

## THE INNER CALM.

BY BONAR.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on Thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,  
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;  
Let thine outstretched wing  
Be like the shade of Elimi's palm  
Beside the desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet;  
Calm in the closet's solitude;  
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the day of buoyant health;  
Calm in the hour of pain;  
Calm in my poverty or wealth;  
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening taunting throng  
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news, with  
power,  
My listening spirit stir;  
Let not the tidings of the hour  
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,  
Which stuns as fall in vain;  
Moving, unruffled, thro' earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

## HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.—"YOU KEPT A SECRET FROM ME."

Hinton, when he went away that morning, was, as I have said very undecided how best to act. He saw very clearly the fresh danger arising to Harold. Was he but rescued from the dangerous fever to fall a prey to lingering, or, perhaps, rapid consumption? Even his unprofessional eye saw the danger the boy was in; and the boy himself, lying awake during most of the weary hours of the night, had confided to his friend some thoughts which it seemed to Hinton could only come to such a child as the precursor of death. He now loved the boy for his own sake, and he was determined, even more determined than during the height of the fever, to do something to again save his life.

After a brief pause for rapid thought, he determined to visit Dr. Watson. That busy man was at home and saw Hinton at once.

"Little Home is no better," said Hinton, going straight, as his wont was, to the very heart of his subject.

"He will never be any better unless he has change," replied the doctor. "Neither I nor any other man can now do more for him. He requires, nay, he is dying for want of nature's remedies, complete change, fresh, mild sea-air. I told his mother so most plainly yesterday. I recommended Torquay. She should have him at Torquay within a week from now, if she wishes to save his life."

"Torquay is an expensive place, and a very long way from London," replied Hinton. "It seems almost cruel to tell Mrs. Home to do that for her child which must be utterly impossible."

"There is no other chance for his life," replied the doctor. "I should bedevil less than my duty, did I for a moment conceal that fact."

Hinton paused for a moment to think, then he abruptly changed the subject.

"I want to visit a friend this morning—a friend who has never had scarlet fever. It is rather important that we should meet; but I must not risk danger. You know I have been a good deal with the little boy. Is there a risk to my friend in our meeting now?"

"Change all your clothes," replied the doctor; "wear nothing you have in the Home's house. Perhaps it would also be a wise precaution to take a Turkish bath. If you do all this you may meet your friend without the slightest risk of evil consequences."

Hinton thanked the doctor, and as the result of this conversation entered the dining-room in Prince's Gate just as Charlotte was sitting down to her solitary luncheon.

It was over three weeks since these two had met, and the long three weeks had seemed like forever to the loving heart of the woman, who was so soon to be Hinton's wife. She expressed her joy at this unexpected meeting, not so much by words, but so effectively with eyes and manner, that Hinton, as he folded his arms round her, could not help a great throbb of thankfulness rising up from his heart.

They sat down to lunch, and then afterwards Hinton told her the story of little Harold Home. In telling this tale, however, he omitted again both name and address. He had not meant when beginning his tale to keep these things any longer a mystery from her, but as the words dropped from his face, and Charlotte's eyes were fixed on his face, and Charlotte's lips trembled with emotion, some undefined sensation prompted him to keep back these particulars.

Hinton, in coming to Charlotte, relied on her help, but he meant her just now to bestow it as a stranger. As he had expected his tale aroused her warmest enthusiasm and interest.

"John," she said, "something must be done—the boy must not die!"

"He must go to Torquay," replied Hinton. "That is most manifest. But the difficulty will be how. They are very proud people. The difficulty will be how to induce them to accept aid from outsiders."

"Do you think they will be proud, John, when their child's life depends on their accepting some aid from others? I don't think they will allow so false an emotion to sacrifice his little precious life. It seems to me, that were I in that mother's place, I would lick the dust of the most menial feet that ever walked, to save my child."

"Perhaps you are right," said Hinton; "there is no doubt that one woman can best read the heart of another. What I propose is, that I take the little boy down to Torquay for a few weeks; I can make an excuse to the mother on my own score, and it will not seem so hard for her to send her boy. And the little lad loves me, I believe."

"Would it not be best for the mother to take her child herself?"

"It undoubtedly would. But it would be placing her under deeper obligation. I want to make it as light as possible to her."

"Then, John, you will give me one happiness? I will provide the money for this expedition."

"You shall, my dearest," answered Hinton, stooping down and kissing her.

He meant her to help Charlotte Home in this way, and he did not notice the slight sigh scarcely allowed to escape her lips. The fact was, Charlotte Harman had grown very hungry, almost starved, for her lover during his three weeks' absence, and now the thought that he was going still farther away from her, and their wedding-day drawing so quickly on, could not but excite a pang; the selfish part of her rose in revolt, and struggled to rebel, but with a firm hand she kept it well under, and Hinton never noticed her strangled little sigh. They talked for a long time of their plans, and Charlotte mentioned what money she had of her very own, and which could be immediately at Hinton's disposal. In the midst of this conversation, the postman's knock was heard, and a moment later a servant brought Charlotte a letter. She did not recognize the handwriting, and laid it for a moment unopened by her side. Then some confused remembrance of having seen it before, caused her to tear open the envelope. This was what her eyes rested on.

"Charlotte—my sister and friend—I have found the little piece of paper you put into my Harold's hat. I never knew it was there until to-day. Thank God I did not know, for had I seen it after your visit, I should certainly in my mad, ungodly, evil pride, have returned it to you."

"Dear Charlotte—God nearly broke my heart since I saw you. He nearly took my boy away. In that process my pride has gone, though my love and tenderness and gratitude to you remain, for with this fifty pounds you are saving my child's little life. Thank you for it. God will bless you for it. You will never—never regret this deed. It will come back to you, the remembrance of it, in the midst of your own wealth and affluence, or if dark days visit you, you will let your thoughts wander to it as a place of

safe anchorage in the storm. It will, all your life long, be a source to you of rejoicing that you saved a father's and mother's hearts from breaking, and kept a precious little life in this world.

"I can add no more now, my dear. For this money must be spent, and at once. Oh! precious, valuable gold, which is to keep Harold with me! I will write to you when we come back from Torquay; do not come to see me before, it would not be safe for you."

"Ever, my dear friend, because of you, the happiest and most grateful mother on God's earth,

CHARLOTTE HOME."

Charlotte Harman's face was very white when, after reading this letter, she raised her eyes to Hinton's. What had been written with all joy and thankfulness was received with pain. Why had Hinton kept this thing from her? Why had he not told her where he had been staying?

"You kept a secret from me," she said, and her eyes filled with heavy tears.

Then as he tried to comfort her, being very compunctious himself at having failed utterly to trust one so brave and noble, she suddenly drew herself from his embrace.

"John," she said, with some pride in her voice, "did you in any degree keep this thing from me because you believed Mrs. Home's story about my grandfather's will?"

"I had a thousand nameless reasons for not telling you, Charlotte. My principal one after the child got ill was my fear that you would come to the house, and so run the risk of infection."

"Then you do not at all believe Mrs. Home's story?"

"I have not investigated it, my darling. I have done nothing but simply listen to what you yourself told me. You do not believe it?"

"Certainly not! How could I? It implicates my father."

"We will not think of it, Charlotte."

"We must think of it, for justice must be done to this woman and to her children; and besides, I wish to clear it up, for I will not have my father blamed."

Hinton was silent. Charlotte gazed at him eagerly, his silence disatisfied her. His whole manner carried the conviction that his faith in her father was by no means equal to hers.

"Is it possible to see wills?" she asked suddenly.

"Certainly, dear; anybody can see any will by paying a shilling, at Somerset House."

"Would my grandfather's will be kept at Somerset House?"

"Yes. All wills are kept there."

"Then," said Charlotte, rising as she spoke, "before our wedding-day I will go to Somerset House and read my grandfather's will."

CHAPTER XXV.—THEY RECALL TOO MUCH.

Mr. Harman had a hard task before him. He was keeping two things at bay, two great and terrible things, Death and Thought. They were pursuing him, they were racing madly after him, and sometimes the second of these his enemies so far took possession of him as to grasp him by the heart-strings. But though he knew well that in the end both one and the other would conquer and lay him low, yet still he was in a measure victor. That strong nourishment, those potent medicines were keeping the life in him; while his still eager absorption in business prevented that time for reflection which was worse than death. His medical man, knowing nothing of his inner history, had begged of him to rest, to give up business, asserting that by so doing he would prolong his short span of life. But Harman had answered, and truly, "If I give up business I shall be in my grave in a fortnight;" and there was such solemn conviction in his voice and manner, that the physician was fain to bow to the dictum of his patient. Except once to his brother Jasper, and once to Hinton, Mr. Harman had mentioned to no one how near he believed his end to be. The secret was not alluded to, the master of the house keeping up bravely, bearing his pains in silence and alone, and that subtle element of rejoicing began to pervade this quiet, luxurious home which precedes a wedding. Only one in the dwelling ever thought of funeral gloom.

Little Harold Home had gone to Torquay with his mother. Hinton was once more free to go in and out of the house in

Prince's Gate, and he and Charlotte were necessarily much occupied with each other. There seemed to these two so much to be done, and the time seemed so short until the twentieth of April, that had the very sun stood still for them, they would have felt no undue sensation of surprise.

When people are about to step into the Garden of Eden even nature must sympathize, and marriage seemed that to Charlotte and Hinton. After their wedding tour it was arranged that they were to come to the house in Prince's Gate. For some time Mr. Harman had begged them to make it their home; but though Hinton could not oppose, he had a hope of some day settling down in a smaller house. He liked the power which wealth could give, but he was so unused to luxuries, that they were in themselves almost repellent to him. Charlotte, on the contrary, was perfectly happy to live in the old place. Home to this womanly heart was wherever her loved ones were; and she also acceded; yfultly to another question which otherwi might have appeared a little either strange or selfish. Her father begged of her not to extend her wedding tour beyond a week. "Come back to me," said the old man, "at the end of a week; let me feel that comfort when you say good-bye on your wedding-day."

Charlotte had promised, with her arms round his neck and her bright hair touching his silver locks. And now April had set in, and the days flew fast. All was bustle and confusion, and milliners and dressmakers worked as though there had never been a bride before, and Charlotte, too, believed there had never been so happy, so fortunate, so altogether blessed a woman as herself.

On one of these spring days, for the weather was particularly lovely, Mr. Harman came home earlier than usual and went to his study. For no special reason he had found it impossible to settle to any active work that morning. He had hastened home, and now taking his accustomed medicine, lay back in his arm-chair to rest. The medicine he had taken was partly of a sedative character, but to-day it failed in all soothing effects. That boundhood Thought was near, and with a blood it sprang forward and settled its fangs into his heart-strings.

Mr. Harman could not sit still, he rose and began to pace his room. Stay—how could he quiet this monster of remorse and reflection? Would death do it by-and-by? He shook his head as this idea came to him. Were death but an annihilation he could, would, how gladly, welcome it, but all his firmest convictions pointed to a God and a future. A future to him meant retribution. He found it absolutely impossible to comfort his heart with so false a doctrine as that of annihilation. In the midst of his meditations his brother Jasper entered.

"Good Heavens! John, you do look bad!" he exclaimed almost involuntarily, noticing the anguish on the fine old face.

"I'm a very miserable man," answered John Harman, and he sank down into a chair as he spoke.

"I would not think so much about my health," said Jasper; "doctors are the most mistaken fools under the sun. I knew a man out in Australia, and the first medical man in Sydney told him he had not a week to live. He came home and made his will and bid all his relations good-bye. Well, what were the consequences? The week came an end, but not the man; my dear John, that man is alive now, and what is more, he is in the enjoyment of perfect health. The doctor was all wrong; they are mortal like ourselves, man, and by no means infallible. I would not take my death for granted, if I were you; I would determine to take a fresh lease of life when Charlotte is married. Determination does wonders in such cases."

"I am not thinking of my death," answered Mr. Harman; "were death but all, I could almost welcome it. No, it is not death, it is memory. Jasper," he added, turning fiercely on his brother, "you were as the very devil to me once, why do you come to preach such sorry comfort now?"

Jasper Harman had an impenetrable face, but as these words it turned a shade pale. He went to the fire and stirred it, he put on more coal, he even arranged in a rather noisy way one or two of the chimney ornaments.

"If only that trustee had not died just then—and if only—only you had not tempted me," continued the elder man. "You forget John," suddenly said Jasper,