HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

The Untimely End of Joseph Devas.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Securities vanish from the strong-room of Candelent, Dandy and Waldo, bankers. Mr. Faske of Scotland Yard is called in to solve the mystery. There are two keys to the strong-room—one held by Mr. Waldo, partner, the other by Mr. Surtees chief cashier. This latter has two children, Bob and Josephine. He reproaches Bob, who is an extravagant subaltern with aspirations to the hand of Helena Waldo, for having consumed his sister's dowry to pay his gambling debts. Surtees is suspected of the theft. A search-warrant is taken out against him. Some Portuguese bonds answering to description of missing securities are found in his possession. He is convicted and sentenced to seven years penal servitude. Mrs. Waldo misses some papers and accuses Josephine of the theft. Sir Richard Daunt, in love with Josephine, meets the Marquis de Ojo Verde to whom Bob lost his money.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Albany, as every Londoner knows, has two issues, one into Piccadilly, the other into Burlington Gardens. At both exits are officials who exercise a general surveillance upon all who pass in or out. But on the morning after the dinner party at the Waldos a second unofficial watch was kept at both these points:

In Burlington gardens the watcher was a decent-looking man, with a black bag such as shoemakers' journeymen or assistants use when taking home their work. In crowded Piccadilly the watcher was of another stamp. He was one of those nondescripts—half loafer, half rough—who hang about all the great thoroughfares looking out for a job with baggage, or, if chance favored a snap at property left unprotected in some passing carriage—an aged man, with snow-white hair, in seedy clothes, a battered tall hat, boots that bulged, and altogether an out-at-elbow air. He was just in the act of holding a hansom horse—a brute with a patent bit in its mouth—as its driver settled himself for the start, when he saw an urchin making towards him from the Albany gate. He let go his hold of the horse so suddenly that the brute started off at score, and the driver—shouting "you blooming idjot"—was nearly thrown from his perch. What did the watcher care? He snatched a scrap of paper from the hands of the boy and read:—

"Started this side; now in Bank of England. If he goes up Bond Street, I'll follow; you watch the Arcade and Bond street, Piccadilly end."

Accordingly he set off at a rapid, although shambling pace down Piccadilly westward; paused a moment at the foot of the Burlington Arcade, and looked on ahead as far as the hatter's at the corner of Bond street.

"There he goes."

It was Sir Richard Daunt, in frock coat and hat, with his umbrella under his arm, his hands behind his back, and his head erect, walking along, not like a sauntering idler, but with the brisk step of a man having an object in view.

He passed down Piccadilly, our friend at his heels; turned into the Park at the corner, where his pursuer keeping outside the railings, but always on the watch, suffered him to go alone. But at Albert gate, seeing that Daunt still stayed in the Park, the other also entered it, and continued to follow, always at a respectable distance behind.

"I could have sworn it," muttered the old man, behind; "although he can't know much, he means mischief, and is trying to know more. He's heading straight for Queen's-gate-place—just what I expected. Lucky I put on the 'nark' (watch).

Sir Richard Daunt did, as his pursuer expected, turn into the Queen's-Gate-place. More, he stopped at the Spanish Legation, rang the bell, and went in.

He was in search of information about the Marquis de Ojo Verde, and it was the Marquis himself, who, disguised as an old man, was at his heels.

Daunt remained at the Legation about half an hour. On coming out, he walked leisurely back into Queen's Gate, and hailed the first passing hansom.

The Marquis did the same, although the appearance was so much against the chances of his paying the fare that cabby insisted upon having his money beforehand.

"There's your money," said the Marquis curtly. "Half-a-crown more if you follow that hansom ahead and run the gentry cove down. Scotland Yard. Are you fly?"

The cabby winked, and, flicking up his horse, gave chase.

"What the devil is he up to now?" the Marquis asked himself, as the hansom dashed down the Vauxhall Bridge Road into Rochester Row, and pulled up at the entrance to Vincent Square.

However, there was no time to waste on conjecture. Jumping out of his cab, which he dismissed, the Marquis followed Sir Richard on foot.

The baronet stopped at a corner-house, and went in. It was at Haggie and Horry's.

"An inquiry office. Aha!" said the Marquis, "now he is going to put the 'nark' on me. How shall I circumvent him? Haggie and Horry! I know everything about them. Give them a lot of them, I think. Ha, ha!"

The Cuban nobleman took two or three turns up and down the pavement, then boldly went into the inquiry office and rang the bell.

"Haggie and Horry?" he asked briefly of the clerk, who looked suspiciously at the disreputable old man.

"What do you want with them?" he asked contemptuously.

"Business. Don't judge by appearances, my dear young friend. They are apt to mislead. Who can I see?"

"Do you want a principal?"

"Of course. Who else?"

"Mr Horry's engaged with a gentleman"—much emphasis on the word—"who just called. But Mr. Haggie's in."

"That will do. I'll see him."

"Who shall I say?" asked the clerk still inclined to be insolent.

"Captain Firkeytoodle, from the Straits of Ballampajang. Come, stir yourself, or I'll make you jump."

Leaving the Marquis for a moment waiting to see Mr. Haggie, let us return to Sir Richard Daunt, who was interviewing the other partner, Mr. Horry.

"I am sorry, deeply sorry," began the private inquiry agent, "to be unable as yet to give you news of Mr. Surtees; but we have reason to believe we are on his track."

"Very well, only let me hear without delay the moment you know anything. But to-day I have something else to say to you—another job, in fact." Sir Richard Daunt spoke sharply. "Have you time?"

"To be sure, Sir Richard, to be sure. Delighted to be of service."

"I want a person watched—followed—tracked down."

"Exactly. I quite understand. It is just in our line.

"He calls himself the Marquis de Ojo Verde, a Cuban Marquis of old Spanish descent, but I cannot believe there is any such title in Cuba or Spain. He is not known at the Spanish Legation. I have just come from there."

"Can you give me his address and his personal description?"

"He is a tall, forbidding-looking man of foreign appearance, much given to jewellery and fine clothes."

"Allow me; one moment; I must make a few notes;" and Mr. Horry with a massive pencil wrote down the signalement of the Marquis from Sir Richard Daunt's lips. "And you cannot as yet give us his lordship's address?" he said, when he had finished writing.

"Not at present; but I think if you put a watch at once upon another person—a French maid residing at 29, Carlton Gardens, she is almost certain to meet this fellow in the course of to-day or this evening. Her name is Fanchette Dumoulin."

"Describer her, too, if you please," said Mr. Horry; and Sir Richard gave a minute account of the appearance of Fanchette.

"Where shall we communicate with you, Sir Richard? Will you call, or shall we write?"

"The Albany will always find me. Please use all possible despatch. Good-bye."

Meanwhile Mr. Haggie, the other partner, had been closeted with the Marquis.

Mr. Haggie was a man of a different stamp to Mr. Horry, much older, and much less careful of his personal appearance. His long neck and long legs ending in great boots, like claws together with his way of pushing his head forward in an eager inquiring attitude, and the two quill pens, invariably stuck one behind each ear, gave him the look of a "secretary bird," whose rapid, fussy movements to and fro he seemed to reproduce. The resemblance was heightened by the sad-colored clothes he generally wore, much of the same tone as the pepper-and-salt plumage of this rapacious bird.

His manner was hasty. He spoke very quickly and almost always in interrogatives.

"Well, well, what is it? Who are you? What do you want?" was his greeting of his visitor.

"To give you a commission if you are prepared to undertake it?"

"You, you, you?" replied Mr. Haggie, eyeing the ragged man in front of him.

"This is merely a disguise," replied the other coolly. "I assumed it in order to get to you unobserved."

"Should like to know who you are. Tell me, will you?"

"I am a foreigner by birth, a Cuban gentleman of high rank. My name is Xavier Solfatierra, Marquis de Ojo Verde, and here is fifty pounds on account. Are you satisfied now?"

"Certainly; that is—if you can satisfy us that you are the person you describe," said Mr. Haggie, still rather doubtful.

"If it is necessary, of course I shall do so. But I should have thought that by prepayment I could command your services in anything."

"Not at all, Marquis; not at all. There are many pit-falls and snares in our profession, and the police are always on the watch. They are not fond of us; we succeed oftener than they do, and we should get no mercy from them if they caught us in anything shady or underhand."

"Do you dare to imply that I would suggest anything of the kind?" said the Marquis, indignantly.

"It is better to be cautious and on the safe side. What is it you want us to do?"

"Listen, then. I have reason to believe I am being followed. I wish to set up a counter-watch—a contre police, as the French call it. Will you undertake the job?"

"Who is watching you, and why?"

"A certain Sir Richard Daunt, for reasons of his own."

"Do you know the reasons?"

"Not positively; but I believe they are of a delicate nature—your English ladies are so impressionable. I know from my successes." The suggestion had a ludicrous effect coming from the disreputable-looking old man.

Bill—I read in de polper dat de world would be full in a thousand years. Gee, Mike! If de population wuz all like you she'd be full before night.

"In fact, Sir Richard Daunt is jealous of your attentions to some friend of his? Is that what you would imply?" asked Mr. Haggie.

"Precisely; and he wishes therefore to ascertain whether we meet, to put a spy on me."

"And you wish to put a spy on his spy. Is that it?"

"And on him. I want to know what he is doing generally, but more particularly with regard to me."

"I understand; but I am sorry to say, Marquis, we must decline the commission."

"What! Impossible! I insist——"

Mr. Haggie waved his hand rather contemptuously.

"We have good grounds for refusing. Sir Richard Daunt——"

"Is already a client of yours. Is that what you mean?"

Mr. Haggie started nervously.

"How do you know that?" he said quickly.

"I know a good many things, Mr. Haggie. For instance, I know that Sir Richard is at this moment in this house, in the office of your partner, Mr. Horry."

Mr. Haggie jumped up and went across the room to where there was a speaking-tube. He whistled through it, spoke a few words, then put the cup to his ear and listened.

"Well," asked the Marquis, in a mocking tone, "am I right? But don't stop there. Ask your partner what Daunt's business is to-day—whether he has not come to speak about me."

Mr. Haggie did as requested, and presently, returning to his seat, said, "You are perfectly right in your conjectures. Sir Richard Daunt is here, and you are the subject of his conversation with Mr. Horry. But this makes it all the more impossible for us to undertake your business."

"Pardon me, I know of no people so capable in your line; and I am so convinced of this that I cannot consent to forego the benefit of your assistance," said the Marquis, in a mild voice, but behind it was just a tinge of menace, at which quick-witted Mr. Haggie looked surprised.

But he said bravely enough, "We only undertake what suits us. Your business does not. It is needless to press it."

"But I insist; you must undertake it."

"Who are you that dares to come and browbeat me in my own place? I'll have nothing more to say to you. So good day."

"Softly, softly. Wait one moment. I have a few more words to say. Did you ever hear of Jimps, the lawyers, of Newcastle?"

"What about them? What do you know of them?" asked Haggie in a quick, nervous manner.

"There were two of them, brothers, in a large way of business, I believe; but they were charged with falsifying accounts and making away with their clients' securities. Both brothers were struck off the rolls, but one escaped to Spain, while the other was caught, and did his 'bit' seven years at Portland. A word to the police at Newcastle would bring the same punishment on Jabez, the other brother."

"He died in Saragossa—years ago; so I've heard."

"You heard wrong then. He is alive and in London, and I can put my hand on him at any time, in spite of his disguise"

There was a pause. The two men looked at each other keenly without speaking.

"I could tell you something, too, about a friend of yours who was once a medical student, and afterwards employed in a baby-farming business on a large scale," went on the Marquis. "Shall I?"

"I see we shall have to do what you wish," said Mr. Haggie, blandly. "You have strong cards in your hands."

"Yes, and I can play them. I mean to win the trick. You must not only watch Daunt for me, but you must tell him just what I choose about me."

"I must consult my partner first. You will allow me to do that, I suppose?"

"Yes, but it must be in here. Whistle for him to come up when he is free. I'll have no tricks."

By-and-by Mr. Horry came in, splendid as ever. The appearance of his partner's visitor rather surprised him at first, but when formally introduced Horry made the Marquis a low bow.

"I understand—I understand—what is it, my dear Haggie?"

"A worthy client, my dear Horry. A worthy client, I say. And the partners retired into a corner to talk, while the Marquis kept his eye on them carefully. The colloquy was long and anxious. Horry's pale face when it was over was heightened by the crimson scarf he wore, and Haggie was more restless in manner than ever.

"Well?" asked the Marquis coldly.

"It shall be as you wish, my lord" said Mr. Horry, blandly; "you shall know all that we are doing, and in return we may expect——"

"Silence; absolute discretion."

"Where shall we communicate with you? Not at your club?"

"No. You can write there to make an appointment. I will meet you at an address I shall name."

"Perfectly. We are at your orders. Can we offer you any refreshments? No? Then good day."

The moment the door was closed, one partner said to the other—

"Who is he? Can you make out?"

"I have been puzzling my head ever since I came into the room," said Mr. Horry. "I seem to know his voice too."

"He reminded me of Jack Smoult, who was in that big swindle with the long firms," suggested Haggie.

"Too tall, and I should say, too old; but, of course, this chap had a wig. I should say it was Spanish Sam, alias Greaser."

"Alias the Marquis, and ever so many more names. If I didn't know Sam was at the boat (penal servitude) I'd say so too."

"It's Spanish Sam. The more I think of it the more certain I am."

To be Continued.

THE KING'S CORONATION.

Rules and Regulations Issued by the Earl Marshal.

There is a flutter in London high society owing to the fact that the Earl Marshal has recently issued the rules and regulations governing what is to be worn at the coronation of King Edward next year. The whole document breathes of the middle ages, when distinctions in dress were considered so essential, and the quaintness of the phraseology in which the attendance of the nobility of the United Kingdom is required "at the solemnity of the Royal coronation of their most sacred Majesties," and describing the regulations in regard to dresses and head dresses, is distinctly mediaeval. There is a curious graduation in the fur trimmings of the robes which emphasises the fine distinctions existing in the ranks of the aristocracy. All the Peers have been notified that their robes must be of "Crimson velvet edged with miniver, the cape furred with miniver, pure and powdered, with bars or rows of ermine, according to their degree."

Here follow the numerical graduations distinguishing between the ranks. Barons are allowed two rows of ermine, Viscounts two and a half rows, Earls three rows, Marquises three and a half rows, and Dukes four rows. All mantles and robes must be worn over full court dress, uniform or regimentals.

COUNTERFEIT PEARLS

The Earl Marshal's order banishes and all jewels from coronets, which are to be "silver gilt, the caps of crimson velvet turned up with ermine with gold tassels on top. No jewels or precious stones are to be set or used in coronets, nor counterfeits of pearls instead of silver balls."

The number of the latter permitted revives a nice sense of distinction. A Baron's coronet bears six silver balls, a Viscount's sixteen, an Earl's eight with gold strawberry leaves between; a Marquis' four balls and four leaves alternately. A Duke's coronet has no balls and has eight strawberry leaves.

The Earl Marshal next prescribes the robes, mantles and coronets to be worn by the peeresses. These are of the same material as the men's, with similar gradations in the numbers of bars of ermine and balls. The length of the trains marks the difference in rank. A baroness is only allowed a train of three feet, a viscountess has one and a quarter yards, countesses have one and a half yards, a marchioness has one and three-quarter yards, and a duchess two yards. Then follows a curt notification as to who shall be excluded. Peeresses in their own right and widows of peers are allowed to come, but widows who have remarried beneath their rank in the peerage are "not entitled to a summons to attend the coronation."

A lecturer on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eyes and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that——" Here the lecturer's voice was drowned by shouts of laughter.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT HOME.

As Princess of Wales at Sandringham—Beloved by the Tenants on the Estate.

Details of the home life of Queen Alexandra are being confided to the world just now by one Sarah Tooley. According to Mrs. Tooley Queen Alexandra does not believe in too mad rush to keep up with the latest fads of fashion. She doesn't go in for crazes. She is not eternally remodelling, redecorating, refurnishing, re-everything. She applies Polonius's advice to her personal belongings and sticks to old friends. When she travels there is a whole collection of objects which travel along with her and most of them have some tender association in her memory.

The real home life of the Queen has been passed chiefly at Sandringham House, which is a new house, built no longer ago than 1860. As Princess of Wales she spent more than half of each year there. It is a model estate, with picturesque cottages for the work people, a gem of a dairy, in fact all the modern improvements of big estates. The principal entrance is by the beautiful Norwich gates, a wedding gift from the city of Norwich.

The park contains 300 acres, with a winding lake overlooked from the house by a sunny terrace. The railroad is two and a half miles distant and the accommodating railway company has put up a station there with special waiting rooms for the Sandringham folks.

There is an ivy-colored technical school for girls in the village hard by. Queen Alexandra founded it for teaching the girls on the estate how to

SPIN, WEAVE AND SEW.

Evidently the Queen believes in the force of example, for she has her own spinning wheel and hand loom, which she occasionally uses.

There is a school for boys, too, where they are taught wood carving and cabinet making and fitted for situations in towns. There are the Queen's stables, where, according to the eloquent Mrs. Tooley, "the favorite hacks and carriage horses lead a luxurious existence in spotless stables, lined with white tiles." Also at hand are kitchen gardens and forcing houses, covering fourteen acres.

"Opposite is the Queen's model dairy with a dainty tea room entered from a lovely little garden. When the dairy was first started the Queen took an active interest in its management and introduced the Danish method of butter-making. In the time of the old dairy woman, Mrs. Barker, the Princess and her young daughters often amused themselves at churning. The appointments are dainty and beautiful, with the blue tiles, brought by the King from India, and the silver cream pans lined with egg-shell china, fixed on a marble counter.

"Around the walls are models, in marble, terra cotta, silver and alabaster, of the prize animals bred on the estate. The tea room is a dainty room literally filled with presents from the Queen's family and friends, noticeable among them being the set of Balmoral china presented by the late Queen, each piece being painted with a view from the neighborhood of Balmoral."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Sandringham is not a show house like some of the famous old country houses. According to Mrs. Tooley's description it seems to be a purely personal habitation, filled with "family portraits, souvenirs of loved ones and models of pet animals deceased." The drawing-room overlooks the terrace and the Queen's boudoir is above with the same outlook. One of the King's rooms is furnished with things from his cabin on the Serapis, the ship on which he went to India.

Formerly there used to be three balls at Sandringham every winter for the tenantry and servants, but these functions came to an end with the death of the

DUKE OF CLARENCE.

The Queen's birthday, Dec. 1, is celebrated by a tea-party to the 500 school children on the estate. On this occasion the Queen and her daughters wait upon the children and play games with them. At Christmas there is a gorgeous tree, 30 feet high, with presents for everybody, and on the King's birthday there is a dinner to the laborers.

This anniversary comes on Nov. 9, and there is always a shooting party, with luncheon served in a tent where all the guests of the house come together. Of course, there is the inevitable 5 o'clock tea, which the Queen herself pours. Dinner is at 9 o'clock. Everybody who has stayed at Sandringham pronounces it the pleasantest and most homely of country houses. The Queen personally visits the rooms of her guests to see that nothing is wanting. At least she did so when she was Princess of Wales.

For years it was a family custom to walk around the estate on Sunday afternoons. The Queen petted her horses and fed them carrots and other equine dainties. Then the family party went to the kennels. The head keeper's wife always had two dainty baskets ready, filled with pieces of bread. The Queen put on a large white apron and opened the kennel doors and distributed the contents of said dainty baskets. After the dogs episode the family party goes to the pheasantry, to bantam rearing ground, the dairy house, and so on, winding up at the dairy tea room for the indispensable 5 o'clock.

Countless stories are told of the kindness and thoughtfulness of Queen Alexandra. Charity begins at home and it is worth noting that the Sandringham people adore their mistress who is also their Queen. At one little cottage a woman says:

"Yes, I've been unable to get about all winter and as soon as the Queen heard I was too ill to attend to myself she sent me a nurse to stay with me. She has been here four months and her Majesty has been several times to see me."

The only child of the keeper of the kennels was lying at the point of death, but the man seemed to be cheered by a telegram from the Queen at Windsor telling of her anxiety and her sympathy.

"The Queen thought a lot of our little girl," he said, and somehow the Queen seems to have that rare gift of making everybody feel that she thinks a lot of them. Mrs. Tooley visited a neighboring hospital one day and found the place bubbling with excitement because the Queen had just been there in a carriage.

HER EFFORT CARE

"It was most specially to see me, ma'am, that the Queen came," remarked an old lady who had burned her face by accidentally setting fire to her cap. "You see I've been gate-keeper for years at one of the lodges and many's the time the dear Princess has come into my cottage and when I stood up respectful-like, she'd say:

"'Now sit down and tell me how you're all going on.'

"And she'd have the dear children with her. Poor Prince Eddy. He was never far from her side and Prince George would be running all round my place asking about everything. My accident happened when their Majesties were much engaged in London, but when the Queen came to Sandringham she said, 'I can't leave without seeing Granny,' and she brought me a basket of fruit and flowers and boxes of chocolates to the other patients. She went round all the wards, but of course ma'am, it was most specially to see me she came."

To us it is a most surprising fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales have had any home life at all. According to the papers they seem to be generally engaged in laying corner-stones, opening hospitals, visiting asylums and inspecting designs. But this idea is not without foundation is shown by the following extracts, culled at random, according to Mrs. Tooley, from the Court Circular:

July 6—Visit to St. Saviour's Church for deaf and dumb.

July 7—Opening of new wing of French Hospital, also Fete Champêtre on behalf of French benevolent institutions.

July 8—Laying foundation stone of new building for Royal Hospital for Incurables.

July 9—Visit to Royal National College for the Blind.

This does, it seems, gay new colors to make the life of a Princess of Wales personage. In fact it sounds very much as if the Prince is a working woman, and a hard-working one too.

PICKLES FOR YOUR TEETH.

One of the commonest causes of bad teeth is taking food too hot. When you drink a cup of very hot tea the enamel covering of the teeth expands, and afterward, when you breathe the cold air, it contracts. This alternate swelling and shrinking makes the enamel fall to pieces and once the hard covering goes the spongy inner substance crumbles away in no time. Everyone knows the injurious effects of acids on the teeth. Yet many people sip vinegar to make their faces pale, and, as they think, interesting. Of course, the teeth pay the penalty. A young girl, who consulted a leading dentist lately, had lost nearly every tooth in her head from sucking lemons, and some of his most profitable patients are people given to eating pickles. It is not necessary altogether to avoid acids, but a little far of bicarbonate of soda should be kept on everyone's washstand, and the teeth should be rinsed in water in which some of it has been dissolved. This, by the way, is a never-failing cure for that kind of toothache that attacks the whole jaw at once. The best way to clean your teeth is to wind them with a bit of sponge attached to a handle, using tepid water containing a trace of some mild antiseptic.

ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

The Kaffir maid-servant has now asked for her evening off to take piano lessons, but it is coming. A Cape Town correspondent says he engaged a Kaffir for the usual household duties. She point-blank refused to do the kitchen work, saying the missis could do that, her duties being to look after the bedrooms.

NOT A STUPI

Rev. Dr. Talmage Sa Daughter

A despatch from Washington says: —Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: Job xxviii. 17. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Many of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in my text, compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An indel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion, and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of far superior value to the latter, exclaiming, in the words of my text, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Harz mountain or mammoth cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of palace. The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of cave; and it is the gardrop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page of crystallographic. But I want to show you that Job was right when taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, proclaiming it to all the people and all the ages, declaring "The crystal cannot equal it."

IN THE FIRST PLACE,

I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. The shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization and each of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square, or it is a rectangle, or it is a rhomboid, or in some way it has a mathematical figure. Now, religion beats that by the simple fact that spiritual architecture is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are in God's management of the world. He act Never counting wrong though He counts the grass blades and the stars and the sands and the circles. His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor laterally when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-headed problem. Born at the right time; dying at the right time. There are no accidents so's" in our theology. If I thought this was a slipshod universe I would be in despair. Give me an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The robe of God's robe of government never frays out, there are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It does not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Waterloo so that he became incapacitated for the day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that landed ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. I believe in a particular providence. I believe

GOD'S GEOMETRY

may be seen in all our life. Yes, beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Again, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when nor by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Specimens of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were some adornments made out of it 3000 years ago — those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day; the crystal over the watch, defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour; the crystal of the telescope, by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumph of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury! But there is nothing so transparent as a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You can put it to your eye and you see the man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. "The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned." There is no trouble with the crystal. The trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray, "Lord, that our eyes may be opened." When the eye salve cures our blindness, then we find that religion is transparent.

"People talk too much about their loss and not enough about their gains." Do you know that the Bible mentions a cross but seventeen times, while it mentions a crown

EIGHTY TIMES?

Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been cultivating an aesthetic taste. He has seen the