

Charlotte smiled. She knew in her heart of hearts she should not oppose him. But being a true woman, she laid hold of a futile excuse.

"My book will not be finished. I like to do well what I do at all."

Her father was very proud of this coming book; but now, putting her hand, he said softly—

"The book can keep. Put it out of your head for the present; you can get it done later."

"Then I shall leave you two months sooner, father; does that not weigh with you at all?"

"You are only going for your honeymoon, darling; and the sooner you go the sooner you will return."

"Vanquished on all points," said Charlotte, smiling radiantly, and then she sat still looking into the fire.

Long, long afterwards through much of sorrow—nay, even of tribulation—did her thoughts wander back to that golden evening of her life.

"You remind me of my own mother tonight," said her father presently.

Charlotte and her father had many times spoken of this dead mother. Now she said softly—

"I want, I pray, I long, to make as good a wife as y a tell me she did."

"With praying, longing, and striving, it will come, Charlotte. That was how she succeeded."

"And there is another thing," continued Charlotte, suddenly changing her position, and raising her bright eyes to her old father's face. "You had a good wife and I had a good mother. If ever I die, as my own mother died, and leave behind me a little child, as she did, I pray that my John may be as good a father to it as you have been to me."

But in answer to this little burst of daughterly love, a strange thing happened. Mr. Harman grew very white, so white that he gasped for breath.

"Water, a little water," he said feebly; and when Charlotte had brought it to him and he raised it to his lips, and the color and power to breathe had come back again, he said slowly and with great pain—

"Never, never pray that your husband may be like me, Charlotte. To be worthy of you at all, he must be a much better and a very different man."

CHAPTER XVII.—HAPPINESS, NOT JUSTICE.

Hinton left Mr. Harman's house in a very perplexed frame of mind. It seemed to him that in that one short day as much had happened to him as in all the course of his previous life, but the very force of the thoughts, the emotions, the hopes, the fears, which had visited him, made him, strong, young, and vigorous as he was, so utterly weary, that when he reached his rooms he felt that he must let tired-out nature have its way—

—he threw himself on his bed and slept the sleep of the young and healthy until the morning.

It was February weather, February unusually mild and genial, and the pet day of yesterday was followed by another, as soft and sweet and mild. When Hinton awoke from his refreshing slumbers, the day was so well and thoroughly risen that a gleam of sunshine lay across his bed. He started up to discover a corresponding glow in his heart. What was causing this glow? In a moment he remembered, and the gleam of heart-sunshine grew brighter with the knowledge. The fact was, happiness was standing by the young man's side, holding out two radiant hands, and saying, "Take me, take me to your heart of hearts, for I have come to dwell with you. Hinton rose, dressed hastily, and went into his sitting-room. All the gloom which had so oppressed him yesterday had vanished. He could not resist the outward sunshine, or the heart glow which had come to him. He stepped lightly, and whistled some gay airs. He ate his breakfast with appetite, then threw himself into an easy-chair which stood near the window; he need not go to his chambers for at least an hour, he might give himself this time to think.

Again happiness stepped up close and showed her beautiful face. Should he take her; should he receive the rare and lovely thing and shut out that stern sense of justice, of relieving the oppressed, of seeing the wronged righted, which had been as his sheet-anchor yesterday, which had been more or less the sheet-anchor of his life? Here was his position. He was engaged to marry Charlotte Harman; he loved her

with his whole heart; she loved him with her whole heart; she was a beautiful woman, a noble woman, a wealthy woman. With her as his wife, love, riches, power, might all be his. What more could the warm, warm feelings of youth desire? What more could the ambitions of youth aspire to? Yesterday, it is true, he had felt some risings of that noble pride which seems to receive so much and give so little. He had formed a wild, almost passionate determination to obtain his brief before he had obtained his bride, but Mr. Harman had soothed that pride to sleep. There was indeed a grave and sad reason why this beautiful and innocent woman whom he had won should receive all the full comfort his love and protection could give her as quickly as possible. Her father was dying, and she must not know of his approaching death. Her father wished to see her Hinton's wife as soon as possible. Hinton felt that this was reasonable, this was fair; for the sake of no pride, true or false, no hoped-for brief, could he any longer put off their wedding. Nay, far from this. Last night he had urged its being completed two months sooner than Charlotte herself had proposed. He saw by the brightness in Charlotte's eyes that, though she did not at once agree to this, her love for him was such that she would marry him in a week if he so willed it. He rejoiced in these symptoms of her great love, and the rejoicings of last night had risen in a fuller tide this morning. Yes, it was the rule of life, the one everlasting law, the old must suffer and die, the young must live and rejoice. Yes; Hinton felt very deep sympathy for Mr. Harman last night, but this morning, his happiness making him more self-absorbed than really selfish, he knew that the old man's dying and suffering state could not take one iota from his present delight.

What then perplexed him? What made him stand aloof from the radiant guest, Happiness, for a brief half hour? That story of Charlotte's; it would come back to him; he wished now he had never heard it. For having heard he could not forget; he could not exorcise this grim Thing which stood side by side with Happiness in his sunny room. The fact was, his acute mind took in the true bearings of the case far more clearly than Charlotte had done. He felt quite sure that Mrs. Home had been wronged. He felt equally sure that, if he looked into the case, it lay in his power to right her. Over and over he saw her pale, sad face and he hoped it was not going to haunt him. The tale in his mind lay all in Mrs. Home's favor, all against John and Jasper Harman. Was it likely that their wealthy father would do anything so monstrously unjust as to leave all his money to his two elder sons with whom he had previously quarrelled, and nothing, not a thing at all to his young wife and infant daughter? It would be a meaningless piece of injustice, unlike all that he had gleaned of the previous character of the old man. As to John and Jasper, and their conduct in the affair, that too was difficult to fathom. Jasper had spent the greater portion of his life in Australia. Of his character Hinton knew little; that little he felt was repugnant to him. But John Harman—no man in the City bore a higher character for uprightness, for integrity, for honor. John Harman was respected and loved by all who knew him.

Yes, yes; Hinton felt that all this was possible, but also he knew that never in their close intercourse had he been able to fathom John Harman. A shadow rested over the wealthy and prosperous merchant. Never until now had Hinton even approached the cause; but now, now it seemed to him that he was grappling with the impenetrable mystery, that face to face he was looking at the long and successfully hidden sin. Strong man as he was, he trembled as this fear came over him. Whatever the cause, whatever the sudden and swift temptation, he felt an ever-growing conviction that long ago John and Jasper Harman had robbed the widow and fatherless. Feeling this, being almost sure of this, how then should he act? He knew very well what he could do. He could go to Somerset House and see the will of old Mr. Harman. It was very unlikely that a forged will had been attempted. It was, he felt sure, far, far more probable that the real will was left untampered with, that the deed of injustice had been done in the hope that no one who knew anything about such matters would ever inquire into it.

Hinton could go that very day and set

his mind at rest. Why then did he hesitate? Ah! he knew but too well. Nearer and nearer came that shining form of Happiness. If he did this thing, and found his suspicions correct, as he feared much he should, if then acted upon this knowledge, and gave Mrs. Home her own again, happiness would fly from him, it might be forever. To give Mrs. Home her rights he must cruelly expose a dying old man. Such a shock, coming now, would most probably kill John Harman. After bringing her father to such shame and dishonor, would Charlotte ever consent to be his wife? Would she not indeed in very horror fly from his presence? What was Mrs. Home to him, that he should ruin his whole life for her sake, that he should give up wife, wealth, and fame? Nothing—a complete stranger. Why should he, for her sake, pain and make miserable those he loved, above all break the heart of the woman who was more precious to him than all the rest of the world? He felt he could not do this thing. He must take that bright-winged happiness and let justice have her day when she could. Some other hand must inflict the blow, it could not be his hand. He was sorry now that he had taken Mrs. Home's lodgings. But after all what did it signify? He had taken them for a month, he could go there for that short period. His quickly approaching marriage would make it necessary for him to leave very soon after, and he would try amongst his many friends to find her a more permanent tenant, for though he had now quite made up his mind to let matters alone, his heart ached for this woman. Yes, he would, if possible, help her in little ways, though it would be impossible for his hand to be the one to give her her own again. Having come to this determination he went out.

(To be Continued.)

MY COMPANY.

"I have read," said Mr. Spurgeon, "of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven and he saw a glorious host marching up singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they had vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked. "They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets who have gone to be with God."

"And he heaved a deep sigh as he said. 'Alas, I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there.'"

By and by there came another band equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas," he said, "I belong not to that fellowship and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered in the hope that he might yet get in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of goodly ministers and officers of Christian churches, but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross; and by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and thought:

"There will be no shouting about them."

"But to his astonishment it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in. And the angels said to him:

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said:

"Blessed be God! I can go with them."

And so he awoke.

A CHENILLE RUG.

"What is that soft mat?" asked we of a lady who had been showing us her pretty knitted rugs—made in a lonely winter home

where she and her niece kept house and entertained themselves with knitting and reading.

"That is made," she replied, "of some old carpet that I had thrown away in the shop loft. It is ingrain, you see, striped; and we cut it in lengths, crossways, about four inches, fringed out each side, leaving four strands in the middle. We doubled these fringed ends together, stitched each with coarse thread, and then sewed them to coarse towcloth in rows. This we lined, and you see what a bright mat it has made."

"Entirely too good," we replied, "for the door-way. Lay it beside your guest's bed, that they may fancy they are travelling on a Turkish carpet."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Question Corner.—No. 16.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. From whence this brilliant cluster
Gleaned by a cherished hand,
As by the brook we mused,
To taste of the promised land?
2. Pause—on the way o Ephrath
A life is ebbing fast,
What name in her dying agony,
Gave that mother at the last?
3. Tho' little among the thousands,
A city was proclaimed,
Yet thence shall come the Ruler
What was that city named?
4. Who is that sad one mourning,
Who sympathy disdains?
To her desolate home returning,
One comfort still remains.
5. Where was that smiling vineyard,
With its canopy clusters bright,
The presence of the Beloved
Making its darkness light?
6. Who were the favoured daughters
Who went forth with joy to sing,
In the day of his espousals,
To the crowning of the King?
7. When will the day be dawning?
That day, not dark nor bright,
The Lord, He knoweth only—
The time, "it shall be light!"
8. A place of death and weeping,
A land of bitter tears,
A heart refusing comfort,
A mother's darkest fears.
Refrain thy voice from weeping,
Refrain thine eyes from tears,
The Lord, thy work rewarding,
Shall chase away thy fears.

In answer to these verses you will find a name
Proclaiming help, and also whence it came.

BIBLE STUDY.

Something that is to the Orientals of priceless value. So common is it to us that we can scarcely understand or appreciate their high estimate of it. The scriptures suggest so many visions that I will keep only to these in this puzzle. I see an exceedingly fertile city whose name means "Activity;" a beautiful damsel engaged in an act of hospitality; a great and wise king and his majestic work; one of the old patriarchs, an ancient capital of Palestine, a citizen of the place, and the Lord of life and glory; one of the best achievements of King Hezekiah; the overthrow of the hosts of two mighty rulers.

My first is associated with the home of our first parents; with the world in which we dwell; and with the place of our future abode, if that shall be in the realms of bliss eternal.

What is the word?
What the various allusions in this Bible Study?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 14.

SCRIPTURE SCENE.—2 Kings III, 38-39.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

CORRECT ANSWERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM THOMAS SHROCK, DORA FOSBOM, MARY LITTLE, JOHN C. LITTLE, ALBERT JESSE FRENCH, W. S. DENISON, LILLIAN A. GREEN, EDITH MABEL MACDONALD and ANNA SYEEN.