

Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XLII.—SALLY SETTLES THE QUESTION.

"Dorothy," Mrs. Woodward said, one day, "your father and I have been talking about you. We don't think you are treating Mr. Fuller quite rightly. He is evidently very fond of you; and you have let him shilly-shally about the place for years."

"But what can I do, dear mamma?" she asked. "I can't remark that I don't care about him, and don't mean to marry him. Besides, it is not for my sake that he hangs about the place, but because he is fond of us all," and Dorothy tried to think that she was speaking the truth.

"That is all nonsense," Mrs. Woodward answered; "besides he told you father that he was very fond of you, and it is spoiling his career in life keeping him in uncertainty."

"But he need not be in any uncertainty, mamma. We should never suit each other, and he will never do any good work in the world."

"But you might spur him on to do some if you married him, and make a clever man of him; it is certainly in him to be one."

"If I could do this," thought Dorothy, that evening, "it would be a great and distinct work to offer to God, and with which to ennoble my life;" but her thoughts flew to the far-off land in which he who must be her life's hero still toiled; and the tears rushed into her eyes, and the old pain, years old now, it seemed to her, came into her heart—"If he had only cared for me as I did for him in the end!"

"I think Fuller is an awfully unlucky beggar," Tom observed that evening. "He never seems able to stir himself up, and he does nothing but hang about. I wonder he doesn't try to do something. He's very clever, you know."

"Tom, do you think he would do better if he had some one he cared about to spur him on?" she asked, hesitatingly. She had learnt to believe in the wisdom of her sturdy brother, and to ask his advice in many things. He thought for a minute.

"No," he answered; "it would only arouse him for a little while. Laziness is only selfishness, and it smothers up an awful lot of better feelings when it has been allowed to grow so long in triumph."

"How do you know, Tom?" "Noticed it in the beggars at the office, and lots of other people." Then he was silent, for he began to think of how his selfishness had taken another and more distinct form in bygone days; and Dorothy, too, began to think of those same days, and of the long idle hours spent in the garden in vague dreams no future could realize.

"And that too was selfishness," she thought. "And it was a dozen other things that were wrong as well."

"What a dreadful thing laziness is, Tom!" she said at last; "and yet at first sight it does not seem a very great fault. It is like the weed which looks rather pretty at the beginning, but gradually chokes up the river."

"Yes," replied Tom; but he thought of the advance that had been promised him that day, and the praise he had received from his employers; and thought too that there still were greater faults than laziness, and that for all his prosperity he had to thank the girl before him, whom he felt proud and thankful to call his sister. "Doll, do you remember long ago how we used to loiter about in the garden, and tell stories, and have games?" he said, musingly, after a minute; "and then you stirred yourself up and worked—what made you do it? I remember I used to spend all my money on myself till you shamed me out of it." She could hardly keep back her tears as she answered him.

"It was Mr. Blakesley, Tom;" and she told him of the conversation they had had on an evening long since, and how, for her part and work in the world's great workshop she had tried to make the lives of those around her a little more beautiful. "I have only tried to do so, Tom, dear," she added; "I dare not even hope that I have really succeeded."

"You have made mine a little less ugly, at any rate," and then they were silent, and watched the twilight steal over the dear old garden, as they had watched it hundreds of times before. At last Tom spoke again. "Why didn't you tell me about this before, Doll? it's a grand idea, you know, and every one who hears it must long to try his hand."

"But there are other reasons too, Tom, besides its being a grand idea, why we should try to make our lives better," she said, softly, thinking of Tortoiseshell's dying words. Then Sally came down the pathway.

"Dorothy," she said, "I have been thinking of a new design for Christmas cards; some with texts intertwined, and some with bits of poetry."

"And what is your favourite quotation, Sally?" her sister asked, almost mechanically. The grave child looked up into her sister's face, and answered, "Ye may not do evil that good shall come."

She sat pondering over the words after Sally and Tom and Will had gone in-doors and left her alone above Venus's grave. "No, it would not do," she thought; "and I should only be doing a great wrong to Mr. Fuller and to myself." He came out to her a little later. They had told him where to find her, and he came and sat down on the rickety seat on which they had sat so often. She turned and looked at him—at his clear-cut features and the broad graceful shoulders—and thought of the days, those first days of that glorious summer after his return to England before he had ever made love to Netta. "They were very happy days," she thought. "I shall always think kindly of him, and have a grateful feeling for him, because he has given me so pleasant a memory, but I could never be in love with him again; he does not seem great enough to love."

"Well, Dorothy, what are you thinking of?" he asked, at last.

"I was thinking," she answered, "that we ought to teach ourselves only to consider things beautiful according to their goodness and greatness."

"What a queer child you are, always

thinking of these odd things," he said, impatiently. "I came out here to ask you something I shall never ask you again, Dorothy," he added, coldly, almost sadly. "Ask me what?"

"Shall I keep this, or throw it away?" and he opened his pocket-book, and between two folds of silver paper showed her a faded yellow rose. She looked at it for a moment, while her thoughts went back to the day on which she had given it to him.

"Don't throw it away," she pleaded. "Our lives must divide here," she went on, firmly; "there is the world before you, and a career you must not lose—but our lives divide, for you must not spend so much time here, you are wasting your best days, you are indeed, but keep the rose still, Adrian. Because the winter is cold it is no reason we should forget the summer."

"And we can never be more to each other?" he said, in a low voice.

"Never," she answered, gently; "it is too late." The words were said before she knew it. He bowed his head down in his hands for a moment.

"Very well, Dorothy," he said, sadly, and put the rose tenderly back into its old place.

After that evening Adrian Fuller seldom came to Hampstead.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE BRIDGE BETWEEN.

It was late in the summer, and the evenings were getting chill and cold. "A long summer," sighed Dorothy, as she went over to Miss Blakesley's one evening. "I think we out to measure our age by our feelings rather than our years, and then I should have grown so old this year." Yet in spite of the sigh with which the words were said there was contentment in her heart, although, like all her feelings, it had a tinge of sadness, a strange tranquil satisfaction, gained by the knowledge that she was neither useless nor passive in the world, but that her hands and head and heart found work to do and thoughts to occupy them, and that at any rate that most precious thing, the time entrusted to her, was not wasted.

"My dear, I have a letter for you from George," Miss Blakesley said, when she appeared. "He is coming home immediately, almost as soon as his letter, he says." She hardly knew how she took it, or walked home that evening. She did not dare open it till she was safely locked in her own room, and then at last she read the few words it contained. "My dear Dorothy"—she was so thankful to see those first three words; she had been so afraid that he would call her "Miss Woodward." She could hardly read the rest of the short note at first, though it was merely to the effect that he was coming back immediately, and had been at the point of returning for months, or he would have answered her inquiries sooner, and that now he would do so in person, and he hoped it would be very soon.

Then she waited. She felt now that it was all right, that the old coldness had been swept away, and that he was coming back, not merely to England, but to her. "I won't meet him under the sycamore-tree," she thought; "I should like to be in the sitting-room when he comes, where he first told me that he cared for me." Then sometimes a doubt would creep into her heart, if after all he were only coming home to be on the merely friendly footing.

"Oh, it would be dreadful," she said to herself one evening—for she had given up all hope of seeing him that day—as she stole out of the garden gate and on to the fields beyond—the fields she had walked across the first night on which she had been engaged to George Blakesley, long ago, and had thought her fate so hard. There were the same dim shadowy trees, the same long dowy grass. It brought it all back to her memory: and the tears came into her eyes.

"I did not care for him then," she said; "and oh, if when he comes back he does not care!" she stopped, for she heard a footstep behind her, and turning round, she saw, only a few yards from her, the face there was no mistaking. She did not move an inch forward, only stood half hesitating, half trembling, till he came nearer, then she put out her hands. He looked at her for a moment, into her face, and her clear truthful eyes flashing with a light he had never seen there before; then, putting aside her outstretched hands, he drew her to his heart.

"My dear little girl," he said, presently, "to think I have you at last. There is no mistake this time, is there, Dorothy?" She raised her head for a moment, and answered, with a long sigh of happiness, "Oh no, none at all."

"And when did you learn to love me, Dorothy?" he asked, at last. "Long ago," she answered; "long, long before you left England."

"If I'd only known it. I tried hard to keep away from you, my child, and only left England to be out of your reach."

"And what made you return?" "A little note your sister Netta sent me, and another letter aunt Mildred wrote, but I was very uncertain till the last moment, till I saw the look in your eyes, Dorothy."

"And have you loved me all the time?" she asked. "Yes, all the time," he answered. "You were always everything to me, my child." Then she was satisfied.

"I am so happy," she said presently, with a long sigh of relief, "and we will work on together, George?" "You used to hate work."

"But I love it now." They walked on silently to the garden gate, and then Dorothy pulled up. "How surprised they will be to see you," she said. "Oh no," he answered, laughing; "I have seen them already, and Tom told me where to find you. He saw you go through the gate. I wonder if this will fit you, my child, it will at any rate till I get you another," and he drew off a ring, and put it on her finger.

"You've been spooning," Tom said, calmly, as they entered.

"Tom!"

"Well, it's nothing new, Doll, if you have, so don't be unhappy."

"But you haven't told me to whom this house belongs," she said, a few days later; I should so like to buy it with Netta's money."

yours already, for it was I who bought it, and I shall settle it on you."

"Oh, George, you bought it! You were so good to us, too, in our trouble"—but he stopped her mouth.

"Do you know," she said presently, "I am very glad for my own sake that all these dreary days came, they taught me so much. I look far back at the old life in the garden, and look forward to the new life with you" (it was only a week before their marriage), "but I would not have missed the days that intervened. The sorrow taught me so much, dear, and to understand so many things of which I know nothing before. It made a road from the old life to the new—A BRIDGE BETWEEN."

Don't Stay Long.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife, tenderly, in my presence, one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness which they accompanied, spoke volumes. It told all the vast depths of woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay too long, husband"—and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, and every few moments running to the door to see if he was in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "Not yet!"

"Don't stay long, husband"—and I again thought I could see the young wife, rocking nervously in the great arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

"Don't stay long, husband"—and the young wife's look seemed to say, for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent; here is a soft breast to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon.

Oh, you that have wives to say, "Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy scenes of life, and try just a little to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world the quiet joy that a home, blessed with such a woman's presence, will afford.

Husbands, would you bring sunshine and joy into your homes? Then spend your leisure hours in your families and employ the time in pleasant words, and kind actions, and you will realize in all its richness what is so beautifully described by the poet:

"Domestic happiness, then only bliss Of paradise that has survived the fall."

Fashionable Colors.

The fashionable combination of colours for costumes for the fall will be that now in vogue in Europe, viz., navy blue with cardinal red. The navy blue to be used when cooler weather comes will be of the ink shades of the queer blue tint known as sphinx color, which is a metallic blue that is almost black. The costume will be made up of wool and silk as at present; the wool of the overdress will be India cashmere, camel's hair, or the laine carree, or square-figured woolen stuff already described among the newly-imported fall goods. The long polonaise will be made of this soft, flexible blue wool, trimmed with the merest pipings and facings of cardinal silk, while the lower skirt, which is almost concealed, will be of dark cardinal red silk. Very little of the red is visible, but there is enough seen to produce a very quaint effect. The polonaise is ornamented behind and down the front by long-looped bows of ribbon that are partly of blue gros grain and partly of cardinal red. The buttons are blue, with cardinal stars embroidered upon them. In more conspicuous costumes, navy blue overdresses are trimmed with gay cardinal red fringe in the new Moorish patterns. With these toilets the accessories are all cardinal red, such as veils, scarfs, parasols, stockings, etc. Blue and red with white—the national colors—have been so popularly worn here during the summer that it is predicted the new combination in darker shades will meet with favour.—Harper's Bazar.

The Social Law of Postal Cards.

While on this topic we may ask whether postal cards have not now being long enough in use to admit of an inquiry as to the nature of the courtesies and social laws that do or should pertain to them? It may be asked whether people are under any obligations to respond to an open letter of the nature of a postal card? Could one acknowledge a postal card as "an esteemed favor?" If the postal card be purely on the business of the writer, what notice must the recipient take of the fact that no stamp is inclosed for postage on the reply? One sees some really Napoleonic strokes of meanness as the outcome of the postal card system. The audacity is sometimes superb. A writer saves a sheet of paper, an envelope, a stamp for postage, and also the usual stamp for return postage—all by one dextrous postal card. The spirit of economy could no farther go. But really, what rights in courtesy have letter-writers who do not consider their correspondents of importance enough to give their epistles to them the poor compliment of an inclosure? How is a communication to be entertained, when the writer confesses by the postal card that it isn't worth a sheet of paper and a postage stamp? That the postal card is very useful for circular notes, for announcements, for communicating any simple fact that does not call for a response, no one can deny. But we submit that social custom ought to establish that a missive of this kind calling for a response, excepting on business matters concerning the recipient, is an impertinence; and that a postal card, partaking of the nature of correspondence as ordinarily understood, is entitled to no respect or consideration whatsoever.—Appleton's Journal.

Friestly Pretentions.

The following extraordinary correspondence in reference to a bazaar lately held at Farton, in connection with the Congregational Church there, has been forwarded to an English contemporary for publication:

"The Rev. W. B. Wallace to Dr. Dick—Moresby Rectory, Whitehaven, July 7, 1876.—Dear Dr. Dick,—I am grieved to see by the advertisement that you propose to open a bazaar in my parish on Tuesday, the 18th inst.—a bazaar which has for its avowed object the raising of funds for the erection of a Sunday-school, where the unfortunate children of this benighted place may be brought up in gross heresy and antipathy to the Holy Catholic Church of Christ. It is not too late for you to withdraw, and I feel that you will do so upon mature consideration. Surely it is not right, and surely—aven in a worldly point of view—it is a breach of etiquette that a Churchman should come into a neighboring parish to lead his countenance and support to most unjustifiable schism. I use the expression 'unjustifiable schism' advisedly; for in former days schism may have had a *raison d'être*—if anything can justify the sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram—but now, when the Church's work is done in the Church's way, when there are three services in the church every Sunday, two celebrations of the holy communion every month, services on the festivals and fasts appointed to be observed in the Church of England, when the aged, and the sick, and the dying receive (when they will avail themselves of the privilege) the consolation of our holy faith, when a Church Sunday-school, superintended and in a great measure taught by myself, has been established here—now, I repeat schism is unjustifiable and inexcusable. Pardon my remonstrance, and think over the matter. Half the strength of schism is derived from the lukewarmness of Church people; let it not derive the other half from their mistaken support.—I am, etc., W. BAILLIE WALLACE, Rector of Moresby."

"Dr. Dick to the Rev. W. B. Wallace. Harrington, 16th July, 1876.—My dear Sir,—I believe that I have considered your letter as carefully as its importance deserves, and the conclusion I have come to is that I will open the bazaar in question, as announced, without the least hesitation, convinced that in doing so I am acting as a Christian, if not as a Churchman. If the two courses of action are opposed to each other, so much the worse for the Church. It would be needless for me to enter into your arguments, as our views of the matter in question are too widely different to admit of any reasonable hope of agreement. I can only express my regret that you should look so uncharitably upon people whom, in this part of the country, we are accustomed to regard as fellow Christians, as to call them gross heretics and schismatics, guilty of the sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and doubtless worthy of the same fate. They are, perhaps, to be congratulated upon the fact that the laws of our land are such that you have not the power of putting an end to their religious practices in that or some equally effectual manner.—Yours faithfully, JAMES DICK."

"The Rev. W. B. Wallace to Dr. Dick. Moresby Rectory, Whitehaven, July 18, 1876.—My dear Dr. Dick,—No *sutor ultra crepidam* is a good old proverb. The present generation, however, seem to be of opinion that, so far at least as 'Divine philosophy' is concerned, every *sutor* may fling aside his *crepidam* and instruct his spiritual 'scholars with all the gravity of a 'Master of the Sentence.' You may be, and doubtless are, a very successful medical practitioner; but—pardon me for saying it—*theology* is scarcely your *forte*. It would be vain for me to direct your attention to the ponderous tomes of Mosheim and Neander, and other writers on the same subject. I can assure you, however, that a study of ecclesiastical history would show you that the Arians, Montanists, Donatists, Pelagians, and other heretics and schismatics, for four or five centuries after Christ, all called themselves 'Christians' (?) They existed side by side with the Primitive Church; just as the Samaritans lived beside the Jews, as Dissent flourishes in our midst, they were 'opposed to each other' *toto calo*; and yet it was not 'the worse for the church;' for the church—although there were periods, as for instance, during the life of St. Athanasius, when she seemed almost crushed—eventually 'ground them all to powder.' The same account, *mutato nomine*, will be given of modern heresy at the second advent of Our Master, and the ultimate triumph of His One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I could not, under any circumstances, enter into an argument with you on religious matters, as it is my province as a priest in the Church of God, not to argue with, but to instruct laics. It seems to me a great pity that, thanks to the religious indifference of the State, the church is unable at present to close Dissenting conventicles, and thus check the spread of the 'sin of disobedience,' and the growth of impurity, lawlessness, and other evils (not to speak of infidelity), which seem to be the natural outcome of Dissent. In conclusion permit me to repeat a few truisms. The most deadly poisons are extracted from the most wholesome. No evil is greater than good perverted. *Corruptio optima pessima*. No error is more dangerous than that which holds in solution a certain amount of truth. Satan himself has been called somewhere 'God's ape.' 'Ye take too much upon ye, ye sons of Levi, seeing that all the congregation are holy,' said Korah, Dathan, and Abiram—worshippers of God, but NOT AS HE WILLED—but they went down quick into the pit, the earth opened her mouth to receive them; and yet we do not read that it was 'so much the worse' for God's Israel. Commending these remarks to your careful consideration, and praying that you may be enabled to see how blasphemously contradictory it is to patronize Dissent one day, and on the next to join in the suffrage of our beautiful Litany, asking God to deliver you from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism—I am, etc., W. BAILLIE WALLACE."

Scientific and Useful.

AN OLD FASHION INDIAN PUDDING. Scald one pint of milk, turn it on to one-half cup of Indian meal; stir in one egg, two-thirds of a cup of molasses; salt and cinnamon to taste. Add one pint of cold milk, and bake about two hours, stirring two or three times while baking it.

SMALL ONION PICKLER. Small onions, not larger than marbles, must be carefully peeled and thrown into strong brine. Let them remain eight days, changing the brine every other day. Dry in a cloth, place them in bottles, add spices, and fill up with strong distilled vinegar. A tablespoonful of olive oil will prevent the onions from turning yellow. Mustard seed, horseradish, allspice, cloves, black pepper, corns and mace are all excellent spices for onions.

LEMON PIE. One cup of sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of corn starch, a pinch of salt, one cup of boiling water, juice and rind of one lemon. Take the yolks of the eggs and beat them well; then add the sugar, salt, and corn starch; grate the rind, squeeze in the juice, and stir all together. Then pour on the boiling water, set on the stove, and stir constantly till the mixture boils. Have your crust baked, and pour it in the crust. With the whites, beaten to a froth, make a frosting, pour it over the pie, and set it in the oven a moment to brown.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE. Dr. Duckworth contributes a short memorandum on this subject. He was called on lately to treat a case of very severe toothache, and tried various ordinary remedies, including chloroform and carbolic acid, without any benefit to the patient. He remembered having read that the pain might be relieved by holding in the mouth a solution of bicarbonate of soda. He at once gave the patient half a drachm in an ounce of water, and to his astonishment the pain ceased immediately, and complete relief was secured. He thinks that as the remedy is so simple, and the disease so distressing and often intractable, this treatment may be worthy of notice and imitation.—The Housekeeper.

ABOUT BOILING EGGS. There is an objection to the common way of boiling eggs which people do not understand. It is this: The white under three minutes' rapid cooking becomes tough and indigestible, while the yolk is left soft. When properly cooked, eggs are done evenly through like any other food. This result may be obtained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail, and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly and evenly, and sufficiently, and to a jelly-like consistency, leaving the centre or yolk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer and nicer, as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg, and no person will want to eat them boiled after trying this method once.—Boston Transcript.

DINING COMFORTABLY. Most people are aware, even without any scientific knowledge, that the mind has a most direct influence on the stomach, and that the stomach reacts upon the mind, and that the two, linked mysteriously together, act and react one upon the other with unfailing certainty. Digestion thus obviously, to a great extent, will depend on the state of mind in which we sit down to a meal. It is not sufficient always merely to set the bread-winner down to a good dinner. If he has been hard at work, battling during the day with the perplexities and difficulties inseparable from daily life, in whatever calling, his meal, if it is to do him all the good it should, must be a cheerful one; and it is as much a part of a loving wife's duty to meet him with smiles and pleasant words as it is to give him his soup hot and his meat cooked to a turn. Nay, although disappointment in the quality of the viands—a tough steak, a tepid sole—will check much more than is thought the process of digestion, even when spirits are good and appetite keen, it will not be so prejudicial to the healthful assimilation of food as will be dolorous tales of domestic cares or the announcement of bad news. Whatever trials and sorrows have to be faced, dinner time and the time immediately succeeding it is not the time to grapple with them, or dwell upon the means by which they are to be surmounted. Again, highly animated discussions, lapsing often into virulent arguments, are distinctly prejudicial at meal time; for temper, if ruffled, will retard digestion as fatally as damped spirits will. In a word, there is no byway to health more directly useful and generally worth sticking to than by which we can have our meals in peace and comfort, if not in absolute gaiety.—Tinsley's Magazine.

CARPETS. The carpeting of rooms is needlessly expensive, owing to the prevailing fashion of fitting the carpet exactly to the entire area of the floor. In a year or two the parts much trodden on are worn shabby, while the parts protected by the furniture remain almost as bright and new as when first laid down. Among no other people does this absurdity prevail so generally as with us. You see in a French chateau, or in an Italian or Spanish palace, carpets made to cover only those parts of the floor where the are wanted—that is, the central part in Summer time, and near the stove in cold weather. These carpets being squares or parallelograms, can be changed in position, so as to subject all their parts in turn to the friction of the foot, by which the whole surface becomes equally worn, and they look tolerably well to the last. It is a mistake to cover the entire floors of sleeping rooms with thick carpeting; if that is done, the carpets should be frequently taken up, beaten, and well aired; a better plan is to leave a space of some half-yard next the walls uncovered, as also the floor beneath the bed. Of carpets, the best are the cheapest in the end, and the same may be said as to mats; the street-door mat should be of india-rubber, and it should be sunk in the floor, in which position it will last much longer than if left loose on the floor.—Littell's Hour.