

"what the alternative would have been just then, absolute ruin, ruin coupled with dis-

"I do not believe in the disgrace, and as to the ruin, we could have started afresh. Oh! to start even now with but sixpence in my pocket, and with clean hands! What would have been the old disgrace compared to the present misery?"

"Take comfort, John, no one knows of it; and if we are but careful no one need ever know. Don't excite yourself, be but careful, and no one need ever know."

"God knows," answered the white-headed elder brother. And at these words Jasper again turned his face away. After a time, in which he thought briefly and rapidly, he turned and sitting down by John began to speak.

"Something has come to my knowledge which may be a comfort to you. I did not mention it earlier, because in your present state of health I know you ought not to worry yourself. But as it seems you are so over-sensitive, I may as well mention that it will be possible for you to make reparation without exposing yourself."

"How?" asked Mr. Harman.

"I know where Daisy Harman's daughter lives—you know we completely lost sight of her. I believe she is poor; she is married to a curate, all curates are poor; they have three children. Suppose, suppose you settled, say, well, half the money her mother had for her lifetime, on this young woman. That would be seventy-five pounds a year; a great difference seventy-five pounds would make in a poor home."

"A little of the robbery paid back," said Mr. Harman with a dreary smile. "Jasper you are a worse rogue than I am, and I believe you study the Bible less. God knows I don't care to confront myself with its moralities, but I have a memory that it recommends, nay, commands, in the case of restoring again, or of paying back stolen goods, that not half should be given, but the whole, multiplied fourfold!"

"Such a deed, as Quixotic as unnecessary, could not be done, it would arouse suspicion," said Jasper decidedly.

After this the two brothers talked together for some time. Jasper quiet and calm, John disturbed and perplexed, too perplexed to notice that the younger and harder man was keeping back part of the truth. But this conversation agitated John Harman, agitated him so much that that evening some of the veil was torn from his daughter's eyes, for during dinner he fainted away. Then there was commotion and dismay, and the instant sending for doctors, and John Hinton and Jasper Harman both felt almost needless alarm.

When the old man came to himself he found his head resting on his daughter's shoulder. During all the time he was unconscious she had eyes and ears for no one else.

"Leave me alone with the child," he said feebly to all the others. When they were gone, he looked at her anxious young face.

"There is no cause, my darling, no cause whatever; what does one faint signify? Put your arms round me, Charlotte, and I shall feel quite well."

She did so, laying her soft cheek against his.

"Now you shall see no one but me to-night," she said, "and I shall sit with you the whole evening, and you must lie still and not talk. You are ill, father, and you have tried to keep it from me."

"A little weak and unfit for much now I confess," he said in a tone of relief. He saw she was not seriously alarmed, and it was a comfort to confide so far in her.

"You are weak and tired and need rest," she said; "you shall see no one to-night but me, and I will stay with you the whole evening!"

"What!" said her father, "you will give up Hinton for me, Lottie!"

"Even that I will do for you," she said, and she stooped and kissed his gray head.

"I believe you love me, Lottie. I shall think of that all the week you are away. You are sure you will only remain away one week?"

"Father, you and I have never parted before in all my life; I promise faithfully to come back in a week," she answered.

her inexperience, the ravages which disease, both mental and physical, had brought there could not be apparent to her. She had to acknowledge to herself that her father, only one year her uncle Jasper's senior, looked a very old man, she could not shut her eyes to the fact, a very unhappy man. What brought that look on his face? A look which she acknowledged to herself she had seen there all her life, but which seemed to be growing in intensity with his added years. She closed her own eyes with a pang as a swift thought of great anguish came over her. This thought passed as quickly as it came; in her remorse at having entertained it she stooped down and kissed the withered old hand which still lay in hers.

It was impossible for Charlotte really to doubt her father; but occupied as she was with her wedding preparations, and full of brightness as her sky undoubtedly looked to her just now, she had not forgotten Hinton's manner when she had asked him what faith he put in Mrs. Home's story. Hinton had evaded her inquiry. This evasion was as much as owning that he shared Mrs. Home's suspicions. Charlotte must clear up her beloved father in the eyes of that other beloved one. If on all hands she was warned not to agitate him, there was another way in which she could do it; she could read her grandfather's will. But though she had made up her mind to do this, she had an unaccountable repugnance to the task. For the first time in all her open, above-board life she would be doing something which she must conceal from her father. Even John Hinton should not accompany her to Somerset House. She must find the will and master its contents, and the deed once done, what a relief to her! With what joy would she wish her own lips chase away the cloud which she felt sure rested over her beloved father in her lover's heart!

"It is possible that, dearly as we love each other, such a little doubt might divide us by-and-by," she said to herself. "Yes, yes, it is right that I should dissipate it, absolutely right, when I feel so very, very sure."

At this moment her father stirred in his sleep, and she distinctly heard the words drop from his lips—

"I would make reparation."

Before she had even time to take these words in, he had opened his eyes and was gazing at her.

"You are better now," she said, stooping down and kissing him.

"Yes, my darling; much, much better." He sat up as he spoke, and made an effort to put on at least a show of life and vigor.

"A man of my age fainting, Charlotte, is nothing," he said; "really nothing whatever. You must not dwell on it again."

"I will not," she said.

Her answer comforted him and he became really brighter and better.

"It is nice to have you all to myself, my little girl; it is very nice. Not that I grudge you to Hinton; I have a great regard for Hinton; but, my darling, you and I have been so much to each other. We have never in all our lives had one quarrel."

"Quarrel father! of course not. How can those who love as we do quarrel?"

"Sometimes they do, Lottie. Thank God, such an experience cannot visit you; but it comes to some and darkens everything. I have known it."

"You have, father?" In spite of herself, Charlotte felt her voice trembling.

"I had a great and terrible quarrel with my father, Charlotte, my father, who seemed once as close to me as your father is to you. He married again, and the marriage displeased me, and such bitter words passed between us, that for years that old man and I did not speak. For years, the last years of his life, we were absolutely divided. We made it up in the end; we were one again when he died; but what happened then has embittered my whole life—my whole life."

Charlotte was silent, though the color was coming into her cheeks and her heart began to beat.

"And to-day, Lottie," continued Mr. Harman, "to-day your uncle Jasper told me about my father's little daughter. You have never heard of her; she was a baby-child when I saw her last. There were many complications after my father's death; complications which you must take on trust for I cannot explain them to you. They led to my never seeing that child again, Lottie, though she was my little half-sister, she

was quite young, not older than you, and to-day Jasper told me about her. He knows where she lives; she is married and has children, and is poor. I could never, never bring myself to look on her face; but some day, not when I am alive, but some day you may know her; I should like you to know her some day, and be kind to her. She has been hardly treated, into that too I cannot go; but I must set it right. I mean to give her money; you will not be quite so rich; you won't mind that?"

"Mind it! mind it! Oh, father!" And Charlotte suddenly began to weep; she could not help that sudden, swift shower, though she struggled hard to repress it, seeing how her father trembled, and how each moment he looked more agitated.

"Do you know," she said, checking her sobs as soon as she possibly could, "that uncle Jasper, too, has told me that story; he asked me not to speak of it to you, for you would only be upset. He said how much you took to heart, even still, that time when your father was angry with you."

"And I angry with him, Lottie; and I with him. Don't forget that."

"Yes, dear father, he told me the tale. I longed to come to you with it, for it puzzled me, but he would not let me. Father, I, too, have seen that little sister; she is not little now, she is tall and noble-looking. She is a sweet and brave woman, and she has three of the most lovely children I ever saw; her children are like angels. Ah! I shall be glad to help that woman and those children. I cannot thank you enough for doing this."

"Don't thank me, child; in God's name don't thank me."

"If you could but see those children." "I would not see them; I would not; I could not. Charlotte, you don't know what bygone memories are to an old man like me. I could never see either the mother or the children. Lottie, tell me nothing more about them; if you love me never mention their names to me. They recall too much, and I am weak and old. I will help them; yes before God I promise to help them; but I can never either see or speak of them; they recall too much."

(To be Continued.)

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY FRANK H. STUAFER.

As Sunday-school teachers we ought to become intimately acquainted with the children under our charge,—acquainted in the fullest sense of the word. It is not enough to know their names and faces, their residences, and the nature of their daily surroundings. We ought to become familiar with their dispositions, their peculiarities, their methods of thought, their longings and aspirations, their successes and disappointments.

Especially should we become aware of their doubts, so that we can remove them; of their perplexities, so that we can unravel them; of their errors, so that we can correct them. We must go down into their souls, as it were, and take the measure of their spiritual life.

We must become acquainted with the children, or we cannot win their confidence and if we have not succeeded in doing that, we have not made flattering progress. It is something indeed to have won their respect; it is something more to have gained their friendship; it is a great deal more to have secured their confidence. Then, and not until then, will they tell us about their trials and temptations, their doubts and misgivings; and not until then will we be able, by God's grace and a ripe experience, to lighten and enlighten, advise, direct, encourage, comfort.

It requires patience, prayerfulness, self-denial, adaptability, gentleness, to entirely win the confidence of a child. We have sometimes thought that a man who is not genial has not been called to teach. There must be magnetism in the eye, fervor in the grasp, sympathy in the smile, solicitude in the voice.

We recently heard a good minister say, in the pulpit, at the close of a year of faithful labor, that what he regretted most was, that during all that time none of his congregation had visited him in the privacy of his study to talk about their spiritual

welfare. He was conscious that their confidence had been withheld.

As teachers, we ought to be burdened with a similar regret if our scholars fail to come to us in confidence. They may be longing for some one in whom to confide, just when we least suspect it. There is, perhaps, nobody at home willing or capable to advise or admonish,—the father too worldly, the mother without experience, the elder sister without sympathy. Do they naturally come to us?

Perhaps we have not won their confidence for want of this thorough acquaintance, this keen appreciation, this happy adaptability, this genial inner life about which we have been writing.

Very frequently the child does not come to us; perhaps does not even think of us. His needs remain unsatisfied, his doubts unremoved, his aspirations undirected, his difficulties unsolved. It may be a long time before he is in the same pliant, susceptible, inquiring, appropriating mood. We, as teachers, have missed a precious privilege, have lost a golden opportunity. Let us get acquainted with our children.—S. S. Times.

Did You ever ask your girls how much they knew about bread-making? Unfortunately cooking cannot be taught in public schools, as sewing is; but a hint can go from the teacher to the mother which may or may not bring forth fruit. However, the chance of results makes the effort worth while. Suggest that each girl watch her mother while she is bread-making, and that she ask every possible question about the process. Say, very emphatically, that she will be a fortunate girl who is allowed to try the operation with her own hands, and have a composition written on what each one has seen or done. Some of you who have not had much intercourse with the poorer class of parents will be surprised to find that a mother who works hard over sewing and housework seven days in the week is likely to have a daughter incapable of tying a knot in her thread, or sweeping a room carefully. Send out filaments in every direction. Reach the parents and force them, by the very power of your interest in their children, to help you in directions where you alone can accomplish nothing.—Journal of Education.

Question Corner.—No. 18.

BIBLE QUESTIONS. SCRIPTURE SCENE.

1. A multitude rejoices As the sound of sonorous voices Rings through all the startled air. While in solemn, slow progression, Winds along a grand procession, Cymbals clash and trumpets blare. Who is this with flowing drapery, Like the far clouds, white and vapory? Who is this that leads the band? In his earnest gaze upturning, Light of sacred joy is burning, As he dances, harp in hand. Thus, with sounds of sacred pleasure, Bringing home a priceless treasure, Comes the goodly company, One in heart, Jehovah praising, Loud thanksgivings to Him raising, For His mercies large and free.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- 1. To whom did the Lord say, "Why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen?"
2. What beast did Abraham find caught in the thicket by its horns?
3. Ahab's servant who saved the prophets alive.
4. Where did Ahab live?
5. The wife of Ananias.
The initials give that in which Paul glorified.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

- 1. Esau. Num. xlii. 24.
2. Benoni. Gen. xxxv. 18.
3. Ephrathah. Mich. v. 2.
4. Naomi. Ruth. 22.
5. Engedi. Song of Solomon i. 14
6. Zion's daughters. Zech. xiv. 2.
7. Evening time. Jer. xxxi. 15, 16.

BIBLE STUDY.—Water, Damascus fertile and beautiful by artificial irrigation, Gen. xxiv. 13, 21; the Pools of Solomon near Bethlehem; also 2 Chron. iv. 2; 2 Chron. xxxii. 20; Judges iv. 13, v. 21; Ex. xiv. 26, 27; Gen. ii. 10; oceans and seas, rivers and fountains, rain, etc.; etc.; Rev. xxi. 1.