

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SKRANS, AUTHOR OF "TRIAL," "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

Mary De L'Isle carried out her plan of summing nurse Parry to her aid, on behalf of Mrs. Brant, and two or three days later she and her husband drove to the railway station to meet their old friend who had telegraphed her consent to the request. Many of the stations who were sauntering about in expectation of the coming excitement to be found in the arrival of the train, watched with admiring eyes the pleasant picture presented by the young couple, as they stood side by side on the platform waiting for its appearance. Bertrand had quite recovered his good looks, as well as his strength and activity; and although his bronzed complexion still bore traces of the open air life he had led during the campaign, yet his handsome face had regained all its brightness of expression, and the somewhat massive proportions of his stalwart frame contrasted well with the grace and delicacy of the pretty figure by his side. Mary did indeed look fair and lovely as the white rose, to which his father always likened her, and his blue eyes shone with joy and pride as he turned them on her each time she spoke to him with her low soft voice. "Oh, there she is! Look, Bertrand, does it not make you think of the old days at home to see her dear kind face again!" said Mary, as she caught sight of Mrs. Parry. "Yes indeed, I can recognize the little twinkling eyes behind her spectacles even at this distance," exclaimed Bertrand, and they hurried forward to meet her as the train drew up at the station, while she, with beaming countenance and incoherent ejaculations of delight, almost precipitated herself from the carriage in her eagerness to join them. No sooner, however, was she fairly landed on the platform, by the aid of Bertrand's strong arm, than the good woman fell into the wild state of perturbation and flurry which was her normal condition at a railway station, and it was not until the De L'Isles had placed her comfortably at rest in their own rooms at the hotel that she was able to hold any rational conversation with them. "Well, my dears!" she exclaimed, when she had made a good dinner, and was ensconced in an easy chair in front of the sofa where they were seated, "it is an untold happiness to me to be with you again; and you look so bright and bony, my Mary, that it does my heart good to see you; at the same time I must tell you that I never came to any work with a worse will in my life, and that for more reasons than one."

"Oh, nurse, I am very sorry to hear that!" said Mary, "and surprised too, for generally you are so kind and ready to help any one who is ill."

"Yes, my darling, when it is a Christian person, and not a piece of painted falsehood and selfishness; I can tell you Mrs. Laura Brant is just the very last in the world I want to nurse or be good to. I have been hearing about her. I know that she is your worst enemy, my Mary, as well as poor Mr. Pemberton's."

"Not now, dear nurse," said gentle Mary; "she is much changed, and will be very different for the future from what she has ever been before, I am sure, and besides she is in sorrow and suffering, so we must forget everything but that she requires our help."

"Ah, that is just like you!" said nurse Parry, nodding her head, "I don't pretend to have an angelic temper, and to be always forgiving and forgetting; but somehow you never fail to make me feel almost as sweet as yourself when there is need of kindness to be shown to any one, and I darsay it will be the same this time, but Mrs. Brant will be very much mistaken if she thinks I have come to her willingly."

"What other reason had you for not wishing to undertake this task, nurse?" asked Bertrand; "you said you had more than one."

"Well, my dear boy, I did not like leaving the Brants, the children are still very sadly."

"I did not know that any of them were ill," said Mary anxiously; "I would not have asked you to come if I had thought they required nursing."

"Nor do they; it is not that they need, but country air and change; they are very low and weak, one and all of them, but especially Valerie; she has never got over the shock to her nerves which she received that sad day when she witnessed Mr. Pemberton's death. She fell into such a melancholy unnatural state for a child, after you went away, that I really would not have been able to leave her now at all if it had not been for Mr. Davenant."

"Charlie Davenant! Has he been with you?" exclaimed Bertrand.

"Yes; I have not had time to tell you about him yet," said nurse Parry, "though I am sure I have been talking as fast as I could, which she certainly had." "He has been with us for a week, and I left him with the Brants; but there is quite a pretty story about his first visit to the house, which you will like to hear."

"Let us have it by all means then," said Bertrand; "we shall feel as if we were the good children we used to be when you told us tales long ago."

"Ah, Mr. Bertrand," said the old woman shaking her head, "Mary was always good, but you were as full of mischief as ever you could be."

"And so I am still, nurse; but never mind that, let us hear your story."

"Well, my dears, it was about a week ago that he came. I heard some one shown by the servant into the outer room, I went in to see who it was, and there was a pleasant looking young Englishman, who told me his name was Charles Davenant. Then he said he was sure I must be nurse Parry, from the description he had often had of me from you. I remembered having heard you speak of him, Mary, so I asked him to sit down, and he did, but he was in a great hurry to ask some question, and he said, 'Mrs. Parry, I have come all the way from England to obtain some news

of Miss Trevelyan; I have never been able to hear how she passed through the terrible time of the siege.' 'Ah,' says I, 'there is no such person as Miss Trevelyan any longer, but I was sorry the moment I had said so, for he went as white as a sheet, and caught me by the arm, crying out 'O surely, surely, it cannot be! Is it possible she has really gone quite away from this weary, wicked world?' 'No, no,' says I, 'she is married now; and she has become Madame de L'Isle.' 'Married!' says he, 'and to her own true love; for I suppose you mean it to be Bertrand Lisle that has got her.' Then he drew a long breath, and said, heartily, 'Well, I am right glad of it, for now I hope she'll be happy, though she can be my bright particular star no more.' 'No, in deed,' says I, 'she is nobody's star but Bertrand's, and I can tell you she is a countess now.' 'A countess, cries he, 'she is fit to be queen, and better than a queen. There never was anybody like her, and there never will be!' and with that he asked a great many questions about where you were going to live, and Bertrand's property and title, and I answered them all, and then when he was quite satisfied about Mary, he said to me, 'And now Mrs. Parry, will you tell me where I can find John Pemberton? I want to see him very much.' You may fancy it gave me quite a turn to hear him say that, without a notion of the truth, so I answered, hastily like, 'You'll have to wait till you get to heaven before you can see John Pemberton, Mr. Davenant,' and the poor young fellow gave a great cry. 'You don't mean to tell me he is dead, Mrs. Parry! after all his trial and sorrow it would be too sad!' But I was obliged to tell him it was unhappily true, you know, and when he heard the story of his death he fairly broke down, and sobbed like a child, till it made my heart ache to hear him. He was sitting at the table with his head laid down upon his folded arms, and he was just opposite the door of the inner room, and presently he raised himself to ask me some other question, and lifted his eyes, and there in the doorway stood little Valerie Brunot, in a blaze of light from the sunshine streaming down on her out of the window behind, with her dress shining white and glistening, and her hair all golden like a glory round her head, and she was looking straight at him with her great clear eyes and her beautiful young face so solemn and tender; he stared at her for a minute like a man in a dream, and then whispered to me, 'What is it Mrs. Parry? is it an angel?' but before I could answer Valerie began walking slowly towards him, and she came and stood in front of him as he drew his chair back from the table, and said, in her sweet clear voice, 'Did you love Mr. Pemberton sir?' 'Oh, I did indeed,' he said, 'he was my dearest friend.' 'Then I will love you,' she said, and she put her two little hands in his, and he stooped down and kissed them.

"Then she sat down by his side, and said, 'Now I will comfort you—though I am glad you cried for my dear Mr. Pemberton; but none of us must cry for him any more now, for he is happy, happier than any of us, safe at the feet of the dear Lord Jesus,' and she bowed her pretty head as she said the sacred Name. Well, my dears, Mr. Davenant kept looking at her as if he really did think she was an angel out of heaven, and from that moment those two became such friends as never was. He asked me if he could lodge in the house, and I got him a room, and there he has been ever since. He has done Valerie all the good in the world, taking up her time and attention, and making her forget her sad thoughts. They walk out together, and she helps him with his French, which is worse than mine, and that is saying a good deal, and he is ever so fond of her; he seemed delighted when I told him I left her quite in his care, for her father is out all day selling his Bibles, and her mother is but a poor creature at the best of times."

"I have no doubt he will be kind to her," said Bertrand, "since you have often told me, Mary, what a good fellow he is; but it is seldom a young man will take so much trouble about a child under any circumstances."

"I am not surprised at it when the child is Valerie Brunot; there is a peculiar charm in her character which has its effect on every one who knows her," said Mary; "but I am so glad dear nurse that Mr. Davenant came to take care of her just in time to set you free. You must rest here quietly to-night, and then to-morrow I hope you will come with me to Mrs. Brant."

CHAPTER LVJ.

Lurline had been moved by the De L'Isles to more comfortable rooms before the arrival of Mrs. Parry, and it was therefore to a large airy apartment, where the open windows let the light fall freely upon the invalid, that Mary conducted her old nurse the morning after her arrival. True to her loyal devotion towards the De L'Isles, whom she believed Laura to have cruelly injured, the good woman grumbled at the task before her all the way from the hotel, and continued to grumble as she went upstairs to the very door of the sick room; but the moment her eyes fell on the wan mournful face of the sufferer all her unwelcome sternness gave way, and her kind heart went back with a great revulsion of feeling to its natural compassionateness and ready sympathy; and when Mary with her usual quiet tact, placed the fragile neglected infant in her arms, the victory over her motherly instinct was complete; in an instant she was lavishing endearments on it, and tending it with an artistic skill which brought a smile even to Laura's pale lips, while she became so completely engrossed by its various requirements that she heard nothing of the conversation which was soon commenced between Mary and her friend. Two or three days had passed since that eventful evening when Lurline first heard of the death of the man whose ill-fated love for her had been indeed strong as death, and might be said to shed its light upon her even yet, from the very darkness of the grave, and she had said no word to Mary of what might be passing in her mind as she regarded that conversation of her own soul to love and truth for which she had promised so earnestly to strive; yet there were many indications that her

mind was dwelling on it anxiously, and her manner was much more subdued and humble than it had ever been in all her life before. She was slowly improving in health, and it was quite plain now that she was likely to recover completely under the tender care which surrounded her; but on this morning when Mary asked her how she had slept, Laura answered that she had passed a very restless night.

"Thinking, always thinking, Mary, till my brain reels, and my heart is so weary. I seem possessed by my past life; it is continually passing in review before me, with the light from the Sun of Righteousness bringing out in ludicrous aspect all its wickedness, treachery and selfishness. I long, I pine, for pardon and peace, but I seem as one dead. I have no power to enter into that faith and love which John Pemberton so earnestly desired for me. I do as you told me, Mary, I appeal to the merciful Christ direct. I scarce cease to call on him night and day; but it is with me as with the disciples of Baal, there is no voice nor any that answers, sometimes I think that even the prayers which rose from that pure heart of which I was so unworthy, cannot be heard for such as I have been."

"They have been heard," said Mary, softly, "of that I am very sure, and when it shall seem good to the Most Merciful he will answer them; do you remember how He said even to those whom He knew were about to forsake and deny Him, 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you?' and to you, too, Laura, in an hour when you think not, the Master will come."

"I trust it may be so," said Lurline with a heavy sigh; "but Mary, one idea has come to me on which I should like to act if you will help me with your advice; it seems to me that perhaps I have no right to expect that I can be permitted to win even faith or hope until I have given some proof that I mean in future to do the will of that God whose mercy I am seeking, I seem likely to live now, and I must come to some decision as to my manner of existence in the years to come. I want you to tell me what you think it would be my duty to do."

"I can have very little doubt on that point; it seems to me perfectly clear."

"But wait, Mary," exclaimed Laura, with a good deal of feverish anxiety in her tone, "you do not know yet what possibilities there are for me; it is certain that I cannot return to England for my poor father is dead, and Mrs. Wyndham was left without any provision, and has gone to live with her brother and his family; but there is an opening for me here. I had a note this morning from an Italian Marchesa, who was one of my principle acquaintances, but who was absent when my misfortunes came upon me, and who has only just returned. She writes to offer me a home with her if I will give her my services as lady companion; the duties would be quite nominal. I know very well why she wants me in her house; it would be a very gay pleasant life, Mary," and Laura looked up somewhat wistfully, at her friend.

"But would it be right?" said Mary, gently, "you have others to consider besides yourself Laura; even in any temporary arrangement are you sure you could attend to your child in the Marchesa's house?"

"He would not be there," said Lurline, hesitatingly; "she says no should be put into the care of a nurse in some village."

"Oh Laura! you could never consent to so wrong and unnatural a scheme. She cannot be a good friend for you I am sure, if she could make such a suggestion."

Even in her worst days Laura had been frank and outspoken when there was nothing to be gained by being otherwise, and now she had strong motives to incite her to truthfulness, she answered, therefore, at once, with a tinge of colour rose in her white cheeks: "I will own to you, Mary, that she is not very good in any way. She is scarcely received in society now, and it is for that very reason she wishes to have me with her. She thinks that having the companionship of a lady and especially an Englishwoman, might help her to regain her position."

"Then surely that settles the question, feeling as you now do, you cannot have entertained the idea of going to her at all seriously."

"Perhaps I hardly did, only I could not help thinking what a bright luxurious life it would have been," said Lurline with a sigh.

"A life utterly unblest; and besides, Laura, I do not think that you ought to accept the most unexceptionable offer of a situation that could be made to you; there can be no doubt whatever that it is your duty to join your husband."

"Oh, Mary, I tell sure you would say so, and I quite dreaded to hear the words!" said Laura turning round to bury her face in the pillow, with almost a wail of pain. "You do not know all that is involved in such a proposal; bitter humiliation certainly, and perhaps misery and want."

"Still, dear Laura, you would have God's blessing on your life, and that blessing can turn all that seems most dark to purest light."

"I have not written to Mr. Brant yet at all," said Laura, half impatiently.

"Then I think you ought to write without delay, and offer to go to him."

"It is not a question of offering," said Laura. "I must beg him to take me back; we parted on very bad terms; he was so indignant with me for refusing to go with him then, and swore his misfortunes, that he declared I should never enter his doors again, unless I prayed and implored of him to receive me, and I scoffed at the very idea, and said I never would."

"But you were not then trying to do right, Laura," said Mary, very gently; "you had no wish, as you have now, to find the Blessed Christ who pleased not Himself."

"No, that is true; but I seem far enough from finding Him, and I do not suppose that humbling myself to Mr. Brant would help me in my search for Him."

"But it would, dear, most essentially; for you would be going after him by the way of holiness, and that is the very surest path by which He may be found."

"Well, if you think so, Mary, I will do what you consider right, and ask my hus-

band to let me go to him, bitter though it will be to do it; but from the moment that you told me of John Pemberton's life and death the whole world has seemed changed to me, and I feel as if nothing was of any consequence, except to win eternal life in the love of God, if only it be possible to me."

"You have taken the first and surest step towards that now, dearest Laura, for you have proved your absolute sincerity, and I have the strongest hope that not only will you win the higher blessing which you seek, but that even in the very return to your husband which you so dread, you will find more of earthly happiness than you could anywhere else."

It is not a very bright prospect at present," said poor Lurline with a sad smile; "but, Mary, if I take this painful step according to your advice, I may, I think, ask you if you would help me to gratify one strong desire which I have in connection with it."

"I am sure I shall be only too glad if I can help you in any way, what is it that you wish?"

"It is that I might stand just once by the grave of John Pemberton before I leave Europe never to return to it, which will be the case if I rejoin my husband."

"I think that might be managed with very little difficulty," said Mary. "As it happens, I had thought of proposing that, so soon as you were able for the journey you should go to Paris with nurse Parry, for she is anxious to go back and attend to Madame Brunot's children, who are not very well, and you would be more comfortable in many ways there than you could be by remaining here."

"Oh, I am so glad it can be," said Laura, "but is there any hope that you could be there yourself, Mary? I would rather go with you than with any one else to visit that sacred grave."

"I think that too could be arranged," answered Mary, "for Bertrand has promised to take me to Paris in a few weeks to see a monument which we are having erected over John's resting place, and we could time our journey so as to meet your wish."

"Thank you so much, dearest Mary; how good you are to me! Well, at least, I will obey you now without delay, and write that painful letter. Mr. Brant will be surprised indeed when he receives a petition from me to be taken back by him."

"Surprised and pleased," said Mary, smiling, as she kissed her, and felt she had gained a great step in Laura's reformation.

(To be continued.)

The Imperial Title.

Mr. Gladstone has written the following letter to Dr. Abbott:—19th March, 1876.

Sir,—In reply to your favour of 10th, asking me if, in my opinion, the past history of the reign of our Queen would justify the assumption of the title 'Empress' by her Majesty 'in its true and correct, classical and historical sense,' I have looked into the matter carefully. I have given both sides of this important question the fullest and most complete consideration, and I have come to the conclusion that while in its 'correct, historical, and classical' significance, her Majesty is not justified in assuming it, neither does the solid gold of the time consecrated crown of England's monarchs require the fictitious and tawdry lustre conferred by this modern shallow gilding. India does not want it, England will not have it. In my opinion the project was conceived in error, brought forth in error, and like all error, only required open public exposition and investigation to be shown in all its imperfections, shallow, baseless, and absurd. In my opinion the word *Imperator* can only be properly understood when taken in conjunction with *imperium*. According to Roman usage, if not actual law, the title of *Imperator* was conferred upon a conquering general, and *imperium* meant the power he possessed of compelling the fulfilment of his behests by the use of physical force. In its 'correct, historical, and classical sense' the title *Imperator* belongs to Clive; it never could or should be tacked to the crown of the eminently humane and august lady who reigns over this realm. It has been said that Rome was powerful and peaceful during the reign of the Antonines. The answer which springs to my lips in reply to this assertion is—If all the Roman governors were Antonines, Rome would have had no Emperors.—I am, sir, your obedient, faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE.

A CHRISTIAN, when he make a good profession, should be sure to make his profession good. It is sad to see many walk in the dark themselves, who carry a lantern for others. The whole complexion of a negro is less noticed than a single stain on the features of a white countenance.

To have our hearts balanced on God as their centre, and so balanced that under the ruder touches of temptation they may be moved to and fro like the nicely poised stones of the Druids, but like those stones, always return again to their rest—that is to be blessed indeed,—to be blessed like the Psalmist who said, after some rough onset of Satan, "I shall not be greatly moved."

The priceless treasure which Christ has to give to all the needy and suffering is peace—peace that shall flow like a river; peace that shall multiply like the waves of the sea; peace that shall increase without end. Whoever possesses this treasure in the heart possesses what no earthly power can command, no earthly riches can buy, no earthly calamity can depreciate or destroy. He can be content in great want, he can be calm in the midst of agitation, he can be fearless in danger, he can rejoice in affliction, he can triumph over death. Take to your heart the gift of peace with God, and you will be rich in possessions which the world can neither give nor take away. Fire may burn your house, commercial disaster may destroy your property, competition may shut you out of all profitable occupation, the world may have nothing for you but hard work and poor pay, still, with God's peace in the heart, you are rich in all that best satisfies the soul. You have a friend that will never fail you in the time of need.—Dr. March.

Scientific and Useful.

FARINA TAPIoca CRIDDLE CAKES.

Soak one pint of Durkee's Farina-Tapioca in one pint of milk over night. In the morning add one quart milk, one quart flour, a teaspoonful salt, two well-beaten eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.—Mrs. Beecher.

STUFFED LOGS.

Boil them hard, cut them in two, remove the yolks, and beat them up with a little grated ham, parsley, pepper and salt to your taste; replace this mixture within the whites, cut the under part a little so as to make them stand well on the dish, and serve them with white sauce.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.

When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of a cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a spoonful from time to time. It has been known to effectually cure the ailment.

LUMBER SHORT-CAKE.

One cup stewed and strained pumpkin or squash, one cup of oatmeal porridge, and one cup water. Beat these up together, and then add three cups fine Graham flour Mix thoroughly, spread half an inch thick on a baking tin, and bake half an hour in a good oven. Cover for ten minutes, and serve warm or cold.

NOVELTY PUDDING.

Make a teaspoonful of strong, well-cleaned coffee; beat four eggs with five ounces of sugar, one pint of milk previously boiled, and half a pinch of salt; add the coffee, stir into a pie-dish two inches deep; put the dish into a sauce-pan, with sufficient boiling water to reach to the middle of the dish; put into a moderate oven till quite firm; when cold, sprinkle powdered sugar over it and glaze with a red-hot iron.

LIME IN PRESERVING WOOD.

A French railway contractor announces a method of treating planks, posts, ties, etc., that greatly enhances their value. He piles the lumber in a tank, and then covers thickly with quicklime. Water is slowly added till the lime is slacked. In about a week the wood becomes impregnated, and is ready for use. Timber prepared in this way has been used in mines and other exposed constructions with good results.

GRAHAM GEMS.

Two teaspoonfuls of buttermilk, a little salt, three even cupfuls of Graham flour, and one teaspoonful of soda. Stir well and bake in iron gem pans, which should be hot on the stove before filling; put them into a very hot oven and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. If you want them of extra quality, take one teaspoonful of butter-milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of the flour, with soda and salt, as before. Very good gems are made by taking one teaspoonful of sweet milk or water, one and a half teaspoonful of the flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream tartar, with a little salt, and a spoonful of sugar; beat well until it looks smooth.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

Prof. Marshall of London attributes the heart rhythmical movements to the alternate contraction and expansion of the auricles and ventricles; its slight rotary movement, its two peculiar sounds, one long and soft, due to the closure of large valves, the other sharp and abrupt, due to the closing of the small, semi-lunar valves. The pulse he attributes to the pulsations or waves of the mass of blood, caused by the elongation and distention of the elastic walls of the arteries, and said to be simultaneous with, but distinct from the onward flow of the blood. The position of the heart, and its relation to the nervous system, are, however, such that, while in health, we are unconscious of the existence of the complicated mechanism employed in the circulation of our blood.

CHLORAL HYDRATE IN NEURALGIA.

The intimate mixture of equal parts of chloral hydrate and camphor will, it is said, produce a clear fluid which is of the greatest value as a local application in neuralgia. Dr. Lenox Browne states, in one of the English medical journals, that he has employed it in his practice, and induced others to do so, and that in every case it has afforded great, and in some instances, instantaneous relief. Its success, he says, does not appear to be at all dependent on the nerve affected, it being equally efficacious in neuralgia of the scintia as of the trigeminus—as of the greatest service in neuralgia of the larynx, and in relieving spasmodic cough of a nervous or hysterical character. It is only necessary to paint the mixture lightly over the painful part, and to allow it to dry. It never blisters, though it may occasion a tingling sensation of the skin. For headache it is also found an excellent application.

THE USE OF WELL WATER IN CITIES.

The State Geologist of New Jersey, in his recent report, calls attention to the habit still in use in some of the older cities of New Jersey, of people drawing the supplies of water from old wells. In an analysis of the water coming from some nine wells in Princeton, five of them were found to contain free ammonia, albuminous matter, and chlorides in excess. In tracing the effects of these waters, it was found that in almost all cases diarrhoea and typhoidal fevers accompanied their use. It is almost impossible to be sure of the good quality of any well which is surrounded by houses, where drains and sinks empty into the surrounding soil. It would be well if not only the proprietors of large country hotels of summer resort would look more closely to their resources of water, but would eschew well water entirely. For the health of their guests it is better in all cases, where running water does not exist, to seek their source of water from cisterns which are fed from the rainfall on the roofs. Wherever such rain-water is used it may be safely stated that there is an entire exemption from the diseases which always attend the use of water contaminated with putrifying organic matter.