

overwhelming sense of the wrong, coupled with an infinite pity for her father and for Robert Lyon, that would impel her to any sacrifice. Then a singular feeling of shame that her father should have done this thing, and that I, or any one else, should know it; and as if she were somehow involved in his humiliation as also in his guilt. Then, too, a little resentment. The father could never again be to her quite the man she had been accustomed to admire and respect. She felt cruelly robbed. But she was quick to do me justice.

"It was *this* you were withholding from me?"

"He told me voluntarily. I could tell you only with his permission."

She grasped my hand. "I have misunderstood you; but it will never occur again. Whatever comes, I shall believe in you. And for your kindness to him and to me, God will reward you."

I was deeply moved, and as I stood holding her hand and looking in her eyes, an unaccountable conviction stole over me that for her, life held a story too pitiful for words. I beheld with inward vision a cloud stealing over her, charged with storms, and behind with coming darkness, and could only stand and look on.

The first half of the voyage to Liverpool was tempestuous. Maud, Agnes and myself were wretched victims. But Mr. Dyer was superior to the sea; in fact appeared in better health and spirits than at any time for months past. Action was a potent tonic. At no time was he so restful as when struggling to maintain his foot-hold he watched the uproar of winds and waves, and felt the quaking of the ship beneath him. So pleasant was this rest, and so weary had he become of incessant thought, that but for this matter of Robert Lyon, and the dread of leaving Agnes exposed to his curse, which though he scoffed at he inwardly feared, he would have been quite content to have gone to the bottom then and there. With all his faults, there was something grand in the man. I could not withhold a certain admiration.

Agnes was the first to regain her equilibrium and hasten to her father's side. Pleasantly as he received her, he preferred to be alone. He was never a social man, except upon rare occasions; and of late the tendency to self-absorption had grown upon him till he was now, if never before, practically alone in the world. His daughter comprehended this. All her mental processes and intuitions were amazingly quickened by her knowledge of his secret. She knew that this loneliness, much as he seemed to prefer it now, would soon become a thing he could not endure. Before that time arrived she wished him to feel that he was no longer alone. She at least was with him in weal or in woe. No misery could come upon him that she would not also bear. But neither by word nor look did she betray a consciousness of her knowledge. It was manifest only by an involuntary change in her tenderness. Heretofore it had been the tenderness of a daughter for a beloved father. Now it was the tenderness of a mother for a stricken child. She held him in an infinite compassion; bearing his burdens and anxieties as if they were her own. And though at present impatiently ignored, the time came when he no longer refused this most precious and helpful sympathy.

For a while it was quite an affliction to Agnes that her father should seem to prefer Maud to herself. I could understand that Maud's cheerful face and piquant ways would act as a mental narcotic upon this thought-tired man. It amused him to watch her flitting hither and thither and saying all manner of unexpected things. She was the only one who could induce him to smile; once he laughed, a real, boyish laugh, at which he was himself surprised and startled, as if he had committed an indiscretion. Probably he had not heard his own voice in a laugh for years. It was not strange that he followed Maud with his eyes and welcomed her presence.

Before he accepted his daughter's sympathy she seemed to keep his anxiety continually before him, and how could he help turning impatiently away, unconscious of the pain he was inflicting upon her? When she could bear this no longer she would come over to me in a kind of dumb entreaty. She rarely if ever put her trouble into words, but she would come and stand by me, quite silent, her hands clasped behind her, looking away in the distance for something not to be found, while the sweet mouth took a sad, patient expression that I could not endure to see.

I grew to know these signs, and helpless and hopeless as I sometimes felt, I was constrained to offer her what comfort I could, and it was little enough. Often with her hand upon my arm we paced the deck for hours, while I drew her into conversation concerning something quite remote from her troubled thoughts, or fell into a semi-philosophical talk that taught directly or indirectly strength and endurance. I was surprised at the wide range of reading and thinking she betrayed at such times. Sorrow is a wonderful educator. Out of her own heart she was acquiring a potent wisdom. But often, by her own leading, our conversation gravitated to Christ and His work, and its never ending results. The love that compelled His sacrifice and that carried within itself its own reward, was a theme of which she never tired; and in which she betrayed a growing, intuitive knowledge, that sometimes, thinking of a possible future, made me long to put my hands upon her head and say, "Go to sleep, child; go to sleep and never wake again." I ought to have remembered that He who held her in His hand knew what was best for her. He was very near her in those days, and the belief that He knew all was to her an inexpressible relief. Quieted and comforted she would slip away her hand, and leave me with a simple, "Thank you."

We stopped at Liverpool but a few days, making the necessary enquiries, following the track of Jackson, the agent. The importunate anxiety of Mr. Dyer forbade a longer stay; and promising ourselves leisure for a survey of the United Kingdom on our return, we passed over to Hamburg as the port to which Norman Lee sailed from Liverpool.

The real work of the search fell upon me, though Mr. Dyer accompanied whenever it was possible, not knowing that his presence was a hindrance rather than a help. Of course this left the girls much alone; but they had so much

to talk about, and so many letters to write, that they could scarcely have been lonely. Such letters as Hal and Northrop Duff must have received! Maud said they were co-partnership letters. She wrote one page and Agnes the next, and so on till some dozens accumulated, when they were mailed, one week to Hal, and the next to Northrop Duff. In vain I endeavoured to get a peep at these wonderful manuscripts. Neither of the girls could be coaxed or bribed, and to this day I have no idea what they contained, only that they were very precious to the recipients.

To Maud, Agnes was the same helpful friend she had ever been. She discerned no difference between the Agnes of a year ago and the Agnes of to-day, wide as the difference grew.

I have never told how hard I worked to get Maud away from home. I supposed she would be delighted at the suggestion of a year's travel; especially with Miss Dyer. But the chicken was a home bird, and had a pronouncement that she would miss the old nest and the mother's wing, or something else I could not divine. Probably I should not have succeeded at all, only that her mother took sides with me, insisting that Maud had grown dumpy and required a change of air and scene. Whether her maternal eyes were sharper than mine, is still a question.

Hal was furious. Why should we go at all, since he must remain? Northrop drew long sighs till Jack protested that he was lengthening to an unknown extent, and adjured him in the name of humanity to confine himself within reasonable limits till we were well on the road.

If Maud could see no change in Agnes, Agnes could see a change in Maud. What made the child so unreasonably mercurial? If expected letters failed to arrive she fell into the dumps too deep for present extraction. Maud in the dumps was a comical sight; her head down, and her plumage drooping like a rain-pelted hen. But when the letters came, *presto!* she was as gay as a lark; soaring, gyrating and singing to the entertainment of us all. Dyer wished that she might have letters daily.

At Hamburg we could find no trace of Norman Lee, but at Antwerp we came upon his track again. He made several voyages from Antwerp to Havre, and picked up French and German enough to be intelligible, and was fast losing his distinctively American character. After a while he grew tired of a sailor's life, and went into a restaurant as waiter and English interpreter. Here he seemed to have stayed some time, and to have accumulated money enough to enable him to go to Baden-Baden and make another effort to recover his lost fortune. Always trying to get that money back! Then the old story was repeated, and he went to the bottom again. This affair at Baden-Baden thoroughly convinced me that we were on the track of the real Robert Lyon. But the search was a very disheartening one. There seemed no end to his wanderings, and I should have made little headway but for the aid of the best French and English detectives. It would appear that he committed offenses against none but himself. On the contrary he was generous and helpful, doing kindly offices, and refusing to be compensated. After living wretchedly at Baden-Baden, he vanished, utterly, —another of those under-ground passages of his.

The remainder of the summer and early autumn months was fruitlessly consumed. I thought it best for Mr. Dyer to pass the winter in Italy, and in November, after getting Maud, Agnes and her father comfortably established in Florence, I went over to France.

Everybody, rich or poor, gravitates to Paris. I went partly to consult the prescient Paris police, and partly for my own benefit. Up to this time I had been amalgamated with Joel Dyer; now I proposed to resolve myself into my original, and breathe a little upon my own account.

A few irresponsible weeks did more to restore my wonted vigor than all the previous months. I began to feel the old tide of health throbbing in every vein. And notwithstanding my anxieties concerning the friends at home, and those left at Florence, I enjoyed life thoroughly. A healthy man need never be an unhappy man. I had almost said he never is an unhappy man.

I was constantly receiving letters from Florence, and every steamer brought me news from home. It was during my first sojourn in Paris that I received a letter from Hal asking my advice about a change in his plans for life. It appeared that since the revival the previous winter, he had been unsettled in his mind, having conceived a desire to study for the ministry, feeling that perhaps it was his duty; and that impression coupled with Northrop's entreaties had brought him to a stand-still. All that lay back of him, and his previous inclinations pointed another way. What did I think about it? Should he leave it to me?

I answered promptly. He should *not* leave it to me. It was a question which he alone had a right to decide. At the same time, he should have the benefit, if benefit it was, of my impressions in the matter. No one appreciated the work or respected the office of a minister of the Gospel more than I. It is the highest and holiest calling to which a man can give himself, and one of all others to be entered upon intelligently, with a full understanding of its requirements and his own capacity. Every man should be a minister of the Gospel in a certain sense, but all men are not born for the pulpit. Many a young man in the first flush of enthusiastic religious fervour, has chosen this service; and, having once done that, whatever misgivings he may subsequently have as to his natural fitness for the work he regards as temptations of the adversary, and to be set aside at any cost. Years after, the mistake is recognized and lamented.

Every man should work in the Lord's vineyard. But the Lord's vineyard is world-wide, and some can labour most effectively in one field and some in another. Christian ministers are many; Christian physicians are few; and of late it had seemed to me that a Christian physician's opportunities were even greater than those of the most successful preachers. A physician sees his people when they feel most their helplessness and their need. A few words dropped then make a deeper impression than dozens of sermons when they feel their feet firmly under them. I could not exchange my opportunities for those of any minister of my acquaintance.

As for himself, he would seem to have been intended by

nature and by education for a physician. He had no right to be anything but a Christian physician. He had the same account to render to the Master as if he had been ordained to preach the Gospel from the pulpit. It was a matter for him to think over prayerfully and at leisure. Perhaps he had better put aside his books till this thing was settled. Suppose he went away from his present perplexed atmosphere, and beyond the reach of friendly advisers? He would be more likely to arrive at a just conclusion.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE first Sabbath School Convention in Alabama assembled at Salem, July 16, with 250 delegates. We presume that this is one of the fruits of the International Convention at Atlanta.

THE authoritative statement is made that instead of there being 200,000 unemployed men roaming about Massachusetts, there are less than 10,000 who are honestly seeking work.

THE average life of the Jew is forty-eight years and nine months, and of the Christian thirty-six years and eleven months, a result of a stricter observance of sanitary requirements by the former.

THE Alumni of Princeton Theological Seminary are invited to contribute one dollar each, so as to erect in its chapel three Mural Tablets in memory of their distinguished Professors, Drs. Alexander, Miller, and Hodge.

THE Boston "Transcript," noting the fact that Paris Green not only kills potato bugs but thousands of birds as well, inquires if it would not be better to depend on the birds, rather than on the poison, to kill the bugs.

THE Sabbath Alliance of Scotland believing that monarchs as well as subjects should obey the law of God, has dared to reprove Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales for open violation of the Lord's Day during recent visits to Scotland.

AN English physician residing in Florence, Italy, has opened a preaching hall to accommodate 400 persons, in connection with the Protestant Industrial Home for Boys established three years ago by Dr. Conanti. The Home now contains seventy lads who are trained in various branches of industry.

IN Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, regular Chinese services are held in Dr. Damon's Presbyterian church. The Rev. Sit Moon generally preaches to a large company of Chinese on Sunday evenings. He is a clear-headed and energetic preacher. "Just as I am," and many other hymns, are sung in the Chinese language by the congregation.

NO less than thirty-six seceders from the local ritualistic churches in and around Brighton, England, and many of them boasting high position, wealth and influence, received the sacrament of confirmation recently at the hands of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark. The church would thus appear to be steadily making gaps in the ranks of the Establishment.

AMONG the Aztec population of Mexico the Methodists are making praiseworthy progress. The Rev. Mr. Drees is working among these people in the vicinity of Puebla and Los Reyes, and reports that they give him respectful and pleasant attention. The Aztecs are popularly supposed to have little or no brains, but Mr. Drees says that this is an error, and that they are as well worth laboring for as any other class of human beings.

THE will of the late Miss Robertson, of Elgin, Scotland, leaves the sum of \$150,000 to various religious and charitable associations. Mr. Spurgeon's College and Orphanage receive \$20,000 each; Schemes of the Free Church of Scotland, \$10,000; the London Missionary Society, the London City Mission and the Baptist Missionary Society, each \$10,000; the Bible Society \$15,000, besides other bequests. Mr. Spurgeon is one of the trustees.

REV. W. WYATT GILL, of the London Missionary Society in the South Pacific, in a visit last summer to every island in the Hervey Group, was astonished at a new church built by the natives of Tongareva. It is large and airy, built of blocks of white coral, seated throughout, with glass windows and a neat pulpit. It took the people three years to build it, working three days a week without pay, though they are in the deepest poverty, and reduced in number to about 300.

BISHOP GREIG, the representative of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Great Britain, is making good progress, and will shortly celebrate the first anniversary of his communion in Newman Hall's church, Westminster. He has already held two series of ordinations, admitting to orders more than twenty gentlemen; the movement has also gained the adhesion of several of the beneficed and other clergy of the English Church, belonging, of course, to the Evangelical sections.

THE death is announced, in his sixty-first year, of the Rev. Samuel Martin, formerly of Westminster Chapel. Mr. Martin was one of the best known Congregationalist ministers in London, and held the position of minister at Westminster Chapel for over thirty years. He has been in delicate health for some time. The rev. gentleman was buried on Wednesday at Abney Park Cemetery, in presence of sorrowing friends of all denominations. The Dean of Westminster took part in the ceremony.

A WORTHY clergyman in Melbourne suburbs executed a shrewd device to increase the collections. The deacons had been sadly troubled at the appearance on the plates Sabbath after Sabbath of a large number of threepenny pieces, the smallest silver coin current. The good minister concluded that instead of depositing the threepennies in the local bank, he would quietly put them aside. This plan succeeded admirably. When about ninety pounds of the small coins had been accumulated, the supply was exhausted, and thereafter sixpences and shillings took their place on the plate, and the weekly contributions showed a handsome increase.