"THERE IS BUT ONE BOOK."

(From the last words of Sir Walter Scott.)

Fetch me the buke, dear Lockhart,
An' gie me ane sweet ward
Wha buke? There is nae ither—
The life o' th' incarnate Lord;
I fee' the shadows creepin'
My licht's nae burnin' lang,
Sae read from the blessit gospels
A bit, chiel, ere I gang;
Fin' whaur He helpit the needy,
His pity wi' His micht!—
Oh, my soul's sair hungry, Lockhart,
For the livin' bread, the micht!

I think o' the dear disciples
Nae tassit on the sea,
An' the wards He spak' tae Simon—
Liken they'd comfort me;
Tell o' the chitterin' sparrows—
"Nae wan o' them can fa';"
Tell hoo He callit the bairnies—
The dearest thocht o' a';
Read owre hoo the ravin' tempest
Seekit silence i' the deep;
Sae the surges i' my bosom
Are croonin' a' tae sleep.

Ye maun catch the roll o' Jordan
I' His wards to the Pharisee,
But ye'll hear him pravin', dearie,
I' the sough o' Galilee;
Binna fash 'bout Judas' kisses,
Nor greet i' the garden dim,
But joy hoo the dyin' beggar
Foun' paradise wi' him;
Na' hent o' Thamas doonin',
Nae ward hoo Peter fell;
It's rie's me sair—their weakness,
Wha ken't oor Lord sae weel.

Read o' the walk tae Emmaus
That lang and teerfu' day,
An' lat oor hearts burn, Lockhart,
As we gang the countrie way:
Pluck me a lily, Lockhart,
A' siller dewt an' sweet;
I see the rose o' Sharon,
An' smell the grovin' wheat;
Let's join the throngin', dearie,
An' wait i' the wee bit ships
For the wards, like beads o' honey,
That fa' frae his haly lips.

Hoo sad the gospels, Lockhart,
Wi' his wan'rin', hameless life;
But there's ane grief fetches comfort,
Ane rest that come o' strife;
Noo tak' me, kin', gude Lockhart—
Aye tenner and true tae me!—
Oot wi' the dear disciples,
"As far's tae Bethany;"
I sair need rest, beloved,
An' the licht's sae wearin' dim;
But heaven's nae far fra Bethany,
An' sune I'll be wi' Him.

—New York Observer.

Selected Serial.

ELVIRA;

OR,

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

A Story of the New Awakening in the Land of the Cid.

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN,

Author of 'Isaiah,' 'Cutlass and Bayonet' &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE "SPIRIT" APPEARS "IN CORPORE."

As Elvira became more composed, after the first excitement of their escape, she looked round the cave, which was a new scene to her. In a few words Renaldo told her of his first introduction into it by her father, and how they had been plotting ever since to use it as, at least, a temporary refuge for her and her friends.

"Aye!" sighed Elvira, "and we are but two, you hoped to rescue three; but the third has escaped to a fairer paradise than beautiful Granada. Oh, Padre Renaldo, you little know how I loved her!"

Renaldo glanced doubtfully at the speaker, as she hid her face in her hands and wept. He seemed about to say something, but turned away in silence. A pause ensued; Elvira sat, almost motionless, except for the heaving of her breast with quiet sobs. Renaldo bent down to her suddenly.

"Senorita, mourn not, because God has glorified Himself in the brave loyalty of His tried handmaiden; rejoice, rather, that nothing could induce her to betray her Lord, like Judas, or to deny Him, like Peter. Leave everything in the hands of Him who cannot err. You know, whatever the past may have been, she cannot be suffering now; waste not your strength in mourning the dead, But treasure it up to minister to the living. There is a great work to be done for Spain, and you can aid in accomplishing it."

Elvira looked up quickly, and in her kindling interest in the subject, Renaldo skilfully led her thoughts away from the horrors of the past hours.

They conversed long and eagerly on the stir that was making itself felt throughout the land, and Elvira's heart thrilled to hear the story of that field meeting, when the gallant Serra had spoken words which had startled Renaldo to a search after truth.

"And where is Colonel Serra now?" asked Elvira.

"In heaven," replied Renaldo, solemnly.

"But how? Was he, too, a martyr for Jesus? How did he die?" she queried, hastily.

"Shot, a month ago," answered Renaldo, with a voice unsteady with emotion. "The noblest, the leaven of a cause never the first marked by the destroyer. Spain can ill spare him in the present crisis. His death is a rallying call for others, who love his Lord, to rush forth to fill the breach."

"You speak less as priest than soldier, Padre Renaldo," remarked Elvira, catching the reflection of life enthusiasm flashing from his dark eyes.

"I am priest no longer, senorita," he answered, resolutely. "There is but one sacrificing priest, Jesus, who offered Himself for our sins. In service of the spiritual sanctuary all His children are alike made by Him 'kings and priests unto God and His Father;' but there is no distinctive order, no sacrifice, but that which He made, 'once for all.' Call me not 'Padre,' senorita, for the title is unscriptural. I have put off the garb of my spiritual bondage; I have dropped the title to which I have no claim. Renaldo de la Fuente aspires only to be a minister of Christ, in whatever sphere his Master may appoint. You must feel, Dona Elvira, that I, who have led so many into error, am doubly bound to devote my whole existence and energies to the glorious work of exposing that error, at whatever personal risk."

"But you will leave Spain for the present, will you not?" inquired Elvira, hurriedly.

"Yes," he replied, slowly, "*for the present*, as you say, senorita; but I trust my absence will be short. I long to return into the land to which my life is due, my beloved Spain!"

There fell a deep silence between them. Renaldo was wrapt in thoughts of toil for the salvation of his country. Elvira asked herself, with longing eagerness, "What can I do to further this great work?" And in both hearts rose the thought that each was nerved by the other's sympathy.

Don Fernando had placed the Senorita de Hernarez in as comfortable a situation for resting as the place afforded, and stood near, leaning against the rock, with his arms folded, stern, silent, with the gathered love and sorrow of years. They both knew that the old love was found, but it was not there that open recognition could take place. The memories of the past were too deeply twined with their whole being to be recalled before witnesses, and in the midst of that hurried flight. There was doubt in each mind, too. The Conde wondered whether the affection of the careworn man would be counted as precious as he once thought was the love of the gay youth. His cousin felt that though every glance, every movement of the dark figure at her side betrayed the constancy of his heart, yet that between them rose a barrier—the barrier of his unbelief—which only God could remove.

So the two had remained silent, while Renaldo and Elvira had conversed in low tones. And now the silence was general.

El Aguila and his most trusted *confidante* stood apart, waiting for the moment when it would be safe for the party to proceed.

At length the robber chief approached Renaldo,—

"I think we might venture now, senor; it must be dark enough by this time, and it will be well to get the ladies into more comfortable quarters without more delay than can be helped."

Elvira rose, with glad alacrity, and the whole party quickly traversed the dark cavernous road to the mountain outlet. It was reached at last, and the two Elviras gasped, with pants of rapturous excitement, as they met the rush of the cool evening breeze, sweeping down the defiles of the wild Sierra Nevada.

Out at last, into the fresh, free air! And there was the star-studded, blue heaven above them, and the grand mountains towering all around. El Aguila had ordered two of his band to be in waiting at a short distance, with horses; and in a few minutes all were mounted, and away, away, up the steep pathway to liberty!

Then the two escaped prisoners realised that they were free.

The short journey was safely accomplished. They dismounted a little way from El Aguila's ruined castle, and were guided by him into the fortress, by a small door, of which he only had a key. For the greater safety of all concerned, none of the band knew anything of the affair, except the three trusted ones who had assisted in the adventure; and El Aguila conducted his guests to a room in the most retired part of the castle. Here sundry arrangements had been made for their refreshment, and as the weary travellers entered and approached the table spread with better fare than the nuns had been accustomed to share, Elvira started, with a quick cry of wondering joy, while her cousin echoed the exclamation: for there beside the table stood Madre Catalina, the martyred abadesa!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ABADESA'S STORY.

Glad and tender was the greeting between the cousins and their recovered abadesa, and many were the rapidly-put questions of the astonished two. Madre Catalina urged them to partake of the refreshments their exhausted strength so much needed before entering on the account of their separate experiences since the terrible moment of their parting.

"You are satisfied of my safety," she observed, a smile lighting up her pale face, as she spoke; "and your first duty is to recruit yourselves by taking the nourishment necessary for your health. I fancy you have not fared very delicately during the hours of your imprisonment. I have already rested; now let me care for you."

But the scenes through which she had passed had left her but little physical power, and she was fain to resume her seat, and leave her friends to other care.

El Aguila would have retired, after seeing his guests supplied with every thing in his power to give for their comfort; but the Conde observed his glance and movement towards the door, and intercepted his retreat with the courteous remark, "Nay, *amigo*, we cannot well dispense with the society of our gallant host! I pray you, remain with us, until the ladies retire to their repose."

The *contrabandista* acknowledged, with evident satisfaction, the friendly advance of the haughty Conde. Time was when in his own stronghold, he would not have hesitated to face the proudest grandee of Spain; but of late, under the influence of Renaldo's instructions, he had begun to feel the shame of his illegal profession, and to be aware that a wild bandit was not exactly the sort of company for honourable noblemen and pure ladies. Nevertheless, Don Fernando's cordially expressed gratitude for his services, and acknowledgment of their obligations to him, as their hospitable entertainer, enabled him to feel that there was yet hope that he might, at any rate, in some degree, win again the honor he had lost by his lawless deeds.

Both the cousins felt more inclined for the abadesa's story than for the food offered them; but, after a few attempts to eat, they found that their recent sufferings had imparted a keen hunger, which excitement had overcome but temporarily.

At length the meal was at an end, and they gathered at the other end of the room for the conversation of mutual interest and pleasure from which they had been so long debarred.

Elvira threw herself on a soft cushion at her father's feet, leaning her cheek affectionately on his knee, as she used to do in her old home, and looked up with impatience for Madre Catalina's account of her wonderful escape. She clasped her friend's hand with a warmth that told of her unspeakable joy at finding her once more beside her, and exclaimed,—

"Now madre, tell us how you contrived to evade that awful fate."

And the young girl shuddered and paled at the ghastly remembrance.

"I heard your cry of loving farewell," said the abadesa, the tears filling her eyes, "and I thought, dear child, that I had heard my last of earth. That terrible wall rose higher and higher, as the lay brethren piled the masonry, when, just as I glanced round for one last look before leaving all, I caught a glimpse of a figure half hidden behind a distant pillar. The thought of padre, or, I ought to say, since he quits the priestly robes, Don Renaldo recurred to my mind, and I strained for a clearer view. The figure suddenly stepped from the shadow of the pillar. My surmise was correct; it was he. I saw him wave his hand before he again sought the shade, and my heart was filled with hope. He was free, and you and your cousin would soon be so also; for myself, too, dawned a gleam of comfort. He had given a signal, not of quiet sympathy, but of encouragement to me. He had, I thought, some scheme for my rescue; but would it be too late? I could not exist long after the wall of my living grave should be once built up. I could only commit myself to God. I cannot describe what were my feelings"—she paused, as if unable to endure the thought of what she had undergone, and every face grew pale. El Aguila muttered grimly,—

"I've done many an evil deed, but never one equal to that!"

After a while she continued,—

"I became unconscious, for how long I know not. A rush of air revived me; and I wondered where I was, and what had happened, when Don Renaldo's voice spoke close to me, in tones of anxious entreaty, calling me by name. I answered, though still scarcely comprehending my situation. The noise of the displacement of bricks followed; and as the rays of a lantern shot into my narrow prison, I remembered all. My persecutors must have withdrawn, and Don Renaldo was undoing their work. I knew nothing more, until I felt myself being lifted out of that corner of horror, and knew that it was Don Renaldo who was supporting me. He placed me on the floor, so that I could lean against the wall of the vault. The cold touch of the rock restored me still more, and my deliverer inquired if I could remain there awhile, without his support, as, in order to prevent his presence there that night being discovered, and so the safety of our still captive friends being endangered, it was necessary that he should rebuild, in some fashion, the wall which he had thrown down."

"You may well say, 'in some fashion,' senora," remarked El Aguila, as the abadesa paused, and leaned back in her chair, "Don Renaldo never tried his hand at such work before, that is certain! He piled up the bricks well enough to cheat the eye of anybody passing at a little distance, in that gloomy place; but in daylight, or on close examination, it would be soon seen that no mason's hand had put that pile together. But I don't think there is much danger of a very speedy inspection of that corner. Unless human nature in the convent differs from human nature everywhere else, there is a very neat ghost story being circulated among the sisterhood by this time; I took care of that!"

"Why, what have you done, amigo?" asked the abadesa.

"I will tell my little story when you have finished your account, senora," he replied, and the abadesa resumed,—

"The dreadful sufferings I had endured, had so deprived me of strength that it was with difficulty Don Renaldo conveyed me to the cavern, where the Conde de Hernarez was waiting, in expectation of more than one released captive. A few words put him in possession of the facts, and he assisted Don Renaldo to lead me into the open air, where our good friend here, whom I only know as El Aguila, was in readiness for a larger party. As dawn was already streaking the eastern sky, it was thought safest to bring me here as quickly as possible, and to postpone, for a few hours, any attempt to release our other two friends. The rest and freedom of these hours have infused new life into me; and, surely, I, more than any one, have cause to praise God for His mercy."

(*To be continued.*)

Caught by the Tide.

WHAT CAME FROM A JANUARY RESOLUTION.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

"Just see me pop that hat!"

"Where?"

"Beyond that stone wall! Somebody travelling along as if going to a funeral. Why, Job, it is ridiculous! Oh, here is an apple on the ground! Now, I will just take that comical hat off, quick as a flash!"

"Oh, stop, Jerry!" And as he spoke Job Cowles laid a restraining hand on Jerry Dove's arm.

"W-w-why not?" asked Jerry, temper flushing his face. Job did not tell him he had made a resolution the first of the year to treat everybody respectfully and kindly. He only said, "Because we ought to behave, and treat folks decently. It is not polite, by any means. And I say, let's make a friend when we can. We may be glad of the man's friendship before long. Anyway, let's do the right thing."

"That is just the way you always talk. You don't see any fun in anything."

"I don't in this thing."

"I am going to throw—"

"No, you hold on! I want to ask him a question. Mister, mister!" Job now shouted, running toward the man.

"There!" exclaimed Jerry angrily. "He has spoiled all the fun. I was going to pop that hat over, and then drop behind this stone wall. Now he has spoiled everything. He was bound to upset my plans. I see through it all."

Job's strategy was successful. The hat was a conspicuous target, and Job knew Jerry too well not to conclude that the apple would have been hurled toward the farmer if Job Cowles had not prevented it by his strategy.

"Good morning," said Job, pleasantly, courteously, to the tired but kindly old face, under the queer-shaped hat. "I live back a few miles, and came down to these rocks here to do a little fishing. You don't know of any better place?"

"Mornin'!" said the old farmer, nodding in response to Job's polite salutation. "Guess you've hit on the right place where you are. Only if down on the beach, look out for the tide. Tide comes in quick and ketches people. Say!"

"What, sir?"

"Where you live, you don't know of any doctor I could get handy? I'm in a peck of trouble this mornin', and it is one of the pecks that are as big as a bushel. My darter Jane war taken sick last night and she can't get no relief, and our doctor down here was called away this mornin'. I'm in a great hurry you see, and my darter Jane is an awful good gal and—and—and I hate to have—anything—happen—to—to—"

Here the eyes looked moist as any blue waves along the shore, while his voice trembled and then stuck in his throat.

"Why, yes, sir; our doctor is down on the rocks there, one of our fishing party. I'll run and get him, sir. Where do you live?"

"You're awful good! Right there, in that black house, over there. 'Tain't more than an eighth of a mile, right across the field. Paint is worn off, but the welcome ain't rubbed off for the like of you—my, if he isn't gone already. Now that's the kind of a boy wuth havin'!"

Yes, Job was springing away across the shore and had lost the closing sentence of the old man's remarks. He quickly brought Doctor Janvrin from the rocks where he was fishing, and then led him to the farm-house where he rendered very prompt and efficient aid. "My darter Jane" was quickly on her feet again.

That afternoon the members of the fishing party, save Jerry, strayed down the shore. The left Jerry on the sands near the rocks from which they had diligently fished.

"I like this," said Jerry, welcoming the view across the wide, sand-swept ocean. He saw the ships slowly sailing away, dwindling to tufts of white vapor on the horizon, then vanishing. "Stag's Head" was a rocky cliff stretching along the shore for an eighth of a mile. It sank away to the right and the left, coming down to the sea in two long, projecting points named "Eastern" and "Western." The cliff and its two outstretched arms, "Eastern" and "Western," made a kind of bay where the storm waves broke against the cliff savagely. There might be greater danger though on calm, peaceful days, when the rocks running out like arms might, with the incoming tide, give a fatal embrace to any belated wanderer on the beach.

Jerry, pulling out a book from his pocket, took a seat on a rocky shelf at the foot of the cliff, and read a long while. He had previously noticed that the tide was coming in fast, but absorbed in his book, he gave the sea no further attention. Chancing to change his position, he allowed his book to fall from his hands. Then he looked about him. Then he cried out in alarm. The tide, sweeping in from the sea, had risen so high on either side of him that he was in a trap, cut off from all chance of retreat along the sands, and as for climbing up the face of "Stag's Head," who had ever done it?

"What can I do?" wondered Jerry "All the party gone—oh, dear! Well, I can holler! Don't know as any body will hear me, but somebody may be on the cliff."

He raised his voice: "help!"

A queer looking object was thrust over the edge of the cliff, an oddly shaped hat! It was the old farmer's comical head-piece. This time Jerry did not have the least inclination in the world to throw anything at it. Oh, what a relief it was to see that old hat! It was the most beautiful object in the world now. Jerry could have kissed it. Under it was a most benevolent, pitying face.

"That you, down there?" called the farmer.

"Yes, sir! Caught by the tide. Can't you get a rope—something—"

"Sartin! Now don't worry mind ye! I'll be back soon!"

Very soon, his face red and perspiring after a hasty run, appeared again. Near him was another face, that of Job, who shouted: "Rope coming!" That rope; oh, it was precious! If it had been of gold and studded with diamonds it could not have looked more handsome as it dangled over the edge of the cliff, and then swiftly descended.

"Tie her well under your arms! Grip good now! Tell us when you're ready!" sang out the farmer.

"Ready!" shouted Jerry.

Up, up, up he came, and was safely landed high above the tide, and in the midst of friends, for all of the fishing party had now returned just in time to welcome this arrival from the ocean, though Job was alone in season to lay hands on that rope and give a friendly haul.

"I was so much obliged to you, sir," Jerry was saying to the farmer.

"No, thanks! When I saw your friend here this mornin', and he told me about a doctor for my darter, I felt that I could do anything in return. 'Spect I looked pretty concerned then, and a wearin', too, my old hat! Jane says it is a scarecrow."

Scarecrow! In Jerry's eyes it was now a symbol beloved, a sign revered. Nothing could have induced him to say a word against it, much less to send a missile at it.—*New York Observer.*

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