

## Choice Literature.

## Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SKRNE, AUTHOR OF "TRIND,"  
"ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

The terrible days of the Commune were over. The fatal 24th of May which witnessed the massacre of the Archbishop of Paris and his fellow-hostages, had come and gone; the flames that had threatened the total destruction of the fair city were extinguished, and the troops of Versailles were in full possession of the capital. The storm that had broken over ill-fated France had finally subsided, and it was marvellous with what rapidity all traces of it were swept away, while the light-hearted people went back composedly to their ordinary occupations. Already the bright June sun lit up each day the Champs Elysees, thronged, as of old, with pleasure-seekers, and merry groups, who were seated talking and laughing under the trees; while never in this world will it be known how much of pain and anguish and terror the walls of the city had enclosed through the weeks that preceded the sudden calm. It had in truth been a dreadful time, when the darkest of human passions had been let loose without restraint, and death and destruction had been in the very air.

Yet all through that memorable period there had been one little spot within the sad tormented city where, despite the deep sympathy felt for the sufferers outside, an intense happiness, such as this earth rarely sees, filled the two thankful hearts that had met in perfect love and confidence after such long severance and unrest. Since that first joyful evening, when all the barriers that had been raised between them had been suddenly broken down, the young Comte de L'Isle and his future bride had had ample time to sound the depths of each other's thoughts, and see how helplessly forlorn and desolate this life would have been for both of them, had they failed to find its only completeness and satisfaction in each other's love. Each day that he lived Bertrand found more reason to rejoice that he had indeed won Mary's priceless love; for with him, who was to her almost a second self, her great reserve melted away, and he learned to understand as he had never done before the tenderness and truth of her noble nature.

He carried out his plans of maintaining absolute silence on his succession to the titles and estates of his family; and he took an almost boyish delight in planning the mode in which he would bring Mary as his wife to Chateau de L'Isle, still in total ignorance of the truth, and reveal it to her there. Meanwhile it was a great source of pleasure to him to hear Mary talking with such earnestness of the means she would adopt to make his life comfortable, on the very small income she believed him to possess. Although he had quite regained the use of his limbs, he was not strong or robust as he used to be, and she would ask him, with the prettiest softest entreaty, to promise her that he would not attempt to take any employment, but let her earn the needful means for his support, which she was sure she could accomplish by teaching French and music, as she naturally assumed they were to live in England. To all this Bertrand would listen with the utmost gravity, and tell her that her plans were extremely sensible, but that it was not necessary they should come to any definite arrangement till after their marriage, as he had money enough in his possession to carry them over at least the time of their honeymoon.

It had been arranged, by Bertrand's special wish, that the wedding should take place so soon as Paris was restored to peace and calm; there was indeed no reason for delay, and he knew that his presence was greatly required at Chateau de L'Isle. It was also necessary that he should go back for a short period to the Italian town where he had held his diplomatic post, to wind up his affairs, in his haste to fly to the succour of France, had been left somewhat in confusion. He told Mary that they must proceed to this place immediately after their marriage, and that he meant to travel towards it by a route through France which was not quite direct, but which would enable them to spend a few days at a house where he had been very hospitably received when on his way to Paris with the despatches from the army. Mary was quite ready to go there, or anywhere else he liked, and she asked very few questions as to their journey; it was enough for her that she would be with Bertrand, that her bitter separation from him was now but a memory of pain, and the long aching of her heart for ever stilled in sweetest rapture of content; to hear his voice, to see his kind eyes turned smilingly on her, to feel the touch of his dear hand, was a joy so exquisite, so all-sufficient, that had he told her they were to spend their lives in the wilds of Siberia, it would have been to her a matter of indifference. The poverty and privation to which she looked forward with Bertrand were her own deliberate choice in marrying him, for she had had various opportunities, ever since she had been in Paris, of attaining to brilliant positions, both in England and France, had she so willed it. There were many men of wealth and influence associated with her in the great Society for the relief of the sufferers, and her beautiful character, her gentle sweetness, her pure lovely face, had caused more than one to seek most earnestly to win her love, in vain. The true heart never wavered, even in its despair; and now, in its deep bliss of happy union, the outward accessories of life seemed absolutely nothing.

So, even while still the murderous cannon were thundering over their heads, those two inhabitants of Madame Brunot's little house were happy beyond all words, and their joyousness seemed to infect the other members of the family, who had not the same cause for satisfaction. One of Bertrand's first proceedings after his marriage was finally fixed, was to draw little Jacques into his room, where he could be alone with him, and having set him standing on the top of the table, he sat down in front of him, folded his arms, and, looking at the astonished little boy with laughing eyes,

he asked him to be so good as to state what he most desired to possess in the world, in order that he, Bertrand, might have the pleasure of presenting it to him, in recognition of his enormous services the young gentleman had unconsciously done him. When Jacques had thoroughly understood the nature of the large-handed long bearded man's offer, he at once demanded an unlimited supply of bon-bons, and was informed that a cart-load would be at his disposal that evening; but bonbons could not fill up the measure of Bertrand's gratitude, so he requested Jacques to name some more lasting tribute which he might offer him in memory of his great benefaction. Whereupon Jacques solemnly ordered him to endow him with a drum, a helmet, a sword, and a few other warlike instruments, with which Bertrand immediately promised to supply him, not taking at all into consideration the martyrdom which poor Nurse Parry would have to undergo from the music of the drum, and the terror with which she would see Jacques, who shared her room, possessed of implements capable of inflicting any amount of serious wounds on his own chubby little person.

Mrs. Parry was, however, almost as much delighted as Bertrand himself at the prospect of the wedding. She knew she was to see her darling Mary happy at last.

Valerie, and her next little sister, Doriette, were looking forward with much ecstatic importance to the grand occasion when they were to officiate as bridesmaids at their dear Mary's wedding, and when they were to be attired in charming costumes presented to them by Mr. Lisle in preparation for the event.

Finally it came to pass that poor Madame Brunot herself could heartily wish Mary joy, without having any longer the tearful recollections of the missing colporteur, which made her feel it a sort of unfaithfulness to him to be happy, even in the bright prospects of others—for one evening in June there came a grey-haired travel-stained man to the door of their house, who asked the porter, in a very trembling voice, if Madame Brunot still lived there, and if she and her children had survived the siege; but he had scarcely received the answer, and clasped his hands in thankfulness, when Valerie, coming down the stairs to go out, suddenly saw him, and then her cry resounded through the house, "Father, father is come back!" and, bounding from the steps, she flew into his arms, and nearly strangled him with her close embrace.

Yes it was indeed the husband and father, so long lamented, who had had a variety of unpleasant adventures, out of which it was somewhat amazing that he had escaped scot-free, and who, the moment Paris was opened again to the world, had hurried back, with very little hopes of finding, as he did, his whole family alive and safe, if not actually well. He attributed this great result in great measure to the kindness shown to them by Miss Trevelyan and Mrs. Parry, and was proportionally grateful; and, as Madame Brunot soon began to recover from her nervous maladies, when her anxiety and suspense were over, there seemed indeed to be no longer any cloud on the enjoyment of the whole party.

One person outside the house did, however, object strongly to Mary's marriage, and this was Marthe, who did not at all admire losing her services at the hospital. Bertrand consoled her, however, by a secret donation of alms for her poor people.

The last occupation to which Mary Trevelyan devoted her time and attention during the brief period which preceded her wedding, was the preparation of a design for a monument to be erected over the grave of John Pemberton in the cemetery of Pierre la Chaise, and Bertrand trusted the execution of it to one of the first sculptors in Paris, with the promise to Mary that after their marriage he would bring her back to the capital, to see it completed and fixed in its place.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

At last there came a morning when all the world seemed radiant with the glory and beauty of a lovely summer day—a day in sunny June, when the sky was clear and bright, and the birds were singing, and the flowerets blooming, while in the happy hearts of those with whom we have journeyed so long in the tortuous paths of human existence, there woke the dawn of a new life of joy and peace, where the trials and sorrows that might yet await them would be robbed of all their sting, because henceforth they would be met and borne together.

Bertrand Lisle stood waiting at the door of the English chapel where the marriage ceremony was to be performed after the civil contract had been performed elsewhere, and his eyes beamed with delight as the carriage bearing his gentle bride drove up to the entrance. Slowly she advanced, all clad in white from head to foot, with a long veil thrown over her dark hair, and one single snow-white rose fastened at her breast. The significant flower had been brought to her by Bertrand himself that morning, with the earnest petition that she would wear no other ornament than this dear token of her faithfulness in love and truth, and of his own great happiness, and gladly had she granted his request.

Monsieur Brunot walked by her side, looking very dignified and proud, as the representative of her father; and the two little fairy bridesmaids came behind, pacing with solemn steps and serious faces, bearing huge bouquets of rich red roses, which it was Bertrand's fancy they should have, in contrast to Mary's one pure blossom; finally, Mrs. Parry, all smiles and tears, brought up the rear with little Jacques, who, greatly to her consternation, insisted on bringing his drum, with the view of celebrating the wedding by a vehement assault on it with his heaviest sticks. After a protracted struggle, Mrs. Parry succeeded in leaving this musical instrument in the carriage; and no sooner did little Jacques find himself in the church, than he became much subdued, and remained perfectly quiet while the solemn rite proceeded.

Fair and still as ever, Mary knelt by Bertrand's side and uttered the vows that bound her to him in the sight of God and

man; but none would have thought that her stillness indicated want of feeling, which had seen the expression of her deep dark eyes, as she raised them to heaven in unspeakable thankfulness that at last she had a right to live for the happiness of him to whom her whole heart had so long and so absolutely been given.

The momentous service was over, the final words were spoken, the union of Bertrand and Mary de L'Isle was sealed before high heaven, and no human machinations could ever part them more, nor by aught on earth have power to come between them, save death alone, that seeming ill which holds between its fast-locked shell the hidden pearl of eternal hope. There was no sorrow in their temporary parting from their friends, and, followed by many blessings, they quitted Paris, and started on a journey which was to have a termination little dreamt of by the new-made wife.

A few days later an old-fashioned travelling chariot, drawn by four horses, and guided by two postillions with blue coats and long boots, was going at a smart pace along the road that led from the nearest station to the Chateau de L'Isle, a distance of some ten miles. It was open, and in it sat those who had so lately been united. It was a lovely evening, and the pretty wooded country through which they were passing was clothed with all the glory of high summer. Birds were singing amid the foliage, and sweet scented flowers filled the air with fragrance, while the cloudless sky overhead was not more serene and bright than the sweet face of the young bride in her perfect happiness, as she sat by the side of her husband.

"You have not told me anything about the people to whose house we are going, Bertrand dear," she said, presently; "they must have been very kind to have sent their carriage so far to meet us; who are they?"

"A young couple recently married," said Bertrand, composedly; "a comte and comtesse, Mary, of the old noblesse of France."

"And you made acquaintance with them on your way to Paris, I think you said? Are they nice? did you like them?"

"Oh very much indeed! they are delightful people; indeed, I think the young comtesse is, without exception, the most charming person I ever met. Are you not jealous, Mary, that I do not except you?" he added, looking down at her with a smile.

"Oh no!" she answered, meeting his eyes with her candid gaze; "why should I be? You must have met many people far better than I am in the world; but what does that matter, if you love me!" she added, softly.

"I think you may be pretty sure of that, my darling," he answered; "but look, Mary, what a splendid triumphal arch we are passing under!"

"Yes, and I see there are a number more, all the way down the road; what does it mean, Bertrand? is it a fête?"

"No, they have been erected by the tenantry in honour of the comte and comtesse, who were expected home to-day after their wedding."

"Only to day? If this is their first day at home I hope we shall not be in their way."

"I hope not," said Bertrand, gravely; "but I feel sure the comte will be very glad of your presence, and I do not expect the comtesse will object to mine."

Mary looked up at him, rather puzzled by this speech, but the next moment she was still more surprised when she saw him stand up in the carriage and take off his hat, while he bowed right and left, with his handsome face glowing with pleasure. Looking out, she saw that they were approaching a large iron gate, which was thrown wide open, while the road on either side was lined with the villagers in their best dresses, who were waving hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting with delight.

"Oh, Bertrand, what is it?" she said, trembling.

"Do not be afraid, darling," he said, taking her hand in his firm grasp; "I will explain it all to you presently. You must bow and smile to them, Mary, for it is you they are welcoming."

She did as he desired her, but her heart was beating wildly, and she clung to his hand with a terrified grasp. The carriage passed through the gate; the musicians of the village band, who were stationed near it, struck up a triumphal march, and it rolled on through a throng of rejoicing people, till it drew up before the great door of the chateau. There, on the steps, stood the mayor of the country town in gorgeous costume, the cure of the parish, and several of the country gentlemen.

"Vive Monsieur la Comte!" burst from the whole assembled throng, as Bertrand leaped from the carriage. He waited to help Mary to alight, and then, holding her by the hand, he walked up the steps to the paved space in front of the door, and turning round, he presented her to the people, saying, "My wife," and instantly a great cry rent the air, "Vive Madame la Comtesse! long live our beautiful lady!" And she did look beautiful at that moment, in her pretty bridal travelling dress, with an exquisite rose-pink flush on her cheek, and her dark eyes shining like stars in the sudden excitement, while Bertrand stood bare-headed by her side, with the wind blowing through his rich brown hair, and a smile of unspeakable happiness on his lips. It was such a moment as is rare indeed in this changeful world, but Bertrand felt to the very core of his heart that sweet Mary Lisle deserved to the full all the crowning brightness of that hour, as a reward for the faithful deathless love which, through evil report and good report, through desertion and betrayal, had never failed him for one single instant.

But he saw, though she had caught the reflection of his joy, that she was still trembling and bewildered, and, waving his hand again to the people who were to be regaled by his orders in tents placed on the lawn, he led Mary into the entrance-hall. There a long file of servants were drawn up to receive them, to whom he said a few kindly words; while she, with her sweet smile and quiet grace, charmed them all, as she acknowledged their salutations. Passing through the hall to a door at the other end, Bertrand drew her into a small octagon room, which had always been used as a boudoir by the lady of the castle, and

which, by his direction, had been newly furnished for Mary.

His own taste had guided all the arrangements—even to the delicate shade of the rose-coloured silk which lined the lace curtains, and the clusters of white roses which bloomed in every window; and when, at length, the door was shut, and they were alone, he drew her into his arms, saying, "Welcome to your home, my Mary! my Comtesse de L'Isle!"

She let her head fall on his breast, while half sobbing, half smiling, she asked, "What does it mean, darling Bertrand? what does it all mean?"

"It means that I have succeeded in realizing a cherished dream, which few people are ever able to do in this world. I have planned for six weeks past that I should give myself the exquisite pleasure of bringing you to this grand old place, all unconscious that it is in truth your home, and my scheme has been successful beyond my expectations; for I wished so much that you should find yourself mistress and queen of Chateau de L'Isle, while still you believed that in marrying me you had embraced toil and privation."

"Dear Bertrand! it was indeed kind of you to give me such an unexpected pleasure; but I cannot in the least understand how it has all happened."

"No, darling; how should you? But come and sit down here, and I will tell you the whole history from the first; we shall have time before we go out to be agreeable to those kind people; they are not marshalled at the tables yet, where we must join them soon." And then, sitting by her husband's side in this charming room, with flowers and sunshine round her, Mary heard all that we know already respecting Armand de L'Isle, and the providential arrival of Bertrand at his father's home in time to give peace to the old man's accusing conscience, and to be recognized as the legitimate heir.

(To be Continued.)

## Presbytery of Peterborough.

This Presbytery met at Port Hope on the 28th of March. It was agreed to apply to the Home Mission Committee for a grant of \$100 per annum to the congregations of Springville and Bethany, and also for an increase of the grant to Warsaw and Dummer, so as to make the annual supplement \$200. Mr. Douglas gave notice that he would move at the next quarterly meeting that the decision come to at the last regular meeting, anent the Presbyterial visitation of congregations, be reconsidered. Mr. Burnett gave notice that he would at the next meeting move that the Presbytery overture the General Assembly to take steps to establish a Sustentation Fund. Mr. Smith submitted the following draft of an overture to the General Assembly, which was unanimously adopted:—"The Presbytery of Peterborough hereby overture the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, to direct to meet in Toronto in June next, to enact that the names of all pastors retiring from the active duties of the ministry from old age or infirmity, shall be retained on the roll of their respective Presbyteries." Messrs. Smith and Cleland were appointed to support the overture before the General Assembly. The Presbytery agreed unanimously after going over the sections of the proposed constitution of the General Assembly *seriatim*, to approve of the same without alteration. It was agreed that a Presbyterial Sabbath School Convention be held in connection with the next regular meeting of Presbytery, which was appointed to be held at Cobourg, on the first Tuesday of July, at 11 a.m.—WILLIAM DONALD, Pres. Clerk.

## Advice to Girls.

Girls laugh and talk about marriage as though it was a jubilee, a glad some thing, a rose without a thorn. And so it is if it is all right—if they go about it as rational beings, instead of merry-making children. It is a serious thing to marry. It is a life business. Therefore, never do it in haste; never run away to get married; never marry for wealth or standing, or fine person, or manners, but for character, for worth, for the qualities of mind and heart which make an honourable man. Take time; think long and well before you accept any proposal; consult your parents, then some judicious friend, then your own judgment; learn all that is possible for you to learn of your proposed husband; when all doubts have been removed, and not till then, accept him.

SOME of our neighbours across the border are calling out for a new standard of ethical and political science, as the only thing calculated to save the republic. One of their number claims that they are just as honest there as anywhere else, only that they have a different standard of honesty. In order to raise the standard, however, some of them are bringing forward the system of General Jovellar, who is now endeavoring to govern Cuba according to a new set of principles. His fundamental axiom in politics seems to be that officials who take bribes or who tell lies are guilty of treason against the state. It is urged that conventional practice up to the present time will hardly support the General, although it is believed that the principle is correct enough, because the faults specified are morally disloyal, and the dividing line soon becomes lost between any kind of disloyalty and open treason. It is recommended that his interpretation should be accepted by the United States, so that the offenders should be tried by courts-martial; and it is distinctly understood that "the ways of these tribunals with the guilty are such as would speedily purify even a worse civil service than theirs," if it be possible to find one.

## The Alabama Surplus.

The Alabama claims have all been settled at last—a fair share of the claimants having been choked off, the whole batch of them in one way or other silenced, and now, a surplus of about ten million dollars is declared. What is to be done with so large a sum is hardly apparent just yet. Several proposals have been made, one of which is the endowment of a professorship of international law at one or other of the universities. If a spark of honesty could be found still existing in the Great Republic, at least the surplus would be sent back to the place from whence it came. But events now transpiring across the border indicate a character somewhat different from what we are accustomed to call by the name of honesty—honor being left out of the question; and it certainly appears very probable that the Centennial year will prove to be the most disreputable in the history of the United States, so far, at any rate as public virtue is concerned. It is very certain that this surplus is not rightfully theirs. It was awarded to them on the representation of certain claims which it was understood would amount to the sum granted by the Geneva arbitration. That representation, as might have been expected from all former precedent, is now seen to have been a false one; and although it is too late to rectify blunders committed some time ago, we cannot help turning our attention just now to the fact that if the British government had not been weakly accommodating, the question of compensation for damages resulting from an international quarrel of their own, would never have been entertained. And now, if the surplus in their hands were paid to Canada, as some little effort to atone for the injuries they allowed to be inflicted by the Fenian raids, although such an act of justice would be altogether new to them, some progress would be made towards obtaining the good opinion of the rest of mankind, and some hope might be entertained that a republican form of government would at least permit an occasional recognition of the just rights of other nations. Those raids altogether were an outrage the most wanton the civilized world has witnessed during the present generation. The destination and objects of the Alabama were exceedingly obscure and difficult to be proved; the whole question had to be decided in a few hours or rather in a few minutes, and no law, international or otherwise, existed on the subject. Whereas the Fenian outrage was openly planned and announced for months before; preparations for it were publicly made; and the United States government were in full possession of the intentions and proceedings of its promoters; and yet not an effort was made to prevent this most wanton and most disgraceful invasion of an unoffending people with whom they were at peace, until the inroad had been made and some of the best blood of Canada was shed. No triumphs of the American Eagle, no material prosperity, or progress in art, science or literature among our neighbors can ever wipe out the stain of the abominable complicity, or at least connivance of the United States Government with such a band of assassins. Altogether the Alabama surplus will not be one of the least disreputable announcements connected with the Centennial year.

How sweet to work all day for Christ, and then lie down at night beneath His smile.

LEAVES are light and useless and idle and wavering and changeable; they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the lightness without.

KEEP us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren and our sisters who have entered into the joy of our Lord, and with the whole Church triumphant; and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours.—Moravian Litany.

FAITH without repentance is not faith, but presumption; like a ship all sail and no ballast; that tippeth over with every blast. And repentance without faith is not repentance, but despair; like a ship all ballast and no sail, which sinketh of her own weight.—Sanderson.

THE remarkable arrangements made in his will by the late Lord Amberley, for the education and training of his children were referred to by us in a recent issue. It appears that Lord and Lady Amberley chose a Mr. Spalding to assume the charge of their children, he being understood to be a free thinker, and acknowledging the claim of no religion whatever. The opinion of counsel has been obtained, and it appears to be understood that English law does not recognize the right to claim the office of guardian on such terms as that Earl Russell has therefore obtained the custody of Lord Amberley's two sons. It appears that in 1861, a Plymouth brother was declared incompetent to act as the guardian of certain children entrusted to his care, on the ground that Plymouth Brotherhood is not a form of religion recognized by the law; and that view of the subject has determined the opinion of the counsel consulted in the case of Earl Russell's grandchildren.