# Choice Siterature.

Still and Doop.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED,"
"ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Bertrand Lisle had come to England at this time with the firm intention of de-finitely asking Mary Trevelyan to be his wife; but he went to his room on the first night of his arrival at Chiverley with all sorts of conflicting feelings combining to be wilder him. He was dazzled by Laura, doubtful of Mery, and quite perplexed as to his own position. The whole of the Lorelet's conversation had been skilfully managed by her, so as just to convoy the impression she wished in an indirect manmer, but of all the arrows in her chatt, there were two especially which had struck home to his heart with peculiar keenness: first the insinuation that Mary would at all times obey his father's wishes at any cost to herselt; and secondly, the intimation that she had become attached to Charlie Davenaut. There are few men who would accept of a sacrifice in order to win a wife, and Bortrand certainly was not one of them; if Mary Trovelyau gave horself to him it must be because she loved him, and not because his dead father had desired the alliance; and if any other had won her heart he would be the last to interfere with her cheice; in fact, he did not consider that he had any right to do so; he remembered very well the words he had spoken to her by the new-made grave, when he told her that his father's wishes were him word to the the this father's wishes were his most truly also, and by those words he considered himself morally, though not legally, bound to hor. But he also very well remembered that she had made no answer to them, and that in so far as it might be considered that he had conveyed to her then his wish to marry hor, she had neither accepted nor rejected him. At the time he had firmly believed that her silence was elequent of a love which rejoiced in the prespect of their union, but he had no actual ground for the supposition beyond the sentence so solomnly repeated by his father on his death-bed, as having come from Mary's own hips, and it was just possible that the old man had been mistaken; or at least, if that was impossible, as to the netual words which he had so carefully treasured in his memory, it was at least concervable that Mary might have been influenced to some extent in uttering them, by the desire to gratify the last wish of her best friend in his dying hours.

Bertrand lay awake for a long time pondering over all these considerations, and the final result at which he arrived was that which the Lorelei most desired: he would wait and watch all concerned, and then be guided by circumstances; instead of seeking, as he had intended, the very first opportunity of asking Mary to join her fate finally to his, he would simply treat her with the affectionate kindness of their earlier years, and say not one word of marriage till he was well assured, as he had been until now, that she loved him and him alone.

and him atone.

"I will have no half-hearted wife," he said to himself; "she must be mine altogether or not at all." It was not without a pang that he thus contemplated the possibility of losing her; nor was it only caused by wounded pride, for Bortrand Lisle did love Mary Trevelyan—better perhaps than he knew himself—with a deep, long-standing, earnest affection; though he did not at present feel for her that overmastering, passionate love which would make it seem as if the very light of life were blotted out should he lose her; and yet, even after he had come to the formal determination that he would wait and tost her feelings to humself, there was all the time an underlying conviction in his heart of hearts that Mary Trevelyan was indeed his own, that all her love was surely hie; for the vision of her sweet, pure face rose up before him, with the dark eyes, still and deep as fathomicss waters, and he felt that whatever else might be doubtful about her, this at least was certain, that she was truth itself in all she said and did, and that if she had indeed uttered the words his father had reported, she had meant them in their fullest acuse.

"She would not be false even to give peace to the dying," he murmured; and with this last reflection, Beitrand's handsome head sunk back on the pillow, and he went off into the profound slumber which usually carried him, with his good health and easy conscience, so lightly from

In his dreams however, there came to him another image as different from that of fair quiet Mary, as is the morning star blazing in the dim skies of early dawn from the white rose in whose heart the dewdrops lie like

pearls.

All night he was haunted by a bright hewitching face, with flashing eyes and radiant smile, and arch looks, that came and went with the fitful fancies of sleep in a hundred changeful aspects.

When Bertiard awoke next morning, and gradually came to understand where he was and what the day was likely to bring forth, his first thou hit was, that he should see again time strange and lovely Lorelei; his second, that he should once more hear the low soft voice of gentle Mary.

We do not intend to trace out in detail all the arts by which Laura Wyndham laboured to separate Bestrand Lisle from his first love, and win h m to herself. It is sad enough to know that there are in the world persons who will leave no stone unturned to compass their own ends, and who care not over what broken hearts or untimely graves they have to step in the attainment of their object; sad a ough to know that the character we are describing is no fiction, but a living reasily, and while we trust that the history of this erring soul, with her perverted guts, may act in some measure as a warning to those who may be tempted to enter upon tortuous paths, yet it will over be a salutary proavil, and show by what means the rarest qualities, that might have been used to noble purposes in the service of the God who gave them, may be degraded to the basest usos, and made the inmisters of falsohood and ornelty. Be it remembered that the heart of Laura Wyndham was untouched by that divine fire of the love of God, which can make the desert blessom as a rose, and turn even pain and suffering into sweetest joy if borne for the dear Redeemer's sake. This mortal life was all in all to her, and she never result looked beyond it, though she believed herself to have a faith in that which was to come; and now at the point of her exceer at which she stood—verging on thirty, sickened of the dreamy sameness of her existence, without a prospect of secape from it—it was hardly strange that she, such as she was, should seize, with almost desperate determination, the possibility which presented itself in Bertrand Luie, not only of release from a detested durance in her father's miserable home, but of the possession of all that her fancy pictured as the perfection of happiness. Marriage with him had, in fact, every attraction life could offer her. He was himself a thoroughly lovable individual—handsome, agreeable, henourable, and good; he had an excellent position; the entree into the best seciety; and his home was in the gayest and sunniest of Continental towns, where music and laughter were in the very sir.

What wonder that she set herself to win him by fair means or by foul, and thought no more of Mary Trovelyan, whose happiness she might be orushing in the process, than she would of a tender flower trampled under her feet as she sped on some hasty errand.

And this much more may be said for Laura, though it would not have stayed her course had it been otherwise, that she did not in the least understand the depth of Mary Trevelyau's nature. She honestly believed her cold, and incapable of strong feeling, and, a though she knew perfectly well by her instincts as a woman that Mary did love Bertrand truly, and him alone, yet she believed her heart to be so still and passionless, that even his loss, she thought, would but pass over it as a light cloud soon dispersed; and now, though Mary had to die for it, though John Pemberten's life should be for ever marred and broken, she, Laura Wyndham, meant to be Bertrand's wife, to live with him in his sunny palazzo, to shine like a star at his diplomatic receptions, to spend her procus evenings at operas and balls, and aste at last all the pleasures of a to spent amid the allurements of the world

So, from that first morning when Bertraud, coming out of his room, saw her dancing in through the open door into the hall, with her hands full of dewy flowers, fairer even than in his dreams, more radiant than the morning itself—to the day, a month later, when we resume the record of events, the Lorelei ceased not for a single moment to use every charm she possessed, every sat she could devise, to allure him to herself, and she succeeded. She dazzled his senses, she captivated his fancy, and she woke a sudden passion in his heart which had neither the depth nor the durability of the sentiment he had felt and still in a measure retained for Mary Trevelyan.

As it happened, there was nothing whatever to stay Lurline in her triumphant course. Charlie Davenant had left Chiverley two or three days after Bertrand's arrival; he just remained long enough to let the new-comer see clearly that he had neither eyes nor thoughts for any one but Mary, and the excessive annoyance and distress he manifested at having to leave the rectory at this juncture could only be attributed by Bertrand to that which Lurline told him was indeed the cause, the fear that he himself might prove a rival to him in Miss Trevelyan's affections. In actual fact Charlie's greath willingness to leave Chiverley at that time arose from his perfect comprehension of the Localish plans for the capture of him on whom he well knew Mary's whole happiness depended; he could not bear the idea of thus abandoning her to her fate, although he hardly knew what he could have done to avert it had he remained. There was no help for it, however, he had to go; and Lurline well knew how to make capi al with Bertrand out of his miserable looks as he bade farewell to Mary.

Laura was thoroughly mistress of the situation as soon as he was gone; for Mary never by word or look made the smallest attempt to stand between her and Bertrand, or to keep that place in his affections she had once believed to be her own. She, like Bertrand himself, had never forgotten the avowal she had made to Mr. Lisle on his death-bed, or the possibility that he might have repeated her words to his son; and to her delicate shrinking nature there could be no terror so great, no pain so keen, as that which was aroused in her by the bare thought that Bortrand might marry her by no desire of his own, but out of reverence to his father's wish and compassion to herself. Her dread of this left her but one course to pursue. She must betray no sign of the deep enduring leve she bore him, unless he made it animitakably plain to her that he shared it heartly and with-out reserve. She was careful, therefore, even when they were alone, which was but seldom, to show him only the awest gentieness of manner which characterised her with every one, she would speak to him of nurse Parry, or of any recollections they might have in common, as she might have done with any old friend, and when the Lorelei came thashing in between them, as she invariably did, Mary would quietly give way, and leave them together, as they seemed to wish, while she went down ty the village to attend the sick poor, whom she did not think it was right to neglect, even for the happiness of being in the same room with Bertrand Lisle.

And so it was that the month of his visit, to which Mary had looked forward with such unutterable longing, became to her a period of intense and silent suffering; for she understood at once by the power of her own deep affection, that he was being strongly attracted by Laura, and she felt that nothing was left to her but to stand aside and see all that was joy and hope and life itself to her pass swiftly away from her utterly and for ever.

(To be continued.)

Witchcraft and Priestoraft.

When strolling gipsies, groudy of a fee, Delude four maids, and offer to forstell Their coming fortune, magistrates do well To take the speedwes into custody for superstitious swindling. Equally When comming priests persuade bereaved friends That every costly mass more quickly sends A spirit forth from purgatory free, The hand of public justice ought to strike This swindle also. For in both alike There is pretonce of knowing the unknown, and money taken on that false pretonce. There is a cyl of superstition thrown Before the weak, a villations offence.

### Lost in the Bush.

A story comes to us by the Australian mail which will fill many a mother's eyes with tears, end touch the sterner hearts of those true men who love little children and are tender to them. The colony was ringing with it when the steamer came away, to the temporal forgetfulness of gold fields and railways, general elections, and the fight between Victoria and Now South Vales about the River Murray. Years hence, probably, it will get into ballad, and be "sung or said" to the tiny Australian generations to come, like the "Ohildren in the Wood" to their small cousins at home.

Its heroes are three little people—two brothers and one sister—of whom the eldest one was nine, and the youngest five, the girl being soven years of ago. They were the children of a carpenter named Duff, who worked at a sheep station near a place called Horsham. In Australia small hands can help; so these three babes used to be sent after brush-wood for brooms and fires. They had gone dozens of times and come back safely; but this once, when their mother sent them, they wandered into the bush, and missed their way, and at night there were their little cots empty, and their little plates of supper getting cold, but no children. "Lost in the bush!" Think what that means for an Australian mother—when vigorous men have sometimes wandered but a hundred yards from the track in those labyrinths of gumtrees and wattles, and gone hopolessly forward and backward, and backward and forward, till they have laid themselves down to die. Of course there were a search for thera, all night, all day, many nights and many days, and every hour of the weary time stensing the hope slowly out of the

At last they did what ought to have been done before—they eailed the instinct of the savage to help them to find at least the corpses of the wanderers. Nobody can explain that instinct; everybody who have hunted or travoled with, wild tribes have witnessed it. The face of the ground to them, is like the leaf of a book to us—they read it. One of the Australian blacks will tell you if a kangaroo has crossed a creek, by the displacement of a pebble; blindtold him, and bring him into the thick of the eucalyptuses, he will point to his "gunya" miles away; it is the sixth sense of races brought up in a life that could not exist on five. The blacks soon found the trail of the poor little three; and to find one end, for them was to be sure of the other. "They would be dead, alas!" but it was something to have their pretty bedies away from the crows, the buzzards and the dingoes. So father and mother and friends, on the eight day after the loss, followed the native trackers step by step. "Here littlest one tired—look sit down!" says one black bloodhound; and presently another grunts—"Big one carry—see, travel in dark—tumble into the bush." Farther on still, the keenest of the pack finds the mark where "hitle one put down too tred"—and thus they search every nook, corner, bush, and thicket, until at last they are rewarded. The little ones are found lying asleep in each others are found lying asleep in each others.—Canadian Illustrated News.

# The Feet's Mind and Mood.

We were lately trying to discover the qualities which made a literary work a part of literature, and sincerity was named as perhaps the most important quality. Sincerity is a great matter, but is it the principal thing? Is not the principal thing after all, the mind and mood of the writer? At tirst this will seem a trite enough states...at, but every good argument can be made for mere style.

We have all been struck at this phonomenon: we are protoundly impressed by a passage we have read, and, after, some time, we turn back to read it once more, when, instead of finding at least half a page of print, as we had expected, we find only two or three lines. There is another ailied phenomenon—a single line, or passage, in a poem, or an entire poem of but a few lines, obtains great currency, and is constantly praised for its charm. You cannot tell what gives it such fascina-tion; what keeps it so fresh in your own mind, and in the minds of all cultivated people. You have seen other passages and poems by obscure winers, which appeared at first to have more thought and originaitty. Your amaton, friend has, in mo ments of confidence, read to you his "Ode to the Inscritable.' Some of the lines were really Wordsworthian, had to say Milliome! Nothing, indeed is more common in amateur voise-making, of a certain kind, than lines which remind you of Shake-peare, whou read aloud by their authors. But, somehow, when the verses get into print, the world is not moved by them, and you contess that type has a queer effect upon poetry, and that it is never sate to commit yourself critically until you "get the poem into your own

So it happens that the simple phrase which the great poet himself set little value upon, and which seemed to him a miser able madequate statement of his thought—the phrase, the poem, comes, with light in its garments, from a high and pure mind, from a golden and immortal mood.—"The Chi Cabinet: "Scribner for May.

An Ancient Literature.

For twenty five years students of the Assyrian and Babylonian remains have been working hardest to develop the history of those empires. They have been spurred on to their work by their brilliant success in discovering long and full records of various monarchs mentioned in the Scriptures, and by 'he invaders' accounts of the victories recorded in the Old Tests. ment over the various kings of Judah and Israel. These wonderful confirmations of the snored history have been carefully developed, and a new and very important chapt r of the world's history has been recovered, including telerably complete annals of successive kings, beginning nearannals of successive kings, beginning nearly 2,000 years before the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus. But it is only within a very few years that we have begun to learn what was the real literature of these people, what their books, what their inner life and teelings, what their Iliad or Kal vaia, what their omens and expresses and star-gazors' prodigies. To these subjects the labor of Assyrian students is now directed, and already a rich store of information has been secured, as important as it is carious. The public attention directof to this subject through the discovery by Mr. George Smith, of the Babylonian story of the Flood, resulted in the commission given to Mr. Smith, first by the within the configuration of the London Telegraph, and publishers of the London Telegraph, and afterwards by the British Museum, to carry on further explorations in Ninevoli, with the object of completing the story of the Flood, and of securing other records. Ho was successful in discovering the other missing fragment of that story, and in adding other mythological and historical tablets of great value, translations of which, as of inscriptions proviously in the British Museum, he has given in his important work just published, entitled "Assyrian Discoveries."—Dr. W. H. Ward; Scribner for May.

DEATH AND SLEEP: - A PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.-Death and Sleep, messengers of slumber and the grave, went forth like brothers, arm in arm, on a journey through the earth. They laid themselves down to rest not far from the dwelling places of men. A mournful silence prevailed round them and the curfews of the distant hamlet tolled no longer on their listening Good genii to mankind, they both stretched themselves on the ground. Night was drawing on apace. Up rose the angel of sleep from his moss grown couch, and with gentle hands scattered far and wide the unseen slumbor seeds of the poppy The evening zephyrs bore them to the peaceful homes of the weary peasants. Sweet sleep overcomes the innates of every rustic cottage, from the grey-buired sire, leaning on his staff, to the babe in the oradle. The mourner forgets his grief, the sick man his pain, the pauper his sorrow. All eyes are closed. His work was done, the good angel Sleep lay down by the side of his graver brother. "When the day dawns," said he, "the world will hail me as a benefactor. Ah, what joy there is in doing good secretly, unseen of all save the eye of God!" Thus spoke the cheorful angel of Sleep. The sombre angel of Death watched him in silent grief; and a tear-such a tear as immortals only weep-filled his large, dark, melancholy eyes, "Mas!" he exclaimed, "that I, too might be gladdened with the music of heartfelt thanks ringing in my ears! But the world loves not Death, its enemy and its curse." "And yet, my brother," replied the angel of Sleep, "shall not the good man, waking from the slumber of the grave, find thee a friend, and with a heart full of gratitude will he not call down blessings on your head? Are we not brothers both, and the servants of a common Father?" When the angel of Sleep had thus spoken, the eyes of the Angel of Death brightened, and the twin spirits fell upon one another's necks in a tender embrace.

The barbacks in St. Helen's Island, Montreal, were visited with a fire on Christmas eve, the origin of which is unknown. In an hour the extensive buildings were a mass of ruins. The officers' quarters were saved by great exertions; but the armory, with a full complement of cannon and other arms were totally destroyed. The powder and cartridges were femoved without accident. A message for help was sent to the chief of the Fire Brigade, but owing to the weak state of the ice, it was found impossible to send over a fire engine. The loss is estimated at \$30,000.

A BOILING LAKE just discovered in the Island of Dominica has excited much scientific interest; and it is said that investigations of the remarkable phenomena it presents are to be made by geologists. A company was formed to explore the steep mountain behind the lake, and which was covered with forest, and situated behind the town of Rossean. In the course of their investigations they came upon a boiling lake, about 2,500 feet above the sea level, and two miles in circumference. The lake was covered with wreath upon wreath of sulphurous steam; and when it cleared away a mound of water caused by chullition was seen ten feet higher than the general level of the surface. Beds of sulphur are formed in abundance on the margin of the lake; and what added as much as anything to the picturesque beauty of the scene, a magnificent waterfall was discovered in the neighborhood, which formed an outlet for the lake.

THE ENGLISH Parliament is to meet Feb. 8th.

### Scientific and Ageful.

I never have yet found a way to cook it that I really found palatable, except in griddle cakes, to be eaten with maple syrup while hot. It is nice this way, provided the griddle is not too greasy. I wipe it over with brown paper and use just as little lard as possible, not to have the oakes stick to the frier.

THE CHILDREN'S TREACLE CAKE.

Stin a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into three good teasupfuls of flour, and add a little spice, and rub well into two ounces of butter. Stir three tablespoonfuls of treache into a teasupful and a-half of hot water, and then mix it in with the rest. Put in a buttered tiu, and bake in a brisk oven.

#### CHICKEN CHEESE.

Did you, reader, ever eat any? We like it. Boil two chickens till tender; take out all the bones, and chop the meat fine; season to taste with sult, papper, and butter; pour in enough of the liquor they are boiled in to make moist. Meld it in any shape you choose, and when cold, turn out, and cut into slices. It is an excellent travelling lunch.

#### TO PRESERVE LEMONS PRESH.

Slies them as thin as possible, and put into a nice sweet jar with alternate layers of augar and lemons, remove all the seeds, have each layer of lemon entirely covered with sugar; the a thick cloth over the jar before putting the cover on, so as to exclude all the air. I have kept them perfectly fresh for a year in this way.

### SINGING MILKMAIDS.

Veri, y music hath charms for many a dull car, and is even profitable too where least expected. In Switzerland a milkmaid who is a good singer acts more salary than others, because under the influence of music the cows "give down" better and give more milk.

#### EYES OF INSECTS.

The compound eyes of insects are among the most wonderful objects in nature. In the common house-fly, the two compound eyes appear as large convexities on either side of the head. These convexities, examined with a microscope, are seen to be an immense number of hexagonal facets, or six-sided eyes, each being a distinct eye in itself, furnished with an iris, pupil and perfect nervous apparatus. As the eyes of insects are immovable, their want of mobility is made up for by their immense number, some or other of them being turned to every point, so that the insect can see all around as readily as with a moveable eye. The house-fly has 4,000 of these lenses; the dragon-fly, 13,000; the butter-fly, 17,000; and beetles, 25,000.

### TEA DRUNKARDS.

Dr. Arlidge, one of the Pottery Inspectors of Staffordshire, has put forth a very sensible protest against a very pernicious custom, which rarely receives sufficient attention either from the medical profassion or the general public. He says the women of the working classes make tea a principal diet instead of an occasional beverage. They drink it several times a day, and the result is a lamentable amount of sickness. Tea in anything beyond moderate quantities is as distinctly a narcotic poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable of runing the digestion, of enfectling and disordering the heart's actions, and of generally shattering the nerves. And it must be remembered that not morely is it a quastion of narcotic excess, but the encurous amount of hot water which tea bibbers necessarily drink is exceedingly prejudical both to digestion and nutrition. In short, pretending to place this evil on a par as to general effect with those caused by alcoholic drinks, one may well ineist that our testotal reformers have overlooked, and even to a small extent encuraged, a form of animal indulgence which is as distinctly sexual, extravagant and pernicious as any beer-drinking or ginswilling in the world.

## DEALING WITH HOUSEHOLD PESTS.

Mr. Charles Thompson says in the Scientific American: "I have not seen u bedbug or a flea m my house this many years. If any army of them were to be brought in, morcury would speedily exterminate them; but I think cleanliness is the best and perhaps the only preventive. The common house fly I do not molest, believing that it more than compensates for its trouble by clearing the atmosphere of effluria and the animacules which always arise from putrefuction of decaying substances during the warm weather. So, also, with the buds, which are quite numorous in the summer; insteal of she ing them or setting up seare-crows to frighten them away. I throw out overy possible inducement for them to build their nests in my fruit trees. The birds capture a large share of the insects in the larvel state, and thus the millers are prevented from depositing eggs for a future erop of worms. As to the loss of fruit by the birds, the latter are always sure to be on hand in to co in the season of ripe fruit, whether they come early to take the worms or not. For the residue of insects which infest my vegetable garden, I find that the laboratory of the chemist furnishes materials fatal to them all, among which white hellebore and cayenne pepper are of the most utility; the bug or worm which cannot find vogetation unflavoured with those articles will seek its breakfast class where, and leave my garden unmolested. A few drops of carbolic acid in a pint of water will clean house plants from lice in a whort time. If mosquitoes or bloodsuckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of the oil of pennyrogal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return while the air in the room is loaded with the fames of that aromatic horb. If rats enter the celler, a little powdered potash thrown into their holes or mixed with meal or scattered in their numays, nover fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and storeroom free from ants and cockroaches."