

his love and his dream. But what matter! Other men had come to an ideal and found it but a clay idol. He would recover; he would not let his heart break. He found, however, that he could not stay in London. An uncle of his, his only living near relation, was a solicitor in the south of England. Hinton went to visit his uncle. He received him warmly and kindly. He not only promised him work, but kept his word. Hinton took chambers in a fashionable part of the town, and already was not idle. But he was a changed man. That shattered trust was making his spirit very hard. The cynical part of him was being fostered. Mrs. Home, when she looked into his face, was quite right in saying to herself that his expression had not improved. Now, however, again, as he paced up and down, soft thoughts were visiting him. For what doubts, what blessed doubts had Mrs. Home not insinuated? How irregularly his heart beat; how human he felt once more! Ah! what sound was that? A cab had drawn up at the door. Hinton flew to the window; he saw the soft fawn shade of a lady's dress, he could not see the lady. Of course, it was Mrs. Home returning. What news did she bring? How he longed to fly to meet her! He did not do so, however; his feet felt leaden weighted. He leant against the window, with his back to the door. His heart beat harder and harder; he clenched his hands and said. There was a quick step running up the stairs, a quick and springing step. The drawing-room door was opened and then shut. He heard the rustle of soft drapery, then a hand was laid on his arm. The touch of that hand made him tremble violently. He turned his head, and—Charlotte Home—but his Charlotte, beautiful and true, stood by his side. Their eyes met.

"John!" she said.
 "My own, my darling!" he answered.
 In an instant they were clasped in each other's arms. That swift glance, which each had given to the other, had told all.
 "John, I never got your letter."
 "No!"
 "John, you doubted me."
 "I did, I confess it; I confess it bitterly. But not now, not after one glance into your eyes."
 "John what did you say in that letter?"
 "That I held you to your sacred promise; that I refused to give you up."
 "But—but—you did not know my true reason. You did not know why—why?"
 "Yes, I knew all. Before I wrote that letter I went to Somerset House. I read your grandfather's will."
 "Ah! did you—did you indeed? Oh! what a dreadful time I have gone through."
 "Yes, but it is over now. Mrs. Home told me how your father had repented. The sin is forgiven. The agony is past. What God forgets don't let us remember. Lottie, cease to think of it. It is at an end, and so are our troubles. I am with you again. Oh! how nearly I had lost you."
 Charlotte's head was now on her lover's shoulder. His arm was round her.
 "Charlotte, I repeat what I said in that letter which never reached you. I refuse to absolve you from your promise. I refuse to give you up. Do you hear? I refuse to give you up."
 "But, John, I am poor now."
 "Poor or rich, you are yourself, and you are mine. Charlotte, do you hear me? If you hear me answer me. Tell me that you are mine."
 "I am yours, John," she said simply, and she raised her lips to kiss him.

CHAPTER LVIII.—BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.
 A month after—just one month after, there was a very quiet wedding; a wedding performed in the little church at Kentish Town. The ceremony was thought by the few who witnessed it to be, even for that obscure part, a very poor one. There were no bridesmaids, or white dresses, or, indeed, white favors in any form. The bride wore the plainest gray travelling suit. She was given away by her gray-headed father; Charlotte Home stood close behind her; Mr. Home married the couple, and Uncle Sandy acted as best man. Surely no tamer ending could come to what was once meant to be such a brilliant affair. Immediately after the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom went away for two days, and Mrs. Home went back to Prince's Gate with Mr. Harman, for she had promised Charlotte to take care of her father until her return.

Many changes were contemplated. The grand house in Prince's Gate was to be given up, and the Hinton were to live in that large southern town where Hinton was already obtaining a young barrister's great ambition—briefs. Mr. Harman while he lived, was to find his home with his son and daughter.

Mr. Harman was now a peaceful and happy man, and so improved was his health—so had the state of his mind affected his body, that though he could never hope for cure of his malady, yet Sir George Anderson assured him that with care he might live for a very much longer time than he had believed possible a few months before. Thus death stood back, not altogether thrust aside, but biding its time.

On the morning of Charlotte's wedding-day there arrived a letter from Jasper.
 "So you have told all!" he said to his brother. "Well, be it so. From the time I knew the other trustee was not dead and had reached England, I felt that discovery was at hand. No, thank you; I shall never come back to England. If you can bear poverty and public disgrace, I cannot. I have some savings of my own, and on these I can live during my remaining days. Good-bye—we shall never meet again on earth! I repent, do you say, of my share! Yes, the business turned out badly in the end. What a heap of money those Homes will come in for! Stolen goods don't prosper with a man! So it seems. Well, I shall stay out of England."

Jasper was true to his word. Not one of those who knew him in this tale ever heard of him again.

Yes, the Homes were now very rich; but both Mr. and Mrs. Home were faithful stewards of what was lent them from the Lord. Nor did the Hinton miss what was taken from them. It is surely enough to say of Charlotte and her husband that they were very happy.

But as sin, however repented of, must yet reap its own reward, so in this instance the great house of Harman Brothers ceased to exist. To pay that unfulfilled trust the business had to be sold. It passed into the hands of strangers, and was continued under another name. No one now remembers even its existence.

THE END.

A new and interesting story, entitled "QUINCE, AND HOW THE LORD LED HIM," by Miss L. Bates, will be commenced in the next Weekly Messenger.

A STUDY THAT GROWS UPON ONE.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do with that boy, he tries me beyond endurance."

"That boy" was out of sight or hearing as his mother made the remark. Aunt Ruth said nothing for a few moments, then, as she saw her niece was waiting for her to speak, she ventured: "If there don't know what to do with him, there should not rest day nor night till she finds out. Phil's a fine boy, and there shouldn't be in the dark as to him. I wish I had such a one!"

Phil's mother felt the reproof, but, trying to stifle conscience, said: "Well, auntie, what would you do with Phil if he were yours?"

"Study him; think about him every minute I had to spare. I'd find out what he liked best, and try to like it too, or if it were not a good thing, I'd try to show him something better. Where's the boy gone now, Mary?"

"I don't know. He raised such a rumpus up-stairs that I was glad to get him out of the house."

"There was a good deal of noise—I suppose there must be, if the boy is well; but there has a garret!"

"Yes; it was in the garret. He has an affair he calls a trapeze, and if I'd let him bring boys into the house he'd stay up garret for hours. But I know what boys are—they'd ruin the stair-carpet."

"Mary, I think there does not know what boys are, when these values a carpet more than the boy."

Mrs. Dinsmore flushed uneasily: "Why auntie, Phil's not far; probably on his velvet, or—"

"Pitching pennies on the avenue, as he was when I passed him yesterday."

"Aunt Ruth! I've forbidden him to

pitch pennies or go with those boys on the avenue."

"And so make it one of the things he'd like to do. I'd give him so many pleasant things to do, and so much better company, that he wouldn't care for pitching pennies. Mary Dinsmore, I mean to tell thee somewhat that thy mother kept from thee—thy father was a gambler."

"Aunt Ruth!"

"Yes, and the boy may have the fever in his veins. Now, does thee know what to do with the boy?"

There was no answer; the mother's tears were falling, the mother's heart beating fast with apprehension. After a moment she rose to bring her boy home, but Aunt Ruth stopped her.

"Don't call the boy till thee knows what to do with him. Thee'll not learn all at once—it's a study. A good beginning would be to start a gymnastium in the garret. Could thee spare twenty dollars if thy boy were ill and needed a doctor, Mary?"

"Indeed I would, no matter what I did without."

"Well, then, have bars and ladders put up, and buy dumb-bells; let him have four or five boys, to whom thee knows, to turn and toss, as boys love to do. I wouldn't say anything yet against pitching pennies, but I'd take care he has a little pocket-money, and keeps an account of it. By and by thee might show him the danger ahead."

The mother's tears were dry; the fancy-work that had been so engrossing, and which the racket up-stairs had disturbed, was laid aside; together the two women mounted to the garret and discussed the outfit, and Mrs. Dinsmore grew rapturous over a grand box of nine-pins she meant to present to the club. Phil heard nothing of the new plans till the next Saturday; but as he was invited to the park by Aunt Ruth, who sat contentedly watching a "beautiful game," and discussed the formation of a "home nine" with him, the boy never noticed that the garret was locked.

"His surprise and delight when invited to visit his old play-place, and his declaration that mother was just 'too jolly for anything,' when he heard of the scheme, repaid the loving women for their trouble. The boys soon trooped in, and now and then were invited to take tea and spend the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore; for Mary found that studying her own boy had led her to study his friends, and 'Phil's mother' was soon the referee in all matters of dispute among the boys.

"Thee is learning, and once begun it's a study that grows on one," said Aunt Ruth, as she had her last talk with Phil's mother before leaving.—Sunday School Times.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes)

January 13.—James 1: 16-27.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Every good gift" (ver. 17.) Mr. Ruskin notes the fact that God has so made the world that the most beautiful forms are the most abundant. So that you can almost determine which lines or curves are most beautiful by finding out which are the universal and plentiful.

II. "The Father of lights." God, as the author of all our spiritual light, receives a faint illustration from the sun, as the source of natural light. The rays from the sun are of three kinds, differing from one another probably only as to the length of the waves of which they are composed. (1.) Light rays. Nearly all the light we receive comes from the sun. Even the moon's light is but reflected sunlight. Even when we are in the shade, or in the house, where we cannot see the sun, the light we receive is sunlight, dispersed from the particles in the air, reflected from all things around us; even the light of our lamps and gas burners is but sunlight which has been stored up in the earth. So it is that all our spiritual light from whatever sources it seems to come, is really from God. Our white sunlight is really composed of thousands of colors, shades, and tints, which fill the world with beauty. Such variety is in the pure light from God, reflected from our manifold natures, needs and circumstances. (2.) Heat rays. Nearly all the heat comes directly or indirectly from the sun. The fires that warm us and that are the source of power, are from the wood or coal in which the heat

of the sun has been stored. Such is God's love to us. (3.) Chemical rays, which act upon plants, and cause the movements of life. These rays are in a sense the source of life, the instrumentality of life. So God is the source of our spiritual life. Light, love and life all come from the Father of lights.

III. "Hearers and Doers" (ver. 24.) When we see ourselves in a mirror, the image is there only while we are before it. It is not imprinted on the glass. But when we sit before the prepared glass of the photographer our image is fixed upon it, and remains there. The first is the symbol of the action of the truth upon the hearer only, the latter of the action of the truth upon the doer also.

IV. If we strip the leaves from a tree, and keep it bare from all manifestations of its inner life, it will die. So no Christian can live the Christian life, without manifesting his spiritual life in good works.

APPLE "TURNOVERS."—The child is defrauded of its rights who does not know the taste of a "turnover," baked purposely for small consumers. Roll out a pound of crust about the size of a dessert plate, pull it into oval shape. Put two tablespoonsful of rich apple sauce, or else apples in the finest slices that you can cut, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, quite into the centre of the crust, turn it over and pinch the edges closely together. Wet the crust with a little sweet milk and bake brown in the oven.

Question Corner.—No. 1.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was emperor in Rome when Christ was born?
2. Who was king of the Jews at that time?
3. Under what emperor was Christ crucified?
4. Were the Jews then an independent nation?
5. Who was governor in Judea then?
6. Under what Roman general were Jerusalem and its temple finally destroyed?
7. Were there any Christians slain in the siege of the city?

BIBLE STUDIES.

Somebody whose name signifies "One of the Other Side." He was quite a young man when he had a son, whose name means "Division," and he lived several hundred years after this birth. You will find him mentioned in St. Luke's genealogy of our Lord.

Another person of the same name is spoken of in the Bible as the descendant of a kinsman of Moses. He had a wife whose Hebrew appellation was equivalent to "Wild, or Mountain Goat."

I am reminded of a native of Great Britain who distinguished himself by a prize poem while in college; who afterwards became a bishop in the Church of England; who wrote the life of a man who rose from a lowly position to great honor and celebrity; who accepted a foreign missionary see and died in the faithful discharge of his sacred duties before he was fifty years old.

What is the name?
 Who was the son of the first mentioned? how old was his father at the time of his birth, and to what age did he attain?

From whom was the other descended?
 Who was his wife?
 Give the Bible references.

To what British author and bishop do I allude? Where his father did he write? Where was the scene of his labors?

How and where did he die? What hymn of his is sung by all Christian bodies?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 23.

- (1.) 2 Kings 4: 1-7. (2.) Judges 7: 16-29. (3.) Esther (4.) Ruth 4: 7. (5.) Judges 9: 7-15. (6.) Exodus 12: 39. (7.) Exodus 31: 29-35. (8.) Gen. 21: 19. (9.) Iohn 4: 6-10. (10.) Exodus 7: 19. (11.) Deut. 3: 11.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- A. CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.—2 Tim. iv. 8.
1. Cymbal 1 Chr. xvi. 5.
 2. Raveus 1 Kings xvi. 14.
 3. O-mir 2 Kings viii. 25.
 4. W-ages Luke iii. 14.
 5. N-gain Gen. vii. 7.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, Sarah L. Rodgers, Mary Jane W. McGill and Lillie A. Greene.