

GO TO JESUS WITH ALL YOUR TROUBLES.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

What's the matter? Come, tell mamma,
She will wipe the tears away;
She will soothe, will pet, and fondle,
Words of sweetest comfort say.

Are you tired of learning lessons,
Do they seem too hard for you?
Worries in spelling long and tiresome,
Sums too difficult to do?

Are the towns and cities bigging
From your bright eyes' eager quest?
Cannot seas, and lakes, and rivers,
In their beds be found at rest?

Well, my child, with these your troubles,
I will tell you where to go:
The dear Lord will help you study,
Try, and you will find it so.

Go to Jesus with your "bothers,"
Never mind if they are small;
He will help you, he will bless you,
Only ask him, that is all.

Yes, take every tiny trouble
Right to Him who died for you,
You can never go too often
All your earthly journey through.
—Child's Paper.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND.

(L. T. Meade, in "Sunday Magazine.")

CHAPTER XXXIX.—PUZZLED.

The old Australian, Alexander Wilson, had left his niece, Charlotte Home, after his first interview with her, in a very disturbed state of mind. More disturbed indeed was he than by the news of his sister's death. He was a rich man now, having been successful in the land of his banishment, and having returned to his native land the possessor of a moderate fortune. He had never married, and he meant to live with Daisy and share his wealth with her. But in these day-dreams he had only thought of his money as giving some added comforts to his rich little sister, enabling her to have a house in London for the season, and while living in the country, to add more horses to her establishment and more conservatories to build and tend. His money should add luxuries and, consequently, to her comforts. He had never heard of this unfortunate sister for three-and-twenty years, the strange dislike to write home having grown upon him as time went on. But though he knew nothing about her, he many a time in his own wild and solitary life pictured her as he saw her last. Daisy never grew old to him. Death and Daisy were not connected. Daisy in his imagination was always young, always girlish, always fresh and beautiful. He saw her as he saw her last in her beautiful country home standing by her rich husband's side, looking more like his daughter than his wife. No; Sandy never dreamed that Daisy would or could die, but in thinking of her he believed her to be a widow. That husband, so old when he went away, must be dead.

On his arrival in England, Sandy went down into Hertfordshire. He visited the place where he had last seen his sister. It was in the hands of strangers—sold long ago. No one even remembered the name of Harman. Then he met little Daisy Home, and learned quite by accident that his Daisy was dead, and that the pretty child who reminded him of her was her grandchild. He went to visit Charlotte Home, and there made a fresh discovery. Had his Daisy been alive she would have wanted far more from his well-filled purse than horses and carriages. She would have needed not the luxuries of life, but the necessities. He had imagined her rich, while she had died in poverty. She had died poor, and her child, her only child, bore evident marks of having met face to face with the sorrest of all want, that which attacks the gently born. Her face, still young but sadly thin and worn, the very look in her eyes, told this fact to Sandy.

Yes; his pretty Daisy, whom he had imagined so rich, so beautifully provided for, had died a very poor and struggling woman. Doubtless this sad and dreadful fact had shortened her days. Doubtless but for this monstrous injustice she would be alive now,

ready to welcome her long-lost brother back to his native land.

All that night Sandy Wilson lay awake. He was a hale and hearty man, and seldom knew what it was to toss for any time on his pillow; but so shocked was he, that this night no repose would visit him. An injustice had been done, a fraud committed, and it remained for him to find out the evil thing, to drag it to the light, to set the wronged right once more. Charlotte Home was not at all the character he could best understand. She was not in the least like her mother. She told the tale of her wrongs with a strange and manifest reluctance. She believed that a fraud had been committed. She was fully persuaded that not her long-dead father but her living half-brothers were the guilty parties. In this belief Sandy most absolutely shared. He longed to drag these villains into the glaring light of justice, to expose them and their disgraceful secret to the shameful light of day. But in this longing he saw plainly that Charlotte did not share. He was puzzled, scarcely pleased that this was so. How differently little Daisy would have acted had she been alive! Dear little innocent Daisy, who all alone could do nothing, would in his strong presence have grown so brave and fearless. She would have put the case absolutely and once for all into his hands. Now this her daughter did not seem disposed to do. She said to him, with most manifest anxiety, "You will do nothing without me. You will do nothing until we meet again."

This he had promised readily enough, for what could he do in the short hours which must elapse between now and their next meeting? As he was dressing, however, on the following morning, a sudden idea did occur to him, and on this idea he resolved to act before he saw Charlotte at six o'clock in the evening. He would go to Somerset House and see Mr. Harman's will. What Daisy first, and now Charlotte, had never thought of doing during all these years he would do that very day. Thus he would gain certain and definite information. With this information it would be comparatively easy to know how best to act.

He went to Somerset House. He saw the will; he saw the greatness of the robbery committed, so many years ago; he saw and he felt a wild kind of almost savage delight in the fact that he could quickly and easily set the wrong right, for he was one of the trustees. He saw all this, and yet—and yet—he went away a very unhappy and perplexed man, for he had seen something else—he had seen a woman's agony and despair. Sandy Wilson possessed the very softest soul that had ever been put into a big body. He never could bear to see even a dog in pain. How then could he look at the face of this girl which, all in a moment, under his very eyes, had been blanched with agony? He could not bear it. He forgot his fierce longing for revenge, he forgot his niece Charlotte's wrongs, in this sudden and passionate desire to succor the other Charlotte, the daughter of the bad man who had robbed his own sister, his own niece; he became positively anxious that Miss Harman should not commit herself; he felt a nervous fear as each word dropped from her lips; he saw that she spoke in the extremity of despair. How could he stop the words which told too much? He was relieved when the thought occurred to him to ask her to meet him again—again when they were both calmer. She had consented, and he found himself advising her, as he would have advised his own dear daughter had he been lucky enough to have possessed one. He promised her that nothing, nothing should be done until they met again, and so afraid was he that, in his interview that evening with his niece, Mrs. Home, he might be tempted to drop some word which might betray ever so little that other Charlotte, that instead of going to Tremor's Road as he had intended, he wrote a note excusing himself and putting off his promised visit until the following evening.

CHAPTER XL.—CHARLOTTE'S PLEA.

When at last the time drew near for him to bend his steps in the direction of Somerset House he had by no means made up his mind how to act. His sympathies were still with Miss Harman. Her face had haunted him all night long; but he felt that every sense of justice, every sense of right, called upon him to befriend Mrs. Home. His dearly loved dead sister seemed to call to him from her grave and to ask him to

rescue those belonging to her, to give again to these wronged ones what was rightfully theirs. In any case, seeing the wrong as he so plainly did, he would have felt called upon to take his sister's part in the matter. But as circumstances now stood, even had Mrs. Home been no relation to him whatever, he still must have acted for her and her alone. For was he not the other trustee? and did not the very law of the land of his birth demand that he should see that the terms of the will were carried out?

He arrived at the square of Somerset House, and found Miss Harman waiting for him.

She came up to him at once and held out her hand. His quick eye detected at a glance that she was now quite calm and collected, that whatever she might have done in the first agony of her despair yesterday, to-day she would do nothing to betray herself. Strange to say, he liked her far less well in this mood than he had done yesterday, and his heart and inclination veered round again to his wronged niece and her children with a sense of pleasure and almost triumph.

They began to walk up and down, and Miss Harman, finding that her companion was silent, was the first to speak.

"You asked me to meet you here to-day. What do you want to say to me?"

"Good heavens! was she going to ride the high horse over him in this style? Sandy's small eyes almost flashed as he turned to look at her.

"A monstrous wrong has been done, Miss Harman," he answered, "I have come to talk about that."

"I know," replied Charlotte. "I have thought it all out. I know exactly what has been done. My grandfather died and left a sum of twelve hundred a year to my—his wife. He left other moneys to my father and his brother. My father and his brother, my uncle, disregarded the claims of the widow and the orphan child. They appropriated the money—they stole it—giving to my grandfather's widow a small sum during her life, which small sum they did not even allow to be retained by her child."

"That is pretty much the case, young lady. You have read the will with tolerable accuracy."

"I do not know how in the least the deed was done," continued Charlotte. "How such a crime could be committed and yet lie hidden all these years remains a terrible and mysterious thing to me. But that it was done, I can but use my own eyes in reading my grandfather's will to see."

"It was done easily enough, Miss Harman. They thought the other trustee was dead. Your father and his brother were false to their trust, and they never reckoned that Sandy Wilson would come back all alive and blooming one fine morning—Sandy, whose duty it is to see this great wrong put right."

"Yes, it is your duty," said Charlotte; and now again, she grew very white; her eyes sought the ground, and she was silent.

"It is my most plain duty," repeated Wilson, shuffling with his great feet as he walked by her side.

"I should like to know what steps you mean to take," continued Charlotte, suddenly raising her eyes to his face.

"Steps! Good gracious! young lady, I have not had time to go into the law of the thing. Besides, I promised to do nothing until we met again. But one thing is plain enough and obvious enough—my niece, that young woman who might have been rich, but who is so poor—that young woman must come in for her own again. It is three-and-twenty years since her father died. She must receive from your father that money with all back interest for the last three-and-twenty years. That means a goodish bit of money, I can tell you."

"I have no doubt it does," replied Charlotte. "Mrs. Home shall have it all."

"Well, I hope so, young lady; and soon, too. It seems to me she has had her share of poverty."

"She has had, as you say, her share of that evil. Mr. Wilson," again raising her eyes to his face, "I know Mrs. Home."

"You know her? You know my niece Charlotte personally? She did not tell me that."

"Yes, I know her. I should like to see her now."

"You would!—I am surprised! Why?—That I might go down on my knees to her."

"Well, good gracious! young lady, I suppose you might feel sorry, but I did not know you would humble yourself to that extent. It was not your sin."

"Hush! It was your father's sin. I am his child. I would go lower than my knees—I would lie on the ground that she might walk over me, if the better in that position I might plead for mercy."

"For mercy? Ay, that's all very well, but Charlotte must have her rights. Sandy Wilson must see to that."

"She shall have her rights! And yet I would see her if I could, and if I saw her I would go on my knees and plead for mercy."

"I don't understand you, Miss Harman."

"I do not suppose you do. Will you have patience with me while I explain myself?"

"I have come here to talk to you and to listen to you," said Wilson.

"Sir, I must tell you of my father, that man whom you (and I do not wonder) consider so bad—so low! When I read that will yesterday—when I saw with my own eyes what a fraud had been committed, what a great, great evil had been done, I felt in my first fury that I almost hated my father! I said to myself, 'Let him be punished!' I would have helped you then to bring him to punishment. I think you saw that?"

"I did, Miss Harman. I can see as far through a stone wall as most people. I saw that you were a bit stunned, and I thought it but fair that you should have time to calm down."

"You were kind to me. You acted as a good man and a gentleman. Then I scarcely cared what happened to my father; now I do."

"Ay, ay, young lady, natural feelings must return. I am very sorry for you."

"Mr. Wilson, I hope to make you yet more sorry. I must tell you more. When I saw you yesterday I knew that my father was ill—I knew that he was in appearance an old man, a broken down man, a very unhappy man; but since I saw you yesterday I have learned that he is a dying man—that old man against whom I hardened my heart so yesterday is going fast to judgment. The knowledge of this was kept from me, for my father so loved me, so guarded me all my life that he could not bear that even a pin's point of sorrow should rest upon me. After seeing you yesterday, and leaving you, I visited some poor people, who, not knowing that the truth was hidden from me, spoke of it as a well-known fact. I went away from them with my eyes opened. I only wondered they had been closed so long. I went away, and this morning I did more. I visited one of the greatest and cleverest doctors in London. This doctor my father, unknown to me, had for some time consulted. I asked him for his candid opinion on my father's case. He gave it to me. Nothing can save my father. My father must die! But he told me more; he said that the nature of his complaint was such that any shock must instantly kill him. He said without that shock he may live for months; not many months, but still for a few. Hearing this, I took the doctor still further into my confidence. I told him that a wrong had been committed—that during my father's lifetime that wrong could not be set right without his knowledge. I said that he must know something which would disgrace him. His answer was this: 'As his medical man, I forbid him to know; such a knowledge will cause certain and instant death.'

Charlotte paused. Wilson, now deeply interested, even appalled, was gazing at her earnestly.

"I know Charlotte Home," continued Miss Harman; "and, as I said just now, I would see her now. Yes, she has needed money; she has longed for money; she has been cruelly wronged—most cruelly treated! Still, I think, if I pleaded long enough and hard enough, she would have mercy; she would not hurry that old man to so swift a judgment; she would spare him for those few, few months to which his life is now limited. It is for those months I plead. He is a dying man. I want nothing to be done during those months. Afterwards—afterwards I will promise, I will if necessary sign any legal paper you bring to me, that all that should have been hers shall be Char-

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