

Choice Literature.

One Life Only.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Not once since the night when under Atherstone's roof Una fell on her dead father's breast had she seen the beloved face, whose image was for ever before her eyes; not one word had come to her from him across the gulf of separation she had found so hard to bear; but she knew well from hints dropped by Will in her letters that she owed this dreary silence to Mrs. Northcote's diplomacy.

On the day of her father's funeral Atherstone had stopped Mr. Northcote as they were turning away from the grave, and asked him anxiously how Miss Dysart was, without the least attempt to conceal the interest he felt in her. The squire had evidently been primed with an answer in case Humphrey asked after her, and he proceeded to repeat his lesson hurriedly as if afraid of leaving a word unspoken. "Miss Dysart is very sadly—very sadly indeed, quite unable to see any one, or receive any letters. She is going abroad soon with her aunt, and we mean it to be the beginning of a new life to her, where she will be kept as much as possible from all associations with the past."

"And all connections with her past friends, I suppose," said Atherstone with a scornful curve of the lip, for he saw Mr. Northcote's drift perfectly.

"Well, yes—yes—it will be best so; her aunt will regulate her acquaintances now, and she is a very fastidious person, very exclusive, she will be exceedingly particular." Atherstone turned haughtily on his heel and walked away, but it was with the resolution muttered obstinately to himself, that either Mrs. Northcote, or any one else should keep him from seeing Una when he returned from Southampton, whether he was to go next day, to send his enemy away out of his sight, as he hoped, for ever. He accomplished his purpose in this respect, and saw with unspeakable relief the vessel which bore Edwards and his family dipping down below the horizon till it finally disappeared from his anxious gaze, and then feeling that he had, at a terrible cost to his conscience, removed the barrier between himself and Una, he returned with almost frantic impatience to Atherstone Abbey, determined to lose no time in making his way to her, and having from her own lips, that she would revoke the refusal she had given him for the sake of his honor, even while frankly admitting that he had won her heart. Atherstone had imagined it likely that she would return to Vale House for a few days, before going abroad, and he had not been five minutes in his own house before he had called Thorpe, and impatiently asked him if he knew whether Miss Dysart was still at the Manor.

"Oh no, sir," exclaimed Thorpe; "she is gone quite away to foreign parts."

"Gone!" said Atherstone, turning fiercely upon him; "where has she gone?"

"No one don't know, sir," said the old man, who was keenly alive to the true state of his master's feelings. "I made it my business to wait for the housekeeper at the Manor after church on Sunday, and I asked her where Miss Dysart was going to, and she said no one didn't know, nor wouldn't; for Mrs. Northcote had said the young lady was going with her aunt, and her ladyship did not choose her plans to be discussed. All I know is, sir, that she crossed the Channel two days ago."

Atherstone turned and walked away without a word, controlling with difficulty the fiery passion that almost choked him; for he felt that he was baffled, even conquered for the time. If the Northcotes were deliberately set on concealing Una's destination from him, he knew well that they could do so most effectually, and he clenched his hands with impotent rage, as he felt that in all probability he should be able to hold no communication with her at all until she returned.

So it proved; to those two who lived in each other's thoughts night and day, not one single opportunity was afforded of even the most shadowy intercourse; but it never ceased Una to doubt Humphrey Atherstone for a single moment. She knew perfectly how this total separation had been compassed, and she felt that the hour was fast approaching when none could prevent their meeting, and then it would rest with her and her alone, to make the final decision as to their future fate.

This night, the last she was to spend at Osmes, she must settle the question with her own soul; this night she must fix immutably her whole future life; and as she paced to and fro on the desolate shore she seemed to hear in every moan of the waves the perpetual echo of the warning, "One life only," "one life only!" Suddenly, with an impetuous movement, she turned to the sea, and standing on its brink, she gazed out over the waste of waters in the direction of that far-off spot where he dwelt whom she loved with all the impassioned fervour of her ardent nature. His beautiful face seemed to rise up before her with the infinite tenderness of his dark eyes pleading to her soul. And all the pent-up love of her aching heart suddenly burst its floodgates, and overwhelmed conscience, scruples, doubts, whatever had held back from him hitherto whom now she felt to be her only hope, her only joy; and with almost a cry of anguished appeal to him to take her home to his heart for ever, she stretched out her arms towards the far horizon and exclaimed, "Yes, I have one life only, only one; but I give it all to you, my love, my love; it is yours, and only yours from this time forth for evermore." She clasped her hands and hid her face upon them, while she registered in her heart the vow she had uttered; then turned and slowly walked homewards. She reached the house, and as she passed the threshold of the door a thick letter, which had just been left by the postman for her, was put into her hand.

Una Dysart walked into the drawing-room, with the letter in her hand, and found it deserted; Lady Elizabeth having gone to bed early, in preparation for her journey next day, and Miss Grubbe being in attendance on her. So she sat down quietly near the lamp to examine its contents. It was deeply edged with black, and bore the postmark of the Mauritius.

Una had but one correspondent in that island. Miss Amherst, whom she had been wont in her light-hearted days to call the "wild woman," had conceived a great affection for the bright winning girl she had first met on the homeward-bound ship, and had kept up a steady correspondence with her ever since. Una had often mentioned Humphrey Atherstone in her letters, and in one which she had written before her father's death, she had unconsciously let it be seen that they were far more to each other than mere acquaintances or even friends.

This letter had been immediately answered by Miss Amherst in a manner which had roused Una's indignation on Humphrey's account, in no small degree. She had begun it by stating that she was in a very bad state of health, and that her condition was such as to make it certain that her life could not be greatly prolonged. It had been her intention to make certain arrangements with regard to her property, which affected both Una and Humphrey quite independently of each other, and this had caused her, she said, to bring their names before the lawyer at Valehead. From him she had heard that it was generally believed they were engaged to be married, but along with that announcement he had made certain statements to her concerning Mr. Atherstone, the truth of which it was, she said, of the utmost importance, she should distinctly ascertain. Nor would it be sufficient that she should have a mere contradiction of the charges brought against him. It was most essential that she should have a detailed explanation of the vague generalities which had been laid before her. She felt certain that these must be known to Una, as the lawyer had stated that the strange reports concerning Mr. Atherstone were so rife and of so unpleasant a nature that Miss Dysart's friends were believed to be much opposed to the marriage, and Miss Amherst, therefore, implored her to tell her all the facts, all that was known to herself.

"It may seem strange," her letter had continued, "that I should ask you to give me any explanation of matters connected with one who may already be your husband for aught I know, but I entreat of you to trust me, Una, and to believe that I ask this of you for his sake, as much as for your own; and in the interests of that truth and justice, which I cannot doubt you have both at heart. I believe that I possess the knowledge of a secret, which may be of the highest importance to Mr. Atherstone, but it must depend on what I hear from you whether I can reveal it, and if I die before it has been told, it dies with me, for none other has been entrusted with it. Remember that I am dying now, and if you delay even one mail, it may be too late. I beg of you, therefore, to write to me at once, and tell me all I wish to know."

So the letter terminated, and it had made Una very indignant, not with Miss Amherst, whom she knew to be a true friend to herself, and an honourable person, but with all those who had spread evil reports against Atherstone, which she believed to be perfectly unjust, and it seemed to her that it would be sufficient to show on what a slight foundation they had been raised to disprove them altogether. She had no hesitation in telling the facts which were publicly known to the whole neighbourhood, to Miss Amherst, and she had therefore written a brief statement of the circumstances of Maurice Atherstone's death and all that followed it, painting Edwards in very dark colours, and touching lightly on Humphrey's determination not to marry, which she said had been alleged against him as a crime, and which she did not attempt to conceal had been completely overcome by his love to herself.

Since the day when Una had dispatched this answer to Miss Amherst's inquiries, she had often thought of them, and felt very anxious for an explanation of the request that had been made to her, and she now hoped to find it in the letter she had just received. She took it up eagerly, and saw that it was addressed in a strange handwriting, and the conviction instantly darted through her mind that it must contain the announcement of Miss Amherst's death. She felt shocked and startled at the idea, although she knew if it were so it was only what she might have expected after the bad account she had received of her health. She tore it hastily open. There were two letters enclosed in one envelope. The first was from the English chaplain at the Mauritius, who began by stating that Miss Amherst had died, after a lingering illness, the day before that on which he wrote. She had retained all her faculties to the last, and on her death-bed had entrusted him with the letter he enclosed, begging him to see that it was safely transmitted to Miss Dysart, which commission he now executed, hoping to hear from her that she had duly received it. He then added a brief account of Miss Amherst's last hours, saying that he trusted one so humble and little hopeful of forgiveness for her errors in the past, would find the love and mercy that awaited her beyond the grave far greater than she had ever dreamt of here, and so concluded his letter.

Then Una opened that which had been written by the hand now cold in death. But it was something more than this fact which made her feel a shrinking sort of awe and terror as she prepared to read its contents. Some instinct told her that they would deeply affect her life.

(To be continued.)

The recent storms on the coast of England have been so violent that for nine weeks the keepers of the Bishop's Rock lighthouse on the Scilly Isles could not communicate with the shore. They were almost starved before provisions could be passed to them by a line.

Socialism, or communism, appears to be making rapid progress in Germany. At the first election to the Reichstag in 1871 there were 123,075 votes in all recorded for socialist candidates throughout the empire. At the second general elections in 1874 this total had gone up to 351,372, and great was the perturbation in official quarters at the discovery. At the elections which are just concluded, except so far as the second ballots are concerned, it is calculated that the socialists have doubled, or trebled even, the imposing figures of the previous election.

The Pious Rich Man.

One of Moody's sermons is well condensed in the following sentences. The subject of the sermon was the rich man, who said to his soul:—"Thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Take thine ease. Eat, drink, and be merry." Mr. Moody first showed that he made his money by lawful means and by diligent labour. "He was not a drinking man." "He did not get his money by getting up corners on grain or gold, nor by shaving notes, or compromising with his creditors by paying fifty cents on the dollar and covering up a part of his property." "He had the best barns and the best stock in all the region, and so it was he that he had not time to give any attention to eternal realities. Perhaps John the Baptist preached near his farm; but, of course, he had not time to go and hear him. Very likely Jesus and His apostles passed often by his estate; but he was too much engaged in cultivating his land to give any thought to what the Nazarene said. And so to day the business men of Chicago haven't time to become Christians; haven't time to escape from hell and secure heaven." "Men called him shrewd; but O! how shortsighted he was!" "He had had many warnings, had attended many funerals, but had never once entertained the thought that he too must die." "Death came at last, unexpectedly. In nine cases out of ten it comes unexpectedly. The rich man was sitting in his library, one night, looking over his plans for a new and elegant barn. The architect has been with him all the evening, and has just gone. There were the plans and drawings before him, and as he looks them over, he says to his soul:—"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years." But hark! There is a knock at the door, and some one enters, without waiting for the door to open. It is Death. He walks up to the rich man, and lays his cold hand on the pulse, and says: "You must come with me." "Go with you, Death!" cries the poor rich man. "Go with you? Why, it is impossible. I have only just got ready to enjoy life. O Death! let me live a little longer." "No! You must come with me now." And suddenly the pulse ceases its beating, and the soul of the sinner who lived without God is in the presence of the Judge of quick and dead."

A Poser.

The Rev. Ralph Erskine, on a certain occasion, paid a visit to his brother Ebenezer at Abernethy.

"Oh, man!" said the latter, "but ye come in a gude time. I have a diet of examination to-day, an' ye maun tak' it, as I hae matters o' life an' death to settle at Perth."

"With all my heart," quoth Ralph. "Noo, my billy," said Ebenezer, "ye'll find a' my folk easy to examine but me, and him, I reckon, ye had better no meddle wi'. He has our auld-fashioned way o' answerin' as question by putting another, an' maybe he'll affront ye."

"Affront me!" quoth the indignant theologian; "do you think he can foil me wi' my ain natural tools?"

"Aweel," said his brother, "Ise gi' ye fair warnin', ye had better no' ca' him up."

The recusant was one Walter Simpson, the parish blacksmith. The gifted Ralph, indignant to the last degree at the bare idea of such an illiterate clown chopping divinity with him determined to gravel him at once with a grand, leading, unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple preliminary interrogatories to the minor clodhoppers, he all at once, with a loud voice, called:

"Walter Simpson!"

"Here, sir," says Walter; "are ye wantin' me?"

"Attention, sir! Now, Walter, can you tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence?"

"Ay," cried Walter; "till he got a wife! But can ye tell me, sir, hoo lang he stood aifter?"

"Sit down, Walter, sit down," said the discomfited divine.

The Famine in India.

We are sorry to learn that the famine in India is assuming still larger proportions. About 287,000 are on the relief works in Bombay. In Madras the scarcity affects twelve districts, and to these must be added a number of native States. The area of the smitten country comprises about 54,000 square miles, and the population will reach 5,000,000 of men, women and children. In Madras large gangs of men are employed in making roads, digging wells, and constructing tanks, and 840,000 persons are being supported by the Government by the distribution of rations daily. It is believed that the distress will increase until April, when it will decrease, owing to the maturing of the new crops. In Bombay the number of destitute is thus estimated: February, 450,000; March, 750,000; April, 1,000,000; May, 800,000; June, 500,000; July, 800,000; August, 100,000; September, 500,000. The Government is pouring in large quantities of grain, and the cost to the State in Madras presidency alone will be over \$20,000,000. Taking the whole matter into consideration, it is computed that in less than a month nearly 6,000,000 of people in Bengal, Madras and the adjacent country must trust to the Government for the common necessities of life. The calamity which now threatens a large part of the British Indian Empire is of such a character as to challenge the attention of the whole civilized world. In 1866 more than 175,000 people died of hunger in India in a few months. That was owing, in a great measure, to want of transportation from the seaboard to the districts where food was needed. Ample supplies were provided, but could not be made available in time to stop the catastrophe. Now, however, means of transporting food are excellent, as the railroad which connects Northern India with Madras runs through, or near the margin of, the districts to be supplied, and thus one great danger is arrested. With funds to purchase food and means to carry it to the districts where the crops have failed, there can not fail to be a most gratifying amount of relief extended to the famishing people of India.

Theology and Christianity.

When will the world understand that theology is not Christianity? One is human, the other divine. When will the world understand that nothing is truer than truth; and that truth is no more sacred when it comes to us through verbal revelation than when established upon unimpeachable evidence? Again and again, in the history of the world, have theological dogmas gone down before a truth of science. That which men have believed through their interpretation of revealed truth, has not been able to stand a moment before the scientific demonstration of its falsity. Theologians have fought against it, and they have invariably been driven to the wall. Truth, wherever found, is sacred, because it is truth, and had its birth in God. Man's opinions of truth are never sacred, because they have their birth in his imperfect and fallible reason. We know of no reason why a theological dogma is any more sacred than a political dogma. We cannot understand why, in the interest of Christianity, it may not be as freely discussed and examined and controverted, as a dogma in political economy. At any rate, we propose to do it whenever we have occasion. We are happy to believe that the world is beginning to apprehend that, after all our disputes and discussions upon dogmatic Christianity, religion consists of love to God and love to man, and has its final result and grand consummation in character.—Dr. J. G. Holland; Scribner for Feb.

The Chinese Quarter. San Francisco.

The Chinese quarter is a system of alleys and passages, labyrinthine in their sinuities, into which the sunlight never enters; where it is dark and dismal, even at noonday. A stranger attempting to explore them, would be speedily and hopelessly lost. Many of them seem mere alleys in the flanks of the streets—dirty rivulets flowing into the great stream of life. Often they have no exit—terminating in a foul court, a dead wall, a gambling or opium den. They literally swarm with life; for this human hive is never at rest. Every dent and angle—every nook and cranny in the wall—every foot of surface on the ground is animate. The ultimate problem of Mongolian existence seems to be, how to get the greatest number of human beings into the least possible space. They herd together like cattle, in their workshops, eating-houses, and places of social resort. A lodging-house represents an almost solid mass of human anatomy. The authorities, some time since, found it necessary, for sanitary reasons, to pass an ordinance, prescribing five hundred cubic feet of air (equal to a space eight feet square) to each person in Chinese tenements; but such contempt have these creatures for oxygen, that they constantly evade or ignore it. You might suppose these slums would be breeding-places of pestilence, but such does not seem to be the fact. No epidemic has violently raged in the Chinese quarter. When, some years ago, the small-pox was carrying off the Caucasian at the rate of nearly one hundred a week, the Mongolian passed unharmed. This remarkable exemption is due partly to the fact that all Chinamen are inoculated in childhood, and that they pay more strict regard to certain essential sanitary laws. The bath is part of their religion; so is the tooth-brush, both of which are daily used under all circumstances.—Samuel Williams; Scribner's for July.

Mexico.

A correspondent of the *Christian Advocate*, writing from the city of Mexico in August last, gives some facts to illustrate the intolerance of Rome and the terrible means by which the attempt is made to keep the people in spiritual darkness and bondage.

Two young men attended our Protestant services, had each brought a Bible, and had also in their possession copies of all our tracts. They had not yet broken entirely from the Catholic Church, but were gradually feeling their way. One of the priests called them to his presence in a church, and asked them, "Do you go to the Protestant service?" They answered, "Yes, sir." "Have you Bibles and other prohibited books?" "Yes, sir." "Bring them to me." They were brought and burned before their eyes. That was not all. One was kept a prisoner in the church for twenty days, and the other was made to go upon his knees and lick the floor with his tongue; and as the floors here are very rough, being made of brick, it wore his tongue until it bled, and caused great suffering. This is the same spirit manifested by Domingo de Guzman, the Duke of Alva, and thousands of others, who performed the will of Rome in other days.

Another case of history is this: A few years ago in Mexico a priest was converted to Protestantism. The Roman clergy kidnapped him, took the skin off the palm of his hands and the top part of his head, which they shave as a sign of sanctity, and then shot him.

The priests here still hold a terrible power over the mass of the people, and abuse them most shamefully. One young girl in this city complained to her mother that her confessor had caused her ruin. "My child," said the mother, "you must not speak against the holy fathers."

The Bible is one of the prohibited books in Mexico, as in all Catholic countries. It could be seen here years ago under these conditions—only, however, by certain faithful ones:

1. Thirty dollars for the Bible.
2. The same amount was paid the curate for the privilege of reading it.
3. A solemn promise was given not to show it to wife or children, for fear of damnation.

One of the native men, who now preaches the gospel, was converted by reading a Bible which cost him five dollars.

ENTERING the house of one of his congregation, he saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me," explained the aged minister, "how wonderfully like some Christians! there is motion, but no progress."

Scientific and Useful.

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR DOUGHNUTS.

One pint of clabber milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one coffee cupful of sugar, and spice to taste—adding a little salt. Make the dough only stiff enough to roll and drop into hot lard, and fry to a light brown. This is an excellent recipe for doughnuts.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES AND EPILET INK

from carpets, first take up as much as possible of the ink with a spoon. Then pour cold, sweet milk upon the spot, and take up as before, pouring on milk until at last it becomes slightly tinged with black. Then wash with warm water, and absorb with a cloth without too much rubbing.

HOME-MADE VINEGAR.

Almost every family uses apples enough, if they would save the peelings and cores, to constantly keep pure and healthy vinegar. Have a jar, and throw all the peelings in, with soft water; and so soon as they thoroughly ferment, squeeze out the juice and put it into the vinegar barrel. Then, as apples are used, fill up the jar again.—Des Moines Register.

INCOMBUSTIBLE CLOTHING.

Paters, of Vienna, recommends two varieties of salt mixture for protection against the spread of flames in combustible material:—(1) a mixture of borax and Epsom salts (three parts by weight, and two and a quarter by the latter in twenty parts of water); and—(2) a mixture of sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of lime (gypsum) in various proportions, according as the mixture is for linen or coarse stuffs.

CORN DOGGERS.

One quart of corn meal, a teaspoonful of lard, two eggs, a teaspoonful of salt; scald the meal with the lard in it with boiling water; cool with a little milk, add the eggs (beaten light); beat very hard for ten minutes; make them thin enough with cold milk to drop off the spoon and retain their shape in boiling lard; serve hot; have the lard boiling hot when you drop them in.

TO RESTORE ENGRAVINGS.

Old engravings, wood cuts, or printed matter that have turned yellow may be rendered white by first washing carefully in water containing a little hyposulphite of soda, and then dipping for a minute in Javelle water. To prepare the latter, put four pounds bicarbonate of soda in a kettle over a fire; add one gallon of boiling water, and let it boil for fifteen minutes. Then stir in one pound of pulverized chloride of lime. When cold it can be kept in a jug for use.

A GOOD HASH.

There is a good deal said against "hash," but mostly jealously; yet it is true that when it is poor, it is poor indeed. But good hash, and it is easy to prepare it, is one of the most appetizing dishes for breakfast. It can be made of any cold meat—beef or veal being the best. It should be chopped fine, and put into the stew pan with a sufficiency of butter and lard; and, after stewing some time, a little hot water should be supplied. Add some finely chopped onion, a little tomato, and some prefer a dash of good vinegar. Of course pepper and salt to taste. It should be cooked thoroughly. Try it after this fashion.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

If a person chances to wake up in the night for two or three times about the same hour, and cannot fall to sleep again very readily, it rapidly becomes a habit, with the result that if an hour or more is lost in this way, it is made up by much longer sleep in the morning, or the system is deprived of its healthful amount and injury will certainly result. The remedy is to retire to bed two or three hours later, for two or three nights in succession, and yet be waked up at the desired time for rising. Meanwhile avoid sleeping in the day time. In this way the time for waking up during the night will be bridged over, and the evil habits will be promptly broken up.

QUEEN'S GINGERBREAD.

Take two pounds of honey, one pound and three quarters of the best moist sugar, three pounds of flour, half a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and cut thin, half a pound of candied orange peel, the rinds of two lemons, grated, one ounce of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of nutmeg, cloves, mace and cardamoms, mixed and powdered, and a wine glassful of water; put your honey and water into a pan over a fire, and make it quite hot; mix the other ingredients into the flour, and pour in your honey, sugar and water, and mix all well together; let it stand till the next day; make it into cakes and bake it. Boil a little clarified sugar until it will blow in bubbles through a skimmer, and with a paste brush rub over your gingerbread when baked.

LEPERS IN INDIA.

100,000, in round numbers, or according to the census, 93,281—so great is the multitude of these unhappy beings in India. A missionary of the Church of Scotland at Oumbla, Mr. W. O. Bailey, has had his heart drawn out in behalf of this class, and is doing his best to get others interested in them by pamphlets and otherwise. He has established an asylum at Sabathu, with ten inmates. The treatment with Gnjrun oil is being tried. The Gospel is preached to them. An asylum has been built at Oumbla. In an asylum at Umbala, about half the number are Christians. What has become of the proposal to celebrate the Prince of Wales' visit to Bombay by doing something for the numerous lepers of Bombay beyond what is now done? We cannot say that we like the idea of banishing them to an island where they should never see any but lepers. We fancy that they would prefer the Dhrumeds in Byonla to that, for there they have the opportunity of seeing some who are not thus stricken. But outside of this asylum there are many for whom some provision might be made. An extensive hospital has been provided for this class in Ratanagerry, with superior accommodation. We shall be glad to learn what results wait upon this effort for their good.—Bombay Guardian.