

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SKRNER, AUTHOR OF "TRIND," "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER LII.

Swiftly, as if her feet were winged, Mary de Lisle ran up the long staircase at the hotel, and into the private sitting-room where Bertrand was waiting for her, apparently with no small impatience, as he was pacing discontentedly to and fro, glancing out of the window every moment.

"Ah, my darling, here you are at last!" he exclaimed, catching hold of her hands; "I cannot think how I ever managed to live without you, Mary, though it is not long, certainly, since I have had you for my own. It has seemed to me such an immense time since you went away this morning."

"I wanted so much to come back sooner, dearest, but I could not leave poor unhappy Laura. Oh, Bertrand, I am so glad we are rich!"

"That means that we are to pay a great deal for this very undeserving Lorelei, I am sure," said Bertrand, with a smile.

"I do not think she is undeserving now," said Mary; "she is so miserable, and she blames herself in all ways, as much as any one could do."

"She has some reason," said Bertrand, sternly; "but, Mary, is she really dying?" "No, I think not, although she believes it herself; but she will require great care and good nursing. You never saw anything so hopelessly wretched as her present position."

"And of course you have been making all sorts of plans for her relief?" said Bertrand.

"Yes, indeed; for I am sure she would die if she were left there neglected and forsaken. She says herself she has no one in the world now except ourselves. No doubt her father is dead."

"And Mrs. Windham gone back to live with her brother; I heard she meant to do so. She will not trouble herself about her step-daughter, and to say the truth, Lurline does not deserve much mercy at her hands, any more than she does at yours or mine."

"But we are going to help her?" said Mary, coaxingly, as she passed her hands round Bertrand's arm, and drew him down to a seat beside her. "Come and sit down, darling Bertrand, and let me tell you all I want to do for her."

"I hope you are not going to tell me that you mean to nurse her yourself, Mary. You will be sacrificing me altogether if you do."

"As if I could ever sacrifice you!" she answered, tenderly. "You first, Bertrand, ever and in all ways; so long as life lasts you will find it so with me, and I never thought of leaving you to go to Lurline for more than a few hours each day."

"But I am due at Chateau de l'Isle next week, little wife, and I am not going there without you."

"I should be very unhappy if you did," she said, smiling up into his troubled face.

"Now listen, Bertrand mine, and you will see how nicely it can all be managed. Poor Laura must not be left a day longer under the care of that Italian woman, who is quite cruel to her, and in that miserable place. I wish that we should at once take rooms for her in some quiet respectable house, and move her there this afternoon, having first taken a doctor to see her, that he may authorise her removal, and I am sure any sensible medical man would. Then we must get him to send in a proper nurse, and Justine, who is with her now, can stay till she comes. And then, Bertrand—and this is the most important part of it—I want you to telegraph to nurse Parry, and ask her to come and take care of poor Lurline when we go home next week."

"Ah, that is an excellent idea, Mary; what a wise little woman you are! But will the Brunot's consent to part with her?" "Oh yes; she is really not required there now, I believe, as Madame Brunot is getting quite well in the atmosphere of happiness which has surrounded her since her husband's return."

"And I suppose the dear old nurse herself would allow anything in the world we liked to ask her, though she used to anatomise the Wyndhams with all her heart!" said Bertrand, laughing.

"That is all because she thought I was not happy with them; but she is tolerably well satisfied about me now, Bertrand, and she will only be very sorry for poor miserable Lurline."

"And what is to happen next? Are nurse Parry and Mrs. Brant to live all their lives in rooms provided for them in this city by your humble servant?" "No, I do not mean to tax your good-nature quite so long as that," said Mary, laughing. "I hope that eventually Laura will return to her husband. She can only be happy if she does her duty to him and to her child; but before she can be brought to that, I know she must change very much from what she is now, although she is already as different as possible from the brilliant Lorelei you knew."

"I suppose she has lost her factitious beauty, which was never real, and has grown old and ugly," said Bertrand, who was certainly not disposed to think charitably of the woman who had deceived him. "And there is all the difference: I do not believe she can change her false selfish nature."

"But the grace of God can," said Mary, softly; "and this is the part of the whole matter concerning which I am most anxious, Bertrand; we shall do very little for poor Lurline if we only remove her from her temporal miseries, unless we can also help her to find the only source of real happiness and hope."

"Well, Mary, I have no doubt you could do more than most people in the way of converting sinners, but I do not think you will ever make a Christian of Laura Wyndham."

"I shall incur a grievous responsibility, and fall in a mission most solemnly confided to me, if I do not," said Mary, in a tremulous tone.

"What do you mean, my dear child?" said Bertrand, surprised; "you speak as if you had been appointed to some office in the Church for the reformation of careless and ungodly women. What special responsibility can you have with regard to Lurline, excepting the fact that she has injured you?"

"I have been given a charge almost from the other world, as it seems to me, with regard to her, and I have longed so much for an opportunity of acquitting myself of it, and now I believe it has been almost miraculously sent to me."

"You are speaking in riddles, Mary; do explain yourself." "Yes, dear Bertrand. I wish I had told you before, as I fully meant to do; but it was a subject I felt to be almost sacred, and we have been so gay and happy, I did not care to allude to it. Now, you shall hear it all, from beginning to end. I am sure, glad and all as I should be to make her happier, I would not wish to assume any responsibility with regard to her from which I could escape, but it is in the name of poor John Pemberton that I am called to act."

"Did he really still think of her when you saw him in Paris, in spite of all her cruel treatment of him?" "Oh yes, as far as this world was concerned; she was to the last his one thought, his one care. I am not sure if you know all his inner history, Bertrand—the history of his soul, in fact?"

"Probably I do not; he never gave me his confidence, and I suppose he did to you, most fully." "I think he did," said Mary, simply; "we were together very often in our care of the sick and poor, and we were both brought so near to death during that terrible siege, that we could hardly bear to talk of anything but matters which concerned the life to come. Gradually I came to understand John's hidden existence quite well, though he never actually explained it all to me in detail. Before he ever saw Lurline, he believed himself to have been drawn in very special love to his Saviour, and to have received from Him a call to devote himself wholly to the service of God in the sacred ministry. Into the pure peace and joy which this self-dedication gave him, his passionate affection for Laura came like a fiery blast of the hot simoom, drying up all the springs of heavenly aspiration, and withering his generous impulses to a life of toil and glorious abnegation. He forgot all for her; he ceased to desire sight on earth but her love, or to have any other purpose but to win her at whatever cost. He became faithless, even to that which he believed to be a God-given vocation, and then the mercy of his Lord struck suddenly across his downward path, and she betrayed him. At once he learned what she was, what he himself had been, and all that he had lost through her fatal fascination. He never saw her face again, but he turned back to his God straightway, with—oh, Bertrand, how can I tell you, with what heart-wrung penitence, what deep humility, what intense overwhelming desire to enter once more into a living union with Him who was his only and eternal joy, and whom in a brief madness he had forsaken! His remorse, his agony cannot be told. He did not feel that he dared to offer himself to the ministry till he had proved the reality of his repentance by a service of suffering. For this reason he came to Paris, and there, Bertrand, he so lived night and day in heart at the feet of his Lord, even while with all his strength he was toiling for Him in the outer world, that he won to himself the great blessing of a power of love to his Master which seemed actually to draw him out of life into the arms of Christ. You will think me fanciful, I know, my husband, but his longing to pass into the immediate presence of his Saviour was so intense that I really believe it attracted to him the bullets which freed his soul from its earthly prison. And so, in like manner, with regard to Lurline: I believe that it has been his prayers which have brought me to her side this day; for he had but one desire, so far as this world was concerned, and that was the intense longing that Laura might herself be turned from darkness unto light. He spoke to me of this shortly before his death. He knew that to him it could never be given to do more than pray for her, as he did unceasingly; for nothing would have induced him to place himself within the sphere of her attraction again, and, therefore, he laid it upon me, in the most solemn manner, to do all in my power to bring Laura home to her God, if I ever had the opportunity. I undertook the charge, Bertrand; his earnestness acted upon me with a sort of magnetic power, and I could not have refused, even had I wished it. But I thought it most likely I should never come across her on this earth again, and now that I have so unexpectedly been brought to her, I do entirely believe, Bertrand, that it is in answer to John's prayers for her, incessantly offered to the last moment of his life, and for the same reason I believe that I shall be allowed to bring her back to her Redeemer; for, although personally I should be utterly weak and incapable of such a task, yet I do think that I shall be able to accomplish it by means of Pemberton himself. I think his beautiful history will touch her heart as with a ray of divine light. She does not even know at present that he is dead, or anything of the life he lead after he parted from her; but, surely, when I have told her all as I hope to do, she too will learn to desire that Deathless Love for which he was so glad to die."

And as Mary remembered the look that had been on John Pemberton's face when he spoke to her of his longing to depart, but a few hours before his death, the tears rose suddenly to her eyes, and she hid her face upon her husband's shoulder.

(To be Continued.)

SPEAKING truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit; and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.—Ruskin.

THERE are not many who finish their lives before they die. Very few go willingly; most are forced, and not a few dragged to the grave. Instead of leaving the world, they are hunted out of it.—Gott-hold.

Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

There is no Presbyterian Church in the world whose Home Mission-field can compare in extent with that of the "Presbyterian Church of the Dominion of Canada," and there is not one that surpasses it in interest and importance. The letter inserted below, addressed to the Convener Dr. Wilson, will repay attentive perusal by our readers.

BRANTFORD, ONTARIO, Feb. 24th, 1876. In return for all the kindness shown us by the Irish Presbyterian Church, I think it only right to give you and the readers of the *Missionary Herald* some idea of our work. I need hardly say, how deeply grateful our Church is for the deep interest taken in our missionary enterprises, and the substantial aid afforded us from year to year. I trust that towards our UNITED CHURCH—"The Presbyterian Church of the Dominion of Canada"—your committee and Church will entertain the same kindly feelings.

It is very difficult to give you within the compass of a short letter, an idea of the extent and demands of our Home Mission field. When you speak of Home Missions in England, Ireland, or Scotland, there is no difficulty in understanding the locality indicated. But here, where we speak of miles by the thousand instead of by the hundred, it is different. Our United Church embraces as a Home Mission field, *British Columbia, The North West Territories, and Manitoba*, the Lake Superior region, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, covering an area of nearly four million miles! Truly this is a field well able to employ the resources and the agencies of the largest and richest Church in Christendom. In British Columbia there are at present six Presbyterian ministers. The Church of Scotland has promised £1000 for a term of years, to aid in the permanent establishment of Presbyterianism in that far off province of our land. There can be no doubt that though far distant from the centre of our Dominion, British Columbia is destined to be a most important country at no distant date. The completion of the great Pacific Railway, though at present in abeyance, is only a matter of time, and the Church that now takes possession of the country must ever after occupy the most prominent place in its religious history. It is greatly to be regretted that as a Church we have not been able long ago to plant missionaries in every settlement. Again and again the Canada Presbyterian Church, before the union, advertised for ministers and missionaries to occupy this distant point, but without success. Things are now more hopeful, and we have good cause to believe that Presbyterianism will soon take deep root in this somewhat isolated portion of our great land.

In Manitoba our Church occupies a most prominent place. The Lieutenant Governor (Morris) is a member and elder of our Church in Winnipeg, and a large number of the Hudson Bay Company officials attend our services at different points. The growth of our Church in Manitoba, is indeed little short of marvellous. In 1870 we had only one settled minister, Reverend James Black, of Kildonan. There was, indeed, no town of Winnipeg prior to that date. But immediately after the rebellion, when the province was transferred to our Government, emigrants poured in by the thousand, and to day that town contains 6000 inhabitants. During these five years past, we have established a college with several professors, and have twelve missionaries and some forty stations in different parts of the province, some of them distant from each other 800 miles. Our work in Manitoba has in fact grown beyond our power to cope with it. Large numbers of Scotch and Irish farmers have taken up land, and are forming the centres of what will soon be villages and towns. These look to our Church for the means of grace. At present they can give but little, for the almost total failure of crops for the last three years, has brought them very low indeed in worldly circumstances. But they hope for better times, and will, we are assured, do their part for the support of the Gospel. Our missionaries in the North West, have in many cases to preach to three stations each Sabbath, and travel thirty or forty miles. No one who has not spent a winter in the North West, can have any idea of the severe toil and self-denial they undergo.

Coming nearer to the centre of our land, we have three missionaries stationed on what we call the Lake Superior region, Sault Ste. Marie, Silver Islet, and Prince Arthur's Landing. This is the favourite route to the great North West, in conjunction with the Northern Pacific Railway and the Red River steamboats. In summer time, these places are also visited by large numbers of tourists, and are likely to become more important year after year. Prince Arthur's Landing is the point where emigrants now start for Manitoba, by the government route, and through which the projected railway is supposed to pass.

In Ontario and Quebec, our Home Mission Committee support about 350 mission stations, and supplement the salaries of nearly 150 ministers. These, but for the little aid we give them, averaging from £20 to £75 per annum, would not be able to retain a gospel ministry at all. A large portion of these stations and congregations are formed of emigrants lately arrived from Scotland and Ireland.

I cannot give you the exact number of supplemented congregations and mission stations belonging to our branch of the Church in the Lower Province, but some \$5,000 or \$10,000 are needed for their support this year. For Manitoba we require at least \$12,000, and for British Columbia, Lake Superior, Ontario and Quebec, \$25,000. This in addition to what the stations raise themselves. In other words, our Home Mission Fund requires \$45,000 to meet the demands of the present year.

If your readers will take a map, and glance at the extent of the field, and then note down the number of stations supplied, which will be sent you in our report next June, they will not I am sure think our demands extravagant.

You will ask what as a Church are we doing ourselves? Not perhaps all we should,—where is the Church that does?

but according to our means and numbers we are gradually coming up to a fair standard of liberality. In 1861, at the union of the Free Church and U. P. Church in Canada, the total amount subscribed for Home Missions was \$6000. Last year, the Canada Presbyterian Church gave \$22,000, and the Kirk of Scotland some \$10,000 towards this work, and the churches of the Lower Provinces in proportion. It must be borne in mind also, that the Canada Presbyterian Church during the last three years has built two colleges, one in Toronto, and one in Montreal, at a cost of \$180,000, besides the annual support of those seminaries, and the support of our Foreign Missions, and French Evangelization schemes. We are still, and must be for many years a missionary Church, but up to our capabilities and resources we are endeavouring to possess the land for Christ.

I might lengthen this sketch of our work, by giving many interesting details but I forbear. I know that the staunch Presbyterians of Ireland will not forget us, but will follow the missionaries we send to their countrymen with their earnest prayers, and aid us in their support by generous contributions. With kindest personal regards, believe me, yours faithfully, WILLIAM COCHRANE, Convener of the Home Mission Committee, Western District Presbyterian Church in Canada.—From the *Missionary Herald of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland*, April 1876.

The Commercial Value of Sin.

To know just what Popery is, we must see it where it fully has its own; or rather where it has long had it. Sicily is such a place. It is a land of great natural capability, and has a population of between two and three millions, almost entirely Roman Catholics. Here indulgences, which so aroused Europe in the sixteenth century, have until lately been sold as unobtrusively as under Leo X. Says the *Christian World* of London:

In Sicily accordingly there was organized a regular market of indulgence in sin. What was called the *Bolla di Composizione*, the Bull of compositions or indulgences, was annually sent to Sicily by the Pope, and in it, or its annexed schedules, was arranged a tariff of absolution, in accordance with which any man wishing to sin with impunity and a clear conscience might be accommodated. Sir George Bowyer says that the money was paid, not for absolution from sin, but for exemption from penance. The distinction, however, would practically, as every one who reflects upon the matter must see, be untenable. In the paradisaical days before Garibaldi set foot on Sicily, the arrival of the Bull was periodically announced in the Churches, and the faithful at once set about buying pardon for past sins, and making provision for future transgression. It was convenient for all parties that the mere purchase of the Bull should be an effective way of compounding for sin, and it was easy to charge higher for a Bull when the sin was heinous than when it was slight, just as we pay more for a stamped deed when the amount inscribed is large than when it is small. Sometimes, "after civil wars and other sanguinary pastimes," the run upon the holy fathers was so great that it was necessary to share the profits with middle-men, and a pushing retailer, who bought a good stock of Bulls, and had an extensive connection among pious criminals, would do an excellent stroke of trade. "Speculators purchasing a thousand or so, besides promoting piety among their neighbours, would be able to turn an honest penny by circulating those promissory notes on Paradise, and, as the administrative bureaux of the State were actively engaged in selling the godly and profitable article, private persons were all the more encouraged to imitate the example of their King, and largely hawked copies about." A devout monarch encouraged the traffic, and condescended to share the profits, to the tune of about £5,000 a year. Need we say that this exemplary Sovereign was the renowned Bomba, King of Naples? But Garibaldi came; United Italy and Victor Emanuel ruled in Sicily; the new regime, which is, in Cardinal Manning's eyes, the abomination of desolation, introduced a changed order of things; and on the 11th of June last, Signor Tajami, who had been Procurator-General at Palermo, rose in his place in the Italian Parliament, and gave an account of some of his experiences in attempting to grapple with the appalling depravity of this Goshen of the priests. "A burglar or bandit," he said, "would appear before the priest, telling him he had pilfered and spent 1,000 lire. 'No matter, the priest would say, under the Bull, if you have preserved a portion of the spoils for the Church.' Thus a compromise was easily arrived at. The burglar paid the Pope a tax, the Pope in return absolving the burglar. There was a complete list of all imaginable crimes contained in the Bull. Rape, theft, robbery, murder, nothing was omitted. Side by side with each crime you had the price set upon it, the amount being considerably increased for offences against the servants of the Church." Signor Tajami of course lost no time in seizing all the copies of the Bull he could find, and refusing the royal exequatur.

Petty Deception.

There are now-a-days very many people who flatter themselves that they are very good and pious, that they would scorn to lie or cheat, or enact an out-and-out wicked deception, who are yet constantly skirmishing all along the line of upright dealing, without coming fairly and squarely up to it. The time has come when all this fencing and dodging, this scheming and wire-pulling, these petty deceptions and so-called innocent little ruses, should be branded with their right names. When the line of right should be very distinctly drawn, especially in our example and in our teaching the young. Intentional deception slyly and wickedly enacted is a lie. Taking people's money without a fair equivalent is stealing. Private use and embezzlement of trust funds is a high crime; and offerings ostentatiously laid at the feet of God's servants, are not always what they seem.

Scientific and Useful.

A GOOD ORNAMENT.

Warm up cabinet-maker's glue to the consistency necessary to connect wooden objects. Then add enough sifted ashes to bring it to the consistency of a varnish. This cement should be applied when warm, the parts being pressed tightly together.

POTATO PUFF.

Two cups of cold mashed potatoes mixed with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, which has been beaten to a cream. Add two well beaten eggs and one cup of cream or milk. Pour into a deep dish and bake in a quick oven.

CALLE'S DOUGHNUTS.

One quart of flour, one teacup sugar, one teaspoonful cream tartar, three-fourths teaspoonful soda dissolved in a teacup sour milk, one and a half teaspoonful salt, two eggs; add a little sweet milk; cinnamon for spice. The above is a New England receipt for doughnuts, which has been in our family for years, and which cannot be surpassed.—Cornelia.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.

A very dusty carpet may be cleaned thus:—Set a pail of water out by the door, wet the broom in it, knock it to get off all the drops, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before, and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom, and not sweep far at a time. If done with care it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water.

SNOW PUDDING.

Into one quart of sweet milk, put one pint bread crumbs, butter the size of an egg, the well beaten yolks of five eggs; sweeten and flavor as for custard; mix the whole well together. While the above is baking, beat the whites of the five eggs to a stiff froth, add a half teacup sifted sugar; pour it over the hot pudding; when cooked return to the oven until a delicate brown. The above is excellent without addition, but some prefer a layer of jelly or canned peaches on the pudding before frosting. No sauce is needed.

EXERCISE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The *Herald of Health* answers the question, What form of exercise is best for consumptives? "Riding on horseback will probably suit most cases best. Rowing on quiet waters with an easy-going boat is also very excellent. Swimming is very good, too, as when the body is supported by the hands it raises the shoulders up, gives more room to the lungs, and more air is absorbed. Hunting and fishing are good. Gymnastic exercises with light dumb-bells, wands, clubs, and rings are all good if wisely used—bad if improperly used. Walking is good, but not so good as the other exercises."

TOOTHACHE.

For the benefit of those who may need a little consolation, we publish the following from the correspondent of an exchange:—If any one of our readers suffers from toothache or neuralgic affections, arising from teeth in any state of decay, they may experience relief, instantaneous and permanent, by saturating a small bit of clean cotton or wool with a strong solution of ammonia, and applying it immediately to the affected tooth. The pleasing contrast instantaneously produces, in some cases, a fit of laughter, although a moment before extreme suffering and anguish prevailed. I have used the remedy for over one year, and have obtained sufficient proof to warrant publication.

WHAT IS SALARATUS?

Wood is burnt to ash, ashes are lixivated; ley is the result. Ley is evaporated by boiling, black salts is the residuum. The salt undergoes purification by fire, and the potash of commerce is obtained. By another process we change potash into pearl-ash. Now put these in sacks and place them over a distillery mash-tub, where the fermentation evolves carbonic acid gas, and the pearl-ash absorbs it and is rendered solid, the product being heavier, whiter and drier than the pearl-ash. It is now salaratus. How much salts, ley and carbonic acid gas a human stomach can bear and remain healthy is a question for a salaratus eater. Some people say salaratus will not harm the stomach. It is a ley.

DIPHTHERIA.

A Hamilton (South Australia) paper publishes details of 'Growthhead' cure for diphtheria. The disease is declared by Mr. Growthhead to be of hydrated growth, and that the germ of it floating in certain impure atmospheres were inhaled by human beings. For a grown person, four drops of sulphuric acid diluted in three-quarters of a tumbler of water; with a smaller dose for children. The effect of this treatment was instantaneous, the acid at once destroying the parasites and the patient coughing up the obstruction. The papers have teamed with accounts of sufferers who have recovered in a few hours by adopting the 'Growthhead' treatment. Children, almost previously in a dying state were declared to be playing about within ten minutes, and at a computation some fifty of their sudden recoveries have been placed on record.

MEALY POTATOES.

We have found from our own experience that potatoes are very watery from the month of March till the market offers us new ones. In our kitchen we overcome the soggy disposition of these valuable vegetables by soaking them a few hours in cold water, and putting them into hot water to boil, without salt; then, when they are tender nearly all the way through, turn the water off, and refill the saucepan with cold water. Put in salt and boil till they are quite done; drain off that water also, cover as tightly as possible, and set on the back of the range to steam, lifting the cover for an instant once or twice; then, with one hand holding down the lid, shake the saucepan gently, quickly and steadily for a moment, and serve your potatoes hot. If rightly managed they will be like snow-balls.

SCOTCH saying:—"A doar-platt wi' a mon's naam on 's a vairy good thing; but a dinner-platt wi' a mon's dinner on 's a better."