A Cast for Fortune

By Christian Reid,

AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER," "A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA," "HEART OF STEEL," "BONNY KATE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Derwent sat down on a stone bench and looked about him with a sense of satisfaction akin to delight. And it was indeed a delightful place into which he had wandered—a place of broad avenues, shaded by immense trees, dividing pleasance full of the most enchanting greenness, where feathery shrubs and banks of emerald sward, hedges of geranium and rose, and masses of Nile lilies, with wide green leaves and white, golden-hearted chalices of bloom, were all sparkling with diamond-drops from the water lately and lavishly showered upon them. The avenues, clean-swept as a palace floor, were also damp from the spray that had fallen over them, and their leaf-shaded vistas led from all directions to circular spaces, where fountains played in the midst of great basins, or groups of statuary stood on pedestals of green grass sown with daisies. Overhead was a sky of sapphire, cloudless and exquisite, from which the sun poured golden light, but with the light no heat—only such balmy warmth as may have reigned in the garden of Paradise; while the atmosphere was crisp, clear, stimulating, and full of a charm as impossible to describe as the aroma of a rose.

The young man who found himself for the first time in this lovely garden—the Alameda of the city of Mexico—had seen all of the world's most famous pleasure-grounds; but he said to himself, as he lay back in his shade-arched seat, that there was something here which pleased the eye and the fancy, wakened the imagination, and charmed the senses to a degree that no spot which he had ever seen could surpass. For the spell was the spell of Mexico herself—Mexico, with her shadowy history of past empires and vanished races, her traditions of ancient splendor, her marvelous conquest, her picturesque people, and her aspect of Europe, the Orient, and the New World blended in a whole of romantic interest and wonderful beauty. Something of all this seemed to Derwent expressed in the scene before him, in the tropical loveliness of the beautiful pleasure-ground and in the old world grace a solidity of every object fashioned by the hand of man. From the stone bench on which he sat, with its high back and sculptured ends, that might have been taken from a classic picture, to the noble towers of the two great churches that look at each other across the Plazuel Morelos and of which he had a glimpse through one of the leafy avenues, all was suggestive of Europe in the days when craftsmen were artists, when men wrought with a beauty and a skill that the world of to-day can only feebly copy, and builded not only for themselves but for the generations that were to follow them. Yet to fancy himself even for a moment in a European city was impossible. If the Spaniards planted deep in the land of the Aztec his art, his laws, his language, and his faith, he left—unlike other conquerors of whom we know—the race to whom God had given it, and to-day in the city of Cortez the young stranger had seen Aztec faces filling the churches, the streets, and the market-places, and forms so purely Indian that they might have met the conquistadores passing down the beautiful avenues and loitering around the shaded fountains of the Alameda.

There was to him so much interest in the striking contrasts of the scene—in the close juxtaposition of a brilliant civilization with the most primitive types of human life—that he let his thoughts wander far back into the history of this fascinating land, while a succession of different figures came down the shaded vistas, passed around the great basin of the fountain that occupied the center of the circle where he sat, and disappeared in some one of the radiating walks. Now it was a young man who looked as if he might have stepped from the pavement of Pall Mall; then a sandaled peon in wide cotton trousers, gayly-striped blanket, and straw sombrero; next a gentleman with Spanish dignity in every line of face and figure; presently a group of Mexican ladies, silken-clad, lace-draped, on their way to mass, with ivory prayer-books and silver rosaries in their hands; a dark-faced woman with a baby wrapped in the close folds of her blue scarf passed, followed by a pair of prettily-dressed American or English girls, with the sunlight gleaming on their golden hair; a group of young officers with swords made their uniforms a bright effect of color; and a band of lovely children, attended by their Indian nurses, paused where a vender of dulces had erected his stand, and broke into a clatter of sweet Spanish sounds.

This constantly varying procession had been going on for some time, when a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with an aspect unmistakably American, advanced in a leisurely manner down one of the avenues, caught sight of the quiet figure in the flickering shadow, and quickened his pace as he approached it.

"Well met, Derwent!" he said. "I was on my way to the Iturbide to look you up. But I see you have found your way to the right place, only you are rather early." He glanced at his watch as he sat down. "Eleven o'clock; not so early as I thought. It will not be long now before all the world will be here."

"A good deal of the world seems to be here at present," said Derwent. "I have been watching for some time the remarkably varied character of the people passing."

"Oh, that can be seen at any time," answered the other. "But Sunday morning after mass the fashionable world has a dress-parade in the Alameda. Everybody in Mexico—especially everybody who is anybody—comes here, and it is a very brilliant scene for an hour or two. There goes the first sign of it."

He indicated an Indian who trotted by with a dozen or two chairs skillfully bound together and arranged in a pyramid on his back. These he conveyed to the chief avenue leading from San Francisco street into the very heart of the park, where a woman removed the .. from his back and placed them in a line on the side of the avenue, putting a narrow strip of carpet before them. Others were engaged in the same manner on the opposite side; and soon two rows of chairs faced each other along the length of the beautiful shaded way.

"For dos reales you can have your choice of those," said the new-comer, "and find yourself in the society of the elite of Mexico, who naturally prefer paying for their seats to using those which the municipality provides. Moreover, everybody who enters the park comes in by that avenue, so that one has an admirable opportunity for observing and criticising all one's acquaintances."

"But how if one has none?" said Derwent. "That would lessen the amusement. I prefer my present position, because it commands a number of different avenues, and I suppose that the most of those who come here will walk about, else there would be no object in sitting down to look at them."

The other laughed. "You are right," he said. "Everybody walks, for a time at least. Here comes the music, the people will soon follow."

A group of men in uniform, carrying large brass instruments, passed by and mounted in single file the flight of steps leading to one of the picturesque music-pavalions erected in different parts of the park. Derwent followed them with his gaze, observing how well the gold braid with which they were profusely decorated gleamed through the green foliage that surrounded the stand.

"Can you tell me how it is, Morell," he said, half absently, "that these people have such an artistic genius, and know just how to give a touch of color and grace to everything they do?"

"If you are in the line of conundrums," replied Morell, "I can give you a better one than that. How is it that these people are so infernally slow in all their transactions that a man who comes here to do any kind of business must pass the best part of his time in waiting on their procrastination? By Jove! I sometimes think that I will throw up everything and leave the country!"

The other looked at him inquiringly. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Has anything annoying occurred?" He knew that the outburst had not been without a purpose.

Morell, who was rolling a cigarette, did not answer until he had placed it between his lips, lighted it behind the flap of the little box of wax tapers which every Mexican carries, and returned the box to his pocket. Then he said. "I have had letters this morning, and there is trouble about that mine."

"What! the one you have offered me?"

"The same. The man who offered it to me, and assured me that he had it in his hand, so to speak, now writes that there is trouble with the owners. They are wrangling among themselves, some don't want to sell at all; and so the matter stands."

"Indeed?" said Derwent, He was a little surprised, but quite cool. Partly by temperament, partly by cultivation of habit, he had an imperturbable self-possession which seldom failed, and often served him in situations where other men lost control of themselves and consequently of events. "In that case," he said, quietly, "I had better think no more about it, and take up something else."

(To be Continued.)

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CHRIST'S AUTHORITY.*

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

What is the relation of Christ to his Father?

What is the relation of Christ to us?

These are two radically different questions. About the first the theologians have fought ever since the Jews accused Christ of blasphemy, because "he said that God was his Father, making himself equal with God," and Christ replied that the Son derived all his power from the Father, and did only what he saw the Father do. To hold that Christ is equal with the Father has been, ever since the Niocene Creed, orthodox; to hold that he is subordinate to the Father, heretical. I believe that the question, What is his relation to the Father is one wholly beyond our knowledge. The Trinitarian says they are equal; the Unitarian says they are unequal; the Bible says nothing on the subject. If a Trinitarian you may cite the text, "I and my Father are one," and deduce equality; if a Unitarian you may cite the text, "My Father is greater than I," and deduce subordination. But in either case your dogma is a conclusion from revelation, not revelation itself. Is this man a Trinitarian? No! Then he must be a Unitarian. Not necessarily. He may be either. He may say that God is too great and I am too small to understand what are the relations of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit to each other.

What is the relation of Christ to us?

This question is not so difficult to answer; and, perhaps for that reason, it has not been so hotly discussed in the church. Certainly there are Unitarians who give to it the same answer as the more orthodox Trinitarians, as there are very orthodox Trinitarians who really build both their theology and their experience on a Unitarian answer. Here I do not attempt to give the New Testament answer, nor even Christ's answer, but only Christ's answer so far as it is embodied in this discourse.

Christ manifests the Father to us. Many are the figures by which this truth is declared. He is the mirror in which the Father is reflected; his is the voice in which the Father speaks; he is the glory of the Father shining on the earth; he is the Tabernacle in which the Father dwells; he is the wisdom of the Father and the Angel of the Father's presence, and the Messenger bringing the Father's gift to earth; what he seeth the Father do he doeth also, for the Father speaks in him, and the Father dwelling in him doeth the works he doeth; so that whoso hath seen the Son hath seen the Father also.

He is the Life-giver. The Father alone hath immortal life, and he who hath received it as the Father's gift. Christ is the giver of this gift. Life was born at Bethlehem, cradled in the manger, nursed of the Virgin Mary. How came the drop to separate itself from the cloud and descend to earth? or the ray to leave the sun and come on its message of light and life? No matter. They are here. And they bring the gift of life to the drooping flower. If the cloud impalpable and far above our reach is the Father, the drop, descending to earth, is the Christ; if the sun, which we cannot look on with unshaded eye, is the Eternal and Infinite One, the rays which issue from it, and without which we could not live, without which the earth would be wrapped in everlasting night and winter, are the son of God. He is the Life-giver.

He is the Judge. For the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son, because he is the Son of Man. This is a truth which I sometimes think orthodox Trinitarians do not believe. They hope that the Son will save them from the Judge; they do not realize that he is the Judge. His judgment is our salvation. He that was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, that was tempted in all perils like as we are, save without sin, that denounced the Pharisees and bade the woman that was a sinner go in peace and sin no more, that never turned a repentant soul away, nor ever excused an hypocritical and self-conceited one, that never measured men by their creeds, but always by their fruitfulness in good works—he is the Judge. And on the last great day he will measure men exactly as he measured them when on earth; for he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

His voice is the last great trump—Why should we dread it? The psalmist did not.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein.
Let the floods clap their hands,
Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord.
For he cometh to judge the earth.
With righteousness will he judge the world,
And the people with equity.

What word did this gentle judge ever utter on earth that should make souls that desire truth and the beauty of holiness to fear his coming? Shall the seed dread the coming of the spring? The Saviour is Judge; the Judge is Saviour. His judgment seat is the Mount of Beatitudes. And he will have, hereafter, no other fan in his hand than the one he carried when on the earth he separated the chaff from the wheat.

Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

*International Sunday school lesson for Aug. 9, 1891.—John v., 17-30.

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RAILWAY TIME TABLES

CORRECTED TO JAN. 1, 1891.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.	Leave London	Leave St. Thomas
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	11:00 p.m
N. Y. Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	3:05 a.m
American Express (except Monday)	9:50 a.m.	11:15 a.m
Atlantic Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	1:50 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	3:15 p.m
Limited Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	2:05 a.m
N. Y. and Boston Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	5:05 p.m
Accom'd'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:00 a.m
Canada Southern Division—Going West.		
North Shore Limited (daily)	8:30 p.m.	7:23 a.m
Chicago Express (daily)	8:30 p.m.	5:05 a.m
Chicago L't'd Exp. (daily)	9:50 a.m.	10:55 a.m
American Express (except Mondays)	9:50 a.m.	1:35 p.m
Mail (except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	3:10 p.m
Pacific Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	5:45 p.m
Accom d'n (except Sunday)	8:30 p.m.	7:40 a.m

[NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED MAY 11, 1891.

MAIN LINE—Going East	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Limited Express (A)	3:35 a.m.	3:55 a.m
Mail	.....	6:00 a.m
Atlantic Express (A)	12:05 p.m.	12:10 p.m
Day Express	10:50 a.m.	2:20 p.m
St. Louis Express (A) (D)	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
Mixed—No. 28 Freight (C)	5:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m
Erie Limited	11:20 p.m.	11:40 p.m
MAIN LINE—Going West.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (A)	5:10 a.m.	5:30 a.m
West End Mixed	.....	6:45 a.m
Erie Limited	11:00 a.m.	.....
St. Louis Express (A)	11:20 a.m.	11:30 a.m
Accommodation	12:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Pacific Express (A)	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
Mail	9:55 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	.....	7:20 p.m
Sarnia Branch.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Limited Express (B)	3:50 a.m.	.....
Atlantic Express (B)	11:45 a.m.	.....
Accommodation	2:15 p.m.	.....
Accommodation	5:45 p.m.	.....
Erie Limited (B)	11:35 p.m.	.....
Sarnia Branch.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Chicago Express (B)	.....	5:20 a.m
Accommodation	.....	7:35 a.m
Erie Limited (B)	.....	11:05 a.m
Accommodation	.....	2:30 p.m
Pacific Express (B)	.....	7:00 p.m
London, Huron and Bruce.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Express	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m
Mail	6:45 p.m.	4:25 p.m
London and Port Stanley.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mail	.....	6:40 a.m
Accommodation	7:20 a.m.	9:30 a.m
Mail	2:10 p.m.	2:50 p.m
Accommodation	5:35 p.m.	7:00 p.m
Mixed	6:50 p.m.	.....
Mail	11:15 p.m.	.....
St. Marys and Stratford Branch.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
Mixed—Mail	10:55 a.m.	7:25 a.m
Express	5:40 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Express—Mixed	9:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton—Depart—	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
	*7:00	9:15	10:50	12:25	4:10	5:40	n*7:00	9:25
Hamilton—Arrive—	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m
	†12:30	12:50	10:00	†11:10	4:00	6:25	8:15	

* These trains for Montreal.
† These trains from Montreal.
(A) Runs daily, Sundays included.
(B) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.
(C) No. 38 carries passengers between London and Paris.
(D) This train connects at Toronto for all points in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.			
DEPART—			
London	4:00 a.m.	8:00 a.m.	5:35 p.m
Woodstock	1:16 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	6:33 p.m
Galt	5:40 a.m.	9:50 a.m.	7:30 p.m
Guelph	9:20 a.m.	11:00 a.m.	8:40 p.m
Toronto	8:15 a.m.	12:00 noon	9:55 p.m
Peterboro	11:45 a.m.	.....	12:13 a.m
Kingston	4:00 p.m.	.....	9:40 p.m
Ottawa	5:45 p.m.	.....	6:00 a.m
Montreal	7.55 p.m.	.....	8:15 a.m
Quebec	6:30 a.m.	.....	3:00 p.m
Portland, Me.	8:30 a.m.	.....	8:35 p.m
Boston	8:10 a.m.	.....	8:50 p.m
Halifax, N. S.	11:10 p.m.	.....	.....

Trains arrive from the east at 11:25 a.m., 7:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m.

Going West.			
DEPART—			
London	7:00 a.m.	11:35 a.m.	7:05 p.m
ARRIVE—			
Chatham	10:00 a.m.	1:05 p.m.	8:52 p.m
Detroit	.....	2:45 p.m.	10:40 p.m
Chicago	.....	10:15 p.m.	7:20 a.m
St. Louis	.....	7:45 a.m.	6:15 p.m
Kansas City	.....	6:10 p.m.	9:20 a.m

Trains arrive from the west at 3:55 a.m., 12:15 noon, 5:25 p.m.

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ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations.		Exp	Exp	Mix	Mix
		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Sarnia (G. T. R.)		.....	5:10	7:40	.....
Courtright		.....	5:40	8:20	.....
M. C. R. Junction		.....	6:45	8:22	.....
Chatham (C. P. R.)	arr	7:45	.....	10:35	3:30
	dep	7:45	.....	10:40	4:40
Fargo (M. C. R.)		8:13	.....	2:35	5:10
Blenheim	arr	8:25	.....	11:20	5:35

Trains North.

Stations.		Exp	Exp	Mix
		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Blenheim	dep	8:20	2:55	8:45
Fargo (M. C. R.)		8:43	3:10	6:00
Chatham (C. P. R.)	arr	9:08	3:30	6:20
	dep	9:13	3:37	.....
M. C. R. Junction		11:20	.....	.....
Courtright		11:25	3:55	.....
Sarnia (G. T. R.)	arr	12:00	6:25	.....

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