, taking with him Lot, his brother's son, they came into Canaan. Did Terah hinder Abram? Might he have gone into Canaan if he had been willing? These are not as important questions as such personal ones as the following: Am I by a lack of faith or by an unwillingness to be separate from this present evil world, hindering any dear one whose heart is longing for a closer walk with God? Am I a Terah, saying that Haran is far enough?

6, 7. And the Lord appeared unto Abram and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land, and there builded he an altar unto the Lord who appeared unto him." We do not read of any appearance of the Lord unto Abram at Haran, for the first verse of our lesson refers to the Lord's appearance and message in Mesopotamia (Acts vii, 2, 3), but now, Abram having obeyed fully, the Lord appears to him a second time and confirms His promise. Until we fully obey up to the light we have we cannot expect further light or revelation. This is Abram's first altar in the land. By sacrifice he worships God in His appointed way. At this place Jacob afterward bought a piece of ground. There Joshua gathered Israel for his farewell address. There he buried the body of Joseph, and there Jesus talked with the woman at the well (Gen. xxxiii, Joshua xxiv, John iv). The land was already occupied by the Canaanites, and Abram must be content with his tent and altar to be a pilgrim and a stranger until God's time should come to give him the land.

8. There he builded an altar unto the Lord and called upon the name of the Lord." This is his second altar in the land, and it is between Bethel and Hai. The margin says the Ai of Joshua vii, 2. Bethel suggests Gen. xxviii, 19, and the story of God's gracious loving kindness to Jacob. But the principal truth and practical lesson are associated with the altar and the sacrifice. Happy is the man, who, wherever he his home or dwelling place or surroundings, if it be a hut or a palace, in some heathen wilderness or in some great city, never fails to have his altar unto the Lord! Redemption by the blood of Christ and constant communion with Him—these are the two greatest things that any mortal can have, and all who are possible of it will have every heart of Christ and His redemption. He is calling all who have heard His voice to separate themselves from this present world and live wholly for Him.

9. And Abram journeyed, going on still toward the south." It is good to be always going on in the way of the Lord. We read of David that he went on and grew great (margin, going and growing), and the Lord God of hosts was with him (II Sam. v, 10). An enlarging and winding about is not out of place, if it be "still upward, still upward, still upward by the midst" (Ezek. xli, 7). Peter would call it growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ (II. Peter. iii, 18). But while on this present earth we are in an enemy's country, for even our Lord said that the prince of this world is the prince of this world (John xiv, 30), and we need to watch and pray lest we fall into temptation. If there is one thing the devil seems to hate specially it is that a believer wholly separated unto God and walking humbly with God, living for and relying upon Him alone. The rest of this chapter tells of some sad warning and stumbling on the part of Abram, even a compact between himself and his wife to lie in order to save his life, and a consequent rebuke from a heathen king.

UNCOMFORTABLE TRAVEL.

How It Feels to Go By the Trans-Siberian Railway.

The discomforts of trans-Siberian railway travel are described by Rev. F. E. Clark in "A New Way Around an Old World." The best cars run at the time of his visit were marked "fourth class," and he quietly remarks that they were "no better than they pretended to be." They had wooden seats of the hardest sort, and three wooden shelves, one above another, afforded cramped opportunity for a man not more than five feet long to stretch himself out. Each of these cars, with its three tiers of shelves, is supposed to accommodate forty-three passengers.

Into these cars were crowded, helter-skelter, pell-mell, higglety-pigglety, Russians and Siberians, muzhiks and Chinamen, Tartars, Buriats and Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans and Americans. Odors indescribable made the air thick and almost murky. The stench, the dirt, the vermin, grew worse the longer the car was inhabited. And in these dreadful cars we had to remain for four weary days and nights.

During these long and weary days we were obliged to get what diversion we could from our fellow passengers. We watched the mother who combed her offspring's hair with a carving-knife, with which she made vigorous onslaught on the numerous inhabitants that had taken shelter there, while we shuddered as we thought of the coming night in close proximity.

We were interested in the other mother, who did her daily washing in a pint cup, and hung it out to dry on the upper bunk. We were fascinated by the soldiers who performed their morning ablutions by taking a large mouthful of water from a teapot, then, squirting it on their hands, vigorously washed their faces.

In the midst of the filth and discomfort of this hard journey, I must record that we met many courtesies and kindnesses from the most unpromising of our fellow travellers. Some of the peasants were ladies and gentlemen at heart, who would incommode themselves to add to our comfort. They were never intemperate or noisy, and in genuine politeness could have given many points to certain members of our party who prided themselves on belonging to a nation noted for its good manners.

I fear, said the physician, as he came from the sick room, that your wife's mind is entirely gone. Well, replied the other man with a sigh of seeming relief, I'm not at all surprised. She's been giving me a piece of it daily ever since we were married.

AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

CANADA'S MODEL DAIRY AT THE EXHIBITION.

(Special by Martha Craig.)

The Canadian portion of the Model Dairy is under the superintendence of N. E. W. Elderkin of Amherst, Nova Scotia, President of the Maritime Stock Breeders' Association, which embraces New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia, assisted by his son, D. W. G. Elderkin, a student of Guelph Agricultural college, Ontario.

Later on live stock will be sent to the Pan-American by private individuals. Mr. E. W. Elderkin is expected to leave Buffalo soon. He is going to Canada to inspect all the live stock before they are sent over.

The Model Dairy barn is situated near the East Amherst gate, and is a centre of attraction to those interested in agriculture, and a matter of curiosity to city people. Here it is proposed to care for and feed the cows, and prepare their product for the market in as nearly an ideal way as possible. In the barn are to be found the herds of five cows each. Canada is represented by five breeds, viz.:—Holsteins, Jerseys, Ayrshires, Short Horns, and French Canadians. The remaining herds, viz.:—Guernseys, Red Polled, Polled Jerseys, Dutch Belted, and Brown Swiss are owned by Americans. The Canadian cows with their owners are as follows:—

AYRSHIRES.

1. Kirsty Wallace of Auchenbrain—Robert Reford, Ste. Anne de Bellevue.
2. Betsy 1st of Fairfield Nains—Robert Reford, Ste. Anne de Bellevue.
3. Lady Flora of Orchardton—W. Ogilvie, Lachine Rapids, Que.
4. Alice 2nd of Lessenessock—W. W. Ogilvie, Lachine Rapids, Que.
5. Pearl of Woodside—Robert Ness, Newick, Que.

FRENCH CANADIANS.

1. Luna Flora—Long Points Asylum, Long Points, Que.
2. Rouen—College L'Assomption, Long Points, Que.
3. Luna—Joseph Dugan, St. Jacques, Que.
4. Denise Championne—Arsena Denis, St. Norbert, Que.
5. La Bouchette—J. D. Guay, Chicoutimi, Que.

JERSEYS.

1. Gypsy of Sprucegrove, Canadian Government.
2. Primrose Park's Prude—W. E. H. Massey, Toronto, Ont.
3. Queen May of Greenwood—W.E. H. Massey, Toronto, Ont.
4. Maple Avenue's Rexina—F. N. Neil, Lucan, Ont.
5. Mossy of Hurlsey—Canadian Government.

HOLSTEINS.

1. Meg—O. A. College, Guelph, Ont.
2. Linka Mercedes DeKol—Matt. Richardson, Caledonia, Ont.
3. Tulip 4 Wayne's Aggie—Matt. Richardson, Caledonia, Ont.
4. Beauty of Norval—Wm. McClure, Norval, Ont.
5. Tidy Abbekerk—H. Bollert, Cassel, Ont.

SHORT HORNS.

1. Rose 3rd—W. G. Pettit and Son, Freeman, Ont.
2. 14th Princess of Thule—A. W. Smith, Maple Lodge, Ont.
3. Daisy D.—G. D. Minor, Sparta, Ont.
4. Miss Molly—Canadian Government.
5. Queen Bess—Canadian Government.

The cows are under a six months' test, lasting from the 1st of May to the 1st of November. There are four prizes to be competed for: 1st, for the herd showing the greatest net profit, butter fat alone considered, as determined by the Babcock test. 2nd, for the herd showing the greatest net profit, butter alone considered, as determined by the churns. 3rd, for the herd showing the greatest net profit in total solids. 4th, for the herd showing the greatest net profit in total solids and in loss and gain in live weight. Each herd is in charge of a competent dairyman, who makes it his business to care and put into practice the most profitable methods of handling and feeding each individual cow under his charge. Feeding is done three times a day. All feed is weighed to each cow, and charged against her at a fixed price, the prices are got by averaging the prices prevailing throughout the United States and Canada during the past five years.

The cows are milked three times a day—at 5 a. m., 12:30 noon, and 8 p. m