

Bel gave him a look of some surprise, and thought, "I half believe he is looking down upon us with better right than we upon him."

After a moment Hemstead added, "That man there is more than fast. I should imagine that Harcourt was a little fast, and yet he has good and noble traits. I could trust him. But treachery is stamped upon that fellow's face, and the leer of a devil gleams from his eye. He is not only fast, he is bad. Does Miss Marsden know his character?"

"She knows what we all do. There are hard stories about him, and, as you say, he does not look saintly; but however wrong it may be, Mr. Hemstead, it is still a fact that society will wink at almost everything when a man is as rich and well connected as he, that is, as long as a man sins in certain conventional ways and keeps his name out of the papers."

Here her escort joined her and they passed on; and Hemstead stood lowering at the man, the pitch of whose character began to stain the beautiful girl who, knowing him somewhat, could willingly and encouragingly remain at his side.

True, he had seen abundant proof that she had a heart, good impulses, and was capable of noble things, as he had told her; but was she not also giving him equal proof that the world enthralled her heart, and that senseless and soulless fashion, rather than the will of God, or the instincts of a pure womanly nature, controlled her will?

He had no small vanity in which he wrapped himself while he nursed a spiteful resentment at slights to himself. It was a tendency of his nature, and a necessity of his calling, that he should forget himself for the sake of others. Lottie awoke his sympathy, and he pitied while he blamed.

But he desponded as to the future, and feared that she would never fulfil her first beautiful promise. He realized, with a vague sense of pain, how far apart they were, and in what different worlds they dwelt. At one time it seemed as if they might become friends, and be in accord on the chief questions of life. But now that she was smiling so approvingly upon a man whose very face proclaimed him villain, he saw a separation wider and more inexorable than Hindu caste—that of character.

And yet with his intense love of beauty it seemed like sacrifice—the profanation of a beautiful temple—that such a girl as Charlotte Marsden should permit the associations of that evening. It was true that he could find no greater fault with her dress, her manners, and her attendants, than with many others—not as much as with his own countenance. But for some reason that did not occur to him, it was peculiarly a source of regret that Lottie should so fall short of what he believed true and right.

His thoughts gave expression to his face, as in momentary abstraction he paced up and down the hall. Suddenly a voice that had grown strangely familiar in the brief time he had heard it, said at his side:

"Why, Mr. Hemstead, you look as if at a funeral. What are you thinking of?"

Following an impulse of his open nature, he looked directly into Lottie's face, and replied:

"You."

She blushed slightly, but said with a laugh:

"That is frank;" but added, meaningly, "I am surprised you cannot find something better to think about."

"I agree with Mr. Hemstead," said Mr. Brently, the young man whose face had seemed the index of all evil. "Where could he find anything better to think about?"

"Mr. Hemstead's compliments and yours are very different affairs. He means all he says. Mr. Hemstead, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Brently of New York. I wish you could induce him to be a missionary."

The young rake laughed so heartily at this idea, that he did not notice that Hemstead's acknowledgment was frigidly cold and slight; but Lottie did.

"How absurdly jealous!" she thought; yet it pleased her that he was.

"I shall never be good enough to eat, and so cannot be persuaded to visit the Cannibal Islands in the role of missionary." Brently was too pleased with his own poor wit, and too indifferent to Hemstead to note that the student did not even look at him.

"I expect that you will lecture me well for all my folly and wickedness to-morrow," said Lottie with a laugh.

"You are mistaken, Miss Marsden," Hemstead answered coldly. "I have neither the right nor the wish to 'lecture' you;" and he turned away, while she passed on with an unquiet, uncomfortable feeling, quite unlike her usual careless disregard of the opinion of others.

At that moment a gentleman and lady brushed past them on their way to the drawing-rooms, and he heard Lottie whisper:

"There are Mr. and Miss Martell after all. I feared they were not coming."

A moment later he saw a tall and beautiful girl entering the parlours, upon the arm of a gentleman who was evidently her father. Mrs. Byram received them with the utmost deference, and was profuse in her expressions of pleasure that they had not failed to be present. Having explained their detention, they moved on through the rooms, receiving the cordial greetings of many who knew them, and much attention from all. They were evidently people of distinction, and from the first Hemstead had been favourably impressed with their appearance and bearing.

From the gentleman's erect and vigorous form it would seem that his hair was prematurely gray. His face indicated intellect and high-bred, while the deep-set and thoughtful eyes, and the firm lines around his mouth, suggested a man of decided opinions.

The daughter was quite as beautiful as Lottie, only her style was entirely different. She was tall and willowy in form, while Lottie was of medium height. Miss Martell was very fair, and her large blue eyes seemed a trifle cold and expressionless as they rested on surrounding faces and scenes. One would hardly suppose that her pulse was quickened by the gaiety and excitement, and it might even be suspected that she was not in sympathy with either the people or their spirit.

And yet all this would only be apparent to a close ob-

server, for to the majority she was the embodiment of grace and courtesy, and as the Lancers were called soon after her arrival, she permitted Harcourt to lead her out as his partner. They took their stations near the door where Hemstead was standing at the moment; Lottie and Mr. Brently stood at the head of the parlour, and Hemstead thought he had never seen two women more unlike, and yet so beautiful.

While he in his isolation and abstraction was observing them and others in much the same spirit with which he was accustomed to haunt art galleries, Harcourt, seeing him so near, unexpectedly introduced him to Miss Martell, saying good-naturedly:

"You have one topic of mutual interest to talk about, and a rather odd one for a clergyman and a young lady, and that is horses. Miss Martell is one of the best equestriennes of this region, and you, Mr. Hemstead, managed a span that were beyond me—saved my neck at the same time, in all probability."

The young lady at first was simply polite, and greeted him as she naturally would a stranger casually introduced. But either from something in Harcourt's words, or Hemstead's appearance as she gave him closer scrutiny, her eye kindled into interest, and she was about to speak to him when the music called her into the graceful maze of the dance. Hemstead was as much surprised as if a portrait on the wall had stepped down and made his acquaintance, and in his embarrassment and confusion was glad that the lady was summoned away, and he given time to recover himself.

Lottie had noted the introduction, and from her distance it seemed that Miss Martell had treated him slightly, and that she had not spoken but merely recognized him by a slight inclination; so, acting upon one of her generous impulses, the moment the first form was over and there was a brief respite, she went to where he stood near Miss Martell and said kindly, but a little patronizingly:

"I'm sorry you do not dance, Mr. Hemstead. You must be having a stupid time."

He recognized her kindly spirit, and said, with a smile:

"A quiet time, but not a stupid one. As you can understand, this scene is a quite novel one to me—a glimpse into a new and different world."

"And one that you do not approve of, I fear."

"It has its lights and shadows."

Lottie now turned to speak to Miss Martell, and eye-eyed Brently, her partner, had also been standing near, waiting till Harcourt should cease to occupy her attention so closely.

The young lady was polite, but not cordial, to Lottie; she did not vouchsafe a glance to Brently. But he was not easily abashed.

"Miss Martell," he said suavely, "will you honour me with the next waltz?"

"You must excuse me, sir," she said coldly.

"Well then, some time during the evening at your own pleasure," he urged.

"You must excuse me, sir," she repeated still more frigidly, scarcely glancing at him.

"What do you mean?" he asked insolently, at the same time flushing deeply.

She gave him a cold, quiet look of surprise, and turning her back upon him resumed conversation with Harcourt. Lottie was a little indignant and perplexed at this scene; but noted with a feeling of disgust that her partner's face, in his anger, had the look of a demon.

But her own reception had been too cool to be agreeable, and this, with the supposed slight to Hemstead, caused Miss Martell to seem to her, for the time, the embodiment of capricious pride.

Harcourt said:

"Brently does not seem in your good graces, Miss Martell; and that is strange, for he is the lion of the evening."

"I can well imagine that he belongs to the cat species," she replied. "I have no personal grievance against Mr. Brently, but I do not consider him a gentleman. My father knows that he is not one, and that is enough for me."

Harcourt flushed with pleasure and shame; and as the next form just then required that he should take his companion's hand, he did so with a cordial pressure, as he said:

"Men would be better—I would be better—if all young ladies showed your spirit, Miss Martell."

At the next pause in the dance she said, in a low tone,

"Come, let us have no 'ifs.' Be better any way."

She detected the dejection which he tried to mask with a light laugh, as he replied:

"I often wish I were, but the world, the flesh, and the devil, are too much for me."

"Yes, and always will be for you. Who can fight such enemies alone? Besides, you are reading and thinking in the wrong direction. You are going out in the desert."

"Well, it's kind of you to care," he said, with a look that deepened the faint colour of her cheeks.

"I am not inhuman," she replied quietly. "It is a little thing that a mind should go astray?"

He looked at her earnestly, but made no reply.

Soon after, Lottie saw with surprise, during one of the intervals between the forms, that Miss Martell turned and spoke freely to Hemstead. Her surprise became something akin to annoyance, as, at the close, she took his arm and commenced walking up and down the wide hall, evidently becoming deeply interested in his conversation. She shook off moody Brently, who could think of nothing but the slight he had received, and taking De Forrest's arm commenced promenading in the hall. She noted, with satisfaction, that Hemstead was not so occupied with his new and fascinating acquaintance as to be oblivious of her presence.

Soon after Mr. Martell joined his daughter, and was introduced to Hemstead; and they went out to supper together.

Lottie managed that she and De Forrest should find seats near them in a roomy angle, where, being out of the crush, Mr. Martell and his little party could season Mrs. Byram's sumptuous viands with Attic salt. And the flavour of their wit and thought was so attractive that they soon had a group around them, and Lottie saw that Hemstead, who had been neglected by his own party, was becoming appreciated by the best people present. Miss Martell, with the tact of a perfect lady, had the power of putting him at his ease and drawing him out. Hemstead's mind was no stagnant, muddy

pool, but a living fountain, and his thought sparkled as it flowed readily on the congenial topics that Mr. and Miss Martell introduced. The freshness and originality of his views seemed to greatly interest them and others; but what pleased him most was that Lottie, who sat near, was neglecting her supper and De Forrest's compliments in her attention to the conversation. Her face showed a quick, discriminating mind, and as the discussion grew a little warm on a topic of general interest, he saw from her eager and intelligent face that she had an opinion, and he had the tact to ask her for it just at the right moment. Though a little embarrassed at his unexpected question, she expressed her thought so briefly and brightly that the others were pleased, and she was at once taken into the circle of their talk, which of course became more animated and spicy with her piquant words and manner added. It was evident that she was enjoying this enjoyment of her brain more than she had that of her feet. The lower pleasure paled before the higher; and she was grateful to Hemstead for having drawn her within the charmed circle.

De Forrest did not grieve over Lottie's absorption, as it gave him more time for the supper table and champagne; and to the latter he and a good many others were so devoted that they were hardly their poor selves the rest of the evening. In Brently's case it was most marked after the ladies had retired. He began to talk quite loudly and boisterously of his slight, and at one time was about to seek Miss Martell, and demand an explanation, but was prevailed upon by his friends to be quiet.

(To be Continued.)

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

OVER 200 of New York street boys have been provided with good homes among the farmers of Southern Virginia by the Children's Aid Society.

THE Shanghai mission of the Methodist Church, South, increased last year over thirty-three per cent, and its members contribute an average of \$1.92 each.

BIBLE-BURNING does not succeed even in Syria. Some Jesuits in Tyre, who showed their hatred of the Word of God in this way, excited such dislike that they were obliged to leave.

THE London *Times* is of the opinion that if the Established Church continues to cling to Romish absurdities, the Reformed Episcopal Church may become a national necessity.

A MISSION-HALL has been opened at Marseilles, France, on the Boulevard National, in a district where thousands of workmen meet every night. The religious meetings have been crowded.

THE property of Pius IX. is being sold at the Vatican. Everything, from superb jewelled crucifixes to empty bottles, is offered at the sale, which is semi-public. Every article is priced very low.

THE passengers arriving in New York from foreign ports last year numbered 121,369, an increase over 1877 of 24,148; a decrease from Germany of 2,482, from England of 3,232, from Ireland of 32.

THE Established Presbytery of Glasgow has passed a resolution—28 votes to 19—to the effect that in the present state of society it is desirable "for necessity and mercy's sake," that public carriages should run on Sunday.

THE Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Dr. J. M. Gibson, pastor, has given \$9,341 for benevolent purposes during the year; it has raised \$17,000 for general expenses; paid \$2,500 on its debt, and given \$7,500 to its former pastor.

THE Providence, R. I., experiment for thinning out tramps proves successful. It pays them fifty cents a day for working in the public woodyard. In the last six months of 1877 it had 3,169 tramps, but during the last six months only 1,085 reported.

THE London Religious Tract Society is about to issue "The Boy's Own Paper," which it proposes to make an attractive, wholesome, and amply-illustrated paper, designed to counteract the influence of the pernicious papers that circulate so largely among youth.

OWING to the severity of the weather the forests of the Bernese Jura are infested with droves of wild boars, which are sometimes so numerous as to defy attack. The farms are frequently attacked by wolves, and hundreds of chamois have descended into the valleys in search of food.

AT a meeting of the ministers of the various Nonconformist churches in Rochester and Chatham, England, it has been unanimously resolved that none of the ministers should officiate at a funeral on Sunday except when by medical authority immediate interment is declared necessary on sanitary grounds. It was also decided that in no circumstances should the ministers officiate at weddings on Sunday.

THE Roman Catholics appear disposed to allow as little toleration for Protestants in those parts of Ireland where they are supreme as they possibly can. Some time since, ground was purchased in Galway for a cemetery, and six acres by common consent were set apart for the Roman Catholics, and one and a half for the Protestants. The Roman Catholic bishop, at the instance of some narrow sectaries, demanded that the odd half acre should be taken from the Protestants and given to the Romanists. He did more; he refused to consecrate any portion of the ground unless this was done, and though some of the more independent Roman Catholics persisted, he has carried his point, unless the Local Government Board over rule the decision of the local Board of Guardians. The Protestants had not only the smallest portion but the worst soil, but small as it was, this ecclesiastical despot wished to make it smaller still. When things of this kind are done in places where Protestantism has some standing, what must be the case in others where their numbers and influence are small. It is conduct like this which embitters the feelings of so many Protestants against Roman Catholics.— *Belfast Witness.*