

"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

From an old English Parsonage,
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight,
A message to me.
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching from heaven;
And on through the hours,
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration.
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its quieting here.
Moment by moment,
Let down from Heaven,
Time, opportunity,
Guidance, are given.
Fear not to-morrow,
Child of the King;
Trust them with Jesus!
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Oh! He would have thee
Daily more free;
Knowing the might
Of thy royal degree.
Ever in waiting,
Clad for His call;
Tranquil in chastening,
Resting through all
Comings and goings,
No turmoil need bring;
His all thy future:
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Do it immediately,
Do it with prayer;
Do it religiously,
Casting all care;
Do it with reverence,
Tracing His hand
Who hath placed it before thee
With earnest command.
Stayed in Omnipotence,
Safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings;
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

Looking to Jesus,
Ever serene,
Working or suffering,
Be thy demeanor.
In the shade of His presence,
The rest of His calm,
The light of His countenance,
Live out thy psalm.
Strong in His faithfulness,
Praise Him and sing;
Then, as He beckons thee,
"DOE YE NEXTE THYNGE."

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")

CHAPTER XXXI.—WHERE HAD THE MONEY
CARES VANISHED TO?

Hinton felt thoroughly angry; perhaps he had some cause. Webster, his college chum, his greatest friend, was coming up to town. He had heard many times and often of Hinton's promised bride, and he was coming to town, Hinton knew well at some personal inconvenience, to see her, and she refused to see him.

Hinton, as well as Uncle Jasper, considered it a whim of Charlotte's. He was surprised. Nay, he was more than surprised. He was really angry. Here was the woman, who in a week's time now must stand up before God and promise solemnly to obey him for all the remainder of her life, refusing to attend to his most natural desire. She had an engagement, and she would not tell him what it was; she made a secret of it. Be the secret little or great, she knew how he disliked all such concealments.

Was it possible that he was deceived in Charlotte after all? No, no, he was too really loyal to her, too sincerely attached to her; her frankness and sweetness were too natural, too complete for him really to doubt her; but he owned that he was disappointed—he owned that he had not the greatness which she under similar circumstances would have exercised. She was keeping him in the dark—in the dark he could not trust. He recalled, with feelings of anything but pleasure, her last secret. She

thought little of it. But Hinton knew how differently he had received it; he did not like to be reminded of it now. During the last few weeks he had managed almost completely to banish it from his thoughts; but now it came back to his memory with some force; it reminded him of Mrs. Home. Was it possible that he was acting wrongly in not searching into her rights? Was it possible that things had already come to such a pass with him, that he would not do the right because he feared the consequences? Had riches and wealth and worldly honor already become dearer to his soul than righteousness and judgment and truth?

These condemnatory thoughts were very painful to the young man; but they turned his feelings of indignation from Charlotte to himself.

It was nearly a month now since he had left Mrs. Home. When he went away he had provided her with another lodger. He remembered that by this time she must have come back from Torquay. As this thought came to him he stopped suddenly and pulled out his watch. Webster would not be at Paddington before two o'clock. He had nothing very special to do that morning, he would jump into a hansom and go and see Mrs. Home and Harold. He put his ideas into execution without an instant's delay, and arrived at Kentish Town and drew up at the well-known door at quite an early hour. Daisy and the baby were already out, but Harold, still something of an invalid, stood by the dining-room window. Harold, a little weary from his journey, a little spoiled by his happy month at Torquay, was experiencing some of that flatness, which must now and then visit even a little child when he finds he must descend from a pedestal. For a very long time he had been first in every one's thoughts. He had now to retire from the privileges of an invalid to the every-day position, the every-day life of a healthy child. While at Torquay his mother had no thought for any one but him; but now, this very morning, she had clasped the baby in such an ecstasy of love to her heart, that little spoiled Harold felt quite a pang of jealousy. It was with a shout therefore of almost ecstasy that he hailed Hinton. He flew to open the door for him himself, and when he entered the dining-room he instantly climbed on his knee. Hinton was really fond of the boy, and Harold reflected with satisfaction that he was altogether his own friend, that he scarcely knew either Daisy or the baby.

In a moment entered the happy, smiling mother.

"Ah! you have come to see your good work completed," she said. "See what a healthy little boy I have brought back with me."

"We had just a delicious time," said Harold, "and I'm very strong again now, ain't I, mother? But it wasn't Mr. Hinton gave us the money to go to Torquay, it was my pretty lady."

"Do you know," said Mrs. Home, "I think you were scarcely, for all your great, great and real kindness, scarcely perfect even in that respect. I never knew until a few days ago, and then it was in a letter from herself, that you are so soon to marry Charlotte Harman."

"Yes, we are to be married on the twentieth," answered Hinton. "Has she written to you? I am glad."

"I had one letter from her. She wrote to ask about my boy, and to tell me this of you."

"She takes a great interest in you," said Hinton.

"And I in her. I believe I can read character fairly well, and in her I see—"

"What?" asked the lover, with a smile.

"In brow, eyes, and lips I see truth, honor, love, bravery. Mr. Hinton, you deserve it all; but nevertheless you are drawing a great prize in your wife."

"I believe I am," answered the young man, deeply moved.

"When can I see my pretty lady again?" asked Harold suddenly. "If you are going to marry her, do you mean to take her quite, quite away? When may I see her?"

"Before very long, I hope, my dear boy," answered Hinton.

"He has talked of her so often," said the mother. "I never saw any one who in so short a time so completely won the heart of a little child; I believe the thought of her helped to make him well. Ah! how thank-

ful I am when I look at him; but Mr. Hinton, there is another thing which gives me great joy just now."

"And that?" said Hinton.

"Last night something very wonderful happened. I was at home not two hours, when I was surprised by a visit—a visit from one whom I had never seen before, and whom I had supposed to be in his grave for over twenty years. My dear mother had one brother who went to Australia shortly after her marriage. From Australia the news reached her of his death. He was not dead; he came back again. I had a visit from that uncle last night."

"How strange!" said Hinton.

"Yes; I have not heard his story yet. He met my little Daisy in Regent's Park, and found out who she was through her likeness to my mother. Is it not all like a romance? I had not an idea who the dear old man was when he came to visit me last night; but how glad I am now to feel that my own mother's brother is still alive!"

Hinton asked a few more questions; then after many promises of effecting a meeting very soon between Charlotte and little Harold he went away. He was puzzled by Mrs. Home. The anxious woman he had thought of, whose sad face often haunted him, was gone, and another peaceful, happy, almost beautiful in her serenity, had come in her place. Her joy at Harold's recovery was both natural and right; but where had the money cares vanished to? Surely Charlotte's fifty pounds could not have done more than pay the Torquay trip. As to her delight over her Australian uncle's return, he rather wondered at it, and then forgot it. He little guessed, as he allowed it to vanish from his mind, how it was yet to influence the fate of more lives than his.

CHAPTER XXXII.—JASPER'S TERROR.

Uncle Jasper, too, left Charlotte on that special morning with some displeasure, some surprise, and some anxiety. Remorse, as I have said, did not visit the man. Long ago, a very long time ago now, he and his brother John had touched an evil thing. For both men the natural consequence followed; but how differently? John wanted to fling the base delinquency from his soul; Jasper wanted to bury it there, so deftly, so cleverly to hide it within his very heart of hearts, that it should not appear to dishonor him in the eyes of his fellow-men. Of the final judgment and its disclosures he never thought. It was his inability to cover up the secret; it was his ever-growing knowledge that the garment was neither long enough nor broad enough to wrap it round, that caused his anxiety from day to day.

In spite of his cheerful and ruddy face he was feeling quite worn and old. If this continues, if these people will insist on pulling the house down over their heads, I shall fall ill like John, he reflected. He was very angry with those stupid and silly people, who were bringing such shame and dishonor on themselves. He often found himself wishing that his niece Charlotte had not been the fine and open character she was. Had Charlotte been different he might have ventured to confide in her. He felt that with Charlotte on his side all might yet be well. This, however, was absolutely impossible. To tell Charlotte would be to tell the world. Bad as her father was in keeping this ugly secret quiet, Charlotte would be ten times, twenty times, worse. What an unfortunate thing it was that Charlotte had put that advertisement in the papers, and that Mrs. Home had answered it! Mrs. Home of all people! Well, well, it came of that dreadful meddling of women with literature. He, Jasper, had known no peace since the day that Charlotte had wished for an amanuensis to help her with her silly book.

Jasper, on this particular morning, as he hurried off from the Harman house, felt less and less comfortable. He was sure, by Charlotte's manner, that her engagement was something very particular. He feared she was going to meet Mrs. Home. He came, with all his surmises, very far short of the real truth, but he was in that state of mind when the guilty fly, with no man pursuing. It had been an awful moment for old Jasper Harman when, a week ago, he had suddenly knocked up against that solitary, foreign-looking man. He had heard his voice and seen his face, and he had felt his own heart standing still. Who was this man? Was he a ghost? the ghost of the long-dead trustee? Jasper began to hope that it was but an accidental likeness in voice and manner. For

was not this man, this Alexander Wilson, named in his father's will, dead and buried for many a day? Had not he, Jasper, not, indeed, seen him die, but had he not stood on his grave? Had not he travelled up some hundreds of miles in that wild Australia country for the sole purpose of standing on that special grave? And had not he read name and age, and date of death, all fully corroborating the story which had been sent to him? Yes, Jasper hoped that it was but a very remarkable likeness—a ghost of the real man. How, indeed, could it be anything but a ghost when he had stood upon the man's very grave? He hoped this. He had brought himself almost to believe it; but for all that, fear and uneasiness were becoming more and more his portion, and he did not like to dwell even in thought upon that night's adventures. He walked on fast. He disliked cabs, and never took them. One of his great secrets of health was exercise, and plenty of it; but he was rather in a hurry; he had an appointment in town for a comparatively early hour, and he wanted to call at his club for letters. He reached his destination, entered the building, and found a little pile awaiting him. He turned slowly into the reading-room to read them. One after the other he tore them open. They were not very interesting, and a rapid glance of his quick, deep eyes was sufficient to enable him to master the contents. In ten minutes he had but one letter left to read, and that was in a strange hand writing. "Another begging epistle," he said to himself. He felt inclined to tear it up without going to the trouble of opening it. He had very nearly slipped it into his pocket, to take its chance at some future time, for he remembered that he was already late. Finally he did neither; he opened the letter and read it where he sat. This was what his eyes rested on:—

"10, TREMINS ROAD,
"KENTISH TOWN.

"SIR,—

"According to your wish I write to you at your club. My wife returned from Torquay last night, and I told her of your visit and your proposal. She desires me to say, and this I do, both from her and myself, that she will not accept your offer, for reasons which we neither of us care to explain. We do not wish for the three thousand pounds you are willing to settle on my wife.

"I remain sir,
"Yours faithfully,
"Angus Home.

To JASPER HARMAN ESQ.

This letter fell from the hands of Jasper. His lips came a little apart, and a new look of terror came into his eyes. So absorbed was he, so thoroughly frightened by this letter, that he forgot where he was. He neither saw the looks of surprise, nor heard the words of astonishment made by those about him. Finally he gathered up envelope and paper and hurried out. As he walked down the street he looked by no means so young as he had done when he got up that morning. His hat was put on crooked his gait was uncertain. Jasper had got a shock. Being utterly unable to read the minds of the people who had written to him, he could but imagine one meaning to their words. They were not so unworlily as he had hoped. They saw through his bribe; they would not accept it, because—because—they knew better. Mrs. Home had read that will. Mrs. Home meant to prosecute. Yes, yes, it was all as plain as that the sun was shining overhead. Mrs. Home meant to go to law. Exposure and disgrace, and punishment were all close at hand. There was no doubt of it, no doubt whatever now. Those were the reasons which neither Mr. nor Mrs. Home cared to explain. Turning a corner he came suddenly full tilt against Hinton. The young man turned and walked down the street with him.

"You are on your way to Charlotte?" remarked the old man.

"No; I have been to her already. She has an engagement this afternoon. Did she not tell you? She said you wanted her to go somewhere with you, and this same engagement prevented it. No, I am not going to Prince's Gate, but I am off to Paddington in about an hour to meet a friend."

Hinton spoke cheerfully, for his passing annoyance with Charlotte had absolutely vanished under Mrs. Home's words of loving praise. When Mrs. Home spoke she had done of his brave and noble Charlotte the young man had felt quite ashamed