

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SPOON, AUTHOR OF "WIND,"
"OUR LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

"The three came at last when it was necessary for us all to return to England; and Mrs. Trevelyan especially was anxious that her child should be born in her native land. We embarked all four on the vessel that was to convey us home, and for a few days we sailed in peace and happiness, over pleasant seas and under smiling skies; it was a lovely tranquil evening that the shock of destiny came to shatter all our joys, and fix upon my soul the load of guilt which it has borne in anguish ever since. Bertrand, that you may understand what I have now to tell you, I must explain that in spite of the close and earnest friendship which subsisted between Trevelyan and myself, there was one subject on which we had always differed—he was a strong liberal in politics, a democrat and a republican, and I, as you know, abhorred such principles, and deem them almost sacrilegious. We had, in our more youthful days, had too many disputes on these subjects, that they had threatened almost to dissolve the tie which united us to one another, and by mutual consent we had agreed to abstain from ever touching on politics at all. It was I, however, who most dreaded a recurrence to these vexed questions, for I knew that it was the one theme which roused my fiery temper to a degree that was almost beyond my control; and only the unusual excitement of the times could have led me to break my resolution of keeping silence with Trevelyan. But it was the year 1848, and a shipward bound from England, with which we had spoken that day, had brought us news of the revolutionary troubles which were at that time convulsing France and well-nigh the whole of Europe. I was violently excited by the tidings, and so in a lesser degree was Trevelyan; for, at least, his native country was in peace, while mine was distracted by the machinations of those whom I deemed her worst enemies. So long as the light lasted that day I pored over the newspaper accounts, working myself up into a state of furious indignation against the very theories which Trevelyan most affected, and when I could no longer see to read, I joined him on the poop of the vessel, where he was standing looking out over the dark ocean, and, quite unable to restrain myself, I plunged into a violent discussion on the principles which seemed to me to be undermining the whole basis of society; of course, Trevelyan took a precisely opposite view, and we paced to and fro in hot and eager argument, which grew every moment more fiercely angry on both sides, but especially on mine; and he had retired to rest, and the swift descending night of those latitudes had fallen upon us, so that we scarcely saw each other's faces. Some words which Trevelyan uttered suddenly enraged me beyond endurance; I turned round upon him with a burst of passion; I raised my clenched fist! Bertrand, he thought I was going to strike him, but I was not! I called the justice of heaven to witness for me," continued the dying man, lifting up his clasped hands with a solemn gesture, "that never, in so much as a thought, did I seek to aim a blow at my dearest friend! No, I had but made the movement in support of my impassioned oratory; but he misunderstood it—alas for him! and, oh far more, alas for me, for all—he started back, exclaiming, 'Lise, do not kill me!' the words ring yet in my ear with their involuntary cry of terror, and then his foot struck against some obstacle unperceived in the dark, and he fell backwards over the side of the vessel, close to which he was standing at the moment. Bertrand, Bertrand, I heard the heavy plunge of his body into the deep dark sea; for one moment I was so appalled and thunderstruck that I seemed almost paralyzed, but the next I made my cries resound through the ship, and soon the terrible shout, 'A man overboard!' was heard from one end of it to another; in a second the captain's orders rang out clear and firm; the vessel was stopped, the boats were lowered; a search was organized over the surface of the shadowy heaving water within a given space, who alone it was possible he might be struggling in vain! Never was there cry or sound from out the depths of that unfathomable ocean which could so much as tell us where he had gone down. As I hung over the side of the vessel in inexpressible agony, I saw the vessel returning one by one, empty as they went. He was gone! he was lost! he was dead; my dearest friend; and I had killed him!" the old man tears his head back as he spoke, while tears—these saddest tears which fall from dying eyes—trickled slowly down his wasted cheeks.

"No, my dear father, no," said Bertrand, earnestly; "you did not kill him: it was quite an accident."

An accident which would never have occurred if I had not acted on him with such fury in my looks of passion, that he believed I meant to hurl him to the ground; nay, more, his last words—oh, terrible to think that being such import, they were indeed the last cry from his lips, implied that he died a man even with a murderous temper, my angry countenance, my menacing gesture, made him start back to escape me, and sent him straightway to his death. I did not kill him willfully; but none the less surely was it my hand and none other which drove him down in all the strength and beauty of his early manhood, to lie at the bottom of the ocean grave. Bertrand, when the conviction came upon me that it was so, that in deed and in truth my passion had slain my friend, and that never more, by my act, should I see his adoring wife, or any one who had loved him, behold on earth his bright young face, the sharp arrow of an intolerable remorse pierced into my most secret heart, and there it has remained fixed, from that day until now."

"Surely you blame yourself too much," said Bertrand, sympathizingly.

"Do you think that would the evil I wrought in the life of a moment which has raised all my life? You have got to bear the end of that night's tragedy. When the eddies of that storm of catastrophe resounded through the ship, they reached the ears of Trevelyan's poor young wife, who was lying, not yet asleep, alone in her cabin; the unfeeling instinct of a timidity instantly told her that evil had befallen the one object of her love. Suddenly, as we were watching with straining eyes for the return of the boat, we saw a white-robed figure come flying along the deck with streaming hair and ghastly face, while Robert's name rang out with a despairing cry from her pallid lips; the silence from all around told her that her fond heart had divined the truth; had not some of the men held her back by force she would have plunged into the sea; and all the time we were waiting to know the result of the search she was struggling madly to free herself from their hold, knowing, as if her eyes had seen his lifeless corpse, that he was to be sought only in the fathomless depths which would never yield him up till the Judgment Day. When at length the boats came back, and it was admitted by every one that all hope was over, she seemed to collapse like a senseless heap in the arms of those who held her; she was carried down into the cabin where my wife and the other women in the ship gathered round her. Before morning a poor fatherless child had been born into the world; and as little Mary's sweet life dawned into being, that of her mother sank away; they buried her next day in the same deep waters that had engulfed the treasure of her heart; and in death they were not divided; but, Bertrand, it was my passionate hand which had flung them both into their untimely grave."

CHAPTER VI.

Bertrand remained silent as Mr. Lisle lay back with his eyes closed and his lips moving, evidently in secret prayer. He knew too well how sensitive was his father's nature, to have any hope of lessening the scrupulousness of his conscience which made him judge himself so severely for the unfortunate consequences of an act, that had in itself been almost blameless; he could well remember how he had noticed, even in his childish days, that Mr. Lisle's whole life was shadowed by some unspoken sadness which never varied or left him, and he could understand easily enough how the highly-wrought temperament, which had made the Comte de Lisle sacrifice all his worldly prospects to a sentiment of loyalty, had led him to surrender also the joy of his existence to an exaggerated sense of remorse; he felt that it was useless to combat the feeling at this supreme hour, when those events of life which touched on the region of conscience are projected on the soul, to the exclusion of all others, by the light that streams from the opening doors of the unseen world. Bertrand thought it better to try and lend his father's mind gently to contemplation of the one part connected with this sad history of which it must give him pleasure to think, so he said brightly, "Well, dear father, at least you have one great comfort in the thought of the happy home you have been able to give to your poor friend's daughter; I understand now why you have adopted Mary Trevelyan, and your having done so has been a blessing to herself as well as to us."

"Could anything make up to her for all of which I deprived her? Think of it, Bertrand—father and mother both slain on the very night of her birth; home, protection, fortune, all torn away, for her parents, and the income Trevelyan derived from his salary of course died with him. She was left, through my means, a helpless infant, utterly alone in this world, without even a provision for her future maintenance."

"But you did all you could to supply her loss."

"Yes, while I lived; but here, hovering as I am over the brink of the grave, my power of reparation ends, and it is for this cause, my son, that I felt such an urgent necessity to see you before I departed; so that my spirit already disengaged from earth had yet no power to go forth upon its unknown flight till I had spoken with you face to face. Bertrand, I dare not coerce you in such a matter, even if I had the power which, in the independence of your maturity, I certainly have not, but let me tell you that the one hope which sustains me in the arms of death, is that I so long have cherished, that you would carry on the reparation for my evil deed when I have gone to give account for it before my Judge."

"You must tell me exactly what you mean, dear father," said Bertrand, fixing his fearless blue eyes upon the dying man's wan face.

"It will not be difficult," he answered, with a sad smile. "My son, when I die the poor imitation I tried to erect round Mary Trevelyan of the home, the love, the happiness, she lost through me, will all crumble away into the ashes of my grave. She will be once more a forlorn destitute orphan, for I cannot even leave her the means of living. I have nothing of my own, and your mother's fortune, such as it is, and that is little enough, descends to you."

"Mary shall have all!" exclaimed Bertrand, impetuously. "My salary from the Foreign Office will suffice for me."

"Mary Trevelyan will never accept of charity from you, Bertrand," said Mr. Lisle, quietly. "she would rather take it, if need were, from any one else in all the world. No, my son, there is but one way in which you can make reparation final and complete, for your father's deadly act, and oh, if you could but know what a fervour of entreaty I have prayed that it might be in your power to fulfil my earnest longing for yours own heart responds to my desire, to do an unrighteous deed to urge it you. Oh, Bertrand!" he continued, turning his dying eyes upon the young man's beautiful face, "I have seen you in your dream, and you have said: 'You love me, Mary, do you not? So sweet, so pure, so gentle as she is, you cannot choose but to love her!'"

"Surely I love her," said Bertrand with a smile; "I see plainly enough what you wish is now, father, you would have me make her my wife."

The old man clasped his wasted hands together with passionate energy.

"If only you can with a true heart, Bertrand. Not even that I may die in peace, not even that ray dark deed may be blotted out in the sunshine of my happy life, would I ask you to marry a woman as you do not love, for that were in itself a sin, and it could but work misery for you both; but if you love her as her husband should—and surely you must, changing as she is, our sweet white flower—you will lift away for ever the shadow that has crept over me down these twenty years; then shall I feel that my expiation, vicariously wrought by you, has been indeed most perfect, covering over all her life, from the cradle to the grave, with a love and a joy as full and blissful as that of which she was through no benefit. All through these years, in the past, anticipating this my final hour, I have always felt that if I were destined to leave her at the last a lonely struggling poverty-stricken life, not only were the restitution I had striven to make to her hopelessly incomplete, but it would have been better for her if I had added to my own guilt by casting her an unconscious infant into the waves that engulfed her parents, that she might have joined them at least in the safety of their rest. But now the bitterness of death will all be past for me if I may know that Trevelyan's child will be your happy wife, my Bertrand."

"Then be at ease, so far as I am concerned, dear father, for I am very willing. I love Mary dearly. I am sure that my life in her hands will be surrounded with the tenderest care, and although I do not think that I have ever been roused to any passionate affection for her, perhaps because I have always known and cherished her, yet I think the steadiest sentiment with which she has inspired me will lay the foundation for a far more sure and lasting happiness than that which could spring from a more ardent fancy."

"Oh, Bertrand, if you know the blessed peace and comfort you have given me!" said the old man, raising his eyes, streaming with joyful tears, to heaven. "How can I be thankful enough?"

"But, father," said his son, with a slight smile, "are you not taking too much for granted? It is not enough that I alone am willing to link my fate with Mary's; how do I know that she has any such feeling for me as would lead her to give her own consent? If I know Mary Trevelyan at all, she is the very last person in the world who, for any reason whatever, would marry a man she did not love—no, not to escape death would she do it!"

"You are right in that conviction, Bertrand. Mary is a pure and high-souled girl, if there ever was one, and I know—for she has told me—that not only would she rather die than wed where her heart was not already given, but that she would think it a desecration of the very name of love ever to give her deep affections to any but one upon the earth."

"Then what reason have I to hope that I shall be the one?" said Bertrand, rather anxiously.

"I do not think you need have any fear, my Bertrand," said the old man, turning to him with a tender smile; "it would not be easy to live with you for years and fail to love you."

"So you may think in your partiality, my dearest father; but Mary Trevelyan may take a very different view of the son to whom you have always been so indulgent. It is strange, that intimate as we have been all our lives, I should not now have the remotest idea what the nature of Mary's feelings towards myself may really be, we have always been good friends, and the unobtrusive kindness she has shown me has been unceasing, but beyond that I have never penetrated her reserve in the very least; she is so exceeding still and quiet always, that it is hard to tell whether she has strong feelings lurking beneath her untroubled calm of any kind at all."

"Ah, Bertrand, believe me, there is depth in her stillness, and there is a power and intensity of affection in that reserved and quiet nature, which is far beyond what any more passionate temperament could feel; I can prove it to you if you will, and I think it could scarce be a brag of confidence to tell you that which you will so soon learn for yourself."

"But surely it cannot be that quiet silent Mary has ever spoken to you herself on such a theme," said Bertrand.

"Not willingly, you may be very certain; nor could even I have wrung the avowal from her, but for the circumstances of the moment when I asked it. I will tell you now it was, Bertrand. Four days ago, as I sat with Mary on the lawn, under the starlight, I seemed to receive in some undefined manner a special summons for my speedy departure from this world, and a great fear seized me that I might not live to see you again, and learn of your own lips whether it would be possible for you to give to Mary the home of your heart which I so desired she should have. I resolved that if I were not allowed to live—as mercifully I have been—till I could look upon your face once more, I would leave a letter for you containing the substance of the sad history I have told you to night, and a statement of the strong desire I felt that you should in this way complete the reparation I had sought to make. But I felt as you did, that this, my cherished scheme, must fall completely to the ground if Mary herself could not give to you alone all the deep and single-hearted love I well knew she could bestow but once or all, and I could not resist the temptation of trying to win the truth from her in the pathos of my dying state. Even thus it was, as drawing the life blood from her heart to wring the secret from her tender delicate nature, but I did succeed. I told her how my departing soul was held back to earth by the overwhelming anxiety I felt that my one supreme desire would be fulfilled, and that she would be your wife. I could not bring myself to tell her that I, whom she cherished as the protector who had guarded her from infamy, was in effect, the destroyer of her father—that dead father, to whose

memory she was so tender that she never called him by the name, that daughter as she was to me—but I did tell her, that for a secret reason, the only hope I had of passing from this earth in peace was centred in the possibility of her union with my son, and I implored her to tell me if on her side there would be no obstacle, for I feared feared any wound yours. I had to tell her, Bertrand, that I felt sure you loved her, before I could win a syllable from her lips, and when at length she spoke, it was only to utter what she believed would be buried with me in the grave."

"And what was it father? you will tell me, will you not?" said Bertrand, eagerly.

"I will tell you the words she said," replied the old man, softly. "When I asked her, with the urgency of a dying man, 'Mary, do you love my son?' she answered, quite unflatteringly, 'Better than my life; he is, and ever will be, my own and only love.'"

"She said that!" exclaimed Bertrand, starting to his feet. "Dear, sweet Mary, if it be so we shall indeed be strangely happy!"

"Yes; and I, dying, shall possess a joy which for twenty weary years my life has never known."

"Dear father, I must drive away all sorrowful recollections now, and repose on our love for you and each other. Oh that these new hopes might draw you back to earth, and give you to us for a little longer!"

"That may not be, my Bertrand," said he smiling sadly. "I feel the cold hand of death laid even now upon my heart; but you have brought a strange peace to my soul, and I feel at last that I can rest. Kiss me once again as you used to do long years ago, when you came, a little child, to give me your sweet 'Good-night,' and then leave me to sleep a while, for I am weary."

Bertrand bent down his handsome head, and pressed his lips warm with life and health upon the wasted pallid face, then, seeing that his father's eyes were already closing, he slipped softly from the room, and sent nurse Fanny back to watch by Mr. Lisle till morning.

(To be continued.)

Some Scottish Proverbs.

For the illustration of my subject I have gone to that grand old storehouse of sententious truisms and common sense, the Book of Scotch Proverbs.

And first, let us take those which refer to the worst of all good things, money. "Aye weal and woe," says the proverb, "come aye wi' woe's gear." And again, "There's a slippery stane afore the ha' door." And, again, "Muckle corn, muckle care." And, again, "Content is nae bairn o' wealth;" "If that has muckle would aye hae mair." And again, "Money mak's and money mair." And again, "Poverty is the mother o' health;" "Money aye's gear is money aye's death." And yet again, "A penny in my purse will gae me no drink when my friend's wiuna."

Then we have those which refer to fair and fine things, such as:

"Beauty is but skin deep."

"Bonnie birds are aye the warst singers."

"A fat housekeeper mak's lean exorcutors."

"Fair folk are aye fusionless."

"Fire and water are gude servants, but bad masters."

"Fat basters are ill-layers."

"Bees that has honey i' their mouths hae stings i' their tails."

"Glib i' the tongue is aye glaiket at the heart."

"A green yule mak's a fat kirkyard."

"Riproot is the sunest rotten."

"No frost in the gut, nearest the waddy."

"Muckle pleasure, muckle pain."

"A' are gude lasses, but where do the ill wives come frae?"

"A dink madden aft mak's a dirty wifo."

"A braw thing needs twa to set it aff."

"A new pair o' brooks will cast down an auld coat."

"An ulka-day braw mak's a Sabbath-day's daw."

"Fair words winna mak' the pot boil."

"Love ower het soon cools."

"A kiss and a tinnisful o' cauld water mak's a gey wersh breakfast."

"The higher the hill, the laigher the gree."

Another lot of wise saws deals with the cardinal virtues:

"Penny wise, pound foolish," for example.

"Spare at the spigot, and le' oot at the bung hole."

"He that counts a' costs will ne'er pit plough i' the grun."

"He that lives on hope has a slim diet."

"Ho that's first up is nae aye first served."

"A frien' to a' is a frien' to none."

"Quick believers need bread snouthers."

"A halloo tongue mak's a slobbered mou."

"An inch o' gude-luck is worth a fathom o' forecast."

"A man o' many trades may beg his bread on Sundays."

"Them that gae jumpin' awa', aft come lumphin' hame."

"The willin' horse is wrocht to death."

"Help is gude at a' things except the brose-gie."

—William Armour in London and Scotch-gie.

Servants in India.

Indian housekeeping is at once very simple and paradoxical in all its details. The fact that all servants are on board wages, from the menials, who take a temporary engagement as secretary or tutor, down to the humblest paukah-wallah or grass-cutter, renders it comparatively easy for a master to know his expenses. But the trouble is in something bowdlerizing in the sub division of labor, having to harbor tailors and cobblers, washermen and watchmen, and florists and sweepers.

It is perplexing to find that every servant is well knowing his or her place, that a palki-

bearer would scorn to fetch a picture of water; that hereditary poultry keepers attend the hens; hereditarily groom the horses; and not a meal can be cooked, or a candle spread, except by the agency of somebody, whose special point is out at the appropriate person to perform the duty. An English resident, who is not so puzzled by the habit of the native domestic, strange to our notions, of collecting around them a clan of relatives, old and young, more or less dependent for sustenance on the monthly wages of the bread-winner. There are "followers," like others of their plastic race, are by no means obtrusive, and are content to be tucked away in sheds and huts, or to loiter about the passages of some rambling villa, while a pipkin of grain and a spoonful of ghee compose, with a little cotton cloth, their few wants.

But many a Briton unused to the country, yet drawing a high pay, must marvel at the number of mouths that he indirectly has to fill and must feel at times uncomfortably uncertain as to whether he has not made a gigantic mistake in supposing that the monthly payment of a few pounds defraying his liabilities towards his servants, and as to the prospect of a little bit being sent to for all the rice and curries, all the wheat and pulse, and clarified butter consumed by the domestic army that follows at his beck and call.

Servants in India have two merits to counterbalance such faults as are inherent in a race remarkable for the subtle ingenuity with which on occasion it can cheat and be cheated. They are grateful, but merely for the exceptional kindness, not for the bread and salt they have eaten; and any breach of trust is abhorrent to even the classic conscience of a Hindoo, so that the very man who takes the lead in plundering the Sahib's store-room, when pitting his wits against the duller faculty of his European employer, may be rendered honest by being appointed dragon in ordinary over the treasures that it contains.

Care of the Eyes.

In the August number of the Sanitarian we find a list of rules for the care of the eyes which are worth preserving:

When writing, reading, drawing, sewing, etc., always take care that—

(a.) That the room is comfortably cool, and the feet warm.

(b.) There is nothing tight about the neck.

(c.) There is plenty of light without dazzling the eyes.

(d.) The sun does not shine directly on the object we are at work upon.

(e.) The light does not come from in front; it is best when it comes over the left shoulder.

(f.) The head is not very much bent over the work.

(g.) The page is nearly perpendicular to the line of sight; that is, that the eye is nearly opposite the middle of the page, for an object held slanting is not seen so clearly.

(h.) That the page, or other object, is not less than fifteen inches from the eye.

Near-sightedness is apt to increase rapidly when a person wears, in reading, the glasses intended to enable him to see distant objects.

In any case, when the eyes have any defect, avoid fine needle-work, drawing of fine maps, and all such work, except for very short tasks, not exceeding half an hour each, and in the morning.

Never study or write before breakfast by candle light.

Do not lie down when reading.

If your eyes are aching from fire-light, from looking at the snow, from over-work, or other causes, a pair of colored glasses may be advised, to be used for a while. Light blue or grayish blue is the best shade, but these glasses are likely to be abused, and, usually, are not to be worn except under medical advice. Almost all these persons who continue to wear colored glasses, having perhaps first received advice to wear them from medical men, would be better without them. Traveling vendors of spectacles are not to be trusted; their wares are apt to be recommended as ignorantly and indiscriminately as in the time of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

If you have to hold the pages of *Harpers Magazine* nearer than fifteen inches in order to read easily, it is probable that you are quite near-sighted. If you have to hold it two or three feet away before you can see easily, you are probably far-sighted. In either case, it is very desirable to consult a physician before getting a pair of glasses, for a misfit may permanently injure your eyes.

Never play tricks with the eyes, as squinting or eyeing often.

The eyes are often troublesome when the stomach is out of order.

Avoid reading or sewing by twilight or when debilitated by recent illness, especially fever.

Every seamstress ought to have a cutting-out table, to place her work on such a plane with reference to the line of vision as to make it possible to exercise a close scrutiny without bending the head or the eyes much forward.

Usually, except for aged persons or chronic invalids, the winter temperature in work-rooms ought not to exceed sixty or sixty-five degrees. To sit with impunity in a room at a lower temperature some added clothing will be necessary. The feet of a student or seamstress should be kept comfortably warm while tasks are being done. Slippers are bad. In winter the temperature of the lower part of the room is apt to be ten or fifteen degrees lower than that of the upper.

It is indispensable in all forms of labour requiring the exercise of vision of minute objects, that the worker should rise from his tasks now and then, take a few inspirations with closed mouth, stretch the frame out into the most erect posture, and throw the arms backward and forward, and if possible, step only for a moment.

Two desks or tables in a room are valuable for a student; one to stand at, the other to sit at.

An attempt has been made to burn the public school in Oshtawa.