

And so she appeared to be, for she talked to him so charmingly, and for a time absorbed him so completely that Lottie entered unobserved, and remained so a few moments. Then his eyes, that from the moment he gained composure had seemed in quest of something, lighted on her as she sat a little back of him, absorbed in her fancy work, apparently. He wanted to speak to her, and yet what could he say before them all.

The tell-tale colour was again in his face, and his wretched diffidence returned. Neither courtesy nor his heart would permit him to ignore her, and continue his conversation with Miss Martell. And yet it had seemed easier to go in a boat out among the ice, than to think of any proper way to recognize the presence of one, in whose eyes he had a morbid anxiety to appear well.

Lottie saw his dilemma, and while she too commenced blushing absurdly, would not help him, and her head bent lower than ever over her work.

"Serves him right," she thought. "It he had only met me in the hall, I might—well, I wouldn't have been an icicle."

At last Hemstead concluded that he could safely say, "good morning"; and he did so in a very awkward manner over his shoulder.

"Did you speak to me?" asked Lottie, as if suddenly aroused.

"Yes," he replied, under the painful necessity of repeating something that had sounded very flat in the first place, "I said Good-morning."

"Oh, excuse me. As it is so late I bid you good afternoon."

Her manner as well as her words so quenched poor Hemstead, that he did not venture another word; and thus Lottie and her "true knight" had the meeting to which, in remembrance of their parting, both had looked forward with strange thrills of expectation.

But in the light of their flaming cheeks, Miss Martell caught a glimpse of their hearts; and Mrs. Marchmont was again led to fear that more was going on than should be permitted by so good a manager as herself.

The dinner-bell soon brought welcome relief to all, breaking the spell of awkward constraint.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE TRIAL OF LOVE.

Miss Martell improved visibly, for a most depressing fear had been removed. Though Harcourt might not return her love, he had not proved himself unworthy of it, by unmanly regard for personal ease, if not by actual cowardice. It would also appear that more than general philanthropy must have spurred him on, or he could not have acted as if "beside himself."

The hungry heart will take even the crumbs of regard that fall from the hand which alone can satisfy. The thought that her old friend and playmate had been far from indifferent to her fate, was like a subtle exhilarating wine to Miss Martell.

Her rising spirits, and wish to show appreciation of Mrs. Marchmont's courtesy, made her as brilliant as beautiful at the dinner table, while Lottie, in contrast, was silent and depressed. The new-fledged little saint soon became conscious that for some reason she was very jealous and very envious—emotions for which she seldom had even imagined cause to cherish toward any of her sex.

Nor were Mrs. Marchmont and her daughter disposed to be very friendly and responsive to Miss Martell's genial mood; but the young lady was possessed of that strength of mind and high-bred courtesy which enabled her to ignore the weaknesses and infelicities of those around her, and to shine with her own pure light on all subjects alike.

Hemstead again was charmed with her—a fact that his frankness made plainly evident. Her bright thoughts elicited corresponding ones from him, and Lottie was reluctantly compelled to admit to herself that she had never before known Mrs. Marchmont's viands to be seasoned with Attic salt of such high flavour.

For the first time the proud and flattered belle felt, in the presence of another woman, a humiliating sense of her own inferiority. She clearly recognized that Miss Martell was far in advance of her. How could the student fail in being fascinated. Her mind was the equal of his in force, and as highly cultivated. They were congenial in their views and feelings, and of course she would be very grateful.

Lottie's manner had puzzled Hemstead greatly. He was even more disappointed than she had been over their prosaic meeting. In his honest modesty, broad eulogy from the others was exceedingly distasteful; and yet one of his chief incentives the evening before had been the hope of a welcome back from Lottie, in which her eyes, if not her tongue, would suggest the reward his heart craved. But he had said "good morning," and she a little coldly responded "good afternoon." Moreover, she was strangely silent and depressed. What could it mean, and what was the cause? That it was himself never entered his mind.

Her bearing toward De Forrest, which was anything but genial, finally led him to believe that she was again deeply mortified by her lover's lack of manhood, and she was depressed because of her relation to one who had failed so signally, the evening before, in those qualities that women must admire.

While lingering over the dessert, Mr. Martell's sleigh was announced.

"It was my purpose to send you home," exclaimed Mrs. Marchmont; "Indeed, I had ordered my horse to be at the door within half an hour."

"I appreciate your kindness," said Mr. Martell, "but after the heroic efforts of your amphibious coachman last night, I should feel guilty if we broke in upon his rest to-day."

"I'm glad you recognise his merit," said Hemstead quickly; "you owe far more to him than me;" and he launched out into the most hearty eulogy of the ex-mailor.

Then, for the first time, Lottie's old mirthful laugh was heard, as she said:

"Well, in one respect, Mr. Hemstead, you and the coachman are birds of a feather, and rare birds at that. He gives

you all the credit of the rescue, and you insist that you had nothing to do with it, but only went along for company, as it were. But I think we all surmised the truth, when you fainted from exhaustion at Miss Martell's feet. That was a very happy chance, and so it all turned out as well as any knight of old could have desired.

This sudden speech from Lottie bewildered Hemstead more than ever. What could she mean? But Miss Martell understood her better, and gave a keen thrust in return as she smilingly answered:

"With the only exception that Mr. Hemstead fainted at the feet of the wrong lady."

This unexpected retort threw both Hemstead and Lottie into disastrous confusion, which Mrs. Marchmont was not slow to observe, and which was not allayed by Mr. Dimmerly's cackling laugh, as he chuckled, "A well-flown arrow."

"Well," said Hemstead trying to laugh it off, "all I can say in self-defence is, that in either case my faint could not be spelled with an *c*. It was the first and I hope it will be the last time I ever do anything so melodramatic."

"Mr. Hemstead must be an ideal knight, as we learn from his phrase 'in either case,'" said Lottie. "He would have us believe that he is entirely impartial in his homage to our sex. And, now I think of it, he was more polite to old Aunt Lammer than ever he has been to me."

"Now Miss Marsden," said Hemstead, reproachfully, "you are again indulging in Orientalism."

"Certainly," chimed in De Forrest; "that sylph so filled his eye that she became his ideal, as you told us, Miss Lottie."

"I told you?" she answered in sudden annoyance; "your memory is better than mine."

Soon after, Mr. Martell and his daughter took their departure, with many sincere and graceful acknowledgments of the kindness they had received.

Many were the words of force and wisdom that Miss Martell had read and heard, but never had any made so profound an impression upon her as the vain vapourings of De Forrest, as he insisted on claiming all the credit he could for his action the evening before.

"Did he exaggerate?" she asked herself a hundred times, "when he said, 'It was well I was there; for Mr. Harcourt was beside himself, and was ready to venture out upon a plank to my aid?' I fear he did."

Her father surmised something of her thoughts, and said gently, "I fear we have done Mr. Harcourt injustice."

"Yes, father," she answered in a low tone, "I think we have."

"Well," he said, after a moment, "I never had a pleasant duty than the amends I purpose making. It cut me to the heart to think the son of my old friend had permitted a stranger to come to our rescue."

"I feel sure that Mr. Harcourt would have come also, had it been in his power," she said, with quiet emphasis.

"You always stood up for Tom," said her father, gently. But she made no answer.

Mr. Martell then questioned his coachman somewhat.

"Indeed, sir, we was all patty migh crazy when Mr. Harcourt druv in late last night and said you were safe. He told me to come over this morning and get your orders, and to have the house ready for ye's."

"Now that was considerate. I feel, my daughter, that we owe Mr. Harcourt an apology. Do you feel equal to entertaining him at supper?"

"I will try, father."

"Drive right on up town," said Mr. Martell, a little later, from the steps of his piazza, "and present my compliments to Mr. Harcourt, and ask him if he will favour us with his company at supper."

Alice gave him a shy, grateful glance, and then sought her room.

As she was unwrapping herself before her mirror, she noted that a pane of glass in the window near was badly cracked, and that the lace curtain above was torn partially from its fastening.

As her maid entered she asked how it happened.

The woman in evident confusion answered: "Indeed, miss, I meant to mend the curtain this morning, but I've not had me head straight since last evening."

"But how did it happen?" persisted Alice; "who could have been so rough and careless?"

"Well," said the maid hesitatingly, "it must have been Mr. Harcourt."

"Mr. Harcourt?"

"Well, you see, miss, he came last night to see you, for one of the girls said he asked for you, and when he found you was out on the river he just seemed beside himself. We was a lookin' out up stairs and when we first saw the light a-comin' up after the tide turned, and we screamed to him and the coachman, and Mr. Harcourt came up stairs like a gust o' wind. Your door stood open, and in he rushed in a way that I thought he'd break everything."

"There, that will do; I understand. You need not mend the curtain. You must be tired after your fright, and can rest awhile this afternoon, as I shall."

(To be continued.)

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE City of Glasgow bank liquidation has decided to call £2,250 on each £100 share.

A COLOSSAL bronze statue of Livingstone, 8 feet 6 inches high, has lately been unveiled in Glasgow.

DR. HOWARD CROSBY is to deliver the next course of lectures on preaching to the Yale Theological students.

DURING the recent religious interest in Baltimore the Orthodox Friends had daily meetings in their places of worship.

DURING 1878, 471 persons were saved from wrecks or from vessels in distress by the life-boats on the coast of Great Britain.

THE Grand Masonic Lodge of Italy has offered a prize of 2,500 lire for the best "moral treatise for children, to be used in schools in place of Roman Catholic Catechisms."

THIRTY thousand Durham miners are on a strike, which has been accompanied with serious riots. Near Consett, sixteen policemen protecting non-strikers were injured, and a house wrecked.

SOME of the Chinese students in the Williston Seminary at East Hampton, Mass., have organized a Chinese Christian Home Mission to raise money for the missions at home and for churches and schools.

THERE are four schools of theology in or near Chicago—Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist. Their student annually hold a social and religious union with the most ordinal good fellowship. This year the Methodists entertained the others.

By a recent order of Prince Bismarck all public works in Germany are to be executed exclusively by Germans, and with German material, except in the case of articles not produced in that country. Foreign architects are excluded from all competition.

It is reported that Dr. Dollinger, leader of the Old Catholics, is in correspondence with the Archbishop of Munich, who hopes to lead him back to the Church of Rome. Dr. Dollinger has been out of harmony with the Old Catholics since the Synod abolished compulsory celibacy of priests.

AN English writer, reviewing the facts of the war in South Africa, concludes that if the money which has already been spent in conquering the Zulus had been applied to their improvement, it would have civilized tens of thousands of them and made them a source of wealth to the colonies and to England also.

How profitable brewing ale and beer are in England, notwithstanding the hard times, may be inferred from the fact stated that the well known brewing firm of Bass & Co., recently divided among its eight partners \$2,100,000, the profits of a year's business. That accounts for a good deal of the suffering among the poor in England.

A STRANGE disaster has befallen English troops in Afghanistan. A squadron of the Tenth Hussars, comprising fifty men and the same number of horses, and one officer, in attempting to ford the Cabul river at night, were overpowered by the torrent and swept away. All are supposed to have drowned. Twenty corpses were recovered.

TWO notable Free Churchmen have lately died in Scotland, the Rev. Dr. William Symington, of Great Hamilton Street Church, Glasgow, who was a minister of the Reformed Presbyterian body before its union with the Free Church in 1876, and whose father was an eminent preacher in his time; and Mr. Robert Romanes, Edinburgh, whose work on denominational committees, and in connection with benevolent societies, was highly prized.

THE Regent-Square Presbyterian Church, of London, has had for many years a class of the blind. It began with twenty-four members, and has increased to 140 members. A staff of about forty ladies visits them weekly in their homes; medical advice is provided for them, as well as pecuniary assistance, whenever needed. Every Thursday evening they are entertained by lecture, concert, or readings. Most of the members are poor.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has issued an appeal for enlarged support, based upon the deficiency of its income. The deficit last year was \$75,000, and the reserve fund has been reduced to \$235,000. This state of things has resulted from the unusual drain upon the resources of the Society, during recent wars. During the Franco-German war, the cost of distribution among the soldiers was \$80,000 and in the Russo-Turkish war it was \$115,000. The need of larger contributions is stated to be imperative.

A PLEASING incident in connection with the Duke of Connaught's marriage was the presentation of a Bible to him by the Earl of Shaftesbury, on behalf of the Bible Society. The Bible was accompanied by an address, of which the following is an extract: "Believing as we do that the only source of all true happiness is revealed in the Word of God, we venture to ask your acceptance of the accompanying Bible, praying that its precepts may be your guide, and its promises your comfort, and that He of whom it testifies may be the light and the joy of your future home."

A SINGLE incident shows how the Reformed Episcopal Church in England is likely to profit by the dissensions of State Church parties. At Sidcup, Kent, an evangelical vicar died; the ministrations of his successor were not agreeable to a large number of the worshippers in the parish, who proceeded to erect another church building. The new building could not be used, however, for State Church worship as intended, without a license from the vicar. Such license was refused. The subscribers immediately adopted a resolution to make arrangements "for opening the church as a Reformed Episcopal church, under the jurisdiction and authority of the Right Rev. Bishop Gregg." The resolution was carried out, and the edifice consecrated February 14. And so Reformed Episcopalianism has been introduced into the Diocese of Canterbury, right under the eye of the primate.