Choice Literature.

One Life Only. CHAPTER 1.

A great ship homeward bound from the Cape, was speeding gaily over tranquil waters, that searce were ruffled by the light breeze of a glad spring day—there was sunshine in the blue sky overhoad—gaushine on the bluer sea below—but the brightness of life's own maximum. brightness of life's own morning was on the cloudless face of Colonel Dysart's daughter, as she leant over the side of the vessel and looked out upon the shoreless vosser and notated of the control of face, as he lay on the deck propped up by a heap of cushions, and at last raising himself on his elbow he called to her, with a slightly mocking tone in his voice, "Una! I have come to the cenclusion that you must be composing an epic poem at the very least; one half-hour by my watch you have been gazing immovably over the sea, without so much as stirring an eye-lash, and I never in my life before saw you quiet a long it has been to be a the sea. so long. I tremble for the result. How many cantos shall I be condemned to

She turned round with a laughing light in her great brown eyes as she answered merrily, "Not one—for the present: I thought you knew by this time that I can only compose poems by rushing about frantically, knocking over the furniture and tearing my hair when the rhymes will not come right."

"What wera you doing, then?"

"Thinking."
"Only thinking I it must have been on

some very important subject surely to make you look so wonderfully serious."
"So it was," she said, a sudden gravity replacing the mirthful sunshine on her mobile face. "That very strange woman, Miss Amheret, made an attack on me last Miss Amheret, made an attack on me last night which startled me extremely, and what she said was so very suggestive that I was trying to work it out in my own mind as it affected myself. Let me tell you all about it, father mine; I should like to have your opinion," and bounding away from her place she flung herself down on

the deck beside her father.

Colonel Dysart looked at her with an ex-

pression of intense tenderness, which con-trasted strangely with his habitual air of languorand indifference. She was all he had in the world—all that remained to him of the one love of his life. He was coming home invalided from the Cape, where he had been in command of an inland military station for many years, and where, greatly to the sur-prise of the London world, the clever and talented Lady Mary Molyneux, went with him as his wife. No one would have sup-posed her to be a person likely to make a romantic love match, for she was very accomplished and intellectual, and somewhat strong minded: however, she turned her back on a host of adorers to follow the for-tunes of handsome Harry Dysart in his distant exile, and there she remained, bur-ied alive as her friends said, till her brave devoted life came to an end, when her only child Una was about seventeen. Colonel Dysart's post was in a very remote and lonely part of the country, where there were no Euro-pean residents, but although Una grew up like a wild rose in some woodland solitude, like a wild rose in some woodland solitude, with all the influences of Nature free and obstructed round her, she had the advantage of the very high culture which Lady Mary's rare mental gifts enabled her to bestow on her daughter. Una's rich, lavishly-endowed nature had responded readily to the really noble training she received, and she was now, at nineteen, a pure, high-minded girl, with generous sympathies and refined, artistic tastes—spirituelle, to use the untranslatable French term, rather than brilliant, cherishing an almost fierod scorn of all that was vile or mean, and a no less vehement appreciation of gendness in any shape. She had lived in such complete seclusion that she knew nothing whatever of the world, on which she was now for the first time entering, and where it was very ce tain her ardent, passionate temperanient and eager impulsiveness would expose her to many difficulties and dangers which minds of a lower type might escape altogether. Una Dysart had a charming face, with an expression of mingled brightness and sweetness which gave her a beauty peculiarly her own, and her voice, both in singing and speaking, was singularly attractive, very soft and melodious, with a pathetic undertone, which seemed to tell of depths in her nature as yet unknown even to herself.

It was on her account that Colonel Dysart decided to give up his appointment and return to England, for he felt that his health was failing, and he had little doubt that if his daughter mixed for a time in the society from which he had so long heap. society from which he had so long been exiled she would soon make a home for herself, where he might leave her sheltered and beloved when he himself could watch over her no more. Una knew nothing of these gloomy forebodings, however; light of heart as a lark in the sunshiny morning, she had not a care or fear in the world, but looked out with eager eyes to the un-known years, impatient to see them yield up the glorious possibilities with which they were fraught in the dreams of her confi-

dent youth.

"Well, child," said Colonel Dysart, as she nestled close at his side, "what did Miss Amherst say to plunge you in such profound meditations? I famoy a revolation from the days of her youth might be rather exciting; I have a strong conviction that some strange history lies hid behind the determined calm of that woman's face."

"You would not have thought her calm if you had seen her last night. It happened after you had gone to your cabin; I was looking out over the sea, which was all erimson and opal with the last glow of the sunset, and singing to myself so low that I thought no one could hear me. Miss Amberst was sitting man, units still and silant thought no one could hear me. Miss Amberst was sitting near, quite still and silent. Greatly to my surprise up came Mr. Cundiffe, that stiff cld Australian judge, and revealed to me that he had actually a soul for music, whereas I had doubted if he had a soul at all. He solemnly asked me to do him the favour of singing that oldest of hackneyed old songs 'O't in the stilly night,' supposing I knew it. Happily I

remembered how our sentimental bandmaster used to groan it out, over and over again, so I sang it at once to the best of my ability, and pleased him so much that he further asked if I knew any other song of a similar description. I thought of Tours, idle tears, which expresses the same idea so much more beautifully, and which I set to music myself, and I sang it forth-

"The saddest little poem that ever was written," said Colonel Dysart.

"So poor Miss Amherst seemed to think," sail Una. "I noticed that while I was singing both songs she sat quite motionless with her head bent down on her hands, but when I came to that last line, 'Oh, death in life, the days that are no more, she sud-denly started from her seat, with her face absolutely convulsed by some strange in-ward agony, and darted away to the other side of the ship, whe s I saw her grasp hold of the railing and lean down over it, seeming actually torn with sobs."

"Poor woman, I should have thought she was past the age for such keen feeeling;

she must be fifty at least."

she must be fifty at least."

"She has not lost the power of suffering, anyhow. Of course I was dismayed to find I had produced such an effect, and Mr. Cunlific was evidently appalled at the prospect of a scene, for he departed as fast as his dignity would allow him, and left me alone with Miss Amherst. I went to her at ence, and told her it would grieve me very much if I had been so unfortunate as to cause her any pain by the songs I had as to cause her any pain by the songs I had chosen. For a moment she could not chosen. For a moment she could not speak, and then with a perfect passion of grief she exclaimed, 'Pain! it is agony! that cruellest agony, a vain remorse, which comes to me from the thought of the days that are no more?' Then she suddenly turned towards me and caught hold of both the hold of the could relief and facil house. turned towards me and caught hold of both my hands, while she fixed her eyes, that locked like two deep wells of infinite sad-ness, full upon mine, and said in a low hourse voice, 'Una Dysurt, let my bitter experience bear fruit at least for you—let it the hour now, in the spring ime of your letter than you now, in the spring ime of your youth, while it may still avail you, the lesson which most human beings learn at the gate of the grave alone. Remember at the gate of the grave alone. Remember that you have one life only—only one life to make or mar; it is given you as a prey; you may crown it with joy, or poison it with anguish to yourself and to others; you may so deal with it, while the power of choice is still yours, that it may lead you in honor and happiness safe to the portals of Paradise, or you may so wreck it by error and fatal mistakes, that you will doubt if even from its last sad hours you can wring Heaven's pardon or pity,—but however you act by it, Una, remember, you have one life only. If you ruin it, blight it, waste it away like precious waters poured out on the sands of the desert, you can never have another wherewith to you can never have another wherewith to try and redeem its unuttorable loss-one chance, one trial, one life alone you can chance, one trial, one life alone you can have, and it is all in your oven hand still; you can make it what you please. I charge you to be wise in time, look to it, while yet it lies entouched, untainted before you; determine even new what aim and meaning you will give to it, that whatever may be the outward circumstances you cannot control, at least in essence and spirit, it may be bright and blest. Take care, Uua, take care that yo do not make of your one life an utter and a hopeless wreck as I have made of Mine!' and when she had said all this she flung my hands away from her. all this she flung my hands away from her, and rushed down to her cabin, where she shut herself in for the night. Do you know she left me feeling positively awed by her words, for though they sound rather me-

nothing more than she felt."
"I quite believe it; no doubt she wrung her experience out of the depths of some miserable past, but it was certainly a startling afficers. ling address to make to a young girl like you. It is strange, although, of course, it is the simplest truism, that we have one life only, yet it vever struck me exactly in that light before. She is quite right, however; if in early youth we were to realize the fact that we have but one existence the fact that we have but one existence given us for weal or wee, we should be somewhat more careful not to ruin it by errors and weakness as most of us do. Well, Una love, it is not too late for you, though it is for me re well as for Miss Amhe, st: you must profit by her warning."

"I mean to do so," said Una, turning round and lifting her clear sunny eyes full on her father's feee. "It is a glarious

lodramatic as I repeat them, she was most thoroughly in carnes, and said, I am sure,

on her father's face. "It is a glorious thought to me, that life is still all in my hands; to a great extent I can make of it what I will. I was thinking out the question with all my might when you

spoke."
"No wonder you - ere abstracted then. Did you come to any conclusion?" he asked, looking down half sadly on her bright animated face.

"Yes, I did. I daresay you will laugh at me, cynic as you are, but I have made up my mind, and I am fully determined."

"Determined to be as happy as you possibly can, I suppose; that is really the gist of all human desires, first and last, I am afraid."

"Yes, I do want to be happy. I am not in the least so enamoured of celf-denial and suffering as some good people are. I want to be as happy as I can, but I want som-thing more. I want my life to be noble and great, at least in its aims. I will not and great, at least in its aims. I will not have it all given up to the commonplace selfishness of seeking only personal happiness, I will have it a grand strong life that shall leave its mark for good in the world, and be of value to others as well as myself —a life men shall honour and bless—and if along with this highest purpose I can compass my own peace and gjoyment as well, why so much the better."

"A 'vaulting ambition' indeed," said Colonel Dyeart with a slake of the head.

"Which you think will 'o'erleap itself." You do not trust me, you sceptical father; you doubt my powers and my firmness. Very well, sir; you shall see,' and she nodded her head at him with saucy defi-

ten long before the time comes to judge

hew far you have carried them out."
"I shall not let myself forget: I will be
a witness against myself if I do fall in my a witness against myself if I do fail in my purpose. Look here' (and she took from her pocket a little gold-rimmed book furnished with look and key), "this is my most cherished notebook, and the paper is so propared that anything written in it cannot be effaced; it shall keep the record of my present life-schemes till the day comes to test their fulfilment;" and with a determined air and steady hand she wrote a few lines in the book, then closed and locked it, and starting to her feet she took the key lines in the book, then closed and locked it, and starting to her feet she took the key and flung it far away into the sea. "Now, father, you see at least for the present I mean what I say; I have written on a page of this book the words: 'I have one life only,' and below I have said very distinctly what I now mean that life to be. I shall have the hock in the little too accomplished. I have my most that the be. I shall keep the book in the little iron case where I have my mother's diamonds and all my other valuables, and when I am as old as Miss Amherst, if I live as long, or at he end of my life, whenever it may come, I shall break it open and look at that record, and know whether the end is success or

failure. Colonel Dysert looked up at her as she ctione Dysert looked up at her as she stood beside him, her eyes sparkling with the hold daring and confidence of youth, and said rather gravely, "I doubt if you are wise to keep such a record, Una; but I believe Miss Amherst's warning turned almost entirely on the question of happiness. She felt it was still possible for your one life to be as joyful as her own your one life to be as joyful as her own appears to have been wretched; if you accomplish that part of your programme I shall be very well content, without your attaining to any of this greatness and grandeur with which you wish to endow your existence."

"But I shall not!" said Una, with a proud flashing smile. "Some writers say that this world, of which I know nothing, hat this world, or which I know hothing, is a very pitiful place; where there may be a certain glery in merely hating everything narrow and mean, and above allfalse, as utterly as I do; so perhaps it will not be very difficult after all to make this little book a true prophet. I shall go and lock it up at once, in the safe hiding place, where it will stay all the years I have to live;" and she darted away, without so much as a shadow of doubt or foar on her live;" and she darted away, without so much as a shadow of doubt or fear on her bright young face.
(To be continued.)

Greece.

Mr. GLADSTONE has received a telegram, dated at Athens, Sept. 24th, stating that at a public meeting held by 700 Cretans, residents in Athens, the following resolutions were carried unanimously:

"1. That the denunciation by eminent and noble-minded Englishmen, of the fear-ful atrocities upon Ohistians in Turkey, the exertions of such men in favor of the iberation of the Christians from the Turkish rule, and the ready and sympathetic response to their call by the English peo ple, through public meetings and the press, descrive the grateful recognition of the Cretals, who, since their uprising in 1821, and up to this day, have often suffered at the hands of the Turks from the sam , horrors which have now fallen to their Bulgarian brothers, and who are in constant danger of suffering the like again, if civilized Europe does not extend over them, as well as as over the other Christians in Turkey, her protecting arm.
"2. That Cretans residing in Crete, not

being allowed by their foreign rulers to give utterance to such sentiments, it behoves their countrymen residing in frce Greece, to tender on bound of the Cretan people their heart-felt thanks to those Engishmen who have taken the lead in the vindroation of the cau-a of the Christians of the East, and to the Euglish people for the wish that the strong voice of England may be heard in favor of the rights of their

sorety tried i sand.

"8. That these resolutions be forwarded by telegraph to Mr. (ii dstone, and a select committee be intrusted with the task of giving feller expression to these sentiments and opinious in an address."

Love of Sin the Cause of Infidelity.

The great cause of infidelity our Lord has given in these words: "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. And St. Paul prayed to be "delivered from wicked and un-reasonable men." The religion of Christ is so pure and holy in itself, apart from the fact of its being a Divine Revelation, that none but "wicked and unreasonable men" could possibly oppose themselves to it. And amongst some of those who have laboured in defence of infidelity, in opposition to Christianity, we may distinctly trace the operation of this cause. For instance, this may be seen, in the impure imagination of Gibbon, who was unable to restrain his puriency even amid the learned researches of the historian; in the sensual confessions of Rousseau, in the immoral doctrines of Hume, and in the degrading blasphemies and vices of Paine. In these cases we can trace the origin of their disbelief to their love of sin. The Word of God was against them, and they were against the Word of God. Unbelief and immorality

are nearly allied. And, besides, no infidel has ever attempted to show that obedience to t'e precepts of the Gospel, whether they be what we claim they are or not.—Divine, can possibly be hurtful to the individual soul, or to mankind in general. They teach nothing but what is calculated to honour God and benefit mankind. They authorizo no crime. They dissuade from every vice. They plead for every virtue. There can, then, be no possible danger in embracing such a religion as this. But if Christianity is true, infidelity must be false. And if such infidelity is found-ed, not on ignorance, but on pride, obstinacy, and the love of sin, let the unbeliever look to the consequences, for

The Last of the Greek Scholars.

The regrets expressed on account of the death of the Rev. R. Shilleto, recently announced, suggest reflections which are not altogether complimentary to the tendency of the age. Mr. Shilleto was pretty well known in England as the greatest Greek scholar she could boast of since the death of Gaisford. For about thirty years he did the work in Cambridge, which the Colleges ne-glected; and all the best scholars turned out of that University during that time, were taught by him. Through his pupils his great influence was exercised. both in Cambridge and in the public schools; and the best editions of classical writers published in England, have owed much to the notes signed "R. S." notes which showed his wonderful familiarity with the usage of the best writers. But, after all, he has not left many proofs behind him of his extraordinary attainments. For a long time he cherished a scheme of a complete critical edition of Thueydides, which was to immortalize his name; but he was exhausted by the toil he had undergone, and had not sufficient energy left for so formidable a task, as that he had con-templated. It is believed, that had he been placed, in early life, in a position securing to him a moderate amount of leisure, we should have been able to boast of such an edition of the Greek Historian, as probably no living German and certainly no other Englishman could produce.

The Athenann in its remarks on the subject, says: -"Such a change has taken place in modes of study, and the science of comparative philology has so much widened the horizon, that it may be doubted whether we shall ever again see a scholar possessing so complete a mastery of the language of a certain number of writers. People now a-days read more widely, but also more hastily."—Dominion Churchman.

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