

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

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CHAPTER IX.

Bertrand Lisle found that his father had left a letter for him in case he should not arrive in England in time to see him alive. It contained the substance of the sad history Mr. Lisle had told him on the last night of his life, and the expression of his earnest hope that his son might be able with the consent of his own heart to make Mary Trevelyan his wife; he added, that as the income derived from Mrs. Lisle's fortune upon which he had been living, would of course belong after his death exclusively to Bertrand himself, he had managed to set apart a sufficient sum to pay for Mary's board and lodging at Chiverley for one year, as he knew that the Wyndhams were in too straitened circumstances to receive her on any other terms. The money, he said, he had already despatched to Mrs. Wyndham, with the understanding that as soon as she heard of his decease she was to write and invite Miss Trevelyan to come to them at once, so that the poor child might be spared the pain of knowing the arrangements it had been necessary to make for her maintenance during that first year. At its close Mr. Lisle earnestly hoped she would have her home with Bertrand to their mutual content and happiness—if not, he could but commend her to the care of her Heavenly Father since he had himself deprived her of the protection of both her parents on earth. On the day following the funeral the expected letter from Mrs. Wyndham arrived, written coldly but politely, with a request that Miss Trevelyan would let her know on what day she might expect her. Poor Mary would fain have lingered in her old home, with all its dear associations instead of going at once to utter strangers—for she had not even seen Mrs. Wyndham—but she knew that the house was now Bertrand's, and that he wished to sell the furniture and give it up as soon as possible, in order that he might return to his post on the Continent, which he had left without any regular leave of absence on the sudden emergency of his father's illness. It so happened that important diplomatic interests required his presence there at once, so that he was unable to take Mary down to Chiverley himself, which he had specially wished to do, in order to judge by his own observation, what her chances of happiness were likely to be in her new home. Mrs. Parry had received no invitation whatever from Mrs. Wyndham, even for a time, to accompany Mary; indeed her name was not even mentioned in the letter, but she could not bear the idea of her poor darling, as she called her, setting out on her dreary journey quite alone, so it was decided that she was to escort Mary to the station nearest Chiverley, where some of the Wyndhams could be asked to meet her and there take leave of her and return to London.

They were to start very early in the morning, and Bertrand was to go down to Dover a few hours later on the same day, and cross in the night to Calais; so that the last moments in their childhood's home arrived only too soon for both of them.

On the evening before their departure some persons had come to see Bertrand on business connected with the winding-up of his father's affairs, and Mrs. Parry was busily engaged packing up, so that Mary found herself alone, and free to go and take a last farewell of the spot it most pained her heart to leave.

It was again the sunset hour; but not as on the two former occasions with floods of glory streaming from the gate of heaven, and the earth made lovely by the dying smiles of day. It seemed now as if mysterious Nature were in sympathy with the sadness of her human children, for the skies were covered with clouds as with a mourning veil, and the tops were falling like tears from every flower and tree, left there by a recent shower; the moist air was soft; the low night wind rose sighing as the twilight fell; and the one black-robed figure, passing with noiseless step along the churchyard path seemed well in accordance with the scene.

Mary Trevelyan went on, threading her way with scrupulous care among the graves, so that she might not step on any one of them, till she found herself at the spot where Mr. and Mrs. Lisle now lay side by side. She placed some wreaths of flowers she had brought with her on their graves as the last token of affection she could ever show them; and then, leaning upon an old tombstone which stood near, she looked down sadly on the sods that hid from her the first friends of her helpless infancy, and gave herself up to the painful thoughts which, in the depth of her silent nature, were weighing upon her with an intensity of which her outward calm and stillness gave no sign. She felt that she had reached a point in her existence when the past lay all behind her like a fair and sunny garden, within whose safe enclosure, the guarded years of her happy youth had passed in an atmosphere of ease and tenderness, where no storm or danger could disturb the peaceful air; while the future seemed to loom before her dark and menacing, full of terrible possibilities, and of one most bitter certainty close at hand which she well knew could tame the sharpest pain she could in any way endure. She was about to be parted from him who was and ever had been more than all the world to her. Reserved and silent as she was in all her intercourse with others, Mary Trevelyan was no self-deceiver, and she knew that all the vast capacity of affection which lay in the depths of her strong earnest character had been given once for all to Bertrand Lisle, never to be withdrawn or lessened till her heart should cease to beat for ever in the cold grasp of death; but as yet she knew not if the profound intense love she bore him was to her utmost anguish or her very crown of bliss. No word on such a subject of course, had passed his lips during the mournful days through which they had been passing, and she herself grew every hour more guarded and distant in her manner towards him, because the stinging fear tormenting her delicate spirit that possibly Mr. Lisle

might, at least in a measure have betrayed the secret of her devotion to his son on that last night of full and final confidence between them. This thought was terrible to her, for it seemed to leave her exposed to the dread that Bertrand might seek to make her his wife from compassion rather than from love, and it drove her to the resolution that she would not let him even see the sorrow she felt at parting with him, much less the faintest indication of her feelings such as they really were. Could she have imagined—as she did not in the least at the time—that Mr. Lisle would have lived to see his son again, not even to gratify his dying wish would she have made him the revelation which she did; and she could but trust that he had carried her confidence with him unbroken to the grave; if it were so she saw clearly that the course of reserve and almost coldness which in her uncertainty she felt constrained to adopt towards Bertrand might well have the effect of causing him to mistake her real sentiments altogether. If it should be that he loved her, however, as his father had assured her, and his manner to herself since his return almost led her to believe, it surely could not fail that they should one day understand each other, and that Bertrand would then appreciate and forgive the line of action which her maidenly pride compelled her for the present to adopt. Meantime whatever the future might bring, this much was certain that on the morrow she was to be separated from him not, as it had been hitherto, when he had merely gone away to his official post leaving her in his father's house, to which he could not fail to return on every occasion when he was able to absent himself from his duties; now, as the home they had shared together, the home that had been hers as well as his, was broken up for ever; she had no claim on him whatever, expecting such as his own heart might elect to give her, and she well knew how likely it was that the natural affection which might have drawn him to her in the familiar intercourse of former days, would now give place to some new sentiment drawn forth by the attractive society in which he would live habitually. She herself must turn away from him to go out into a cold strange world, where she was not bound by the ties of blood to any human being; and despite his promises of visiting her, despite the hope that lurked even in this hour of despondency within her heart, it might be that never again would the sunshine of his beloved presence bring light and love and happiness to her young forlorn life. The bare thought of such a possibility was too much, even for her strong patient spirit, and, as she clasped her hands tightly on the rough stone monument in the effort to control herself, she let her head fall down on them despondingly, while her frame shook with suppressed sobs. She was absolutely resolved that Bertrand should see no traces of tears on her face when they met again, and only in this solitary resting place of the dead did she allow herself to give way to the momentary abandonment of grief, which swayed her slender figure like a reed shaken by the tempest.

It was thus that Bertrand Lisle saw her as he came quietly over the grave-strewn ground to join her. He had sought her when his business was done, and guessed that he would find her here—where indeed, he wished himself to come for this last hour, to take his final leave of the spot where his parents lay.

He paused a moment to look at her before she was aware of his approach, struck by the unconscious grace and attitude as she leaned in her dark flowing robes against the grey stone, with her face hidden in her little white hand.

She looked so young, so slight, so unfit to battle with the rough waves of this troublesome world, that Bertrand could well understand his father's anxiety to secure for her a safe and happy haven, where she would be sheltered from the storms that might overtake her in an unprotected life.

"Dear Mary," he thought, as he advanced towards her, "I could have no fairer, sweeter wife if I sought the wide world over."

There was no sound of weeping from her lips as he came and stood beside her; but in the painful agitation which she was restraining with all her strength she did not hear his step. Very gently he touched her on the shoulder. "Mary," he said, she started, lifted up her face, and saw him.

(To be continued.)

The Nun of Juarre.

Charlotte de Bourbon was the daughter of the Duke de Montpensier, of the royal house of Bourbon. He was a stern Romanist, but his wife, a pious and generally, favored the Protestants, although she was the only daughter of the Duke of Orléans. In those days when civil strife was raging throughout the land, Charlotte passed her childhood in retirement with her mother, and was early instructed in the blessed truths of the Gospel. In their quiet retreat the Duchess wept and prayed with her daughter, and carefully sowed the seed which was in after life to bring forth such abundant fruit.

The property of the Duke, her father, having become greatly reduced, he was not able to give his daughter the fortune due to her rank, and he resolved that she should become a religious. This was a bitter trial to his wife; but the Duke would allow no interference, and at the early age of thirteen, Charlotte was consigned to the convent at Juarre, in Normandy. She was of a bright and joyous nature, devoted to her home and to her mother, and every feeling of her young heart revolted at the sacrifice required of her. Her beautiful hair was cut off, and her rich dress exchanged for one of coarse linen or hair cloth. Several years passed away in this gloomy prison house; but her daughter's loving care was denied her even in her last illness, the young nun was not allowed to be present at the funeral, or to visit the grave of her mother.

In time she became reconciled to her condition; she was still that self-same joyful and suffering were acceptable to God, and would secure to her the glory of heaven. So exemplary was her life, and

so great her reputation for sanctity, that at a very early age she was made lady-abdess of Juarre.

About this time some Protestant tracts found their way into the convent. The lady-abdess read them, and was reminded of the scenes and lessons of her happy childhood—the treasured Bible from which her mother had given her daily lessons of piety and devotion, the tears and prayers of that beloved mother now passed away forever. Her mind was open to receive the truth, and she was led to put her trust in Christ alone. She could not be satisfied to keep this blessed truth confined to her own heart, but soon began to teach the nuns that their only hope for salvation was through the Cross of Christ, that they could never win heaven by any merit or works of their own. She learned to look with horror upon the life she had been leading; the hours spent in the counting of beads, the worship of the Virgin Mary, and the Invocation of the Saints were bitterly mourned over, and she eagerly sought some way of escape from the life of bondage which imposed duties so repulsive to her enlightened conscience. She continued her efforts to lead those around her to clearer conceptions of Christ, and of the duties enjoined in the Scriptures; and while she was thus engaged, the wars, which had been so long desolating the forest portions of their land, extended into Normandy. During a battle which raged around the nunnery of Juarre, the doors were thrown open, and the nuns were forced to seek shelter in the adjoining woods. Thus providentially delivered, Charlotte felt that there was no time to be lost in placing herself in a situation where she could openly avow herself a Protestant. Travelling from one place to another in disguise, she arrived at last safely at Heidelberg. Here she received a cordial welcome, and renouncing forever the errors of Popery, she joined herself to the Protestants of that city. Of course when it became known that the lady-abdess of a convent, one of the royal family of France, had abandoned the Romish Church, there was no little consternation in the palace of the king. Her father indignantly threatened that he would never forgive her, and fired with resentment against the Huguenots, engaged with greater zeal than ever in those frightful persecutions which followed the massacre of St. Bartholomew's.

The unhappy fugitive had anticipated the probable consequences of her flight. She well remembered the lessons of obedience learned at her mother's knee, and sadly mourned the necessity which compelled her to a course which conflicted with the respect she would gladly have shown to her father; but the words of the Saviour, "He that loveth father and mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me," satisfied her that she was in the path of duty. She signified her willingness to return to her father, on condition that she should not be required to relinquish her religion; but to this the Duke would not consent.

The Prince of Orange, hearing of her extraordinary piety, and the sacrifices to which she had been subjected on account of her religion, sought her hand in marriage. This great Prince had been already twice married. At eight-on he married Anne of Egmont, daughter of the Count of Buren, with whom he lived happily until her death, which left him a widower at the age of twenty-five. He then married Anne of Saxony, daughter of Maurice, the great champion of Lutheranism.

The Prince of Orange was at this time a Papist, and the old Landgrave, Philip of Hesse, (grandfather of the bride elect,) strongly objected to the match, but the young lady was determined to marry this noble and handsome Prince, and persevered with such obstinacy that the old Landgrave finally yielded. The marriage was solemnized with great pomp, and the wedding festivities were all on the most magnificent scale, but it was an unfortunate match from the beginning, and it is difficult to account for such a choice on the part of a prince who was in every respect one of the most brilliant men of his age.

The Princess, who was only sixteen at the time of her marriage, was without any personal attractions; she was not only deformed, but humped in her gait, and was said to have been crooked and perverse in body and mind. Her naturally stormy temper increased almost to ferocity. She became intemperate, and finally died a wretched lunatic in the electoral palace in Saxony, in which she was imprisoned by her relatives. Her husband seems to have borne her insolence with great patience, but could not be expected to mourn very deeply, when, after seventeen years of wedded misery, she left him, a second time, a widower.

He was still in his prime at the time of his marriage with Charlotte de Bourbon, whose exemplary character and talent fitted her to adorn the high position to which she was raised. Honored and beloved for her virtues, she was a model alike to the noble ladies of her husband's court, and to the cottagers by their humble firesides. The Prince is said to have lived very happily with this pious and devoted wife "the Lord had given him, a woman who ever conformed to his wishes, and was inexpressibly dear to him."

But this happiness was not to last. Large rewards had been offered for the assassination of this noble Prince, and his life was in constant danger. One day, as he was leaving the dining-hall, a young man of small stature offered him a pistol, and as the Prince took the paper, suddenly discharged a pistol at his head. The ball passed through the roof of his mouth, and came out under the left jawbone. "Do not kill him. I forgive his life," he exclaimed, as he fell back into the arms of his attendants. The wound was at first thought to be mortal, and for several weeks he lay in a crucial condition. The Princess watched incessantly by his bedside, with her own hands dressing his wound, and cheering him with words of encouragement.

His recovery was celebrated with great rejoicing throughout the land. He went in state with the Princess to return thanks at the great Cathedral of Antwerp. Bells rung merrily, flags were hung at the mast-

head of every ship, and it was a season of universal thanksgiving among all classes of people. But the Princess never recovered from the effects of her anxiety and faithful watching. Her health began to fail, and in a few months she passed away, and was laid to rest in the great Cathedral, followed to the grave by loving and sorrowing hearts from all classes, without distinction of rank.

The convent in which Charlotte de Bourbon passed her youth, has long been in ruins, and its history buried with the forgotten past, but a descendant of its lady-abdess now sits on the throne of England. Her daughter was the grandmother of Sophia, Duchess of Brunswick. Sophia was the mother of George I., whose great grandson, the Duke of Kent, was the father of Queen Victoria, who is thus a lineal descendant of the Nun of Juarre.—Mrs. Fletcher, in N. Y. Evangelist.

"Charge it."

A simple little sentence, is this, to be sure, and yet it may be considered as one of the most mischievous which people have to deal. It is very pleasant to have all the little commodities offered for sale in the market, and it is something hard to buy one's self of the same when they can be obtained by saying "charge it." But this habit of getting articles, however small the charge may be, without paying for them, keeps one's funds in a low state most of the time.

"I have no money to-day, but should like the article much," says a young man who happens to go into a store, and sees some thing which strikes his fancy. "Never mind," says the gentlemanly clerk, "you are good for it."

"Well, I will take it, and you may charge it."

And so it is that little accounts are opened at one place and another till the young man is surprised at his liabilities; which, though small in detail, are sufficiently large in the aggregate to reduce his cash materially when settling day comes.

In many instances, if the cash were required, the purchase would not be made even had the person the money by him; but to some, getting an article charged does not seem like parting with an equivalent.

Still, when pay-day comes, as always it does, this illusion vanishes, and a feeling is experienced of parting with money and receiving nothing in return.

If there is an actual necessity of making a purchase, and the means are not at hand, there is a reasonable excuse for obtaining the same on credit; but when the article can be dispensed with until payment can be made, it is much to the advantage of the purchaser to do so.

"We must have a nice set of furniture, says a young couple about to be united in marriage, "but we have not the means, however, we will get it and have it charged." And so they start life with a debt hanging over them for which there is no occasion.

Were there any certainty of health and a supply of labor, it would place rather a different construction upon the matter. But considering the fluctuations of business and the uncertainties of life, "Charge it" is a mischievous phrase.

The Appian Way.

This road was built three hundred and thirteen years before Christ was born. It commenced in the heart of the city of Rome, passed under Porta Capena, extended and extends through Capua, Terracina, Benevento, on to Brundisium. Here and there, the country is dotted with accumulations of ages, but miles upon miles of it remain, solid, clean, smooth, safe to horse and man as the day it was finished.

The Roman Stranahan who built this road was a park-maker. He was the man who wanted to drain the Pontine Marshes, that Garibaldi wants to drain to day, and he wanted to make pleasure grounds of them for the people. The cost of this road, of course, was enormous; but it nevertheless was the cheapest road in the end that man ever built.

The way that road was built was as follows: In the first place, a good substructure was dug down to. From this all loose soil was carefully removed. Then stratum after stratum cemented with lime was raised on this, and on the last of these was laid the pavement. The pavement consisted of blocks of stone joined together with exceeding care and nicety of dovetailing, no interstices being apparent. There are none apparent on it to day, after a world's travel over it for a decade of centuries. The best part of it yet visible is near Terracina. Over that road marched the heavy legions of the Cæsars, with their cumbersome waggons and their ponderous catapults, and over it the male and female charioteers drove their four in hand to the sunny Adriatic Sea, as we our fast teams to Sheep-head Bay. They have not even marked the surface.

Lawful Callings.

BY THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

If a man cannot go down on his knees and pray to God to bless the calling in which he is engaged, that calling is neither an honest or Christian one. How can a grocer who sells twelve ounces of tea to the pound in stead of sixteen ounces, ask God to bless him in that calling; or how can a man who adulterates his beer ask God's blessing on his dealings? A joiner's is a lawful, honest trade; but if joiners cannot earn their wages fairly and do without "scampering" their work, how can they ask God to prosper their lawful trade? I do not even say a publican's calling is not a lawful one, neither do I say that a publican cannot be a good and honest Christian; but if a publican offers temptations to induce workmen to spend their wages with him, instead of taking them home to buy food for their little ones, he is not pursuing that calling in a lawful and a Christian spirit. If publicans do get rich by such unlawful means, I do not envy them their ill-gotten riches.

Fervent Prayer.

The river that runs slow, and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every tuft of grass to let it pass, is drawn into little hollows, and spreads itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigor and energy and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow, it stays not to be tempted with little avocations and to creep into the sea, but pours through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer; he moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desire, a swift motion and a hungry appetite, it passes on through all the intermediate regions of clouds, and stays not until it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment.

Individual Responsibility.

God deals with us singly, and we must deal with God singly. We have little concern with what others do, but every thing with what we do ourselves. Let us live, and think, and speak, and act as if we and God were alone, and as if the whole weight and responsibility of His work upon earth lay upon us, as He upon us it does to the full reach of our power to bear it. We are responsible for our souls and for the souls of others. I constantly feel in what a very different state the church and world would be, if every man who is called a Christian had his heart on fire with divine love, and, like the Christians of apostolic days, went every where preaching the word. I do not mean the speaking in public to many, which must ever be the gift and calling of a few, but I mean the frank, candid, spontaneous, unaffected speech with which one who loves Christ may tell another of the beauty of his Master. Were every Christian thus to act, what an enormous power would be set to work, and an agency which holds at once in its hands all the avenues and influences of our vast social life! What a blessing might not be expected from above if every man did what he might do for Christ! I use the phrase advisedly, because I am sure that all that God puts in our power to do God means us to do. He that does nothing in vain, but in His exact economy never wastes a drop of water or a dead leaf, has not given time, talent, money, position, influence to be thrown away. We only need the zeal—heaven given fire of the Spirit—the all-constraining, all-subduing love of Christ.—Times of Blessing.

The Present Condition of Christendom.

The duty of promoting union in religion is elevated by special causes at the present day into a peculiar solemnity, while these causes also envelop it in an extraordinary intricacy. The religion of Christ as a whole, nay, even the pallid scheme of theism, is assailed with a sweep and vehemence of hostility greater probably than any former period. While the war thus rages outside the wall, none can say that the reciprocal antagonism of Christian bodies is perceptibly mitigated within it, or that the demarking spaces between them are narrower than they were. Most singular of all the greatest of the Christian communions, to say nothing of the smaller, are agitated singly and severally by the presence or proximity of internal schism. The Papal Church has gone to war with portions of its adherents in Armenia, in Germany, Italy, in Switzerland; besides being in conflict with the greater number of Christian States, especially of those where the Roman religion is professed. The relation of the Church of England beyond St. George's Channel, however euphemistically treated in some quarters, are dark and darkening still. Even the immovable East is shaken. The Slavonic and Hellenic, or non-Saxon, elements are at present, though without doctrinal variance, yet in sharp ecclesiastical contention, and a formidable schism in Bulgaria, not discountenanced by Russian influences, disturbs at its own door the ancient and venerable See of Constantinople and its sister Patriarchates.—Mr. Gladstone, in Contemporary Review.

Honor from the Scriptures.

Do not think it enough if you learn to spell and to read, and to say the words of Scripture, but seek to learn the truths of Scripture. Do as the bees do. A bee, when it sees a flower, does not fly round and round it, and sip it, and then off again, like foolish idle butterflies. It settles on the flower and sucks the honey out of it. You should do as the bees do; you should settle your thoughts on what you read, and try to suck the honey out of it. Almost every verse in the New Testament has its honey. Almost every verse contains a spiritual truth fit to nourish some soul or other.—Maria Hara.

Trial of Mr. Tongue.

Mr. Tongue was charged with being "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison," and in proof of the charge, the law book was produced, and a passage cited from James iii. 8. The defendant replied that it was not for Mr. Heart, who lived a little way below him, he should be as innocent as his neighbours, Mr. Noss and the Messrs. Eyes, and in support of his position, he cited a passage from the same law book, Matt. xv. 18. The Court doubted that the defence was a sound one, and that nothing really good could be expected from Mr. Tongue until a radical change should take place in his neighbour Heart.

It is not good for Christians to be split up into little sects or sects, calling themselves "God's little flock." The "small meetings" only hinder the growth of the Church of God; and what are called un denominational gatherings, halls, addressed by somebody or nobody, only tend to disintegrate the Church.—Dr. Donald Fraser.