

and Lottie grew pale and quiet, feeling, in the meantime, an unreasonable resentment toward Miss Martell. If Lottie has received a little grace, she is, and ever will be, the natural possessor of abundance of human nature. Is this pale and silent girl the same as when, a little before, her cheeks were aflame and every nerve tingling with the most unwonted sensations, and for no better reason apparently than that Hemstead had seen her tugging at a fibrous spray of hemlock, and had severed it with his knife. That was all the others had seen; but there was a great deal more, for in the act their hands had touched, and both had seemed in a positive state in the power to give, and in the negative in readiness to receive, a subtle influence, compared with which electricity is a slow and material agent. And he had lifted his large gray eyes to hers full of—he did not realize what, nor did she—but the cause was there, and the effect followed.

But now, with secret uneasiness, Lottie notes that he seems oblivious of her in his eager talk with Miss Martell. Soon after joining the latter, Hemstead had said, in his straightforward manner, "You intimated to Mr. Harcourt yesterday that you were 'sorry he heard my sermon.'"

With a little embarrassment she replied, "I do not think that Mr. Harcourt was in the right condition of mind to be benefited with your line of thought."

"Do you think any one could be benefited by it?"

She was a little puzzled. Was he, like some young clergymen she had known, eager for a few crumbs of praise for his crude efforts. She was not one to give any faint and hollow commendation, and yet she did not wish to hurt his feelings. But her reply had a tinge of satire in it, for she had no patience with the weakness of vanity.

"I will hardly venture an opinion. You, who have given so much time and thought to these subjects, ought to be a better judge than I."

He felt, rather than saw, the delicate barb, and flushed slightly, "I admit that perhaps I ought, but whether I am or not, is quite another question. I am quite sure that your views upon the subjects treated yesterday are far truer than mine were. The wretched, heretical sermon that I inflicted upon you yesterday has already justly suffered an *auto da fe*. Before the day was over I saw that instead of preaching the Gospel I had been elaborating from a partial premise, a crude view of my own. I shall no longer preach, that is, if I preach at all, as if human nature were the raw material which God intended to work upon without any regard to the process, or how much refuse there was, or what became of it. Is not Jesus weeping from sympathy at the grave of Lazarus a true manifestation of God's feeling toward us?"

"Mr. Hemstead," Miss Martell exclaimed, "I cannot tell you how glad I am to know your change of views. Most emphatically I say Yes to your question. God is seeking to develop my character; only He is more patient and gentle than my good, kind father. But why do you say, 'If I preach at all'?"

His head bowed in honest humility, as he replied, in a low tone, "I often doubt whether I am worthy—whether I am called."

She now saw that she had misjudged him, and was eager to reassure and confirm his purpose for life; and the converse that followed had grown so absorbing as to cause Hemstead to forget for the time one, who by some right, divine or otherwise, had suddenly taken possession of his thoughts with a despotism as sweet as absolute. They soon found that so far from being strangers and aliens, they were members of the same household of faith, and that, upon the deepest and most vital questions, they were in perfect accord. "The tie that binds our hearts in Christian love" was recognized; and they became better acquainted in that brief half hour, than he ever would be with Bel Marton, whom he saw daily.

But while Miss Martell was speaking most earnestly to Hemstead, she saw one enter the chapel door. Her colour came and went. The sentence upon her lips faltered to a lame conclusion, and though she became deeply absorbed in the process of twining the fragrant cedar with the shiny laurel, she did not work as deftly as before. Looking round to see the cause, Hemstead caught one of Lottie's reproachful glances, and was soon at her side with a sense of almost guilty neglect.

Addie Marchmont found work of any kind, even preparation for the Christmas festival, stupid and tiresome; therefore she welcomed the diversion of Harcourt's coming with double zest; and with extravagant exclamations of delight summoned him to her side. Miss Martell stood at some distance away, and had turned her back toward them. Harcourt did not see her at first, but the quest of his restless eyes indicated his hope that she was there. In the meantime he laughed and jested with Addie, in something of his old time style.

Lottie Marsden, like many of her young American sisters, could be decidedly pronounced at times, but a certain amount of grace and good taste characterized her manner. Addie had never been taught restraint of any kind, and to her a church was just the place for a little wild nonsense, and all present were compelled to feel that both her words and manner were beyond the limit of good taste, to say the least. To Harcourt, in his present state of mind, they were so annoying as to be almost offensive, and thinking that Miss Martell was not present, he was about to leave the church in order to escape.

But Miss Martell, with her back toward them, could not know but that Harcourt was encouraging Addie, and that her freedom with him was warranted by their relations.

"I have an engagement," said Harcourt abruptly; and he was about to hasten away, when between intervening groups his eye caught a glimpse of a figure rising for a moment out of one of the high-backed pews, that suggested to him the object of his thoughts. As he stepped over to speak to Lottie, his eye lingered in that direction. Instead of going directly out, he strolled to the farther end of the audience room, speaking and bowing to one and another, but not permitting his eyes to wander long from the bent figure of a lady who sat with her back toward him, apparently wholly absorbed in wreathing evergreens.

She felt that he was coming toward her—she heard his

voice, and soon knew that his eyes were scanning her down-cast face, but she would not look up till he spoke.

"Won't you deign me even a glance, Miss Martell?" he asked.

The colour deepened somewhat in her cheeks, but she looked him full in the face, and said quietly:

"Why use the word 'deign' Mr. Harcourt?"

"I suppose because my conscience suggests that from you I deserve glances of dis-dain."

"Such glances are not becoming from any one, and certainly not from me. Besides," she added, a little bitterly, at the thought of such a brainless, frivolous girl as Addie Marchmont enchaining a man like Harcourt, "people do not get their deserts in this world."

"You certainly will not."

"How is that?" she asked quickly, not taking his meaning.

"The world is not rich enough to give it to you."

Her brow contracted into a sudden frown, and she said, a trifle coldly, "I do not enjoy that style of compliment, Mr. Harcourt."

"Is there any that you do enjoy?"

Her head bent over her work; her thoughts were swift and many, and in the quiet moment that Harcourt waited for an answer to his commonplace question, she fought and won a battle which, if never known on earth, would never be forgotten in heaven.

For the victors in such battles, the brightest crowns of glory are reserved.

She mastered self and selfishness, in the very citadel of their strength. Fierce though brief was the struggle that took place beneath that gentle, calm exterior, for the human heart is ever the same—wilful, passionate. With many it is often like the wild storm that will spend itself to the end, no matter how much wreck and ruin is wrought. With such as Miss Martell, it is like the storm which, at its height, heard the words of the Divine Master—"Peace, be still."

"Let him marry Addie Marchmont if he will," she concluded. "I will be kind and gentle to him all the same, and cost me what it may, I will see him, and seek to make him a true, good man."

So with woman's tact she turned his question which savoured only of sentimental gallantry, to good account, and said quietly:

"You know the only 'style of compliment' that I like, and you enriched me with it at Mrs. Byrnes's company—the promise that you made me."

Harcourt sighed involuntarily. She seemed too angelic—too far above and beyond him. As with a ministering spirit from heaven, her only thought was to win him from evil. Her face was pale from the hidden conflict which had cost her more dearly than he would ever know. Her eyes beamed on him with a gentle, yet sweet, strange, spiritual light. She scarcely appeared flesh and blood. But he was very human, and his heart craved from her human love and earthly solace. Though now, as at other times, this seemed as presumptuous to him as if some devotee had sacrilegiously fallen in love with his fair patron saint, still he felt a sudden and strong irritation, that they should be so far apart.

She misunderstood his sigh, and added, "Am I a hard task-mistress?"

He shook his head, but there was dejection in his tone as he replied, "There have been many forms of idolatry in the world, but I have thought that those who worshipped the stars must have become a little discouraged at times—they are so far off."

Her face had the pained expression of one misunderstood, but who cannot well explain. She said only: "Idolatry is ever profitless." She meant to hint, he thought that his worship of her certainly would be.

He was chilled at heart. His quick, impetuous spirit prompted him toward recklessness; she saw that he was about to leave abruptly. As she played to win him, not for herself, but heaven, she saw that she had made a mistaken move, though she could not understand his manner. In her maidenly pride and delicacy, she would have let him go if she had thought only of herself; but conscious of her other motive, she could seek to detain him and asked:

"What did you mean, Mr. Harcourt, by your fanciful allusion to star worship?"

"I meant," he added bitterly, "that to ordinary flesh and blood, kneeling in the cold before a distant star, be it ever so bright, is rather chilling and discouraging. The Greeks were shrewder. They had goddesses, with warm, helping hands, and with a little sympathetic human imperfection."

It hurt her cruelly that he so misjudged her; and in her confusion, she again said that which he interpreted wrongly.

"It is folly, then, to worship anything so cold and distant." She was about to add plainly, "I am neither a star nor a goddess, but a sincere human friend—human as yourself." She was about to make some delicate allusion to the time when he often sought her sisterly advice.

But he, in the blindness of strong feeling, saw in her words only rebuke for the presumption of his love, and he harshly interrupted her.

"No doubt it is, but let me remind you of a fact often true in missionary experience. After the poor devils have been bereft of the objects of their fond and credulous worship, by proof that their deities are indifferent, they cease to have any faith at all; and with a cold and formal bow he left her side and also left the church.

Miss Martell's head bent lower than ever over her work, and it was a long time before she lifted it or spoke to any one. But the others were occupied with themselves, and no one noted this little scene save Addie, who pouted that Harcourt had remained, but not at her side, after his expressed intention of leaving. No one surmised that two who had been present were sorely hurt. When we receive our slight cuts and bruises through life, there is usually out-cry and abundant sympathy. But when we receive our deep wounds that leave scars, often only God knows; and is best so, for He can heal, but the world can only probe.

(To be continued.)

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

GENERAL LITCHFIELD, the United States Consul at Calcutta, is President of its Y. M. C. A.

DEAN STANLEY has been lecturing on John Milton in Westminster chapel, London.

THE work of restoring St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, is proceeding successfully.

ST. LOUIS invites the American Evangelical Alliance to hold its meeting there next October.

THE Quakers of Philadelphia have been proposing measures for the formation of settlements in the west.

PROTESTANT ministers in Ireland, as a rule, oppose the project of endowing a Catholic university by the State.

REV. W. FRATER, who has been an English Wesleyan preacher for 75 years, died February 21, at the advanced age of 102.

THE United Presbyterian Board (U. S.) of Missions has sent to its mission in Egypt, Miss Bella Strang, who is but seventeen years old.

ALL the cotton grown in North Carolina will not pay her liquor bill, which amounts to \$8,500,900 a year, by more than a million dollars.

NAPLES, Italy, has a Y. M. C. A., organized with over 40 members, chiefly with reference to the English-speaking young men and visitors.

A SON of the martyr, John Williams, of Lromanga, Rev. S. Tamatoa William, has been lecturing in London, on the "South Sea Islands."

MRS. RANYARD, who originated the work of Bible Women in London, giving it the expressive title of the Missing Link, died at that city Feb. 12.

LORD LAYTON, Viceroy of India, telegraphs that there is no apprehension for failure of the crops in the Punjab. Prices are high, but a famine is not apprehended.

It is now asserted that the plague which caused so much excitement in Russia has entirely disappeared, but the physicians still advise precautionary measures in the infected districts.

It is stated as a fact, that among 10,000 Fijians there is not a house without family worship. The *United Presbyterian* pertinently says this is more than can be said of any 10,000 Christians of America.

MARASH, in Central Turkey, has a Y. M. C. A. of 114 members, with a library of 137 Turkish, American and English books, and with Committees who are earnest and vigilant in personal religious work.

THE beautiful village of Meiringen, one of the most picturesque in the Bernese Alps, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire, a third of its 2,800 inhabitants having lost their homes and all their property.

M. EUGENE REVELLAUD, the distinguished French journalist, whose remarkable conversion from Romanism has excited so much interest, expresses the opinion that France will become Protestant within forty years.

It is reported from Russia that there is unusual activity among the revolutionary classes. They are growing bolder all the while, and notwithstanding the rigid and microscopic supervision of the police, are propagating their principles.

THE latest adaptation of the telegraph is to a writing machine made by Mr. E. A. Cowper, an English engineer. By it while moving his pen in London another pen in Brighton simultaneously moved and wrote in precisely the same characters.

A TENNESSEE Presbyterian minister has been honoured by a resolution of censure passed by the state legislature for daring to reprove, in a sermon he preached before them, the attempts for repudiating the state debt. The resolution was afterwards reconsidered.

ELIHU BURRITT, "the learned blacksmith," died at New Britain, Conn., on the 6th inst. Mr. Burritt mastered one or more of the foreign languages while working at his trade, that of a blacksmith. He was a man of considerable learning, of noble character, and had lived a useful life.

It is quite significant of a marked change in France that Mr. Alexander, the Superintendent of the Crystal Palace Bible Stand at the Paris Exposition, has been decorated by M. Bardoux, Minister of Public Worship and Education, with the University degree of *Officier de l'Instruction Publique*.

THE Peabody Donation Fund in London, by the 14th annual report of the trustees, amounts to £699,135 of which \$540,945 has been expended. By it 6,170 rooms have been provided for the artisan and labouring poor of that city, comprising 2,345 separate dwellings, occupied by 9,860 persons. The average weekly rent of each dwelling is 4s. 4d.

THE Edinburgh U. P. Presbytery has decided that in future at the ordination of ministers, it shall be necessary only for the moderator of the Presbytery to lay his hands on the head of the new minister. Only a limited number of ministers can form the radii of the circle of which the minister's head is the centre, and some are bound to be excluded. If imposition of hands by the whole Presbytery be necessary, it is physically impossible. The U. P. Presbytery of Edinburgh have recognized this, and have made the imposition of the moderator's hands alone necessary.

THE Afghan ambassadors have received news that Yakoub Khan has been proclaimed Ameer of Cabul. A message from Yakoub Khan, dated Cabul, the 13th of February, says that two English battalions, supposed to be about eleven hundred men, had been completely defeated and pursued by the Elji tribes in the Akosta Valley, where the English had already established an administration of their own. He says that the British troops also sustained a severe defeat at Lagno Fort at the foot of the Khonak Mountains, and sixty miles south of Ganni. This fort was taken by the Elji after a severe fight, and the English Governor, bound with ropes, was carried in triumph to Cabul. This fort is an important post.