

## Choice Literature.

## One Life Only.

## CHAPTER XVI.

When preacher and people had left the church, one only remained in the solemn darkness of that holy place; his proud knees bent, his haughty head laid low. It had been to Humphrey Atherstone as though a keen pure wind from heaven had suddenly swept through his soul, dispersing utterly all the mists of sophistry and expediency wherewith he had so long obscured to himself the steadfast light of truth. He had built himself up in the fatal delusion that it is permissible to do evil that good may come; he had ruled his life by his own self-blinded judgment, instead of by that immutable law of holiness, whose foundations are from everlasting, because it is of the very being of the everlasting God; and he saw that when time should be no longer, and he stood amid the wreck of all things perishing, he could lay no claim to the eternal love of Jesus, because of the earthly idols whom alone he had worshipped till that hour, and to whom he had not spared to offer up in unholy sacrifice even his own integrity. It should be so no longer; of that he was fully determined, as he lay there prostrate, for the first time in his life, in unreserved submission before the Divine Truth. Mistaken and erring as he had been, he was in reality too noble and true a man to resist for a moment the awakening which had so suddenly come upon him. But it befell him as it does all who tamper with their own purity of conscience, that he had so confused his sense of right by false reasonings as to be quite unable to unravel the intricacies of his position with sufficient clearness to discern unmistakably the course which he was now bound, in the sight of God to pursue. He saw plainly enough what had been the nature of his own unconscious idolatry. He had given himself to his home and his people first, and then, with far more complete surrender, he had delivered up his whole being to the influence of the one sweet love which he had won too surely to himself. Now, he asked himself, was he to render unto those that which was indeed their due, and yet do perfect justice to the claims on his own soul of an uncompromising righteousness? He could not answer the question. But no greater proof could have been given of the change that night wrought on Humphrey Atherstone, than the determination to which he came, that he would no longer trust his own judgment, but would seek counsel in his extremity from that brave messenger of truth, whose mission it had been to tear away the veil which so long had hid him from himself.

There must be no delay; Humphrey Atherstone felt that he could not live another day in the terrible state of bewilderment and indecision into which he had been plunged, and the tardy light of New Year's morning found him seated opposite to Trafford in the clergyman's study. It was the bitterest humiliation to this man to lay bare the secrets of his proud soul before any mortal gaze. But his strong will was as potent for good as it had been for evil, when once the right impetus was given to it. He had resolved that he would know how the clear spiritual discernment of this true servant of God would solve the problem of his life, and he would not be deterred from his purpose by the burning pain it cost him. They were a strange contrast, those two men—Trafford with his eyes full of light and peace, and a radiance in his smile which no earthly joy could give; Atherstone with his beautiful face dark and almost forbidding in the anguish of his shame; but both were straightforward and outspoken, and neither of them made the least hesitation in grappling with the question which had brought them together. "Mr. Trafford," said Atherstone, "I went into your church last night, and you had power to show me that for the last five years I have been walking blindfolded by my own hands, in a tortuous path, which has led me into a position I can only view with infinite self-loathing; yet I am unable to see in what way I can overcome the difficulties which have brought me to this. You have the wisdom which is not of this world, and I have come to ask you to use it for my enlightenment in the crisis your own words have induced."

The quiet courtesy with which Trafford gave his assent soothed Atherstone's wounded pride far more than if he had manifested any eagerness to help him, and bending his dark eyes keenly on the preacher's face he went on slowly: "Mr. Trafford, I am well aware under what a stigma I lie in this neighbourhood, and before I say one word of my real history, I must ask you to tell me the worst you have heard of me."

With perfect simplicity Trafford answered that he was aware of all the circumstances of Maurice Atherstone's death, as they were known to the public, and of the subsequent change which had taken place in Humphrey himself, with the inferences which had been drawn from it; "and further," he said, "when Mr. Orighton was committing his people to my care, he mentioned Edwards in particular, and said that he had communicated to him certain facts which satisfied him that the man had sustained a great wrong at your hands; and he asked me, if the opportunity presented itself, to assist him in obtaining redress. I never, however, so much as saw the Malay; he disappeared just at the time when I arrived here."

"Yes," said Atherstone, "he disappeared by my will, never as I hoped to be heard of more, because he stood between me and all that was dear to me on this earth." He paused, while a dark crimson flush rose to his forehead, and then he said firmly and distinctly, "He is Edward Atherstone, only son of my Uncle Maurice, and legitimate possessor of the Abbey and all the lands pertaining to it." Atherstone drew a deep breath when he had thus made the revelation of what was in truth his own fall from rectitude and honour, but he would not trust himself to look at Trafford or wait for any word from him, lest his comments should rouse the fiery passion he so often mastered with difficulty when his pride was assailed. Rapidly he went on and explained to the clergyman all the circumstances connected with the birth of his uncle's son, and the concealment of the boy's

parentage, which had just been made known to Una, little as he guessed it, by Miss Amherst. When this much of his painful explanation had been made, he paused at last to let Trafford speak if he would.

The few kind and manly words the preacher uttered in reply showed such entire sympathy, and such a perfect comprehension of his difficulties, that there was more of comfort than of humiliation in going on to give him a full account of the whole process of false reasoning by which he had persuaded himself that he was justified in doing that which was in fact not only dishonourable, but actually dishonest. He saw the truth only too clearly now; but he explained to Trafford that until the day of his uncle's death he had not had the remotest idea that a relationship of any kind whatever existed between Maurice Atherstone and Edwards the Malay; he believed the latter to be simply a most unworthy dependant of inferior birth and position, hopelessly vicious in character, and flagrantly ungrateful for the good education and other advantages which had been so ill bestowed upon him; he believed what—indeed was the case—that the Malay imposed on the old man's kindness, and that it was a duty he owed both to his uncle and to society in general to prove the man's dishonesty, and secure its due punishment. He acted therefore, purposely, without consulting his uncle when he had the Malay arrested for the fraud in which he himself, as the future heir of the estate, was so much wronged; and he was perfectly thunderstruck when the old man, in a paroxysm of fury at hearing that his son was publicly disgraced, suddenly hurled at him the disclosure of the terrible truth—that the man he had just consigned to the hands of the police was none other than the true heir of Atherstone, by whose permission alone he, so long its virtual owner, could ever hereafter cross the threshold of his ancestral home. The fatal attack which put an end to Maurice Atherstone's wayward life followed so closely on the fit of ungovernable passion by which it was caused, that he had little time left for explanations, but this much Humphrey was able to understand from his broken utterances, that he had never for a single moment contemplated depriving his son in the end, of his name and birthright, though shame and disappointment at his conduct—the more deep because of the love he bore his only child—had made him postpone the revelation from year to year. The Atherstone estates were strictly entailed on the nearest male heir, and even if Edward, who truly filled that place, had been far worse than he was, the old man would not have defrauded him of his rightful inheritance; and in that last brief hour of life his great anxiety was to prevent any wrong being done to his son as a consequence of his own rash delay in acknowledging him. He was just able to indicate to his nephew that the ebony cabinet contained all the legal documents necessary for the identification of Edwards, as his son and heir, and to add with his last breath, "See that justice is done," before speech and life failed him together, and his unhappy nephew found himself alone with the deed.

When Humphrey came to this point in his recital, he paused a moment, almost shuddering at the recollection of the tremendous struggle through which he had passed in the brief period, during which he alone knew that the death had taken place, and that the heritage of the Atherstones had fallen from the lifeless hands of his uncle. In that short space of time he had to make up his mind as to his future course. If the convicted forger, the cruel, vicious Malay were to be by him proclaimed as the true heir to Maurice Atherstone's estates, it must be done at once—he could not allow himself to be treated even for a day as the possessor of the property, if he was ever to tell the world that he had no right to it. But was it possible for him to do so under the circumstances? he could not dissociate Edwards in his own mind from accessories of degradation and infamy, which seemed to make it utterly out of the question that he should ever be placed as the representative of the noble Atherstones in the stately home of their ancestral race. Was a mere accident of birth, of which the low, disgraced criminal was himself half unconscious, a sufficient reason for bringing shame upon their house and misery on their people? A thousand specious arguments seemed to show Humphrey in that hour of temptation, that he might let the grave close over a secret so pregnant with evil consequences without dishonour or wrong. There was but one counter-weight to balance all those sophistries, the power of immaculate truth claiming a pure and perfect service from all faithful followers of Christ. In the end Humphrey had succumbed to the most subtle of all temptations, that which suggests a compromise with evil, involving enough of personal sacrifice to make it appear almost a virtue. He decided that he could not, when in reality he would not, give up Atherstone and his people to so unworthy a master; but he determined that to his own great loss he would limit the wrong done to the person of the Malay alone. He himself would never marry and bring children of his own into the usurped possession unless Edward's only child died, which would place himself once more in the position of presumptive heir. This being the conclusion to which he came while still he stood alone by the corpse of his uncle, he had set himself from that hour to carry it out with a silent, inflexible resolution, which had baffled all the curiosity of his neighbours, while it effectually roused their suspicions, and in that position he had remained till within the last year. Then had come a change; and when Atherstone arrived at this point in the strange history he was so frankly telling to the man whose face he had never so much as seen a few hours before, he suddenly stopped and shaded his eyes with his hands for a few minutes, while Trafford sat in perfect silence, letting him think out his thoughts, whatever they were, undisturbed.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Atherstone felt that he could not name Una Dysart to the clergyman; he was too uncertain whether he would ever have a right to connect her with his destiny, and his pride and delicacy alike revolted from

the idea of revealing to this stranger who it was that had melted away his iron resolution by the power of her sweet love, and given him a glimpse of happiness so exquisite that he had been ready to barter his very soul to win it. He remembered so well, as he sat there letting his thoughts go back over the entanglements of the past, how strange a circumstance it had seemed to him, that she whom he so desired to make his wife, should have been the very person to save the life of the child who was the one obstacle between them; he felt now that the fact ought to have been a warning to him to go no further in the crooked path on which he had entered; but so far from this having been the case, he well knew that it was on that very day he first realised that the love he bore her was becoming too strong for the constancy of his self-sacrifice; he could see now that because he had yielded to the specious temptation in his first struggle by the side of his dead uncle, he had become more and more unable to resist every fresh plunge into falsehood and injustice, and at last it had come to this, that in order to win the woman he loved to himself, he had driven the kinsman whose possessions he was usurping, into a perpetual exile from his country and his home, not only because for the quieting of his uneasy conscience he was determined to be quit of this witness against himself, but because if by any means Edwards made good his claim before he had secured Una as his wife, she would too surely be lost to him for ever. How could he, not only impoverished and defeated, but convicted of an actual fraud, so much as look in her pure face again? No! he would not let her stainless name be mixed up in such a tale as this; but he had to tell Trafford what potent influence it was that had come into his life and lured him down to the depths of moral disgrace, in which he was writhing now, and with an effort which the clergyman's keen penetration fully appreciated, he told him all the truth, omitting only to give him the smallest clue to Una's identity. It was done. Humphrey Atherstone had paid to the uttermost farthing the debt of bitter self-abasement, which the conviction of his own errors had brought upon him, and folding his arms he turned his noble, mournful face to the clergyman, and said with a quiet dignity, "Now, sir, I make you my judge; I have exalted justice on myself for the irreparable past; but I ask you to tell me how I may make the future pure and true in a position so intricate as that in which I find myself. You can see, no doubt clearly enough how every different course I could take seems alike fatal to the interest of others."

"I do," exclaimed Trafford, warmly grasping his hand; "your trial has indeed been keen and subtle, and I can well understand how life now seems to lie before you as a hopeless chaos where there is not a ray of light to guide your feet; but Mr. Atherstone, there is but one thing immutable and certain for us men in all the mysteries of the universe, and that is the eternal law of holiness, which nothing can ever really change or obscure, however much the dimness of our moral sense may prevent us from distinguishing it. Truth and Justice are indestructible, for they have their existence in the Being of God, and are an everlasting witness unto Him; therefore when the face of a man is set to do right, it is set towards the Throne of Perfect Equity, and from thence the light streams upon his path, however dark and fatal, and brightens every step before him as with the shining of the noonday sun."

There was a light on Trafford's own face as he spoke, which seemed caught from the very radiance he was describing, and Atherstone bowed his head and said simply, "I believe you, and I trust you; tell me what course your eyes can perceive for me in this darkness."

"Your mistake has been in this," said Trafford, "that you have been guided in your actions by the results you expected to flow from them, rather than by the fixed principles of right, which alone should have ruled them. Mr. Atherstone, we men have nothing to do with results, we have a distinct moral law, which is just as real and irreversible as the laws of mathematics, and the logical result of accomplishing it must be that which is right, and which is the unchanging will of God, although to our blind eyes it may appear as if it would be utterly evil. We have to do that which is right, no more and no less, and though we should imagine that the results of our doing it would be the very destruction of the universe itself, we yet have to perform it unflinchingly and unreservedly, and leave the consequences to God, in whose eternal righteousness all laws are fixed."

"Following this rule, it is easy to see what my course should have been," said Atherstone.

"It is, undoubtedly; but before we enter on the details of the future, will you tell me, Mr. Atherstone, how far you think your cousin Edward has been or is aware of his true position?"

"I am quite convinced that he has no certain knowledge on the subject, or you may be very sure he would not have left me in possession for a single hour, but that he believed himself to be invested with some claims, whatever might be their nature, is, I think, quite clear; my own impression is, that my uncle must often have dropped hints on the subject as an inducement to his son to conduct himself more in accordance with his future position; probably but for his low marriage, which increased his father very much, he would have owned him long ago, but I think at least he must have indicated the ebony cabinet as containing papers bearing on his claims, from the anxiety Edward had always shown to examine it."

"What does it really contain?"

"The certificates of the marriage of Maurice Atherstone and Sanna Guiguti, a Malay girl, of the birth and baptism of their son Edward, and a paper signed and sealed by my uncle identifying the person commonly called Edwards the Malay as the son to whom the certificates refer, and whom he therefore stated to be the legitimate heir of Atherstone Abbey."

Humphrey reddened with shame as he spoke, the unworthiness of his own conduct seemed to stand out in such glaring colors while he thus enumerated the clear proof

of the Malay's right, to the just and honorable man before him.

"It is a matter for great thankfulness that your cousin's claim is so perfectly indisputable. It renders your duty for the future quite unmistakable, and it may, in fact, be summed up in one word."

"Restitution—that is your meaning, is it not?"

Trafford bowed his head. "Even so."

"And my people, exclaimed Atherstone, with some agitation, 'how will it fare with them, delivered over to the tender mercies of such a man?'"

"They are God's people; He will protect them," answered Trafford, quietly.

"And the honour of the name of Atherstone, stained by the crimes of a man who legally should have been even now in a convict prison?"

"Has it not been more dishonoured by injustice?" said Trafford. These words

stung Atherstone to the quick, for they implied that he had himself dishonoured it, and he started to his feet, his eyes blazing with passion, but the calm, almost angelic expression on the face of the man before him subdued him like pure cold water poured on a smouldering flame, and passing his hand over his eyes he sat down again, saying, "You are right, Mr. Trafford, full restitution shall be made at any cost;" then, while his chest heaved convulsively, he said, "There is one more of whom I must speak; I believe that if I do this deed it will deprive me finally of her whom I love better than my life, and if it were only the utter wreck of my own happiness that were in question, it might be nothing more than a deserved punishment, but, Mr. Trafford, I believe,—his voice faltered,—

"I believe that she too loves me, she has not hid it from me, and is she to suffer for my sin, poor guileless, trusting child?"

"If she loves you and continues true to you, I trust you will not ultimately be separated; but even if it were so, there could be no real evil to her in that which would be the distinct outcome of the law of right, and therefore the will of God. Atherstone, you know those deathless words, 'Faci justitia ruat cælum'—let justice be done though the heavens fall; take that as your sovereign law, and follow it wheresoever it may lead you, were it to darkness—were it to death."

Atherstone rose from his seat and held out his hand. "I will, Mr. Trafford, and I thank you."

"You will let me be of use to you in the future if it is in any way possible?" said Trafford, cordially pressing his hand.

"I will gladly come to you again, if you will allow me, when I have thought out the details of my future proceedings; I shall be truly glad of your advice."

So they parted, and heavy-hearted as Atherstone was, he lifted up his head to meet the keen pure morning air with a sense of being restored to himself, which gave him infinite relief after his long course of self-deceit.

(To be continued.)

## Facts.

Not a long time ago a philanthropic man was on his way to a meeting of an association which was successfully laboring to assist those who were victims of breaking away from the cruel fetters of intoxicating drink; and also to more widely disseminate temperance principles in the community. He invited some young men to enter the hall with him, and unite their influence with others in promoting the designated objects.

"I am no drunkard, and would not be seen in there with those who are. I can take care of myself without signing the pledge."

Such were some of their remarks in response to his invitation. He replied: "Young friend, I, and many others who meet there to-night, are not and never were intemperate drinkers. But we cannot say to the wretched victims of this vice, Unite together and save yourselves if you can. We would stretch forth a helping hand to them."

"I am truly sorry to hear you speak as you do; for I remember twenty or more of those who were among my acquaintances, when I was a young man like yourselves, who used to talk in the same way. I could go with you to that cemetery near and show you the spot which marks the last resting-place of each as a drunkard's grave."

With a haughty air, the young men walked on. It has not taken many years for them to prove to others who have observed their course, that their chosen pathway, and that of many in our community of like sentiments and practices, is the direct way leading down to the dark, dismal valley of confirmed intemperance.

Young men, permit one who has seen many, oh! how many! go down into those depths of wretchedness, from the ranks where you now stand, who were confident of their ability to sip the social glass of wine, or other intoxicating drinks, when they chose, and yet defy the power of an insidious appetite to draw them down to ruin—let me, as a friend, entreat you to seek and ever cherish such views of right and wrong as will inspire higher motives and principles of action; that moral courage that will lead to a firm and outspoken choice of the sure highway to a life of temperance, uprightness and philanthropy; to the highest and noblest development of all the powers of true manhood.

The Post Longfellow observed his seventieth birthday February 27.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Pera, date February 22, says: "The condition of most of the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, in consequence of the drain of men from agricultural labor to the army, is described as deplorable, and almost sure, if continued, to lead to a more disastrous famine than that of 1874."

Official figures show that in the year 1870 there were in the island of Cuba 865,000 slaves; in 1873, 287,000; and in 1876, 199,000. The number of free blacks in the island in 1878 was 26,000; in 1874, 50,000; in 1875, 78,000; and in 1876, 84,000. The free blacks in four jurisdictions where no census could be taken are estimated at 6,000.

## Scientific and Useful.

## CARE OF BROOMS.

If brooms are dipped for a minute or two into a kettle of boiling water once a week, they will last much longer. It makes them tough, but pliable, and a carpet is not worn half as much by sweeping with a broom so cared for. A good house-keeper will see that her brooms are all thus scalded.

## WHITE CORN DOGGERS.

Take one pint of southern corn meal, and turn over it one pint of boiling water, add a little salt, and one egg well beaten up and stirred in the batter when nearly cold. Butter some sheets of tin, and drop your cakes by the tablespoonful all over the pan. Bake for twenty five minutes in a hot oven.

## SPICED BEEF.

Chop tough beefsteak raw, and a piece of sweet the size of an egg, seasoned with pepper, salt, and a little summer savory; add two eggs, half a pint of bread crumbs, four or five tablespoonfuls of cream, a small piece of butter; mix and make in a roll with flour sufficient to keep together, put in a pan with a little dripping, and bake as a roast. Slice thin when cold.

## DESSERT OF APPLES.

Make a pound of sugar a rich syrup; into this put a pound of apples pared and cored, and stew until they are soft; mix them smoothly with the syrup and form into a mould. Into a pint of cream or new milk stir the yolk of two eggs, a half cup of sugar, a spoonful of rose water, and let the whole boil in a farina kettle. When cold pour it around the apples, and serve.

## CLOTHES LINES.

Never leave clothes lines out week after week, but take them down and wind them on the reel, as soon as the clothes are dry. With this care a clothes line will last years. But if left out, wind and rain will mellow and rot the line, and it will soon become worthless. Added to this, the clothes will be colored from the line, and dirty streaks almost impossible to remove will be seen where they rested on it.

## BOOKS PRESERVED.

The bindings may be preserved from mildew by brushing them over with spirits of wine. A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mould and damp. Russia leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never moulds or sustains injury from damp. The Romans used oil of oedus to preserve valuable manuscripts. Russia leather covered books placed in a stationer's window will destroy flies and other insects.

## VINEGAR OR LEMON JUICE.

One can have the hands in soap-suds with soft soap, without injury to the skin, if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice immediately after. The acid destroys the corrosive effects of the alkali, and makes the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice used on the hands when roughened by cold or labor, will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this, then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in the winter will find this comforting.

## A STRONG WHITE PASTE.

Dissolve two and a-half ounces of gum arabic in two quarts of water, and stir it into one pound of wheat flour until the whole becomes of a pasty consistency. It is then to be heated, and one and a-half ounces each of sugar of lead and alum dissolved in a little water added thereto, and the composition well stirred until it shows signs of boiling, when it must be removed from the fire. Add while hot six drops of carbolic acid. This is a very tenacious and durable paste, and may be used on almost any substance.

## RECIPE FOR BAKING BEANS.

It does seem as if every cook ought to know how to bake beans in the very best manner, but it is often feared that they do not, and hence the necessity for repeating the way once in a while. If one has them soaked in cold water over night all the better. Wash well before parboiling. So soon as the skin breaks they should be put in the baking-pan, with a piece of nice, sweep pork, if your family use that article; if not, butter and a little salt will do as well. Season to your taste. Put in a common dripping pan of beans, about one and a-half tablespoonful of syrup, cover with water, and then bake a long time, not letting them get too dry. If you want them for dinner in one and a-half hours, they will be good, but they will be much better if baked three hours.—A. F., in Rural New Yorker.

## SULPHUR FOR SCARLET FEVER.

Dr. Henry Pigeon writes to the London Lancet as follows:—"The marvellous success which has attended my treatment of scarlet fever by sulphur induces me to let my medical brethren know of my plan, so that they may be able to apply the same remedy without delay. All the cases in which I used it were very well marked, and the epidemics on the arms in each case came away like the skin of a snake. The following was the exact treatment followed in each case: Thoroughly anoint the patient twice daily with sulphur ointment; give five to ten grains of sulphur in a little jam three times a day. Sufficient sulphur was burned, twice daily (on coals on a shovel), to fill the room with fumes, and, of course, was inhaled by the patient. Under this mode of treatment each case improved immediately, and none were over eight days in making a complete recovery, and I firmly believe in each it was prevented from spreading by the treatment adopted. One case was in a large school. Having had a large experience in scarlet fever last year and this, I feel some confidence in my own judgment, and I am of opinion that the very mildest cases I ever saw do not do half so well as had cases do by the sulphur treatment, and as far as I can judge, sulphur is as near a specific for scarlet fever as possible."

Many countries in Sweden are prohibiting the entire sale of intoxicating liquor. King Oscar II. favors the movement.