# Choice Titerature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. P. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," ONE LIVE ONLY," RTG.

CHAPTER XXVII. Sally, the red-checked housemaid of Chiverley Rectory, had one great virtue to which possibly her healthy complexion might be attributed; she was an early riser; and on the following morning, even the summer dawn-so swiftly overtaking night-had renres filled the sky with erimson light, when she was already to be seen on her hands and knees, busily engaged in cleaning the steps at the front In the course of this operation she was suddenly startled by hearing a step coming along the hall at that untimely hour, when, generally speaking, all the inmates of the house were burned in slumber. She looked up, to see Mr. Pemberton, with a face almost livid in its pale-ness, and with dark lines under the eyes that ovidently had been sleepless all night; he had a travelling bag in his hand; and Sally rose to her feet feeling terrified, see searce knew why; he had always been civil and kind to her, and she had a great respect for him, and felt pained to see how dismally ill he was looking.

"I hoped to find you here, Sally," he said; "I want you to do me a service. Will you tell Mr. Wyndham from me that I have been obliged to go away very suddenly, and that I will write to him fully on the subject in a day or two? My luggage is all ready packed in my room, I should be much obliged would have it sent to the station by the carrier. Good-bye, Sally, I wish you well i" and he gave her a piece of gold, which she almost dropped in her dis-

may. "Dear heart, Mr. Pemberton!" she exclaimed; "surely you are not going away for good, you as has been one of the family, so to speak, for such a time: the house would seem quite strange without

you."
"Yes, Sally, for good or for evil, I am going right away; no one will ever see me here any more!" and shaking her rough hand, he went past her down the steps, through the shrubbery to the gate, and then took the road that led direct to the station. It was a lovely morning, with exquisite freshness in the air, and with exquisite freshness in the air, and dewdrops glittering on every blade of geass; but John Pemberton walked with his head bent, feeling unworthy so much as to raise his eyes to the pure cloudless sky, for he counted himself nothing less than a resignal from the true fealty and devation he had once yourd in every size. devotion he had once vowed in such sin-cerity to his crucified Lord. "I will arise and go to my Father!" he had said to himself that night, when all the piteous record of his faithleseness seemed to have been rolled out before him; but he did not feel that he could dare approach even to that most merciful God, until, by some hard service, some sharp discipline, he had proved himself now to be sincere, with a deathless truth, which no human hand could touch or mar. The first step assuredly was to put away from himself for ever the sight of that face whose bewitching beauty had beguiled him to such fatal loss; and though he knew it would be like loss; and though he knew it would be the tearing as under the very heartstrings to leave the roof which sheltered Laura, he resolved that the morning sun should not find him still within the walls of her home. Like Lot fleeing from the city on which the vengance of God had been denounced, John Pemberton went his way for the last time from Chiverley; but the thought that bowed his head with shame, and held back his soul when it would have risen in swift progress to God, was the bitter knowledge that he only left Laura now when she was already lost to him, that it was to late for him to make the sacrifice of her love for the dear Lord's sake; he had been put to the test, and failed, and never more perhaps would the opportunity be given him of making a worthy sacrifice to the cause of his Divine Master. Thankful he might be, and was, that the strong hand of his God had plucked him eut of the snare in which his feet were set, and flung him down, wounded and bleeding, where he was free to turn once more to holiness and truth; but the power to give the first fruits of his young heart freely to his Master was gone beyond re-call, for they had all been lavished on one who was false to her God as she had been to him. And so it was that on this fair summer morning John Pemberton walked away from that fatal house, heart-stricken and ashamed, with all the beauty and glory of his life reft from him for ever by the selfish cruelty of a heartless and designing woman. Well for him that He who bade us forgive until seventy times seven is ever watching for the wandering son's return, and, a thousandfold more merciful than man, is ready to crown his faintest aspirations with a love that cannot deceive or fail.

Sally delivered her message to Mr. Sally celivered her message to Mr. Wyndham when the lamily were sented round the breakfast-table, which he received in bland astonishment. He was too apathetic and depressed ever to take note of what was going on in his house-hold, and he did not in the slightest degree connect John Pemberton's unexpected flight with Laura's natended marriage. His wife, woman like, was quicker witted, and she said, with unutual energy, "I do hope John Pemberton has not left us altogether; we cannot affort to lose a

pupil."

Bertrand, meanwhile, was looking at Lurline with no very pleasure expersion of face. He had never been able to divest himself thoroughly of an uneasy suspicion that she had not dealt fairly with the young man, whom she chose to call her brother; and as he glanced from her to Mary's sweet, pure face, he could not help reflecting how impossible it would have been for him ever to have had such a suspicion of her. So soon as breakfast was over he drew Lurline out into the garden slone with him.

"Tell me flo truth, Lurline," he said, with much greater sternness of tone than had ever been used to her before; "can you assure me that your past conduct with John Pemberton has had no share in his auddon departure

"Oh, you darling Bertrard!" she exclaimed, flinging herself upon his arm in the most caressing manner, and clasping both her hands round his, "can you not understand that the poor fellow loved ro too tenderly, whether as a brother or not, to be able to see me with complessions. to be able to see me with complacency wholly monopolised by you. I dare say he was afraid he would not always be as cordial to you as he would wish to be to my future husband, so he thought it best to go away for a time, till he got accoustomed to the change. I think he was quite right, and I am very glad we shall

have no one to disturb us."

"But would he have felt thus if you had not at some time given him hope? I must know, Laura

"You know that I told him he should be my adopted brother, you do not call that giving him hope, I suppose? I think it is very hard, Bertrand, added Laura, with a movement of her bright eyes, as if she were winking tears off their long lashes, where, however, no moisture was to be seen; "I have told you that I never loved any one in this world till I saw you, and I think that ought to be enough for you, it is not my fault if other people loved her more than I wished; why do you blame me for it?"

Her aggrieved tone touched Bertrand's chivalrous nature at once, and he was too completely enthralled by her to retain even the lightest suspicion against her after her denial, so in a very few minutes John Pemberton was as entirely forgotten by them both as if he had never existed and it was not long before his name ceased to be ever heard at Chiverley Rectory. Two days after his departure there arrived a letter from him to Mr Wynd ham, enclosing a year's payment in advance of the sum for which he was received as pupil, and merely saying that circumstances had obliged him to alter his plans for the future, so he should be unable to return to the Rectory. He then thanked Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham for their kindness, and begged to be remembered by Miss Trevelyan. He was too honest to speak of Laura as a mere ordinary acquaintance, so he did not mention her as all: and as his letter was read out by Mr. Wyndham before Bertrand Lisle, she Perhaps the only person who thought of poor John Pemberton with regret, or with anything like appreciation of the misory that had fallen upon him, was Mary Trevelvan, for she remembered what Charlie Davenant had prophesied of the fatal result of his love for the Lorelei. was becoming almost impossible for her to believe now in Laura's goodness and truth as she had done so long; the reality of her selfishness and intriguing disposi tion was beginning to force itself even apon her pure mind as an unmistakable certainty, and one of the sharpest pangs she had to endure in the dreary days that proceeded Bertrand's departure was in the growing conviction that he—to win whose happiness she would willingly have diedwas about to join his fate to one who was in no sense worthy of him, and therefore but too likely to cause him dissappointment and distress. Terrible days these were indeed for poor Mary; she had steeled herself to endure them without taking flight, as John Pemberton had done, lest she should betray her real feelings, but she found them very hard to bear. Laura was absolutely determined that Bertrand Lisle should not leave Ohiver-ley ill every arrangement for their speedy marriage had been made, and all day long Mary was doomed to her discussions on this subject, and to listen to Lurline's ex-ulting plans for spending their honeymoon in Paris, as being the place where she could have the most unceasing amusement. There was some little difficuly in fixing the time of the wedding, as Bertrand was uncertain when he could get leave, but after some correspondence with the Foreign Office he found he could be allowed two or three weeks in September for this special purpose, provided he re-turned at once to his post. He determined therefore to leave Chiverley the morning after the receipt of this letter, which had settled all their plans so definitely that there was no longer any occasion for his remaining. And so it was on just so fair a morning as that which had witnessed his arrival, Mary Trevelyan rose from her sleepless bed to the full consciousness that the visit from which she had anticipated such unutterable joy was over; that the last day was come, and that the result to her bad been simply the crushing out of all earthly happiness from her loyal and

faithful heart. Bertrand was to start immediately after breakfast, and, of course, Lurline was going to drive with him alone to the station. There was no question of Mary having any claim to join him now; but sle felt that it was more than she could stand to take leave of him in the presence of Laura and the others. As he went up-stairs, therefore, after the meal was over, to make his final arrangements before start. ing half an hour later, Mary suddenly came swiftly and noiselessly towards Lim from the other end of the passage. Put-ting her hand in his, she said, with her low voice, tremulous in spite of her efforts. Dear Bertrand, I shall not see you again; let me say now how unceasingly I shall pray that you may have every blessing and happiness this life can give you!" and before he could answer, before he could even speak a word, she was gone. He tried to fellow her, but her light steps carried her quickly away, and she had disappeared completely before he could reach her. When he went down to the pony-carriage she was nowhere to be seen. and drove away without looking on her face again. Little, indeed, did he dream of the strange scone in which it should be given him to see Mary Trevelyan once

# CHAPTER XXVIII.

Most of us remember the 15th of July, 1870—that day fraught with such tremendous consequences—when over the restless ture. Aliens to us in race and nationality as both the contending powers were in the Franco Prussian struggle, yet probably there were few homes even in England where some sympathetic notes of terror or was not struck by that ominous heading to the foreign telegrams, "Declaration of War." To many an English heart it brought a dire prophecy of evil for friends and relatives in sunny France or kindly Germany; and assuredly, if it sounded the knell of unnumbered lives, far more did it ring the dirge of all the joy of life for thousands upon thousands, who have even yet to mourn the sacrifice of precious lives, and the destruction of happy

The news was known nearly all over the country early on that day, but Mary Trevelyan was one of the few who did not hear it till late in the afternoon. We find her in a very different scene from that in which we left her. She is in a long loty room, with layer windows lefting in the city room, with large windows letting in the air and sunshine, a row of little white beds down either side, each one of which is tonauted by some poor child, suffering all of them more or less in body, but patient and cheerful in the atmosphere of kindness that surrounds them. Mary Trevelyan is moving about from one another with her noiseless step and sweet smile. She wear a simple grey dress of some soft material whose folds make no rustling sound, with a little white muslin apron, but no cap or veil hides her smooth dark hair, folded plainly round her pretty head, for she has joined no society or religious order what ever, but has merely taken charge of the little hospital for three months, while the Lady Superinterdent recruits her health at the sea side. The period of her stay was already at a close, and in another weak she resigns her charge to the estab-

lished authority.

Mary had offered herself for this temporary work immediately after Bertrand Lisle's departure from Chiverley, and her services had been gladly accepted, with a request that she would enter on her duties at once. She had only been too thankful to do so. She had gone through the ordeal of the few days that Bertrand had remained at the rectory after his engage-ment, from the delicate consideration for him, and maidenly pride as regarded her-self, which prompted her to conceal from all the utter waste and ruin he had brought papen her happiness, by looking on with apparent composure at his devotion to his future wife; but when he was gone and the necessity for this cruel self-restraint was over, the companionship of Laura, whose sincerity it was impossible for her any longer to believe, became simply terrible to her. Every word the false hearted Lorelei said, only served as a fatal proof to Mary how certain it was that she would never make Bertrand happy, for her whole conversation turned on the gaiety and amusements outside her home, in which she intended to spend her married life Mary could not sympathize with such un-hallowed visions, and took refuge in-silence, which irritated Laura, to the discomfort of the whole household; and when the proposal came for her immediate de parture, to enter on her new work, sho saw readily enough that it was welcomed with satisfaction by every inmate of the rectory. Charlie Davenant had not returned, and nothing more had been heard of John Pemberton, and poor Mary, with all her quiet strength, could not help feeling dreary enough on the day when she left the house where none regretted her, and where she had endured the loss of all that made life dear to her. She went for that first night to the house where Mrs. Parry lived, and when, at the close of her long solitary journey, she found herself in the arms of her faithful old friend, and heard her exclamations of dismay at seeing how ill and wan her dear child looked, then all poor Mary's long continued self-control gave way, and clinging to the familiar hands that had tended her infancy, she eried aloud, in utter abandonment of grief. "Oh, nurse, my heart is breaking-my heart is breaking-how am I to bear it!" Then Mrs. Parry broke out into vehement indignation against the Wyndhams. What had they done to her darling, her sweet had they done to her darling, her sweet lamb? She had hated leaving her thore, and she could see they had well-nigh driven the life out of her, and so on, with many strong words, till Mary wearily im-

plored her to stop. "Do not blame any one, dear nurse, and do not ask me any questions; only let me rest my head on your lap a little while, as I used to do when I was a tiny child," slipping down from the good hold, as the nurse sat in her easy-chair, she laid her head on her knees, and there let herself weep silently, but unrestrainedly, till she was quite exhausted. Mrs. Parry asked no further questions, but soothed Mary with gentle caresses and tender words, till the paroxysm of grief had sub-sided. Then she persuaded her to go to bed, and gave her a good-night kiss as she used to do in her childhood's days, and finally watched by her till she saw her fall into a slumber of complete exhaustion. It was Mary's last exhibition of weakness: when the next day dawned she had recovered her composure and her strength, and no word as to her own trials ever again passed her lips. Mrs. Parry continued to cherish a secret and most bitter rancour against the Wyndhams generally. which she was wont sometimes to confide to the ancient cockatoo, when the eight of Mary's sweet patient face made it impossible for her to keep silence; but the quiet dignity of her child, as she called her, ef-

fectually closed her lips in any other way. After one day spent with her old nurse, Mary had come to her post at the hespital, and she had found in her duties, fatiguing and often irksome as they were, a degree of solace and consolation which she could hardly have believed it possible anything on carth could have given her. The suffering children, whose pain she soothed, whose spirits she cheered, and whose little grateful hearts she completely won, soon learn-en to ching with touching tenderness to their dear Miss Mary—they had found her surname so hard to pronounce that she had willingly taught them to call her by

she had been many days in charge of the home some good Samaritan had provided for them. She has not had the heart to tell them how soon she is to leave them, and she is thinking how hard it will be to part from them as she walks down the ward, speaking a few bright words to each, until she reaches the bed of a poer little girl of four or five years old, whose broken limb she proceeds to arrange in preparation for the examination of the doctor, whose afternoon visit she is expecting. The little one is frightened at the idea of the damaged foot height tought and there having toughted and there foot being touched, and tears begin to gather in the round blue eyes, which Mary notices without making any remark; but she immediately begins to tell her a charming story of the gambols of a kitten, who is the plaything of the ward, and who has been performing wonderful feats with a bandage roll, and gradually the innocent lips relax into a succession of smiles, and the two little arms are throwe around her neck, while the child exclaims, "Tottle loves Miss Mary!" "Dear Tottie," says Mary, "I am sure I love you," and while these tender words

are passing between them, the door of the

ward swings on its well-oiled hinges, and the hospital doctor comes in—an elderly

man, with a shrowd kind face, and a deoided and rather sharp manner, which softens to a beautiful gentleness when he addresses the suffering children. For no fee or reward does he minister to their necessities, save the answer of a good conscience, and Mary and he feel equal respect for each other, and are excellent friends. She follows him from bed to bed, giving a clear concise account of what has occurred medically in each case since his last visit, and then, note-book in hand, she takes down all his directions for the hours which must elapse till he comes again. Tottie's foot is made more comfortable than it was before, at the cost of a little temporary pain, which she bears bravely, with Mary's hand clasped tight in hers, and Mary's soft voice whispering soothing words in her ear; and when all the cases had been examined, Miss Trevelyan moves down the ward with the doctor, hearing his closing directions. He has reached the door, and shaken hands with her, when, just as he is going to descend the stairs, he looks back over his shoulder and says, "Perhaps you have not heard the great news: war is declared between France and Prussia." Ho nods to her, and is gone beforeshe has time to ask a question, but she has heard and understood the full import of the one brief sentence. She turns back, and walks slowly down the ward to the other end, where a large window looks out on one of the London parks, and as sho passes through the rows of white beds some strange change must have taken place in her aspect, which makes itself felt even to the uncomprehending consciousness of the children, for the little hands that are stretched out as usual to catch hold of her dress and bring her nearer to them, are drawn back instinctively, and while their eyes follow her with wondering glances, they let her go unmolested on her way. She stands before the window, and looks out upon the summer sky, which is calm and bright, as if no thunder-clouds could ever darken its serenity, and watches, without hardly being aware of it, a bird cleaving its way swiftly through the impalpable ether, as if on some hasty errand out swifter far even than the passage of its light quivering wings, has been the flight of her own true spirit to the presence of him for whom, in her allence, she cares with an over-loving sympathy, day by day, and hour by hour—Bertrand—her Ber-trand no longer—but still the one love of her life. What will this momentous news be to him? She knows it all well, by the instinct of her true affection, as none other upon earth can know it, and her heart sinks within her with a leaden weight of terror, for she understands that France will raise up all his patriotism, stifled rather than slumbering, like a giant in his strongth, and that he will fling himfelf into a convulsion of anxiety to share the perils of his own true country. His duties as an employee of the English Govfotters of an iron chain, but his strong sense of honour may lead him to consider himself still bound by them if France is triumphant, and seems to have no need of aid of any save those who are outwardly, as well as in heart her sons; but if she should prove unfortunate, if reverses should befall her, and her mighty foe should wound her to the heart, then Mary knew it would be to Bertrand Lisle as though a blow had been struck at his mother, and that all other consideration would be flung to the winds in order that he might fly to her aid, and give her his single life at least, if he could do no more. Mary looked up to heaven, and her lips moved in an earnest prayer for his safety, the first of the unceasing supplications for his preser-vation which were to rise from her heart night and day through all the trying time to come. Then she thought of Lurlino. The marriage would have to be postponed, that was certain, whether Bertraud joined the French army or not. He would cortainly not entangle himself with such a binding tie while France was in peril; but except the immediate anxiety for his safe-ty, it ought to make little difference to Laura; if she loved him truly she would be leady to wait for him as loug as might be necessary, and to marry him ultimately under whatever change of external circumstances. How carnestly did Mary pray that Lurline would now give him all the heartfelt sympathy she would herself have accorded to him had she stood in the place of his future wife, letting no thought of herself or her claims upon him add a feather-weight to the anxieties which would at once oppress him. Mary know nothing of what was going on at Chiver-ley; none of the Wyndhams had taken the trouble to write to her, and she had re-ceived but one letter from Bertrand. It had come only a week or two after she had left the rectory, accompanied by a business-like despatch from his solictor, and it was written to tell her, in the most delicate manner, that he had settled upon her a waters, where many of us have passed on business or pleasure, that terrible war-cry counded which was in truth the death-knell of such myriads of our fellow-crea-

but almost absolutely, to receive even the smallest amount of money from his hands. She returned the legal documents, and assured him that she required nothing what-ever, as all her wants were supplied in the new life she had chosen for herself. It might be that her determination had offended him, but, anyhow, he had nover written to her again, and she know nothing whatever of his movements. Many sad and anxious thoughts disturbed poor Mary's faithful heart as she stood there looking out on the tran juil sunshine; but sudden ly an idea passed into her mind which woke a light of fervent joyfulness in her dark eyes. Remembering how women were allowed to go out from England to help the victims of the Crimean War, it ocourred to her that some similar organization might be employed in aid of the wounded in France. "If so I shall go," she said to herself; "I shall go to help Bertrand's countrymen-perhaps-perhaps himself!

(To be continued.)

### An Army of Ants.

In an open Caribi house I was sitting one afternoon reading, being quite alone, for we had found no inhabitants there, and I had sent my Arawak orew in various directions to search for them. A sharp bite caused me to look at the assailant. It was a "yakman" which had given my ankle a nip, just to see what it was made of. A score of his comrades were running up my legs, and I had to hasten out of the house-which was by that time alive with them-and brush them off. This was effected with little damage, and I had then a fine opportunity of observing the tactics of this predatory horde. One immense column came through the forest, marching along the ground, and winding its way round the roots of the trees. The captains, whose heads and forceps are twice as big as those of the rank and file, were marching at intervals alongside the column, and directing their operations. Just as the column approached the house, it divided into three; one came round on the right flank, another on the left, while the main attack—which had driven me out—was from the centre. No insect without wings could escape them. Even those able to fly, as the great South American cockroach, seemed paralyized with fear, and, trying to hide themselves, were caught under the troolie thatch. Down they fell, covered with ants; and hundreds more on the ground threw themsolves upon them, until they was completely ladden by a living mass. Resistance ceased, and the work of cutting up and dragging off commenced. In two hours the ants had cloared out the whole building. It was then about four o'clock, when, as if by some recognized signal, they gathered into three columns, falling by the same routes into one main body, which continued its long winding march through the woods When they rest for the night, they cling together in an immense cluster. I have seen that in the corner of a room where the had a selection. reaching from the floor meaning seithfurning, and from one to two face there is must of these living masses are their eggs, or nume, which the must of the seither their eggs, or nume, which the must be seen their eggs. eggs, or pupe, which they most carefully guard from the cold and damp, and which are hatched there.—Mission Life.

# Hindoo Superstition.

Long before a Hindoo child is born the mother—who is treated with great kindness-performs certain ceremonies to avert evil from her future offspring. As soon as the father visits his new-born child he puts a little money into its hand, and all the relatives who accompany him follow his example. On the fifth day the mother bathes; on the sixth she worships the goddess Shasthi in the shed where the child had been born; and on the eighth. eight kinds of parched corn and rice, prepared in the house, are scattered in front of the door, and are eagerly picked up and eaten by poor children, who are always on the look-out for such wind-falls. The ori-ginal design of scattering this grain and rice seems to be an offering to the god. On the twenty-first day from the birth of the child all the women of the family assemble under a fig tree, and worship the goddess Shasthi again. The woman, if her child is smale, is now regarded as pure; but if it is a female, then she must extend her period of nonpurification for a mouth. These ceremonies over, the child's nativative of the control of the an astronomer, and its for tune told in that vague, mysterious, noncompromising language so much in force among this fraternity all the world over. A name is then bestowed upon the infant. This is usually the mother's prerogative, and the name given is commonly one taken from their mythology, such as that of one of the gods; or sometimes, if the mother is of a sentimental turn of mind, the name of a flower or a tree is given to the child. Sometimes parents will give their children soft and harsh names alter-nately, hoping thereby to obviate the envy of their neighbours, and their consequent malice, if all the children had pleasant-sounding names.—Fron "The Races of Mankind."

LITTLES have been received from Mr. Edward Young, R.N., the leader of the Free and United Presbyterian Church Mission (the "Livingstonia Mission") to Lako Nyanza, dated Mazaro, August 17. All the party were well, and the little stoamer had proved a success. Mr. Young had been met by his faithful old servant, John Gaitty, who accompanied him in his former expedition. It is probable that by this time the mission station has been established at Cape Maclear and the lake explored.

AT Ivybridge Messrs. Allan and Son, who own the paper mills in the village, which is known as the "Garden of Devon-shire," formally handed over to the Wesleyan denomination, represented on the occasion by the Rev. Morley Punshon, expresident of the Conference, a chaptel which had cost them between £7000 and £8000, and is complete in every respect. It is, in all probability, the most handsome Wesleyan place of worship in the United Kingdom.