

laid at a blank sheet before him began to

His might scarcely sionate nature, but it very deep, very real attachment had been Harman. Their en-lasted nearly a year, wn lips she had told that the end, the one gements, was in sight, th affluence, with the friends, they might John Hinton most woman, and yet now hole position the one act for his own reflec- that there was four Charlotte had herself dling day for four

man. When, a year r, Harman had asked Mr. Harman had re-ry natural question, you to support her

ed that he had two his profession. aking in your profes-er.

et," answered the

of defiance and whal at "yet" which might n, but pleased Mr. d, to consider. He sh, much better match temporal standpoint. nly in particular; he y of the name. He t follow, fairly good heart of a gentleman. s aware," replied Mr. laughter will inherit a She has been sought re now, and by men thing to meet what she egard to money and

Mr. S.'s proposal," an- know he is rich, and ; but that is nothing, him."

she loves you?" e loves me."

Mr. Harman smiled, re thought, for he was Hinton, he came to

Charlotte while he had her with. Poo! that was nothing to a girl aughter. For Hinton's ot be good for him to money; but when he rief then they might

so in thanks. He only one stipulation—that obtain for him his bride, ne to him through Mr. He must win it by his tions.

ed and grew a trifle red city he could have put is young fellow's way, art he had resolved to him all the better for and promised readily

ness connections of his uential personal friends, r-in-law felt bound to altogether to his own had nearly passed since l the brief which was to was as far away as ever. m that this one embargo had been withdrawn,

, and the brief could on knew well what it y city merchant could his way. Work would the man so closely con- hu Harman. Yes. As his small shabby fur- knew that his fortune old obtain Charlotte and ; and if he but golden opportunities, his portion. He was a olitician, and a seat in sily follow all the other ened following in his was a proud man, and He had not the heart to y, as she looked at him

with all the love she had so freely given shing in his sweet and tender face, that he would not accept such terms, that the original bargain must yet abide in force. He could not say to this young woman when she came to him "I do not want you." But none the less, as he now sat by his writing table, was he resolved that unless his brief was won before the twentieth of June it should bring no wedding-day to him. This was why he had rejoiced in the four months' reprieve. But this was by no means his only perplexity. Had it been, so stung to renewed action was his sense of pride and independence, that he would have gone at once to seek, perhaps to obtain work; but something else was lying like worm-wood against his heart. That story of Mrs. Home's!

That explanation of Jasper Harman's! The story was a queer one; the explanation, while satisfying the inexperienced girl, failed to meet the requirements of the acute lawyer. Hinton saw flaws in Jasper's narrative, where Charlotte saw none. The one great talent of his life, if it could be called a talent, was coming fiercely into play as he sat now and thought about it all. He had pre-eminently the gift of discovering secrets. He was rooting up many things from the deep grave of the hidden past now. That look of care on Mr. Harman's face how often it had puzzled him! He had never liked Jasper; indefinite had been his antipathy hitherto, but it was taking definite form now. There was a secret in the past of that most respectable firm, and he, John Hinton, would give himself no rest until he had laid it bare. No wedding-day could come to him and Charlotte until his mind was at rest on this point. It was against his interest to ferret out this hidden thing, but that fact weighed as nothing with him. It would bring pain to the woman he loved; it might ruin her father; but the pain and the ruin would be inflicted unsparringly by his righteous young hand, which knew nothing yet of mercy, but was all for justice, and justice untempered with mercy is a terrible weapon. This Hinton was yet to learn.

CHAPTER XIV.—LOGGINGS IN KENTISH TOWNS.

After a time, restless from the complexity of his musings, Hinton went out. He had promised to return to the Harman's for dinner, but their hour for dining was eight o'clock, and it still wanted nearly three hours of that time. As Charlotte had done before that day, he found himself in the close neighborhood of Regents Park. He would have gone into the park, but that he knew that the hour for closing the gates at this early period of the year must be close at hand; he walked, therefore, by the side of the park, rather aimlessly it is true, not greatly caring, provided he kept moving, in in what direction his footsteps took him.

At last he found himself on the broad tram line which leads to the suburb of Kentish Town. It was by no means an interesting neighborhood. But Hinton, still lost in his private and anxious musings, went on. At last he left the public thoroughfare and turned down a private road. There were no shops here, nor much traffic. He felt a sense of relief at leaving the roar and bustle behind him. This road on which he had now entered was flanked at each side by a small class of dwelling-houses, some shabby and dirty, some bright and neat; all, however, were poor-looking. It was quite dusk by this time, and the gas had been already lit. This fact, perhaps, was the reason which drew Hinton's much-preoccupied attention to a trivial circumstance.

In one of these small houses a young woman, who had previously lit the gas, stepped to the window and proceeded to paste a card to the pane. There was a gas lamp also directly underneath, and Hinton, raising his eyes, saw very distinctly, not only the little act, but also the words on the card. They were the very common words—

"APARTMENTS TO LET.
INQUIRE WITHIN."

Hinton suddenly drew up short on the pavement. He did not live in his chambers, and it occurred to him that here he would be within a walk of Regent's Park. In short, that these shabby-looking little lodgings might suit him for the next few uncertain months. As suddenly as he had stopped, and the thought had come to him, he ran up the steps and rang the bell. In a moment or two a little servant-maid opened

the door. She was neither a clean nor a tidy-looking maid, and Hinton, fastidious on such matters, took in this fact at a glance. Nevertheless the desire to find for himself a habitation in this shabby little house did not leave him.

"I saw a card up in your window. You have rooms to let," he said to the little maid.

"Oh, yes, indeed, please, sir," answered the servant with a broad and delighted grin. "Tis h'our drawing-rooms, please, sir; and of you'll please jest come inter the 'all I'll run and tell missis."

Hinton did so; and in another moment the maid, returning, asked him to step this way.

This way led him into a dingy little parlor, and face to face with a young woman who, pale, self-possessed, and ladylike, rose to meet him. Hinton felt the color rising to his face at sight of her. He also experienced a curious and sudden constriction of his heart, and an overawed sense of some special Providence leading him here. For he had seen this young woman before. She was Charlotte Home. In his swift glance, however, he saw that she did not recognize him. His resolve was taken on the instant. However uncomfortable the rooms she had to offer, they should be his. His interest in this Mrs. Home became intensified to a degree that was painful. He knew that he was about to pursue a course which would be to his own detriment, but he felt it impossible now to turn aside. In a quiet voice, and utterly unconscious of this tumult in his breast, she asked him to be seated, and they began to discuss the accommodation she could offer.

Her back and front drawing-rooms would be vacant in a week. Yes, certainly, Mr. Hinton could see them. She rang the bell as she spoke, and the maid appearing, took Hinton up-stairs. The rooms were even smaller and shabbier than he had believed possible. Nevertheless, when he came downstairs he found no fault with anything, and agreed to the terms asked, namely, one guinea a week. He noticed a tremor in the young, brave voice which asked for this remuneration, and he longed to make the one guinea two, but this was impossible. Before he left he had taken Mrs. Home's drawing-rooms for a month, and had arranged to come into possession on his new quarters that day week.

Looking at his watch when he left the house, he found that time had gone faster than he had any idea of. He had now barely an hour to jump into a cab, go to his present most comfortable lodgings, change his morning dress, and reach the Harman's in time for eight-o'clock dinner. Little more than these sixty minutes elapsed from the time he left the shabby house in Kentish Town before he found himself in the luxurious abode of wealth, and every refinement, in Prince's Gate. He ran up to the drawing-room, to find Charlotte waiting for him alone.

"Uncle Jasper will dine with us, John," she said, "but my father is not well."

"Not well!" echoed Hinton. Her face only expressed slight concern, and his reflected it in a lesser degree.

"He is very tired," she said, "and he looks badly. But I hope there is not much the matter. He will see you after dinner. But he could not eat, so I have begged of him to lie down; he will be all right after a little rest."

Hinton made no further remark, and Uncle Jasper then coming in, and dinner being announced, they all went down-stairs. Uncle Jasper and Charlotte were merry enough, but Hinton could not get over a sense of depression, which not even the presence of the woman he loved could disperse. He was not sorry when the message came for him to go to Mr. Harman. Charlotte smiled as he rose.

"You will find me in the drawing-room whenever you like to come there," she said to him.

He left the room suppressing a sigh. Charlotte, however, did not hear of notices it. Still with that light of love and happiness crowning her bright face, she turned to the old Australian uncle.

"I will pour you out your next glass of port, and stay with you for a few moments, for I have something to tell you."

"What is that, my dear?" asked the old man.

"Something you have had to do with, dear old uncle. My wedding-day is fixed."

Uncle Jasper chuckled.

"Ah! my dear," he said, "there's nothing like having the day clear in one's head. And when is it to be, my pretty lass?"

"The twentieth of June, Uncle Jasper. Just four months from to-day."

"Four months off?" repeated Uncle Jasper. "Well, I don't call that very close at hand. When I spoke to your father last night—for you know I did speak to him, Charlotte—he seemed quite inclined to put no obstacle in the way of your speedy marriage."

"Nor did he, Uncle Jasper. You don't understand. He said we might marry at once if we liked. It was I who said the twentieth of June."

"You, child!—and—did Hinton, knowing your father had withdrawn all opposition, did Hinton allow you to put off his happiness for four whole months?"

"It was my own choice," said Charlotte. "Four months do not seem to me too long to prepare."

"They would seem a very long time to me if I were the man who was to marry you, my dear."

Charlotte looked grave at this. Her uncle seemed to impute blame to her lover. Being absolutely certain of his devotion, she scorned to defend it. She rose from the table.

"You will find me in the drawing-room, Uncle Jasper."

"One word, Charlotte, before you go," said her uncle. "No, child, I am not going to the drawing-room. You two lovers may have it to yourselves. But—but—you remember our talk of last night?"

"Yes, answered Charlotte, pausing, and coming back a little way into the room. "Did you say anything to my father? Will he help Mrs. Home?"

"I have no doubt he will, my dear. Your father and I will both do something. He is a very just man, is your father. He was a good deal upset by this reference to his early days, and to his quarrel with his own father. I believe, between you and me, that it was that which made him ill this evening. But, Charlotte, you leave Mrs. Home to us. I will mention her case again when your father is more fit to hear the subject. What I wanted to say now, my dear, is this, that I think it would best please the dear old man if—if you told nothing of this strange tale, not even to Hinton, my dear."

"Why, Uncle Jasper?"

"Why, my dear child? The reason seems to me obvious enough. It is a story of the past. It relates to an old and painful quarrel. It is all over years ago. And then you could not tell one side of the tale without the other. Mrs. Home, poor thing, not personally knowing your father as one of the best and noblest of men, imputes very grave blame to him. Don't you think such a tale, so false, so wrong, had better be buried in oblivion?"

"Mrs. Home was most unjust in her ignorance," repeated Charlotte. "But, uncle, you are late in your warning, for I told John the whole story already to-day."

"Not a muscle of Uncle Jasper's face changed."

"Well, child, I should have said that to you last night. After all, it is natural. Hinton won't let it go farther, and no harm is done."

"Certainly John does not speak of my most sacred things," answered Charlotte proudly.

"No, no, of course he doesn't. I am sorry you told him; but as you say, he is one with yourself. No harm is done. No, thank you, my dear, no more wine now. I am going off to my club."

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

August 26.—Judges 7: 1-8.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Victories by small numbers." Gideon's victory was a prophecy of almost all the victories of god over evil. Christianity itself, the cause of Christ in each town or country. Modern missions are examples.

II. "The all-pervasiveness of character." Our characters are shown in our most trivial acts and words. Character has often been read by the handwriting. One's nationality, even the part of the country he comes from, his education, etc., are shown by slight vari-

ations in speech, or movements of the body. It is said that naturalists can tell the whole animal from one of the teeth or bones. Some years ago a sea captain brought to England from Madagascar a peculiar bone, from a collection he had found, of some extinct species of animals. It was put in the hands of the great naturalist Owen. He saw that it was the bone of the foot of some large bird, and from this single bone he drew a picture of the bird to which it must have belonged, and the drawing was placed in the British Museum. Some years afterward the same captain brought the rest of the bones. They were put together, and placed alongside of Prof. Owen's picture, when it was found that the professor had correctly seen the whole bird in the one bone.

PRACTICAL.

1. God raises up heroes and leaders from the most obscure families.

2. By doing the duties near at hand, we are prepared for the larger work before us.

3. Those will be most successful in God's work who give the honor wholly to God.

4. Ver. 2. Great victories by feeble means and small numbers honor God and his Gospel.

5. Ver. 3. Those who are fearful and unbelieving can accomplish little in God's cause.

6. Ver. 5. Our characters are revealed in our every act, even the most trivial.

7. Ver. 7. Many who have real faith and grace are unfit for special services, and unable to bear peculiar trials, from which, therefore, the Lord will exempt them, and to which he will appoint those to whom he has given superior hardiness, boldness, and firmness of spirit.—Scott.

8. Never be discouraged because our numbers are small, and our instrumentalities feeble. "One with God is a majority."

9. The history of the Church is full of victories like this of Gideon.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The teachers by this lesson can give their scholars much aid in their warfare against sin, and in preparing them to be the soldiers of the Lord. (1) Gideon's preparation (ver. 1), by early character; by his preparatory work of destroying the altar of Baal—by aids to faith. God prepares us in the same way. (2) Gideon's army (vers. 1-8). The enemy. The test. The characteristics of those who remained—courage, quickness, prudence. Their weapons. (3) The victory, by small numbers and feeble means, but by true soldiers. The glory all to God.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.
(National Temperance Society, New York.)

PART II. LESSON VI.—ALCOHOL AND ITS RELATIONS TO PERSONAL ESTATE.

To what sum will the expenditure of five and one-quarter cents a day amount in round numbers in one year?

Twenty dollars.

In ten years, with compound interest? Two hundred and sixty-dollars.

In fifty years? Five thousand eight hundred dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of eleven cents a day amount in one year? Forty dollars.

In ten years? Five hundred and twenty dollars.

In fifty years? Eleven thousand six hundred dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of twenty-seven cents a day amount in one year? One hundred dollars.

In ten years? One thousand three hundred dollars.

In fifty years? Twenty-nine thousand dollars.

To what sum will the expenditure of fifty-five cents a day amount in one year? Two hundred dollars.

In ten years? Two thousand six hundred dollars.

In fifty years? Fifty-eight thousand dollars.

Is it usual for persons in ordinary circumstances to expend either of these sums daily for alcoholic drinks and at the same time accumulate property?

It is not usual. The cases where personal estate is increased under these circumstances are exceedingly rare.