

DOUBLING THE MISSION DOLLAR.

'Twas a thoughtful child that was seen one day To turn from her toys and her careless play With a questioning glance of sad surprise And a far-away look in her dark brown eyes; For something so strange she had heard them say,— Those older ones, talking that summer day,— They thought she had come for a fond caress, Nor dreamed their meaning the child could guess. She listened while shadows came down apace, Then crept to her treasures with earnest face, And there in the twilight she told it all To one little hearer—her patient doll: "Why, Fanny, my dolly, across the sea Are millions who never will Christians be Till somebody tell them of Jesus' love, And how they may go to the home above.

"And I heard them say that to lands afar A packet is going—the "Morning Star"— To carry the Gospel! I believe they said, 'If the people to giving are only led.' Now I have a dime that I meant for you, To buy you, my dolly, a ribbon blue, But perhaps it will help them sail the ship; We'll give it!" she said, with quivering lip. The mother bent low at the evening prayer O'er the form of her darling kneeling there, And lovingly stroking the curly head, She noted the words that were softly said. "Dear Jesus, my dolly and I are glad To keep the poor heathen from being bad, And sometime we'll help them, perhaps, again; I hope you will bless them, O Lord, Amen."

And then in the starlight a silence deep Betokened the coming of quiet sleep, But the head on the pillow turned once more, A puzzled expression the child-face wore,— "I want to know, mamma, what 'twas I heard, The meaning of sacrifice,—that's the word." She answered, "My child, I'll explain to you,— Your sacrifice, dear, is the ribbon blue."

She had given to send to those afar The wonderful light of the "Morning Star," And into her soul shall His presence shine, To beckon her on to the life Divine; And so in her girlhood's sunniest hour She yielded her heart to the Spirit's power, And she kept her desire of greatest worth To "carry the Gospel" to all the earth,

And out into maidenhood's hopes and fears, Far out in the whirl of the rushing years, She remembered the lesson learned that day In the magical hour of childish play. The dime to a dollar had now increased, Her blessing of giving had never ceased, Her sacrifice often took shape anew In the same old guise of the ribbon blue.

For Europe and Asia her pleadings rise, For Africa, too, with her burning skies, For sin-enslaved souls in isles of the sea, That Jesus' atonement might make them free. 'Twas very surprising and sad indeed That she had forgotten her country's need, That over in Southland and prairies vast Her eye in its searchings had blindly passed;

And then into retrospect, one by one, Came duties neglected and work undone; The voice of Conscience seemed close by her side, "Your dollar for missions you must divide," And many another, by impulse stirred, Sprang up at the sound of the whispered word, And dollars divided went o'er the sea And out through our country so broad and free. But what of their mission? 'Twas half complete, Though harvests were gathered both rich and sweet, Yet came not their fulness, and white fields wait The work of the reapers so grand and great. And back o'er the ocean this message came,—

Send more for your love of the Saviour's name; And up from the Southland and prairies vast,— Send more lest the day of hope be past.

And she who remembered the days of yore— The mother's fond counsel she knows no more— Again in the starlight and silence deep Forgetteth her care in a quiet sleep. A presence whose coming the child had blest Brings now in her dreaming a peaceful rest: The problem whose study seemed all in vain Grows simple and clear in the resting brain.

"You asked me, my darling, one summer day, When you had grown weary with childish play, What sacrifice meant, and now by your side I come to make plainer the word 'divide'; The promptings of conscience were right and good, 'Twould all have been well had you understood, She bade you go forth on a mission wide, And double your dollar,—'twas not divide."

The story is simple, and still I see The lesson which surely is meant for me, And I am so thankful that I may hear The calls for assistance that reach my ear; I ask of my conscience to guide me right, The answer makes duty a pathway bright, While sinners afar from their Saviour roam, Not less for the Foreign;—as much for Home.

For millions of strangers have reached our shores, For them in their darkness the heart implores; The dusky-faced tribes on our Western slopes Are compassed in faith by our Christian hopes; Those ransomed from bondage are clearly heard, "Send us your pity the saving Word;" And so by this present we must abide,— 'Tis double your dollars, and not divide.

MRS. ANNA SARGENT HUNT. Augusta, Me., 1883.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.") CHAPTER LVII.—MRS. HOME'S DREAM.

Still, there was a weight on Charlotte Home's mind. Much had been given to her, so much that she could scarcely believe herself to be the same woman, who a few short months ago had pawned her engagement-ring to buy her little son a pair of shoes. She was now wealthy beyond her wildest dreams; she was wealthy not only in money but in friends. Charlotte Harman was her almost daily companion. Charlotte Harman clung to her with an almost passionate love. Uncle Sandy, too, had made himself, by his cheerfulness, his generosity, his kindliness of nature, a warm place in her affections; and Mr. Harman saw her more than once, and she found that she could love even Mr. Harman. Then—how well, how beautiful her children looked! How nice it was to see them surrounded by those good things of life which, despise them as some people will, still add charms to those who possess them! Above all, how happy her dear husband was! Angus Home's face was like the sun itself, during the days which followed Mr. Harman's confession. This sunshine with him had nothing to say to the altered and improved circumstances of his life; but it had a great deal to say to the altered circumstances of his mind. God had most significantly, most remarkably heard his prayer; He had given to him the soul for which he pleaded, and once so sinful, soul was safe. Mr. Home rejoiced over that redeemed soul as one who finds great spoil. Added love to God filled his grateful heart; his faith in God became more and more, day by day, a mighty power. Thus Charlotte Home was surrounded by as much sunshine as often visits a human being in this mortal life; yet still this unreasonable woman was discontented. The fact was, success had made her bold. She had obtained what her heart had pined for. She wanted another little drop

of bliss to complete her overflowing cup. Charlotte Home was unselfish in her joy. There was a shadow on another's brow. She wanted that shadow to depart; in short, she wanted Hinton and Charlotte to meet; not only to meet, but as quickly as possible to marry. Charlotte's heart was still with this lover whom she had given up, and who seemed to have forsaken her. Mrs. Home saw this, though on the subject of Hinton Charlotte still refused to speak. She said once, and only once to her friend: "We have parted, we have most absently parted. There is no use now looking back on the past; he must never share my disgrace. Yes, my dear and beloved father has repented nobly; but the disgrace remains. He must never share it. He sees the wisdom of this himself, so we will not speak of him, dear Charlotte; I can bear it best so."

This little speech was made with great firmness; but there was a strained look about the lips, and a sorrow about the eyes which Mrs. Home understood very well. She must not speak, but no one could prevent her acting. She resolved to leave no stone unturned to bring these two together again. In doing this she would act for the good of two whom she loved, for Hinton was also very dear to her. She could never forget those nights when he sat by the bed of her almost dying child. She could never forget the prompt interference which saved that child's life. She had learned enough of his character, during those few weeks which they had spent together, to feel sure that no disgrace such as Charlotte feared would influence him to cause her pain. It is true she could not in any measure account for his absence and his silence; but she was quite wise enough and clever enough to believe that both could be satisfactorily accounted for. She could, however, do nothing without seeing Hinton. How could she see him? She had written to his chambers, she had written to his lodgings; from both addresses had the letters been returned. She thought of advertising. She lay awake at night trying to devise some scheme. At last one night she had a dream; so far curious, in that it conducted her to the desired end. She dreamt that Hinton came to Waterloo station, not to remain in London, but to pass through to another part of England. There was nothing more in her dream; nevertheless, she resolved to go to that station on the next day. Her dream had not even pointed to any particular hour. She looked in Bradshaw, saw when a great express from the south was due, and started off on what might truly be called a wild-goose chase.

Nevertheless, instinct, if nothing higher, had guided Charlotte Home; for the first person she saw stepping out of a carriage of this very train was Hinton. She saw Hinton, he also saw her. "You must come with me," she said, going up to him and laying her hand on his arm. "You must come with me, and at once, for God hassent me to you." "But I cannot," he answered, "I am catching another train at Euston. I am going on special business to Scotland. It is important. I cannot put it off. I am ever so sorry; but I must jump into a cab at once." He held out his hand as he spoke.

Mrs. Home glanced into his face. His face was changed; it was pale and worn. There was a hard look about both eyes and mouth, which both altered and considerably spoiled his expression.

"I will not keep you if you still wish to go after hearing my story," answered Mrs. Home; "but there will be room for two in myansom. You do not object to my driving with you to Euston?"

Hinton could not say he objected to this, though in his heart he felt both annoyed and surprised. As they were driving along, Mrs. Home said: "Have you heard anything lately of Mr. Harman?"

To this Hinton replied, "I have not; and, pardon me, Mr. Harman does not interest me."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Home, "he interests me very much. He—he told my husband a strange tale—a tale about himself."

"Did he confess his guilt? I know that he is a very sinful man."

"He has been a great sinner, but he has repented. He has confessed that early and terrible sin of his youth. He has not only confessed, but he is taking steps to make full reparation."

"Indeed! then you will come into your rights? Let me congratulate you." "You knew of his sin? You knew what his sin was, Mr. Hinton?" "Yes, I knew." "Charlotte had honored to keep that disgrace from you?" "Ah!"

"She gave you another reason for breaking off her engagement." "Yes, a weak and futile one. She could not expect me to believe it. I did what she had but done before me. I went to Somerset House and saw that will which has been so greatly abused." "She never knew that." "Pardon me, she did." "I fear I must be rude enough to contradict you. She said most distinctly that you were fully satisfied with the reasons she had given for breaking off the engagement, that perhaps you might never now learn what her father had done."

Hinton looked at his companion in some perplexity. "But I wrote to her," he said. "I wrote a letter which it seemed to me, any woman who had a spark even of kindness would have answered. In that letter, I told her that I held her to her promise; that I knew all; that even if she did not write to me I would call and try to see her. She never replied to my letter, and when, after waiting for twenty-four hours, I went to the house she absolutely refused to see me." "She never knew you called," answered Mrs. Home, "and she never got your letter."

"Good heavens! how do you know?" "I know her too well; but I will ask her directly."

Hinton assented. After a sort of pause, Mrs. Home broke out passionately:

"How dare you insinuate doubts of so noble a creature?"

"I could only believe facts."

"Has a letter never gone astray? Has a letter never failed to reach the hands it was meant for? Mr. Hinton, I am ashamed of you."

"If you can prove that she never got it?" "I know she never got it. She's changed; her heart is half broken. But I will prove it. I will go to her at once. Are you still going to Scotland?" "I need not go until I hear from you. You have astonished me greatly."

"Then drive to my house. Ah! you do not know our new address; it is—; wait for me there, I will be with you in an hour or so."

CHAPTER LVIII.—JOHN.

Hinton went to Mrs. Home's house. The children were out, Mr. Home was not visible. Anne, now converted into a neat parlour-maid, received him with broad grins of pleasure. She ushered him into the pretty, newly-furnished drawing-room, and asked him to wait for her mistress.

"Missis'll be back afore long," she said, lingering a little to re-adjust the blinds, and half hoping, half suspecting, Hinton to make some surprised and approving remark on the changed circumstances of the Homes' surroundings.

He made none, however; and Anne, with a slight sigh, left him alone. When she did so he rose to his feet and began to pace quickly up and down the room. After a time, half an hour or so, he pulled out his watch. Yes, he had already lost that express to the north. A good piece of business would probably be also lost. But what matter! beyond ascertaining the fact that he had missed his train, he did not give the affair another thought. To tell the truth, his mind was agitated, his heart was full; hope once more peeped upon the horizon of his being. A month ago—for it was quite a month ago now—he had received as sharp and cruel a shock as falls on most men. Fortune, love and trust had all been dashed from the lips which were already so close to the charmed cup that its very flavor was apparent. The cup had never reached the lips of Hinton. Fortune was gone, love was gone; worst of all, yes, hardest of all, trust was gone. The ideal he had worshipped was but an ideal. The Charlotte he had loved was unworthy. She had rejected him, and cruelly. His letter was unanswered. He himself was refused admittance. Then his pride had risen in revolt. If she could so treat him, he would sue no longer. If she could so easily give him up, he would bow to her decision. She was not the Charlotte of

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