

exhaustion, from which she did not wake till the following morning.

But the respite from that most depressing of all suffering, mental trouble, had given her a chance, and her healthful nature began to recover.

She was a girl of too much force and character to succumb long to any misfortune; and, as she said to her aunt, she meant to fight this battle out to some kind of a solution.

To the surprise of every one, she appeared at the breakfast-table, very pale, but quiet, and perfectly self-possessed. There was a dignity and decision in her bearing, however, which would make even Mrs. Marchmont hesitate before she "meddled" again. De Forrest was half afraid of her, and began to realize that she was not the girl he brought to the country but a few weeks since.

After breakfast, she dismissed Hel, by saying plainly, that she wished to be alone; and then sat down, and, for the first time, tried to clearly understand the situation. It grew more and more evident how desperately against her were appearances. She had been false at first, and, in a certain sense, must appear false to the last, in that she had not told him the truth. Besides, just when and how she had become in earnest she could not remember. The poor girl was greatly discouraged, and again gave way to tears, as if her heart would break.

But in the midst of her sore trouble, like a flash of genial light, came the thought, "If Mr. Hemstead will never look at me again, there is One who will," and she sprang up, and having found a Bible, turned again to its shortest text, remembering, with a quick sob, how she had first discovered it. With almost the distinctness and reality of actual presence, there rose up before her mind One who, with bowed head, wept with men for men. Every tear of sympathy appeared to fall on her bruised heart; and hope, that she believed dead, began to revive. She just clung to one simple thought: "He feels sorry for me;" and it comforted her.

Then she began to turn the leaves back and forth to find places where Jesus showed kindness and forgave, and she soon found that this was His life—His work in which He never wearied—kindness to all, forgiveness for all. Then the thought stole into her heart as the dove brought the "olive leaf" from across a dreary waste, "If Mr. Hemstead is like his Master he will forgive me." Hope now grew strong and steadily, and the impulsive, demonstrative girl kissed the little Book, pressed it to her heart, and caressed it as if it were a thing of life.

She got out her portfolio and wrote:

"Mr. Hemstead, I sincerely ask your forgiveness for my folly, which you cannot condemn as severely as I do. Though unworthy, indeed, of your friendship and esteem, can you believe that I am not now the weak, wicked creature that I was when we first met? But I have not the courage to plead my own cause. I know that both facts and appearances are against me. I can only ask you, Who told His disciples to forgive each other, 'seventy times seven'?"

"Yours, in sorrow and regret,

"LOTTIE MARSDEN."

"I have now done the best I can," she said, "The issue is in God's hands."

At the dinner-table she again perplexed the mystified household. They, in their narrow worldliness, had no key to such a problem as Lottie Marsden had become. She was gentleness itself. The mystic tear falling from Divine eyes had melted away all coldness and hardness, and the touch of her words and manner, if we may so speak, had in it a kindness and regard for others to which even the most callous respond. Patient self-forgetfulness is the most God-like and the most winning of all the graces.

After dinner, Mr. Dimmerly shuffled away by himself, with a sound between a snuffle and his old chuckle, muttering, "I don't believe it's 'stopped,' after all. Any way, I wish she were going to be a home-missionary in my home."

Lottie went with Dan again to the pond, and then to the "fallen tree;" but she found no other tryst there, save memories, that, in view of what had happened, were very painful.

After her return, she no longer shunned the others, but sat down and talked quietly with them, as multitudes of men and women are doing daily, giving no sign that in the meantime they are patiently watching at the sepulchre of a buried hope, which may, or may not, rise again.

As with Lottie at first, so with Hemstead, the word "false" seemed to have the malignant power to quench hope and happiness. If it is faith that saves, it would seem that it is its opposite—distrust—that most quickly destroys. In no way can we deal more fatal and ruinous blows than to deceive those who trust us.

And Hemstead felt, at first, that he had been deceived and trifled with, in all that was sacred. For hours, both faith and reason reeled in passion, that grew and raged in the strong man's breast, like a tropical storm. He plunged into the streets, crowded with his unknown, uncaring fellow creatures, as he would lose himself in the depths of a lonely forest, and walked hour after hour, he knew not and cared not whither.

Two thoughts pursued him like goading phantoms,—false—deceived.

At last, when the frenzy left him, weak and exhausted, he found himself near a large hotel, and he went in and slept almost as the dead sleep.

In his case also sleep proved "nature's sweet restorer." In the morning faith and reason sat together on their throne, and he recognized the duty that whatever the truth might be, he must act the part of a man and a Christian.

He sat down at last and calmly tried to disentangle the web. Second thoughts brought wiser judgment, for, after going over every day and hour of his acquaintance with Lottie, he could scarcely resist the conclusion that if she had begun in falsehood she was ending in truth. If she, in all her words and manner, had been only acting, he could never trust his senses again or be able to distinguish between the hollow and the real.

Hour after hour he sat and thought. He held a solemn senate within his own breast and marshalled all he could remember as witnesses for and against her. Much in her con-

duct that at first had puzzled, now grew clear in view of her purpose to victimize him, and even as late as Christmas eve he remembered how her use of the word "comedy" had jarred unpleasantly upon his ear. But on the other hand there seemed even more conclusive evidence that she had gradually grown sincere, and come to mean all she said and did. Could the colour that came and went like light from an inner flame—could tears that seemed to come more from her heart than eyes—could words that had sounded so true and womanly, and that had often dwelt on the most sacred themes be only simulated?

"If so," he groaned, "then there are only two in the wide universe that I can ever trust—God and mother."

Moreover, in her trial, Lottie had an eloquent advocate to whom even deliberate reason appeared only too ready to lend an attentive ear—the student's heart.

Therefore she finally received a better vindication than the Scotch verdict "not proven," and the young man began to bitterly condemn himself for having left so hastily, and before Lottie had time to explain and defend herself.

His first impulse was to go back at once and give her another hearing.

But almost before he was aware, he found a new culprit brought to the bar for judgment—himself.

If the trial, just completed, had failed to prove Lottie's guilt, it had most conclusively shown him his love. He saw how it had developed and grown while he was blind to its existence. He saw that his wild agony of the preceding day was not over falsehood and deception in the abstract, but over the supposed falsehood of a woman whom he had come to love as his own soul. And even now he was exulting in the hope that she might have passed as unconsciously as himself, into like sweet thralldom. In the belief of her truthfulness, how else could he interpret her glances, tones, actions, and even plainly-spoken words?

But the flame of hope that had burned higher and brighter, gradually sank down again as he recalled his aunt's words, "How is all this sentiment to end?—in only sentiment?"

He remembered his chosen calling. Could he ask this child of luxury to go with him to the far West and share his life of toilsome privation? He had long felt that the work of a missionary was his vocation. She had never had any such feeling. He recalled her words, spoken but yesterday, it seemed: "Do you imagine that any nice girl will go out with you among the border ruffians?"

That is the way it appeared to her then. If such a thing were possible, that she had become attached to him, would it not be an unfair and almost a mean thing to take advantage of her affection, and, by means of it, commit her to a life for which she was unfitted, and which might become almost a martyrdom. The change from her luxurious home to frontier-life would be too great. If she had felt called of God to such a work—if she laid herself as a sacrifice upon the Divine Altar, that would be very different, for the Master would give no task without imparting strength and patience for its fulfilment. Besides, He had Heaven to give in return.

But his unselfish manhood told him plainly that he, Frank Hemstead, had no right to ask any such sacrifice.

Incidentally, Lottie had mentioned the number of her residence, and he hastily went up Fifth Avenue, and saw her palace of a home. Every stone in the stately abode seemed part of the barrier between them.

An elegant carriage, with liveried coachman and footman came around to the entrance, and a lady, who had Lottie's features, only they had grown rigid with pride and age, entered it, and was driven away. As he saw her stately bearing, and the pomp and show of her life, he could almost believe his aunt, that this proud woman of the world would rather bury the daughter of whom she expected so much than marry her to an obscure home missionary.

His heart grew heavy as lead, and he groaned: "Even if she loves me I have lost her."

Then came the supreme temptation of his life. Why must he be a home missionary? Who was there to compel such a sacrifice of himself? He might come to this city, and win a place as high as hers, as many poorer and more friendless than himself had done. He might even seek some well-located Eastern church. He might aim to be one of the great popular preachers of the day; and so be able to come to the door of that proud home, and ask what it would be no condescension to grant.

Again he was out in the storm—again he was in the thick of the battle; passionate longings and love on one hand, stern, steady conscience on the other. In painful pre-occupation he again walked unknown distances. His aimless steps took him away from the mansions of the rich down among the abodes of the poor. As he was crossing a street his troubled eyes rested upon a plain cross over a lowly chapel door. He stopped before it as a superstitious Romanist might, not reverencing the emblem, but in vivid remembrance of Him who suffered thereon. He recalled His self-sacrifice and His words, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

He bowed his head a moment, then turned, quietly, and went back to his hotel.

The conflict was over—the temptation passed—and he was loyal.

(To be continued.)

THE CULTIVATION OF ROSES.

"Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her lips."

The best way for ladies to cultivate this rare species of roses is by studying and practising the rules of hygiene, as taught in the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, only \$1.50. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M.D., Grand Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y. If suffering from those painful weaknesses incident to the female organism, use Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription—a never-failing remedy for these complaints.

Mr. MOODY is to hold revival services in New Haven, Conn., shortly.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a great-grandmother.

THE grasshoppers are again at their devastating work in Nebraska.

"SMOKE-CARTS" is the name given by the Telooongs of India to the railway-cars.

A REVIVAL in Woolwich, Maine, has resulted in between one and two hundred conversions.

THE ministers of Chicago are trying to devise measures for the promotion of Sunday observance in the city.

WISCONSIN pays annually over \$19,000,000 for liquor and \$2,600,310 for her schools. Is that a fair comparative estimate?

THE Rev. Robert Patterson (United Presbyterian minister), of Dunse, Scotland, has just celebrated his jubilee in the ministry.

STONE shoes, or rather shoes with stone soles, are the latest helps for sound understanding. The invention came from Germany.

THE postage on printed matter to any of the countries embraced in the Universal Postage Union is now one cent for every two ounces.

THE creditors among the congregation of St. Paul's Catholic Church, to whom Archbishop Purcell owes \$1,000,000, have resolved to remit one-half the claims.

THE good news comes from France that the sons are smoking less tobacco than their fathers did twenty years ago. Our sons, unfortunately, are more than making up for their abstinence.

PHILADELPHIA has 564 churches and mission stations, of which 96 are Methodist, 84 each Presbyterian and Episcopalian, 67 Baptist, 44 Roman Catholic, 36 Lutheran, and 15 Friends.

LARGE gifts to the cause of missions are coming into fashion, and a noble fashion it is for the wealthy to follow. A merchant at Natal, South Africa, has lately given \$100,000 to the Wesleyan Foreign Mission Society.

So many books have been suppressed by the public censor in France during the present century, that the titles alone fill a volume of 500 pages. And yet how many were allowed to pass whose contaminating pages might well have been suppressed.

AMONG the improvements introduced into Rome since it has become the capital of united Italy, is the draining through an ancient sewer, lately discovered, stagnant water which had been allowed to remain in the Coliseum though imperiling the health of the city.

THE "Bombay Guardian" says that all the precautions and laws against female infanticide in India, are not sufficient to suppress it. The mortality of girls between the ages of one and five is excessive, and in every year up to eleven their death rate is higher than that of the boys.

THE Governor of Iowa being urged to pardon a convicted rumrunner declined, saying, "While I have great sympathy for Mr. Newton, I also have great sympathy for the wives and children who have been made sufferers by the sale of whiskey to the fathers and husbands by Mr. Newton."

THE Presbytery of Cork, Ireland, has voted for instrumental music in the service of the sanctuary, and has asked the General Assembly to deal with the question so as to "prevent continued interference with the scriptural liberty of congregations in the service of praise."

THE total income of the Scottish United Presbyterian Church during the past year was £367,388 6s. 1d., showing a slight decrease as compared with the previous year. There has been, however, a considerable increase in the number of congregations and members.

IN excavations recently made at Charing Cross in the heart of London, fossil remains of various extinct animals and tusks and bones of the elephant, mammoth, and the gigantic ox, were revealed. There has been some change in the Thames valley since the mammoth, hippopotamus and rhinoceros roamed in it.

DEACON WONG SHING officiated at the last communion service of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, Hartford, Ct., in full Chinese dress. He was one of the first company of Chinese boys sent to the United States to be educated, was converted in Monson, Mass., joined a Christian church on his return to China, and was a deacon of it several years.

IN "Smaller London," which has a population of 3,577,304, there are church accommodations for 1,119,776 persons. The national church provides the majority of the sittings, or 51.96 per cent., the Congregationalists provide 12.28 per cent., the Methodists 10.99, and the Baptists 10.48. Then come the Catholic, Presbyterian and other Churches.

THE report of the English Baptist Union states that there are in Great Britain and Ireland 3,451 churches with 1,028,000 sittings. Church members number 276,348—increased over last year of 7,512. Sunday school teachers number 40,216, and scholars 399,317. There are 1,879 pastors, and 2,652 evangelists and lay preachers. The amount raised for evangelistic work was £16,996.

THE Jews in Jerusalem count among the signs of their repossession of their old abode the fulfilment of one of their prophecies by the concessions the Turkish government has just made to an English company for the Euphrates valley railroad, and to a French company for a line from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The Euphrates railway is to intersect the former provinces of Assyria and Babylonia, and have stations at Mosul and Hillel, near which are Assyrian and Babylonian ruins. It is expected that eventually a junction will be effected between the Euphrates line and the Egyptian railways, which would confirm Isaiah xix, 23: "In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians."