

house as that of Harman Brothers, might get bruited about. Thus it came to pass that there was no place where this wretched old man felt safe; it became more and more clear to him day by day that England was too hot to hold him. All these growing feelings culminated in a sudden accession of terror on the day that Charlotte, with her strangely changed face, had asked him the truth with regard to her father's case, when, with the persistence of almost despair, she had insisted on knowing the very worst; then had quickly followed the announcement that her marriage had been broken off by herself; that it was postponed, her father thought, simply for the short remaining span of his own life; but Charlotte had taken little pains to conceal from Uncle Jasper that she now never meant to marry Hinton. What was the reason of it all? Jasper Harman, too, as well as Hinton, was not deceived by the reason given. There was something more behind. What was that something more?

In his terror and perplexity, Jasper opened Hinton's letter. One sentence in that letter, never meant for him, burnt into the unhappy man as the very fire of hell.

"I went this morning to Somerset House, and I read your grandfather's will."

Then Jasper's worst fears had come true; the discovery was made; the hidden sin brought to the light, the sinners would be dragged any moment to punishment.

Jasper must leave England that very night. Never again could he enter his brother's house. He must fly; he must fly at once and in secret, for it would never do to take any one into his confidence. Jasper Harman had a hard and evil heart; he was naturally cold and unloving; but he had one affection, he did care for his brother. In mortal terror as he was, he could not leave that dying brother without bidding him good-bye.

John Harman had not gone to the City that day, and when Charlotte left the room, Jasper, first glancing at the grate to make sure that Hinton's letter was all reduced to ashes, stole, in his usual soft and gliding fashion, to John's study. He was pleased to see his brother there and alone.

"You are early back from the City, Jasper," said the elder brother.

"Yes; there was nothing to keep me this afternoon, so I did not stay."

The two old men exchanged a few more commonplace. They were now standing by the hearth. Suddenly John Harman, uttering a half-suppressed groan, resumed his seat.

"It is odd," he said, "how the insidious something which men call Death seems to grow nearer to me day by day. Now, as we stood together, I felt just a touch of the cold hand; the touch was but a feather weight, but any instant it will come down like a giant on its prey. It is terrible to stand as I do, looking into the face of Death; I mean it is terrible for one like me."

"You are getting morbid, John," said Jasper; "you always were given to look on the dismal. If you must die, as I suppose and fear you must, why don't you rouse yourself and enjoy life while you may?"

"To this John Harman made no answer. After a moment or two of silence, during which Jasper watched him nervously, he said,

"As you have come back so early from the City, can you give me two hours now? I have a great deal I wish to say to you."

"About the past?" questioned Jasper.

"About the past,"

Jasper Harman paused and hesitated; he knew well that he should never see his brother again; that this was his last request. But dare he stay? Two hours were very precious, and the avenger might even now be at the door. No; he could not waste time so precious in listening to an old, old tale.

"Will two hours this evening do equally well, John?"

"Yes; if you prefer it. I generally give the evening to Charlotte; but this evening if it suits you better."

"I will go now, then," said Jasper.

"Charlotte has told you of her resolve?"

"Yes, and I have spoken to her; but she is an obstinate minx."

"Do not call her so; it is because of her love for me. I am sorry that she will not marry at once; but it is not after all a long postponement, and it is, I own, a relief, not

to have to conceal my state of health from her."

"It is useless arguing with a woman," said Jasper. "Well, good-bye, John."

"Good-bye," said the elder Harman, in some surprise that Jasper's hand was held out to him.

Jasper's keen eyes looked hard into John's for a moment. He wrung the thin hand and left the room. He had left for ever the one human being he loved, and even in his throat was a lump caused by something else than fear. But in the street and well outside that luxurious home, his love sank out of sight and his fear returned; he must get out of England that very night, and he had much to do.

He pulled out his watch. Yes, there was still time. Hailing a passing hansom he jumped into it, and drove to his bank. There, to the astonishment of the cashier, he drew all the money he kept there. This amounted to some thousands. Jasper buttoned the precious notes into a pocket-book. Then he went to his lodgings and began the task of tearing up letters and papers which he feared might betray him. Hitherto, all through his life he had kept these things precious; but now they all went, even to his mother's portrait and the few letters she had written to him when a boy at school. Even he sighed as he cast these treasures into the fire and watched them being reduced to ashes; but though they had gone with him from place to place in Australia, and he had hoped never to part from them, he must give them up now; for, innocent as they looked, they might appeal against him. He must give up all the past, name and all, for he was not flying from the avengers, flying because of his sin! Oh! surely the way of transgressors was hard.

(To be Continued.)

ELSIE'S VICTORY.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

There was no light in Mrs. Henry's house, except in the dining-room; and thence a feeble ray issued from the almost tightly-closed blinds.

"There must be some one sick," Uncle Hugh said anxiously, as he stamped the snow from his heavy boots as lightly as possible, and then rapped at the side door.

"Oh, Uncle Hugh, I'm so glad to see you," Elsie Henry said, putting her arms around Uncle Hugh's neck the moment he crossed the threshold.

"What's the trouble, Puss? Any one sick?" he inquired, returning Elsie's caress.

"No one sick now. What made you ask?" Elsie asked soberly.

"Because the house is not lighted, and your face is so doleful, and you are sitting here alone in this forlorn dining-room."

"Oh, Uncle Hugh!" Elsie wailed.

"Well, my dear!" her uncle said questioningly, as he threw aside his coat and sat down in a large arm-chair.

"Do you wonder that my face is doleful, when you know that my darling sister is dead? And what do I care for the house being lighted, when I'm doing nothing but just sitting here, brooding and mourning over Ellen's death?"

"Surely I do not wonder at your doleful face, or your darkened house, if that is all. I had hoped better things of you," Uncle Hugh said tenderly.

"What had you hoped?" Elsie asked.

"I hoped that you would lean heavily on Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee'; I hoped that you would cheer your saddened mother, who has had so many crosses to bear that they have borne heavily upon her; hoped that you would brighten up the house,—not make the darkness more intense." Elsie looked up wistfully through eyes brimming full of tears, to ask: "How can one undertake to cheer another, when that one is depressed?"

"It is not so hard as one might think, if one resolutely goes to work to cheer. You may sob and mourn for Ellen; it is only the expression of a loving human heart; but it is not quite the right way, to sit down deliberately to brood and mourn. Remember, Elsie dear, that the sun still shines, and God reigns. It is hard for us to know, that we can never see Ellen's sweet face here; but is it not joy to feel sure that we will greet her again over there? I was thinking this evening of the Master's words, 'I gave my life for thee,' and of how little we could do in return. You have a grand opportunity of answering the Master's

question, 'What hast thou done for me?' You can say, 'I give up my sister willingly at Thy call. I will not be rebellious.' I will remember that although her work is finished, mine is not; and just now this seems to be, to bring sunshine into my home. Will you not try to feel this way, Elsie dear?"

Elsie could not answer then; she only sobbed; but when Uncle Hugh came in sight of his sister's house the next evening, he was answered to his satisfaction. There was a glimmer of light beckoning from the hall, and the large, comfortable sitting-room was brilliantly illuminated. Uncle Hugh rubbed his hands with delight, as he opened the door into the warm, pleasant room. Elsie met him with a smile; her face was no longer doleful, but full of peace.

"I fought a battle last night, Uncle Hugh. I conquered at last; but it was in the wee, sma' hours, before I won the victory," she whispered.

"Ah, my dear, thank God that you won," he answered heartily, looking about him at the sweet home picture,—Elsie's mother busy with some bright worsted work; Elsie's father sitting near her with a pleasant book in his hands; while all around were evidences of Elsie's loving thoughtfulness. The tea-rose in the vase upon the table, the dish of rosy apples near by, the slipper warming by the fireside, were all voices proclaiming victory. While Elsie ran up to her room for a little gift she had been preparing for Uncle Hugh, he remarked: "You look very peaceful and happy here."

"Yes, and we feel so. It has been so lonely for us all, since Ellen died. Elsie, poor child, grieved herself almost sick. We thought until to-day, that we had lost both of our daughters,—the house seemed like a tomb; but we've found our dear Elsie again,—brighter, nobler, sweeter, for her passage through the fire of affliction," Mrs. Henry said feelingly.

"I almost thought I had ventured into the wrong house to-day when I came home and found the sun streaming in through the windows, the bird singing for joy, and even my own Elsie actually singing me a greeting from the piano. But, thank God, it was my own house! Thank Him that we at last realize, that even behind a frowning providence God hides a smiling face."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that, if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned her face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting, and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a nice morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would!" said her mother.

The little hat and sash were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on this sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss which accompanied them were almost too much for the mother.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled, as she answered: "Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will

do him good too. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her.

She had made her mother happier, and had given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember, and act on her aunt's good word, "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*Baptist.*

PUZZLES.

LORD MACAULAY'S ENIGMA.

Cut off my head, and singular I am.
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear.
Cut off both head and tail, and, strange to say,

Although there's nothing left, there's something there.
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail cut off? A rushing river,
Within whose liquid depths I sportive play—
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever.

GHARADES.

1. I have no eyes, and yet my nose is long.
I have no mouth, and yet my breath is strong.

2. My friend and I from home did part
Of whom I had some way the start,
So on we ran 'on miles or more,
And I same distance as before;
Now tell me how that fact could be,
As I ran twice as fast as he?

ENIGMATIC AUTHORS.

1. To cause to waver, and a lance,
Names an English poet whose writing entrance.

2. A tool used by farmers, and a gum
Was a Greek poet highly esteemed by some.

3. The shaft of a column, and not well
Was a Latin poet few can excel.

4. An English river, and an enemy in war
Was a novelist whose works are much sought for.

5. An exclamation of teamsters and a briar
Was a writer of fiction whom many admire.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE.

A thrifty lady in a dress of (town in New South Wales), and carrying (one of the Sunda islands) fan, went out to buy a new set of (an empire in Asia). She had a desire to shine in (islands in the Pacific), and sent for her (mountain in Oregon) (a city in Idaho, a city in Georgia, and a city in Illinois) to aid in the selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from (a beautiful city in France), she bought plates from (a city in Prussia), and carved platters from the (mountains in Switzerland), she proceeded to order a supper. She bought (rain from Minnesota), (fruit from Spain and Italy), (fish from the Mediterranean), and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the (town in North of Scotland) of the candles troublesome. She called her servant (mountain in Scotland), and ordered him to bring her oil from (the sea on the east of Siberia). Her carpets were a (city in Belgium), her perfumes came from (a city on the Rhine), her curtains from (a town on the Trent), her coal from (a town on the Tyne), and her knives and forks from (two busy manufacturing towns of England).

MAGIC SQUARE.

Place the following figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, in three columns, in such a position that by adding them upward, or across or diagonally, they will make 15.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ENIGMATIC CHARADE.—Politician (Polly, Titian).
GHARADES.—Elder-tree (Aldr. Mouse Stone).

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS: 1. It never rains but it pours. 2. Evil be to him who evil thinks. 3. CHARADE.—Bib. body.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been received from J. D. Mills.