# Choice Plierature.

Still and Deep.

BY P. M. F. SNENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," 'ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

It was a glorious summer morning which dawned on the world next day, with every accessory of light and music and colour to make it gorgeous and brilliant, for there was not a cloud on the clear blue sky, and the rosy flush in the East was reflected in the sparkling stream and in every drop of dew that quivered on the grass, while the fresh air was full of melody from the earolling bird voices that sounded through the trees. Mary Trevelyan started awake from happy dreams with a sense of hope and buoyanny, which did not altogother leave her aven when the full return of consciousness brought back to her the recollection of Mr. Links oritical state. The fact that nurse Party had allowed her to sleep undisturb. ed all night convinced her that at least he could not be any worse, and her heart thrilled with the idea that possibly he might even be a little better. Hastily throwing a dressing-gown round her, she went softly across the passage, and glanced through the open door of his room. Ho was lying on his back, perfectly motionless, and evidently in a deep sleep, while Mrs.
Parry, reclining in an easy chair by his
bedside, was giving audible testimony to
the fact of her being also buried in profound slumber. Mary came back well pleased to her room, and proceeded to dress, hardly able to account to herself for the strange feeling of happiness which seemed to prevade her whole being, and which could not be explained by the simple fact that Mr. Lisle was enjoying some refreshing rest that could not make his odee any the less hopoless ultimately Sho was standing with all her beautiful dark hair falling round her like a voil, contrasting well in its dusky hue with the white garment which she were, when suddenly she paused as she was in the act of gathering it up in both her hands, and stood for an instant listening intently, then a light stole into her eyes which filled their thoughtful doubles with radiance, her lips parted in the leveliest smile, and her alabaster whiteness gave place to a warm tinge of delicate colour; any one seeing her at that moment would have pronounced her a beautiful woman, though in genoral her quiet unassuming appearance would not have attracted notice as in any way remarkable, but now it was the glow of sudden joy that had glorified her face, and sent her heart throbbing with unex-pected rapture, for she had heard a step in the passage—a step purposely made so noiseless for the sleeper's sake that it was strange it should have met her ear at all —and in an instant all her soul was penetrated with an inexpressible delight, as sho murmured softly, "Bertrand is here—I shall see him; I shall hear his voice; now I'know why I felt so mysteriously happy! and she turned with a glad smile to the open window, feeling that the whole world for her was full of light which came not from the morning sun. Half an hour later, when she left the

room and went once more to Mr. Lisle's door, Mary was met by Mrs. Parry who was coming out, her round face beaming with satisfaction, to tell her that the invalid was sleeping still, more tranquilly than he had done for weeks, and the good woman, putting on a very significant smile, drew back so as to let Mary look into the room, and said, "Now, my dear, take a peop in there and see what there is to be seen." Mary went forward a few steps, and then her glance fell upon a picture which lived in her memory for long years afterwards through many a chance and change: Bertrand Liste stood by the side of his father's couch in all the glory of his youth and strength, looking the very personification of manly beauty with life at its best and brightest animating the stalwart frame, and the fine face glowing with health, while before him on the bed, all white and rigid, lay the dim shadowy figu.e that seemed already but the ghost of a vanished life, with eyes that no more could see the sunlight, and lips that would never smile again, and mutely pleading hands folded in submission over the breast that faintly rose and fell with slow waves of breath like the growing calm of the long troubled ocean when the breeze is dying down. The splendour of a summer noon and the cold solemn immobility of a snow clad winter's night could scarce present a greater contrast; and dear as the dying man was to Mary Trevelyan, her heart trembled with thankfulness that while he, alas! represented death and decay, the type of life and hope was that one in all the world in whom her own existence was bound up. Bertrand turned, and saw her, and the smile that brightened his hos was so surely one of intense pleasure, that she could not mistake its import, he came swiftly towards ber, and clasped her hands in his, saying softly, "Lattle Mary, what joy it is to see you once agair even at this sad time." She raised her acep gray eyes to his face for all response, but he read their vioquent depths, and was well satis-

fied.
"I thought you would have been taken by surprise Mary." enid Mrs. Parry, in a rather dissappointed tone, for she had expected to see Mary's start of astonishment at the unexpected sight of Bertrand, "did you know he was come? did any of

the servants tell you?"
"No," said Mary in her soft, low tone;

"but I heard his stop. "Did you?" said Bertrand. "I thought I passed your door so quietly that no one could have heard me; and, in any case, how could you recognize my step after all those months; but, to be sere, you were expect-

"Yes; but I should have recognized it any way, she answered, quietly, "how glad your dear father will be that you are

"I have been with him nearly all the night, said Bertrand, so shey walked along

Mr. Lisle has already slout longer than he has done at all since his illness become eerions, and he shows no algo of waking yet. You must have brought him scent peace of mind, Bestrand, somehow, to produce such a result.

"Porhaps I did," he answered, glancing at Mary, to see if he had any suspicion of the means by which he had brought calm to his father's anxious spirit; but there was no token of agitation on her guileless face, and she looked up at Bertrand inno-contly, saying, "He wished to see you so very much; I think the mere sight of you would give him rest and happiness."
"Well, Mary, my child," said Mrs. Par-

ry, "we must take advantage of his unusual tranquility to have our breakfast, it is quito ready; and when we have finished ill come and sit by him till he wakes so that you and Mr. Bertrand may have a little time together; you will have to tell us all about your travels, my dear boy."
"I am afraid they have not been in very

savage countries," said Bertrand, laugh-ing, "where I could have any interesting adventures. My life passes in the height of the most refined civilisation." "Then it may be quite as new to us,"

said Mary, with a smile, "considering how completely we are out of the world in this

"Anyhow I am sure you have plenty to say to each other," said Mrs. Parry; and when the meal was over, she prepared at once to return to her watch by the sick

"But nurse, will you promise to send and tell me the very moment he wakes? said Mary, anxiously; " for I long to speak to him, though I would not disturb him for the world; it seems so strange not to have heard his voice since yesterday even

ing."
"He spoke so much to me in the night that I have no doubt he is very much ex hausted," said Bertrand.

"You can trust me to call you so soon as he wakes," said Mrs. Parry; he will want to see you both I have no doubt," and she bustled from the room with the pets of her widow's cap flying out bah d hor, which recalled to Bertrand ar a urd recollection of the days when he us d thom as reins, the good lady herself being the steed, as she carried him abou

"It makes me feel like a boy again to be once more in this dear little home," he said, turning to Mary. "Come out into " Come out into let us explore some of our old

She agreed, with a bright smile, and together they went out into the glad summer morning with its sunny skies and its sacred breeze and its rainbow tinted flowers. They were young; they loved each other well, and they could not feel altogether sad as they wandered down the shrubbery paths towards the little streamlet, but they spoke with hushed breath, and in genverent tones, because of the shadow of death that hung over the house, and the awful sense of the near approach of the one dread mystery before which the proudest quails, and the most assured hope falters. It was of the dying man they speke as they strolled along in the sunlight, for he was very dear to both of them, and their hearts were filled with that tender pity which the living seem ever constrained to bestow upon the dying, forgetting how soon and how surely they shall themselves succumb to the same mysterious power. Mary told Bertrand how the physicians had assured her that he could not possibly linger many days longer, and that they were indeed surprised he had lived so long.
"Iam so thankful I was able to come

here in time te see him for every reason. said Bortrand ; " but, dearest Mary, though he is my father and only your friend, I think that it really will be sadder for you than for me when he is taken; for my profession necessarily leads me to a life apart from him, and to you it will involve much more than the loss of one you love.'

"The loss of home, of protection," murmured Mary; but her voice died away, for she dreaded beyond words that

Bortrand gontly took her hand, and was sorely tempted to tell her then and there that all she "4s about to lose would be given back to her fourfold in his affection: but to talk of love or marriage in that atmosphere of death seemed a desecration, discordant as the clash of wedding bells over a grave, and he only said, "Such a one as you are can never be left lonely or unprotected, Mary, do not

She was silent and they walked on thoughtfully together, while Bertrand pondered, with some perplexity, over the arrangements which must be made to provide Mary with a home till such la period had elapsed after his father's death as would enable him to marry. The villa was merely rented, and must be given up. Mrs. Parry s private income was too slende from her own father was such as young son that he had carefully concealed from was dependent on his kindness, and that tender care for her he might have made some plan whereby a home might be provided for her, at least during the interval that must elapse before Bertrand could offer her one he asoff, he found, on questioning Mary on the subject, that this was really the case.

"Yes, she said, "he war so good and dear, he did not limit his kindness to his own life, but thought of what was to become of me when I was deprived of his precious care, he had provided me with a shelter, for one year, in the only home he could find for me-with your mother's cousin, Mrs. Windcam. I do not know

one year; but he told me it was so de-

Bertrand could easily understand that the reason of this limitation was simply Mr. Lisle's inability to pay Mary's board in advance for more than one year, as, although he had scarcely any personal ac-quaintance with his relation, and none with her husband, he know enough of their circumstances to be certain that they were not in a position to receive visitors freely for any great length of time; he know that Mrs. Windham had, late in life, married a widower, who, though an elderly man, was still only a poor curate, and that they lived in a very lonely and inaccessible district of Yorkshire, oking out an exceed-ingly small stipend by taking jupils; it did not sound a very onlivening prospect for Mary, but it was probably the best ar-rangement that could be made under the circumstances, and he thought to himself, with a glow of satisfaction at his heart. that he would certainly remove her from hence at the end of the year.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"It seems a sensible plan, dear Mary," said Bertrand, after thinking it over, "I have no doubt Mrs. Windham will be very kind to you; do you like the idea?"

"Oh, Bertrand, no!" she said, tears welling into her eyes, "I dread it so much; I would not have told your father this on any account, it was so kind of him to think of me at all.

"But why do you dread it, dear?" "You know Mr. Windham had a grown-up daughter when he made his second marriage, and I have heard that she was annoyed at her step mother coming there, and that she makes the home very unhappy in consequence; she may not like

my presence either."
"She must be very difficult to please if she does not like to have you, little gen-tle Mary; I believe she will love you very

much, she will not be able to help it."

Mary shook her head. "I wish so much I could have lived with nurse Parry, but of course I will adhere to your father's plans; his wishes are sacred to me."

"Yes, let them be so always, Mary," said Bertrand, with a significant smile, which sent the blood surging through her heart with sudden agitation.

But what is nurse Parry going to do?" continued Bertrand; "I cannot consent to lose sight of her."

"Oh, I hope not, indeed; it would break her heart to be altogether separated from either you or me. She does not like this plan of my residing with Mr. Windham at Chiverly, but since it must be so, she is going to live for the present with a friend of hers, who is also a widow, and keeps a boarding-house in London.'

"That would not have been at all suitable for you, dear child, so I am glad another home has been found for you; and you must shake off your fears, and look at it brightly. I shall take care that you are not made unhappy, for I shall come and see you at least once in the course of the

"Oh, will you!" exclaimed Mary, look ing up to him with such a light of rapture in her eyes, that he smiled at the full confession of her love for him which they in

voluntarily made. "Yos, that I shall; whonever I can get leave. Mrs. Windham is my cousin, and shall assume that she is bound to exercise the duty of hospitality, and I can always bring the Gorgon of a step-daughter some trinkets from Vienna to propitiate her savage nature; so you must take courage little Mary."

"You shall hear no more complaints," she whispered, while his fingers clasped ploser round the little hand he held.

They sat down under a willow-tree that grew on the banks of the stream, and Bertrand began to tell her of his life on the Continent: of the country ceremonies he attended, and the brilliant society which surrounded him in the diplomatic circle to which he belonged. She was intensely interested in every detail which concerned him, and the hours flew away on golden wings; high noon had come and passed her forlorn condition should in any sense appeal to Bertrand, so long as she was uncertain that Mr. Lisle was right in believing she had won his love.

Some time, when at a pause in the conversation, Mary said, "Surely, it is impossible that your father can be sleeping all this time, and yet nurse Parry promised so faithfully to summon us when he awoke; it almost makes me feel uneasy to think of such a long slumber. Let us go and see

liow he is."
"By all means; but quiet sleep can only be beneficial," said Bertrand; "and he has suffered much, has he not, from wakefulness?

"On yos, it has been his great triel; I am truly thankful he is quiet now; I have so longed that he might rest."

Did she know what she was caying? They strolled on together over the sunlit lawn, and went into the house, where all was perfectly quiet and silent, for the servants offices were at the back, and Mr. Lisle and nurse Parry were the only occu-pants of this part of the dwelling. They went on up the stars, through the passage and in at the open door of the sick room, to enable her even to support herself, and Mrs. Parry's absence was at once accounthe knew, though Mary did not, that ed for, as she had lain down on a sofa the very small sum she had inherited placed at a little distance from the bed, and had, naturally enough, again fallon ladies in her rank of life would consider asleep in the slumbrous heat of noon, scarcely sufficient to provide them with Then Bertrand and Mary Trevelyan went Mr. Liste had always told his and stood by the side of Mr. Listes couch. Was it the living father that lay there or a his adopted daughter how completely she statue carved in monumental marble to represent eternal peace, white and manithe truth in this respect would never be mate, with scaled eyes and hips set in known to her till after his death, when it a strangely meaning simile, as though some would be no longer possible to hide it; but wondrous secret nad just been revealed to Bertrand thought it provable that in his him? Something there was in his aspect so antagonistic to the glow and warmth of life that a deadly pallor stole over the two bright young faces that looked down on him, and a chill of dread struck to their hearts. Involuntarily Bertrand grasped Mary's hand, and then stooping down, he laid his own reverently on his father's breast, no beaving breath, no throb of life, responded to his touch, but the mysterious mexplicable change which purvaded the whole well-known form, struck home to him instantly with that unmistakable conviction of the presence of death which the passage together.

And he has proved a better nurse than cousin, Mrs. Windram. I do not know it the very moment they are brought in any of us, Mary," said Mrs. Parry; "for why my residence there is to be limited to contact with its mystery. Bertrand turned

and looked at Mary without speaking, and gently drawing her down beside him, they knelt together by the couch in silence.

It was even so, carofully as he had been tended by that poor human love, which is so helpless in the face of death, the old man had gone through the last dread change in solitude, unaided and unwatched; secretly, silently, the long life of hope, and fear, and love, and anguish of though and error, had floated away into the invisible air on one expiring breath, and now it no longer existed at all, save as a memory, a feature of the past, which soon would vanish, even from the remembranco of those to whom his living presence had been most familiar.

As the sunbeams flickered through the Venetian blinds that shaded the room, and i-il in straggling rays upon the kneeling group, and the rigid figure with its folded hands and marble whiteness, it looked as if all were alike out out in stone—the effigy of one long dead stretched upon a tomb and the sculptured representatives of those who had lingered a while to pray for him, carved by the cunning of the artist's hand into a vivid imitation of life. But the spell which held thom in such perfect immobility was soon disolved, it was broken by a cry from Mrs. Parry, who, waking up suddenly, had come towards the bed, and in a moment had understood all that had occurred.

"Oh, my dear master! my dear friend! to think that I should have gone to sleep and left him to die all alone! I shall never forgive myself!" she exclaimed; "and you will never forgive me," she added, turning to Mary and Bertrand, "for not having called you."

Her distress and excitement were great, that they both were obliged to draw heir thoughts , way from the contemplation of their loss, in order to console her Bertrand emphatically assured her that he did not blame her, and that his dear father had passed away in sloop, so that it could have made no difference if they had all been present; but Mary's gentle soothing did more for the good woman than all his vehement protestations, for her sympathetic nature told her she should hast relieve the sense of remorse for neglect, by reminding her that she had still a duty to accomplish for him whom they mourned and by begging her to calm herself in order that they might join together in performing the last offices of the dead; even in that sad moment Bertrand could not help admitting Mary Trevelvan's delicate tact, and it had at once the desired effect. Mrs. Parry wiped her eyes, and resumed her composure, while Mary, in a tremulous whisper, asked Bertrand to go into the garden and cut some of the white roses his father had so specially loved, that she might lay them in the form of a cross upon his quiet brenst.

A few days passed away-days of glorious summer beauty in the world without, floods of sunshine streaming over wood and field, birds making the whole air musical with ecstacies of song, green grass waving, flowers opening new blossoms to the light, all nature full of gladness and life, and within shaded rooms and voices hushed, falling tours, and footstops lingor-ing round a silent bier; yet it might be that the truest life was there, in the midst of that atmosphere of death, for the sunshine of the summer days would fade, the birds would cease to sing when came the winter snows, the grass would all beneath the mower's scythe, the flowers would shrivel and perish in the chilling frosts, but out of the very rigour and soullessness of death there springs the imperishable hope of life that cannot die, and from the gloom and horror of the grave there rises a light for the righteous, which shall forever sline in the unfading brightness of the perfect day. This much is certain deeply as those true mourners grieved for their personal loss in him who had been taken from them, there yet seemed to be a strango prophetic sweetness in the peculiar calm that was all around and within them, during the waiting days before he was hidden out of their sight till the morning of the great awakening; for it had be-fallen them, as it does to most in the actual presence of death, to receive so strong an impression of the utterly ophemeral nature of all those conditions of life which it could terminate so suddenly, that it seemed scarce possible to attach much importance to the vicissitudes of that mortal state, which would seem to be as a vanished dream when once they had passed to the eternal existence on which they believed

he had already entered. This is a phase of feeling which all have experienced probably who have seen a familiar friend, that has shared all their daily cares and passing joys, sudderly withdrawn behind the veil; but for a brief time only it seduces the things of sense to their true proportions, and then all the passion and frenzy of earthly hopes and fears rush in and blind our eyes, and they loom out before us so near and prominent that they seem to drive back all that lies beyond them. Already the hopes and anxieties of their earthly career had returned to beat tumultuously in the hearts of Bertrand and Mary Provelyan, when they turned away to have the father and the friend lying pencefully beneath the green turf of the little country church-It had been Mary's special wish that he should be buried at sugget, when the same soft woing light and heavenly stillness was on all the hving nature, which had filled him with such serenty when has she sat by his side, and bade him mark how like the golden west was to the gate of paralise. Quiet's as the sun was declining, they walked out hand in hand behind the coffin, borne on the shoulders of poor men to whom he had been kind; and Mrs. Parry followed ucar them. So they carried him to the rustic graveyard that surrounded the village church, and laid him down by the side of his lost love, with the music of colestial bopes broathing in every one of the solemn holy words with which they lulled him to his rest.

# ( Lo be Continued. )

As I we little known what a blessing there is in being helped with a little help. A FATHER'S throne! I hope vie shall never be satisfied with that-a Father's

## Learn to Keen House.

Beautiful maidens—aye, nature's fair queous. Bome in your syentles, and some in your teens, Seeking accomplishments worthy your aim, Striving for learning, thirating for tame, Taking such pains with the style of your hair. Rasping your filly complexion so fair, Miss not this item in all your gay lives; Learn to keep house; you may one day be wirer; Learn to keep house !

your Adouis loves amost moonlight walks. Hand-clasps, and ki-see, and nice little talks; Then, as plain Charlie, with purdens of care, He must subsist on more nourishing fare: He'll come home at the set of the sun, Heart-sick and weary, his working day doze; Thence led his alippered feed ne'er wish to roam; Learn to keep konse, that you may keep home Loarn to keep house!

Pirst in his eyes will be children and wife, Joy of his heart, and life of his life; Next to his bright dwelling his table, his meals, Shrink not at what my pen troorbing roreals, Laidons romantic; the truth must be told; Knowledge is better than silver and gold; Then be propared in the spring-time of health; Learn to keep house, the' surrrounded by wealth; Learn to keep house!

#### Duty and Pleasure.

I utterly repudiate the worldly maxim Duty first and Pleasure afterward," That is a poor school which does not teach, or a poor scholar who has not learned, how pleasure is a duty, and duty a pleasure. And so the words are one. For what is duty? Simply what is due; and duty done is a debt paid—receipted, canceled, and released. We are too apt in the everflow of life which belongs especially to youth, but lasts, thank God, into gray hairs-we are too apt to treat it in an another way; too apt to dwell upon its hardness, its severa demands, its rearie. tions of liberty. Learn to look on it, dear children, in the true light. It is undone duty that is hard; just as a debt owed and paid has in it a thought of pleasure and relief, of freedom from a haunting shadow which bears down stout hearts with its anxious load. And in its highest reach, your duty is a dobt of honor, of gratitude, of love, whose payment is all pleasure in the act of paying, no less than in the sense of its discharge.—W. O. Doane.

## The Portuguese.

A very interesting book has been published in England by a Mr. Latouche, about Portugal and the Portuguese. It describes many curious customs, which are doubtless of long standing in that little-visited country, and which mark its people as quite different in many respects from others that we know. In the first place, their farming cools are very primitive, for Mr. Latouche says of them: "A man might have fancied himself carried back eighteen hundred years, and transported to that famous farm among the Sabine hills. Barring the maize, I fancy Horaco would have seen nothing outlandish on this Portuguese farm. The ploughs, the ex-carts, the sickles, the pruning-hooks, are of the aucient Latin patterns, and all the operations of farming absolutely the same." The author follows up the traces of the old Moorieh occupation of Portugal in an inter-esting chapter, and gives many strange instances of the rooted belief in the existonce of hudden treasure which prevails in every part of Portugal. The uninhabited royal palace at Queluz, near Lisbon, is believed to secrete immense wealth, and has been nearly pulled to pieces in the vain search for it. In Oporto a club has been formed for the sole purpose of seeking for the hiding place of a fabulously large diamond said to be concealed in its near neighborhood. Mr. Latouche had reason to believe that he was popularly supposed to be travelling in Portugal for the sole purpose of seeking for the military chest of the French army, which was buriedness Ponte do Lims, after the passage of the Douro, and the capture of Oporto by Wel-

lington. A pleasant characteristic of the people is their kindliness and gentleness to all animals. "The tamoness of all domestic animals in Portugal," says the author, "cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, resulting from habitual kind treatment, is striking

to a foreigner."
The Portuguese are described as being frugal, moral, religious, and sentimental, ceroiuonious in their manners, and scrupulously polite among themselves. The author is very entertaining about the difficulties of modes of address in Portugal,which must indeed present some, when one may hear a little street-boy say to another, "Your lordship is cheating," and the accused reply, "Your worship has stelled my kite."—In some parts of the country, the administration of the country that country the c country it is a solecism to talk of a dog; the animal mast be named apologetically as a puppy, a "cacherro." No Portuguese, the author tells us, will name that shock-

ing animal the pig:—
"If he must be alluded to—and it is necessary sometimes, seeing that the Portingness are very fond of him cooked—he is called the 'fat animal,' covada, and if a Portuguese is driven into a corner, and absolutely forced to employ the word, he will use the diminative 'porquite," a little pig, and even that only under his breath, and with the phrase 'by your leave. In a portugues a worker of the product of the pr Portuguese translation of a French savant's account of a fossil bone-cave, in which bones of swine were abundant, all direct mention of the animal is avoided with impressive and the same of the same in a same i mense ingenuity, and as often as science clearly demands the word 'pig,' recourse is

had to some pompous paraphrase, such as a familiar mammal which we still empoy as food, and so forth."

As funny is the avoidance is the word "doz." Even in print they slide over it with an initial and two stars, and Mr. Lattender of the start of the same of a start of the s touche says, "I have seen the name of a well known place in Lisbon, Foole do Olho, do Cao, the Fountain of the Dog's Eye, printed Fonte do Olho, do Cao.

Guilx i pon the conscience unfits a man

for all hory service of God. MAKE mie more fruitful-and all the discipline—tae how.and the wherefore I lears