

rich relatives who had for years regarded her as their own, felt little sympathy for the brothers she had hardly known, and still less for the drunken father she had been taught to regard with loathing and abhorrence. If John Aylmer would have given up all care for his father, his grandfather and grandmother were willing to receive him at their house; but they refused all recognition of the ties which really bound them to him on any other basis. It was an extra drop in the sorrows that John Aylmer so keenly felt, that his grandfather's immense fortune which his sister used so freely for self-indulgence in her every whim, had been gained in that very brewery firm which was now merged into the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company,' Limited.

The National and Provincial Banking Company at Anyborough took daily copies of the London papers, as a matter of course. Where should the intelligence concerning the money market, the price of gold, the rates of consols, the share lists, all the various news from the city and from 'Change, be carefully studied, if not in the offices of bank managers?

Mr. Isaac, the manager, had the first reading of the papers, and very often he brought them himself into John Aylmer's office, and talked to him about the various items specially affecting them as bankers, which they contained. On the morning of that particular day, when the list of shareholders appeared, Mr. Isaac pointed out to John Aylmer in the 'Standard,' not that list, but the quotations of the share market, and said, rather sarcastically—

'Look there, Mr. Aylmer. What do you think of your temperance doctrines now? Who wouldn't be a shareholder in the 'Rara Avis?' They're actually quoting at 20. If 'tis a bubble, as some unbelievers imagined, it's a very pretty bubble, and it keeps up a long while. I shouldn't be sorry, if I had trusted it myself, and put in a few hundreds.'

John Aylmer shrugged his shoulders expressively.

'Of course, of course,' laughed Mr. Isaac. 'I know all about it; you are full of horror and pious indignation but you need not be. Your temperance men go in for large profits, even if it is from a brewery. Church clergymen and Methodist parsons, they're all in the same boat. They tell a man to-night to sign the pledge, and give up drinking beer, and to-morrow they clink in their pockets the profits of the beer-making. But it's poor policy; they'll bring down their profits if the fellows take their advice. Ha! ha!' and Mr. Isaac laughed heartily at what he regarded as a good joke indeed. He was a fresh-complexioned, well-featured man, but his expression was satirical, and his temperament naturally corresponded with his expression. His Jewish name led many to believe he was a Jew, spite of his lack of Jewish physiognomy; but he always expressed his own doubt of the fact, and frankly declared he was unable to trace his family for more than two generations, each of which claimed to be Gentiles. Mr. Isaac liked John Aylmer much more than the young man guessed; he admired his fearless avowal of Christian and temperance principles when occasion required and though he often sneered at his beliefs, he would have been sorry to see the young cashier less vigorous in maintaining them, or less genuine in his conviction of their truth. Mr. Isaac little guessed, however, the pain which his words gave the young man; John Aylmer had puzzled not a little at Mr. Lawrence's conduct, but he had never believed it could be so bad as this. He had been bitterly disappointed

about Mr. Adair; but Mr. Lawrence, the man to whose spiritual ministrations he had been not a little indebted; whom he had delighted to recognize as a fellow worker in a cause that was very dear to him, and which he regarded as increasingly important; a minister of Christ's Gospel of self-denial, who had always publicly identified himself with the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks; he, a shareholder in a brewery; he, take part in tempting men to their destruction; on one hand profit by their indulgence, and on the other denounce strong drink as a temptation of the devil, and warn men and women to flee from such an accursed article. It must be impossible that anyone could play such a double part; could spoil his influence by such a debasing greed for gain. And was he not Muriel's father? As he thought of the home life of the Lawrences, of the zeal of all of them in temperance work, of the high tone of the family circle, the pure, true mother, the honesty of the father seemed beyond suspicion. And yet—Mr. Isaac surely knew, or he would not have so spoken. Something of all these quickly-succeeding thoughts the manager saw, though John Aylmer was so silent, perhaps because he was so silent. He therefore turned about the paper in his hand, till he found the page he wanted, and pointed to the names of Mr. Adair and Mr. Lawrence, to justify his remarks.

'Will you believe me, now, Mr. Aylmer?' he said, as his thumb indicated, first one, and then the other, of the two ministers. 'I must,' replied John Aylmer, bitterly; 'but believe me, Mr. Isaac, I would rather have lost my right hand than have had to believe this grievous, this abominable thing.'

'Now, don't be foolish, man; those words are much too strong.'

And again Mr. Isaac laughed. Then, seeing the grave, pained look that was unmistakable on John Aylmer's face, he added, in a different tone—

'Don't put your unbounded confidence in any man, John Aylmer; for, if you do, you'll know what heartache is. Here I am gossiping over a trifle like this, when I should be writing letters of the utmost importance. Now dismiss the minister and all the teetotal fanaticism from your head, and tell me what you have done about Findlay.'

Bank business compelled John Aylmer's close attention for quite a long while, and although he knew what had happened, by the dull weight at his heart that refused to be lifted, he yet could not spare time to actively think over the matter.

What a difference in his life the fact that Mr. Lawrence was a shareholder in a brewery inevitably made!

When he left the bank for his lodgings he felt positively weak, as though he had received a blow. He had intended to spend a part of that evening at the Lawrences; Muriel, had promised to teach him a new song, but he gave up the idea, and decided that he would spend the evening in reading. But thought was too busy; with a book in his hand, which he was bent on mastering, he found himself asking what motive could possibly have been strong enough to make the Wesleyan minister act a part for the sake of gain? Either Mr. Lawrence had never been a teetotaler at all in principle, or else profit was more to him than his honor and his belief. Would he ever be able to show himself in the pulpit again? If he did, he for one could never listen to his sermons with profit or pleasure. In those hours of miserable communing with himself, John Aylmer doubted all he had formerly trusted; perhaps Mr. Lawrence and Muriel knew well

that these shares were purchased, and were content to have a portion of the 20 percent to procure what they desired. Yet Mrs. Lawrence's noble character, and the pure, innocent face of Muriel made him ashamed of himself for doubting them; surely their teetotalism was as genuine as his own.

Well, the least he could do was to hold himself aloof, to refrain from seeking their society, to show his disapproval of denouncing the drink, and at the same time making and selling it, as Mr. Lawrence had done. Had he? John Aylmer desired to be just, and he now reflected that Mr. Lawrence probably took those miserable shares in this 'Rara Avis Brewery Company' about the time that he had refused to take part in Mr. Cheer's mission, and since then he had done almost nothing for the temperance society in Anyborough, beyond paying his usual subscription. Chapel business had been his excuse, and it is certain that he had never been more actively engaged in his circuit than during the last twelve months.

Very drearily to John Aylmer the days passed on; he had never been so long without calling at the house of the minister, and no words could tell how he missed these social evenings he had hitherto enjoyed. He shrank from talking about Mr. Lawrence to anyone, and for that reason he stayed in his lodgings during his leisure hours as much as possible.

Then came the day for the issue of the 'Anyborough Weekly Chronicle.' He heard the boy ringing the bell in the street, and then, as was customary, he drew near, and knocked at the front door of his lodgings, and left a copy for him. His landlady brought it up to him before he had finished his tea, and left him to the undisturbed perusal of it. Almost the first paragraph that met his eye told him of the illness of the minister, and in another moment he saw what he knew he should see—a reference to Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Adair, in connection with the 'Rara Avis Brewery Company.' Everybody would get to know it now. But Mr. Lawrence was at least not callous. What trouble they must be in, and how coldly and cruelly he had acted!

There was a wondrous revulsion of feeling in the heart of John Aylmer.

(To be continued.)

The People Who Lived Under a Log.

(By Charles E. Jenney, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

'Searching carefully in the grass near the trunk of a tree, the prince at length espied a trap door which yielded to his touch, and descending he found himself in a great underground castle, where strange creatures—spry elves and ugly goblins—darted hither and thither.' So read the tale adorned by the lively imagination of the author. The whole truth of the matter is as follows: The prince was a barefoot boy after a supply of worms for a fishing trip. The trap door was nothing more than an old half-decayed log that had lain on its flat side for years; the opening of it was accomplished by rolling the log over; and the elves and goblins were the creeping and hopping things that scurried about for shelter when they found their roof lifted off.

You sniff your nose in disdain or disgust now that you know the plain facts of the case, you reader, who had expected to enjoy

The juvenile part of the 'Messenger' is continued on page 11.