THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK

Every Moral Teacher Stands Guard or Patrols the Wall.

[Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and One, by William Bally, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.]

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the text, Isaiah xxi, 11, "Watchman, what of the night?"

When night came down on Babylon, Ninevah and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor, or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in air, save as some passerby raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?"

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch from 6 to 9, the second from 9 to 12, the third from 12 to 3, and the fourth from 3 to 6. I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock.

I never weary of looking upon the life of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone they seek

THE EVENING MEAL.

The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter and with brain weary of the long line of figures and the whims of those who go a-shopping seek the face of mother or wife and child. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centres of bargaib making. Let idlers clear the street and give the right of way to the besweated artisans and merchants! They have earned their bread and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over 10,000 evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families!"

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who on either side of the white, glistening boards await the signal from the orchestra. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes 12, and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sound cuts the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the

THIRD WATCH OF THE NIGHT!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary, who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the firstborn. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician, passing along in great haste. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest. Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood, with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care and anxiety and torriment and pain.

LET THE CITY SLEEP.

But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be to-night thousands who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, lest you feel the garrotter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no rags, no clothes, the cupboard bare, had no food for twenty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse. "Oh," you say, "they are vicious poor, and therefore they do not deserve our sympathy!" Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor, God helps them.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked!" No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look.

BEASTLINESS AND RAGS.

See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah, this is a babe, not like those beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled. It never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd, fold around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah, is it possible that the scarred and bruised face of that young woman ever was looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities are full of such homes and the worst time the third watch of the night.

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire; bring on more drinks;

PUT UP MORE STAKES!

That commercial house that only a little while ago put on a sign of copartnership will this winter be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money till that will spring a leak. In the third watch of the night pass down the streets of these cities, and you hear the click of the dice, and the sharp, keen stroke of the balls on the billiard tables. At these places merchant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime—the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Chatham street pocket handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In the third watch of the night also drunkenness does its worst. The drinker will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off, at 1 the man falls to the floor, asking for more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city, fathers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, perhaps better. In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow revellers, who try to get him to bed or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had disgrace enough. 6 Do not let them know it.

HUSH IT UP.

But sometimes it cannot be hushed up when the rum touches the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied. Such a one came home, having been absent for some time, and during his absence his wife died, and she lay in the next room prepared for the obsequies, and he went in and dragged her by the locks and shook her out of the shroud and pitched her out of the window. Oh, when rum touches the brain you cannot hush it up!

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing, for the simple reason it is not practical. As after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing the tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are 3,000 men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts." We want more common sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who went into a hospital with tracts, and, coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing. But there is a man who will not reform. He says, "I won't reform." Well, then I have many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe there are

FIVE ACTS IN A TRAGEDY.

Act first of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home, parents and sisters weeping to have him go, warm rising over the hills of well spent days back of him. Curtain fall and let the curtain fall.

Act the second: The marriage altar, full organ, bright lights, long white veil trailing through the aisle, prayer and congratulation and exclamation of, "How well he looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps, old garments stuck into the broken window pane, marks of hardship on the face, the biting of the nails of bloodless fingers, neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasted heath with three graves! Plenty of weeds but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity, no light, no music, blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick, quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth, but know thou that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, NOVEMBER 3.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. 1, 15-26. Golden Text, Ps. xc., 12.

Again we are called to pass over many most interesting and profitable items, but we trust that all teachers will note at least the following: God's gracious and comforting interview with Jacob at Beersheba as he was about to leave Canaan, the meeting of Joseph and his father; Jacob's interview with Pharaoh, Jacob blessing Joseph and his two sons, his parting words to all his sons, his death and his burial at Hebron.

15. "Joseph will peradventure hate us, and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him." One of the hardest things on earth to bear is to be misunderstood, misjudged, slandered without cause, to be falsely accused by those to whom you have shown only loving kindness and for whom you have in your heart nothing but good will. Joseph had given these men every evidence of his forgiveness, he had wept over them and kissed them (xlv, 15) and had done all that love could do for them, but thy did not believe that he really meant it, after all. What manner of men are these who cannot trust such a brother? Do we act like this toward the Lord Jesus? He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but they Hated Him and called Him a devil and would not believe that He was their own Messiah.

16, 17. "Joseph wept when they spake unto him." The treatment of his brethren was enough to make him weep. If his father told them to say what they said he did, to ask Joseph to forgive what he had already so manifestly forgiven, that would be a cause for weeping; if his brethren were lying to him concerning their father, that would be sufficient to make him weep. Let us lay it to heart; if we have truly received and do put all our trust in the precious blood of Christ for our salvation, then such words as John vi, 37; i, 12; I. John ii, 12; Isa. xliii, 25; Acts xiii, 38, 39, should give us perfect rest concerning the forgiveness of all our sins and our relationship to God; but how many believers, just like the brethren of Joseph, are ever questioning their relationship to God and wondering if their sins are really forgiven. This is ungrateful belief and grieves the Holy Spirit and our blessed Lord.

18. "Behold, we be thy servants." This they said as they fell down before his face. This was not gratitude for his love, but seeking thus to obtain that favor which he had already freely bestowed upon them. For 17 years the brethren of Joseph had enjoyed his favor (xlvii, 28) and loving kindness, yet now they come abjectly before him to obtain that which had been theirs fully all these years. There are Christians who 15 or 20 or 30 or 40 years ago received through Christ the forgiveness of sins and were made children of God and joint heirs with Christ, yet are never sure that they are saved, never rejoicing in Him, but hope some day to be good enough for heaven if they can only prove faithful.

19, 28. "Fear not, for am I in the place of God?" What they needed was true penitence before God, against whom they had so grievously sinned and to whom perhaps they had never yet truly turned. There can be no peace of mind until we are sure that all that was against us before God has been put away (Col. ii, 13, 14). Covering sin from God never prospers, but confessing and forsaking it always bring mercy (Prov. xxviii, 13,).

21. "He comforted them and spake kindly unto them." Another "fear not," and assurance of continued care and more kind words and no upbraiding. How manifestly the spirit of Christ was in Joseph, for only the great grace of God, such as we read of in II. Cor. viii, 9; ix, 8; I. Tim. 1, 14, could enable a man to act as Joseph did toward these brethren. He of whom Joseph was a wondrous type, will comfort you and speak kindly to you, whoever you may be, if you will only come to Him, for He is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort (II. Cor. i, 3). Here we have the last two of these precious "fear nots" in this book; others are found in chapters xv, xxi, xxvi, xlvi, xlvi.

22, 23. "And Joseph lived an hundred and ten years." See also verse 26. Since he was 30 when he first stood before Pharaoh (xli, 46), he had 80 years of prosperity in Egypt, enough to make him forget the few years of slavery and imprisonment, and we know that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that awaits us (Rom. viii, 18). Jacob lived 147 years, Isaac 180, Abraham 175, so that Joseph's life was comparatively short, but how much of blessing for thousands and tens of thousands there was in it, and what an amount of fellowship with Christ! If we are here for Christ, He will see to it that we abide His appointed time, then we shall rest and shall stand in our lot at the end of the days (Dan. xii, 13).

24, 25. "God will surely visit you and bring you out of this land." God had told Abram that He would, and Joseph, like Abram, believed God (chapter xv, 14) and took an oath of his brethren that when they went they would take his bones along. This they did as they had promised and buried them in Shechem (Joshua xxiv, 32). This is the one thing mentioned of Joseph in Heb. xi, 22, "By faith Joseph when he died made mention of the departing of the children of Israel and gave commandment concerning his bones." Joseph was sure that however long the waiting time might be the promises of God would be fulfilled. This he had learned in his own experience. We are reminded of II. Sam. xxiii, 5. Those who have like faith with Joseph and David expect to see all the unfulfilled promises concerning Israel yet literally fulfilled. See Isa. ix, 6, 7; Jer. iii, 17; xxiii, 5, 6; Ezek. xxxvii, 21-28, and all others according to Acts iii, 19-21.

26. "They embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." What a strange ending to this first book in the Bible! It begins with life, but ends with death, but the Bible ends with life everywhere on earth and death destroyed by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ (Rev. xxii, 3-21; xxi, 4, 5), who because of sin became a sin offering, a sacrifice for our sins. When He shall come to His throne, there will be life for all Israel and blessing for all the world. As long as that coffin abode in Egypt the promise to Abram in Gen. xv, 14, was unfulfilled, and as long as the body of a saint remains in the dust of this earth some other promises remain unfulfilled, such as I. Thess. iv, 16, 17; I. Cor. xv, 51, 52. But He will come and fulfill every promise.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

The Lemon is Good for a Great Many Ailments.

The traveller's best friend is that queer little yellow boy named Lemon Go down to the nearest grocery and you will find him dressed in travelling coat of white tissue paper, all ready to start with you on your journey, and to do many a kindly deed for you.

In the first place, if you feel a little "out of sorts," and as though you can't put one foot after another, squeeze a little lemon juice into a glass of fresh water, drink it and feel refreshed.

Or if you have a case of genuine malaria, when every bone aches, and you have a "brown feeling in your mouth," besides being "so tired" all the time, squeeze more lemon juice into fresh water—enough to make a very sour beverage—and drink freely of it many times in the day.

For this little yellow boy is a foe to a sour stomach, and always ready for a fight against indigestion.

If you have a throbbing headache slice a lemon and rub the bits over the brow and the pain will soon go away. If your hair is falling out, rub slices of lemon thoroughly into the roots and over the scalp, washing the head afterward with warm soft water. Squeeze lemon juice into milk, rub the mixture over the face and neck every night and you will rejoice in the fresh glow of your complexion.

Mix lemon juice and glycerine, rub your hands with it at night, and if you are not too nervous wear large old gloves and you will wonder at their dazzling whiteness.

When a bee stings or a wasp sticks a prong into your face touch the hurt spot with pure lemon juice. If you have a wart or a voxatious corn rub lemon juice on with untiring zeal, and bid defiance to mosquitoes with the touch of your little yellow friend.

A cup of tea is always improved by slices of fresh lemon and we all know how a well-mixed lemon squash can revive the weary stomach. If you go oo a water voyage you must certainly take it with you, for pure lemon juice will rout all giddiness and seasickness.

And the little sour yellow fruit is as good as a doctor's help to cure sprains and bruises, or a lady's maid to remove brown freckles and red patches and sunburn.

These are only a few of the many kindly deeds of friend Lemon, and if you once try him as a travelling companion you will never again go away without him.

WIDOWS IN SUMATRA.

In Sumatra the wind decides the length of time a widow should remain single. Just after her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. While the flag remains untorn by the wind the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry; but at the first rent, however tiny, she can lay aside her weeds, assume her most bewitching smile, and accept the first man who presents himself.

SUCCESSFUL SMOKE HELMET.

A smoke helmet of German origin, is likely to be widely used by firemen on burning premises in future. In appearance it somewhat resembles a diver's dress. Air is conveyed by a fire-engine. By its means two men penetrated dense clouds of smoke at a warehouse fire in Back Goree, Liverpool, recently, and were successful in discovering the seat of the fire, thus greatly facilitating the operations of the brigade.

The rental of Britain's 21,000 first-class mansions aggregates 14 millions, while the next 288,000 bring only 24½ millions.

ROSEBERY ON KING ALFRED

HIS SPEECH AT THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT.

Secret of Alfred's Fame—His Character as a King—A Brilliant Eulogy.

Following is the report of the interesting address delivered by Lord Rosebery at Winchester, England, on the occasion of the unveiling of Hamo Thornycroft's statue of King Alfred in connection with the millenary of Alfred's death:—

We are here to-day to consecrate a great memory and to raise before our countrymen the standard of a great example, for 1,000 years ago there died in this city one who by common consent represents the highest type of Kingship and the highest type of Englishman. It is meet and fitting that we should celebrate such an occasion. Around King Alfred there has grown up such a halo of tradition such as would dim a lesser man, though his personality stands out pure and distinct amid the legends. And yet for our purpose even the tradition is perhaps sufficient. The noble statue which I am about to unveil can only be an effigy of the imagination, and so the Alfred we reverence may well be an idealized figure, for our real knowledge of him is scanty and vague. We have, however, draped round his form not without reason all the highest attributes of manhood and kingship. The Arthur of our poets, the paladin King, without fear, without stain and without reproach, is to us the true representation of Alfred. In him, indeed, we venerate not so much a striking actor in our history as the ideal Englishman, the perfect sovereign, the pioneer of England's greatness (Hear, hear.) With his name we associate our metropolis, our fleet, our literature, our laws, our first foreign relations, our first efforts at education. (Hear, hear.) He is, in a word, the embodiment of our civilization, and yet so narrow was his stage, so limited his opportunities, that he would have marvelled not less than the son of Jesse or the son of Kish at the primacy to which he has been called and at the secular reverence which embalms his memory. Even at his best he ruled over but a province. He made no great conquests, he wrote no great books, he knew none of the splendors of wealth and dominion, there was nothing in him of the Alexander or the Caesar, he had none of the glories of Solomon save wisdom alone. (Cheers.)

SECRET OF ALFRED'S FAME.

What, indeed, is the secret of his fame, of his hold on the imagination of mankind? It is, in the first place, a question of personality. He has stamped his character on the cold annals of humanity. How is that done? We cannot tell. We know only that two homely tales of his life—the story of his mother's book and that of the neatherd's hut—have become part of our folklore. His life, too—for at one time he is hunted with the deer as desolate as a defeated pretender, and at another he is the predominant prince in his country and one of the rare Sovereigns recognized in the darkness of Europe—his life has those romantic elements which fascinate successive generations. But when all is said and done we cannot wholly explain it. The magnetism of history is an unexplored secret of nature. From another point of view we behold in his career the highest and best type of the qualities which we cherish in our national character. Note first his absorbed devotion to duty. "This will I say," he writes, "that I have sought to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to the men who come after me a remembrance in good works"; and he gave himself, we are told, wholly, unreservedly, to his royal responsibilities and the charge of his people. Then he was the first Englishman of whom it is recorded that he never knew when he was beaten. (Cheers.) Sometimes the Danes crushed him, sometimes he crushed the Danes; but he won in the end. (Cheers.) Nor was it only with these he had to contend. In the best twenty years of the half century that was his life he struggled against

AGONIZING DISEASE,

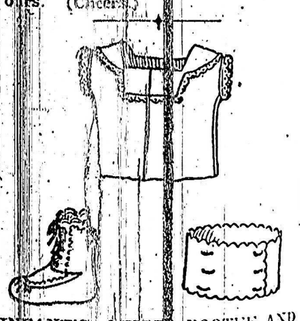
and the paralyzing apprehension of its recurrence. That he should have done so much is wonderful; that he should have done so much under this disability is amazing. (Hear, hear.) Then he had the supreme quality of truth, frankness, candor, an open heart. His word was his bond. That is a quality which was then rare among princes, and it is never too common—(hear, hear)—but it is one which Englishmen love. (Cheers) He was known as the Truth-teller. It is a noble title, more distinguished than the vapid and prostituted epithet of Great. (Hear, hear!) In history he stands as Alfred the Truth-teller. Then he was a man, a complete man. What strikes one most in him, indeed, is his completeness. Complete is, I think, his distinct epithet. Though profoundly pious, he was no anchorite. Though a King, not a pompous and mysterious phantom. Though a passionate seeker after knowledge, not a pedant or a prig. He lived as a man among men; for he was "all things to all men," in the best sense of the word; rejoicing in the society of his scholars, his priests, his huntsmen, his craftsmen, his farmers; interested in all worthy interests, mixing freely with his subjects, working and playing among them, but with a little scroll of high thoughts always in his bosom. A man among men, dealing all day with the common affairs of life, but with the high ideal burning at his heart. (Cheers.) Is it not thus that great things are done? Is it not in the practical character fired half unconsciously with imagination that the best of the Briton is seen? (Hear, hear.) And is there a higher specimen of this potent amalgam than Alfred? (Hear, hear.)

HIS CHARACTER AS A KING.

Then he was a King, a true King, the guide, the leader, the father of his people. He did for them all that in their barbarous condition they required, and [illegible] work for the [illegible] tal work for us. (Cheers.) He was the captain of all their enterprises, their master, their foreman, their school-master, their Bishop, their general, their admiral their legislator. On a small scale and therefore less but without distorting vices and therefore greater he was to his English kingdom what Peter was to Russia. And in working for his people, raising them, strengthening them, enlarging their horizons, builded better than he knew. His councillors were the ancestors of our parliament, his flotilla of galleys was the foundation of our fleet, the first wonder of an English victory was a powerful militia, if not an established his casual levies to my. He breathed the earliest inspiration of education into England an inspiration vital then, which would be scarcely less precious now. (Cheers.) And he, with an eye for commerce and defence, gave us London, not as the first founder or the second founder but as the founder of the London which we know. (Hear, hear.) It is indeed less for what he did, great as were his achievements in relation to his opportunities than for what he engendered that we now honor his name. He was cheered, we are told, through the disasters of desertion and defeat by visions of the saints, who bade him be of good cheer; and little indeed, could the hunted King in his rushy covert, amid the booming of the bittern, have realized the awful destiny which awaited him and his people. (Hear, hear.) But suppose that some such dream seer had led him up into a mountain and shown him the England which which he had be, the England he had not conceived, laid the foundations dark foundations from him the first race should which his kingdom and Norman invasion be overwhelmed by a should enter of which the iron clay, but the English soul—not to indeed, then, to introduce composition element wanted to imperial race; and then passing over the ages, had solaced him by showing him

THE NEW ENGLAND

as we see it, had led him to the banks of the Thames and had shown him the little Saxon fort developed into a world capital and a world mart, inhabited by millions, often crowded and distressed, but familiar with comfort, unknown to a Saxon Prince. Suppose that, guiding him through the endless maze of teeming dwellings, the spirit had brought him to a place where the descendants of his Witan conducted a system of government which, remote indeed, from perfection, is the parent of most constitutions in the civilized world (Hear, hear.) Not far removed again, a Saxon King might have beheld another place, consecrated to that purpose which he himself with a learning education to the Almighty, had raised from the dead. And the passing down and beyond the Imperial rule he might have been brought within sight of the British fleets, the spring of his own poor boats, charged with the wards ship of a fifth of the world, with the tradition of victory and supremacy and no one to the trust (Cheers.) Suppose, moreover, that there could have been spread before him the opulent and brilliant vista of English literature, that promised land for which he was to prepare but scarcely to enter. Suppose that he could have seen an unending procession the various nations which own the free [illegible] hood of the British Crown, and not merely those, but those descendants of his spare subjects who, aggregated no doubt from many other races are yet the Central source of the American people—(Cheers)—that people, which, always divided from us by the Atlantic and often by difference of policy and aspiration, cannot, if they will, be wholly separated, and, in supreme moments of stress and sorrow, irresistibly join hands with us across the centuries and the seas. (Loud cheers.) Suppose, in a word, that he could have beheld, as in an unfolded tapestry the varying but superb fortunes of that indomitable race by whose cradle he had watched. Would he not have seen in himself one of those predestined beings, greater than the great, who seem unconsciously to fashion the destinies and mark the milestones of the world? (Hear, hear.) And as he, looking forward, would have marvelled, so, looking backward, he would marvel none the less, but proudly and gratefully consecrate this monument to the memory of Alfred the Good, Alfred the Truth-teller, Alfred the Father of his country and of ours. (Cheers.)



INFANT'S SHIRT, BOOTEE AND BAND.

Every infant's outfit should contain a shirt of linen lawn for wear next the tender skin, flannel bands in which to swathe the tiny body and soft bootees for the little feet. The models given are all admirable and adequate in every way.

The shirt is cut in one piece and is without seams on the shoulders, and shows all the free edges finished with narrow lace.

The band is cut in one piece, finished with scalloped edges, and is long enough to allow of lapping one end well over the other. The bootee is in moccasin shape and can be made of silk, cashmere, chamois or soft leather.

To cut this shirt ¾ yards of lawn and 1 yard of lace will be required; to cut six bands ¾ yards of flannel, and for the bootees ¼ yard in any width.

HIS ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH.

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 and sets a detective to watch him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sir Richard accidentally met Josephine on the street a few days after his visit to Haggie & Horrie's, and accompanying her home, spent a joyous hour.

The talk flowed on pleasantly and cheerfully, but at last Bob said:—

"Time's up. I shall only just have time to walk back to the theatre."

After a tender leave-taking with Josephine, Daunt joined Bob in the street.

"Look here, Bob," he said abruptly, "I think your friend Helena—you see her sometimes I suppose?"

"Ah, I thought so, at the Bonascres—well, I think she might be of great use to us just now."

"How so?" asked Bob.

"I want to know more about the French maid of Mrs. Waldo's, where she came from; what sort of person she is; what company she keeps in short, all about her."

"Helena couldn't find out much."

"But her own maid might. And I have my suspicions about Fanchette. Remember, it came out at the trial that she was the only person who could have got at old Waldo's strong-room key?"

"But nothing of the kind was proved. Besides, what could she do with the key?"

"Give it, or an impression of it in wax, to some one else who had access to the place where the securities were kept, and who could abstract the bonds—commit the crime in fact for which your father is suffering."

"To whom would Fanchette be likely to give the key? What connection had she with anyone at the bank?"

"That has been my difficulty in thinking the matter out. For a long time I could not trace any connection between her and the person I have all along suspected."

"And that is—— ?"

"Meggitt, who is now the cashier."

"Percy Meggitt! Is it possible that you believe him to be base enough to have woven such an infamous plot?"

"I always thought the man a cad, but not a villain till lately."

"But what benefit would my father's disgrace and downfall bring to Meggitt?"

"His promotion in the first place. He expected to succeed your father, and, as a matter of fact, has done so."

"That, after all, would hardly be enough to tempt a man to commit such a dastardly crime. A few hundreds a year is all the difference between the pay of cashier and assistant-cashier."

"That was another great difficulty. I can only suppose that he has some much bigger ulterior game in hand and that he wanted your father out of the way so as to have a clear course before him."

"Have you any idea what his game is?"

"Not yet. I am still in the dark, waiting patiently for evidence, for facts and information as they turn up. But I have had a watch set upon his accomplice."

"An accomplice! Whom do you mean?"

"The man calling himself the Marquis de Ojo Xerde, the fellow who swindled you at cards."

"Ojo Verde! Is he really a Jew, do you think?"

"He looks it," said Daunt; "but there's hardly sufficient proof," he added, with a laugh. "Nor have I any proof as yet that he is very thick with Meggitt. But that I still hope to get at. But he knows Fanchette intimately. Of that I have no doubt."

"I know that, too," said Bob, and he described what he had seen at the cafe restaurant at Kilburn.

"That's corroborative. I was certain she could not tutoyer the Marquis and call him by his Christian name unless they were very closely allied."

"Who is this Marquis, do you suppose?" asked Bob, innocently.

"Ah! that's the very first thing I want to know. I cannot act freely till I do."

Next morning Daunt drove Josephine and her brother to Richmond in his small Phaeton.

They only paused a few minutes at the Star and Garter Hotel. Daunt secured a private dining-room, and all three went down the slope to the park, and it was quite late in the afternoon before they returned.

This time all the private rooms were engaged exactly, and in that room Bob, Daunt and the Surtees had a gay and noisy party. Voices were raised high, and shouts of laughter were heard plainly through the partition.