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He began to make new friends. became anxious to rise in the world. He was introduced to several ladies with handsome incomes of their own, and he decided that his affair with Vere would never do. Of course, he was awfully fond of her. She was pretty—prettier than any

other woman he knew; but then, she About this time he was introduced to a certain Mrs. Formany, a pretty little widow, with an income which ran into thousands.

She was a fluffy-haired little woman, with a pink and write complexion, and her first husband had been a successful banker; so that Henry North, who was connected with several branches of the aristocracy, was as a possible busband a distinct rise in the social

scale for her. She was several years his senior; but Harry was very much tempted by her snug income, and, in snort, they were married on the very day of Mr.

Chetwynd's return. It was while they were on their honeymoon in Switzerland that Harry received Vere's letter, giving nim the news of her wealth. It had been sent on from his London club.

He read it over with a paling face and a frowning brow, while he gnawed his mustache viciousiy. There was not a word of love in the letter. But, reading between the lines, he could plainly see that the girl's heart was still his, and that, had he only been tree, he could have claimed her as his

as at is wife, and his He looked face contract riow old sne looked in the mark of sunlight. How the light showed up her dyed hair! and a vision of Veres fresh young loveliness rose up before him.
"What a fool I've been!" he muttered to himself. "If I'd only waited for

a few weeks, I could nave put it all right with Vere, married the girl I love, and walk into a couple of milions at the same time; and now-"
"What is it, dear? Any bad news?" asked his wife, fluttering across the motion room to him in her most girlish fash-

ion.
"Nothing, darling," he responded, with a forced smile; only a bill"—and he crumpled up Vere's letter, and threw it behind the fire, holding it there with his boot until it was charred to a cinder.

CHAPTER IV.

The year had roiled on to wintertime, and it was a keen, biting day in January when a tall young man was walking up and down the nigh street

at Ravenscrott. Ernest Kerry was a fairly good-looking young tellow. He was not ex-actly handsome, for his features were too irregular; but his eyes, dark blue, tender and winning-lit up his somewhat plain face delightfully, and his height and manly build gave him an

air of distinction. He was nobody in particular, however, that is as far as society was concerned. He was only secretary in the local bank, earning a modest in-come and residing with his family in an old-fashioned well-built house in the high street. Mr. Kerry, sen., was a solicitor in good practice.

The house was only a few yards away; but, although business was over for the day, and ne was free to do as he pleased. Ernest Kerry was in no hurry to return to his father's roof. Indeed, he sauntered along, stopping to gaze into the shop windows with the air of one who seeks to kill time.

If he had any motive for wishing to put off his return home it must have been a strong one, for the wind was bitterly cold, and the few people in the street shivered as they hurried Presently, the quick trot of horses' feet became audible, and the young man, turning from the shop window into which he had been earnestly gazing, drew himself up and be-gan to walk briskly down the street. Round the ... her came a luxurious, well-appointed carriage, and in it, wrapped in costly furs, which well shielded her from the cold, sat a beau-

She wore a large black velvet picture hat, whose feathers drooped pic-turesquely over her golden hair, and shaded softly her lovely, sad, impassive face. Her dainty figure was outlined by a rich sealskin coat, and a mult of the same material was fastened around her neck sy a thin gold chain, set with brilliants.

Heaped up around her were rich furs and rugs, and she sat like some princess in the beautiful carriage; but, although the cold wind had brought the dainty pink color to her cheeks and ruffled the golden curls on her white forehead, her eyes looked sad and wist-

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mouth was beautifuly sad.

Ernest Kerry, with his eyes warmly lit up, and the quick color flushing his brow, lifted his hat and bowed as the carriage passed him.

The girl returned the salutation with grove indifference. There was no red-

grave indifference. There was no redness, no snubbing, but such complete and weary indifference was expressed in the slight bend of the beautiful head, that the young man's heart sank. It was always the same whenever he met her. And how often he did meet her—on purpose. He knew her time for driving, and whenever he could manage it he would endeavor to meet her carriage and would wait meet her carriage, and would wait hours in the street, it necessary, and yet he never got more than that languid, formal inclination of the head. He had never spoken to her in his life; it was by the merest chance that they had been introduced at a church bazar, and then she had only bowed; he was madly in love with her,

all the same. It seemed a very hopeless love, for he was only "in business," and she was Miss Vere Chetwynd, daughter of the Hon. Vernon Chetwynd, a three-fold mailtonaire. The Chetwynds visited with all the country families. Vere had been presented, and it was known that father and daughter had formed part of a house party where the Prince of Wales was entertained.

Poor Ernest Kerry could see no hope for the future, no way of ever approaching his idol.

His silent worship had gone on for some months now, and ne was not a trifle nearer. The last few days he had been grow ing desperate, and at last he had de-termined upon a plan.

"I'll put my future to the test, to win or lose it all!" he muttered to himself. I'll go and see Mr. Chetwynd. He can but kick me out, and then I shall know how the thing stands. As it is, it's simply driving me wild. If only she knows that I'm in love with her, it will be some little consolation; but"—consulting his watch—"it's nearly five. I must go at once, or it will verging on dinner-time, and I shall

catch him hungry and-cross." Turning in the direction that the carriage had gone he set off at a quick trot, and soon came opposite the lodge gates of "Fair View," Mr. Chetwynd's beautiful house.

The carirage drive was wide and long; but at last he stood before the great iront door and asked if Mr.

Chetwynd were at home.
"I believe so, sir. Will you come in?" the servant said, and Ernest followed the man into a handsome library. Asking him to take a seat, the servant went away, and in a few moments the door opened again to admit

Mr. Chetwynd. He looked rather worried and anxious, Ernest thought, as he came forward, and he held his visitor's card in his hand and referred to it rather ir-

"Ah, Mr .- er-Kerry," he said. "What can I do for you?"
"I have called on a personal matter,

said the young man, "and," he added frankly, " I am afraid you will think I am taking a great liberty." "I supplied it's a question of money?" Mionaire, irritably, with a said the nough he were about to

"Not at all," Ernest said, sharply.
"It's a very delicate matter, and I should be extremely obliged to you if you would meet me with patience and try to believe that I don't mean to be pushing or-or intrusive in any way only, I'm nearly desperate," he add-

ed, with something like a groan. Mr. Chetwynd cast a quick, search-"The desire of the meta for the ing glance at the young fellow's face, and then spoke in a quieter tone.
"Won't you sit down? I am exbusy just now, and if I can ceedingly do anything to help you I will gladly do so. You must excuse me if I spoke

thoughtlessly just now, I have so many carls on me. "Of course, I understand that."
"Well, now, what is it?"

"I don't know whether you know me," Ernest said, plunging into the subject boldly. "My father is Kerry, the solicitor here, and I am in the bank. I am secretary there, and getting on very well. We are an old famin these parts; but, of course, we

don't mix quite in your set."
"Well?" Mr. Chetwynd said, a little impatiently.
"Well, sir," poor Ernest went on,

hopelessly, "ever since the day when your daughter first came to Ravenscroft I have loved her with all my

The great millionaire made an abrupt movement, but Ernest put up his hand

and spoke pleadingly.
"One moment, sir! Have a little patience and pity. It's a matter of life and death to me. I love her with all the strength of my heart. I am mad with love for her. If it were possible for me to have such happiness as to be her husband, she should never know a want or a care. I have never spoken to her," he went on more quickly. "We were introduced at the church bazar, and she has bowed to me since, but she does not, of course, speak, andand I see no prospect whatever of ever getting to know her," he broke. down rather lamely.

"And—what do you expect me to do?" asked Mr. Chetwynd, dryly, and regarding the young fellow with a cynical smile. (To be Continued.)

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Deathof Moab's King

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priate for this time. Text, Judges, iii., priate for this time. Text, Judges, iii., our mortality; but when the weather is: "But when the children of Israel is pleasant, and all our surroundings them up a deliverer, Ehud, the son of us to appreciate the truth that we are Gera, a Benjamite, a man lett-nanded, mortal! And yet my text teaches that and by him the children of Israel sent death does sometimes come to the a present unto Eglon, the king of summer-house. Oh, if death would ask a present unto Egion, the King of Enud was a ruler in Israel. He was

leit-handed, and, what was peculiar about the tribe of Berjamin, to which he belonged, there vere in it seven hundred lett-handed men; and yet, so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand, that the Biole says that they could sling stones at a nair's breadth, and not miss. Well, there was a king by the name of Egwho was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor of Israel. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Egion. He was told he was in the summerhouse. Ehud entered the summer-house and said to King Ehud that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately, all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Egion rises up to reache the mosconear while the up to receive the messenger, Ehud, the left-handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger, and thrusts Eglon through until the haft went in after the blade. Eglon falls, Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of liberty amidst the mountains of Ephraim; and a great host is marshaled and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all thine enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all thy friends triumph!

I learn first from this subject, the power of left-handed men. Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement; while many a man with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, a patient industry, an allconsuming perseverance, which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left-handed, as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

Ah, me! It is high time that you lefthanded men, who have been longing for this gift, and that eloquence, and the other man's wealth, should take your left hand out of your pockets.
Who made all these railroads? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches, and schools, and asylums? Who has done the tugging and running and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be lefthanded, and yet they were earnest, determined, and triumphant. Go forth to your spheres of duty, and be not discouraged if, in your first attempts, you miss the mark. There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said: "How easily you do that; it don't seem to cause you any trou-ble at all." "Ah," said the old oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that." Be not surprised if it takes some practice before we can help men to moral eye-sight, and bring them to a vision of the Left-handed men, to the work! Take the Gospel for a sling, and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook; take sure aim, God direct the weapon, and great Goliaths will tumble before you.

When Garibaldi was going out to battle he told his troops what he wanted them to do, and after he had described what he wanted them to do, they said: "Well general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds, and death. How do you like it?" His men stood before him for a little while in silence, and then threw up their hands and cried: 'We are men! we are men!" Lord Jesus Christ calls you to his service. I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and trials, and misrepresentations; but afterward there comes an eternal weight of glory, and you can bear the wounds, and the bruises, and the misrepresentations, if you can have the reward afterward. Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry out: "We

are men! we are men!" I learn also from this subject danger of worldly elevation. This Eglon was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of people who would have considered it the greatest honor of their lives just to have him speak to them; yet, although he is so high up in wordly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehud's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mount Blanc, covered with perpetual snow. I have seen swine root up graveyards. One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. Tomorrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry "Down with the traitor!

down with him!" Belshazzar sits at the feast, the men of Babylon him. Wit sparkles all mighty If kept continuously running a watch around him. Wit sparkles will tick 160,144,000 times a year. Music rolls up among wit. chandeliers; the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night For Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pin air; the voice of revelry floats out. Worms and all skin diseases Dr. Amidst wreaths and tapestry and folded banners a finger writes. The march of the book of the control of the con or the American Journal of Health.

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people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in. It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," "He was an thonored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments"; but this thing may be said of you and of me: "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer-house. Eglon did not expect to die in that fine place. Amidst all the flower leaves that dnifted like summer snow into the window; in the tinkle and dash of the fountains: in the sound of a thousand leaves fluting on one tree branch; in the cool breeze that came up to shake. feverish trouble out of the king's locks

Washington, D. C., Jan. 22.—From a that was nothing that spake of death, scene in ancient history, Dr. Talmage, but there he died! In the winter; when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of priate for this time. Text, Judges, iii. unto the Lord, the Lord raised are agreeable, how difficult it is for us for victims, we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at that little child —cold and sick and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blasphemy. Parents intoxicated, staggering around its straw bed. Oh, Death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before those little feet stumble on life's pathway, give them rest!

Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth all gone, his children dead, he longs to to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Take from him the staff, and give him the scepter! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah, death will not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed, and from the aged man ready for the skies, and comes to the summer-house. Children are at play. How quickly their feet go, and their locks toss in the wind. Father and mother stand at the side of the room looking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Meanwhile, an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group—he is a sure marksman—the arrow speeds! The quick feet have stopped, and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer-house!

Here is a father in mid-life; his coming home at night is the signal for The children rush to the door. The hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. You look in that household and say, "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The death watch ps dolefully on the hearth. The chien whisper, and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over! Death in the summer-

house! Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury. When the pale mes-senger comes, he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he comes in; nor, entering, does he wait to examine the pictures we have gathered on the wall; or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek, or gentleness in the eye, or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! no! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead ,and then they open the cages, and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of the dead, and then they thoughts and congratulations, and bid them sing of victory and redemption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave and It breaks through into the light and

the glory of heaven.
After the sharpest winter, the spring dismounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there come the flowers, and God reads over the poetry of bird, and brook, and bloom, and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it; and as the waters roll up, they toss with unimaginable splendor. Well, across this great ocean of human trouble Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosphorescent track of his feet we might all follow and be illumined! There was a gentleman in a rail-car

who saw in that same car three pass-

engers of very different circumstances.

The first was a maniac. He was careguarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law, has seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face was crime, depravity, and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss. Quickly we fly toward eter-nity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned culprits and they refuse a pardon. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him forever. That will be a mar-riage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heav-

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