

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED,"
"ONE LIKE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Spring had come, and the violets; and then came a fair and smiling dawn, flushing the sky with crimson light, and Mary Trevelyan's wistful eyes saw the rising of the blisful day that was to bring her back the one love of her constant heart. "At last, at last!" she said, as she looked out upon the sunny world, her face transfigured to a wondrous beauty by the light of joy; but when she took her place at the breakfast-table a few hours later, the mere fact that human eyes were on her had driven the unwanted radiance from her quiet countenance, and made her seem once more what Laura often called her, a statue of snow. Almost the first words spoken referred to Mr. Lisle's expected arrival.

"Does not your friend Bertrand come to-day?" said Mr. Wyndham to Mary. "At what hour do you expect him? I must take the pony-carriage to meet him."

"There is only one afternoon train he can come by," broke in Laura; "at five o'clock."

"Fiv!" said Mary; I thought it was at 4.30."

"Perhaps; I will look into Bradshaw," said Laura, hastily. "Mary, you would like to go to the station to meet him, would you not?"

"Oh yes!" she exclaimed. "Laura is really kind," she added in her own mind; while Charlie's mental reflection was, "Lurline is at work already, what does she mean?"

"Of course you ought to go," continued Laura, "and I shall drive you there myself. You need not trouble to leave your boots," she added to her father; "I want a breath of fresh air, so I shall take Mary to meet the train."

"Very well," said Mr. Wyndham, meekly. But his wife raised herself to say, "It does not seem to me quite a suitable arrangement, Laura."

"Why not?" said Lurline, turning round and looking full at her step-mother with her clear bright eyes. Mrs. Wyndham subsided at once, and said not another word; at the idea of seeing Bertrand again so completely filled Mary's whole soul, that she was hardly able to care who went with her, but she was conscious of a slight regret that it was to be Laura rather than Mr. Wyndham. She said nothing, however; and later in the day when she and Laura were in the room alone, the latter said to her, "Mary, is this not your school or choir day, or something of that sort?"

"It is the day I generally practice with the choir in the afternoon, but I shall go to the school and ask them to change it to another time, as I am going to the station."

"But you need not; and it would be a pity, as the girls sing so much better when they are kept steadily to their practice, you will be in plenty of time if you are here by four o'clock; I will have the pony carriage ready for you."

"But surely that would be too late if the train comes in at half-past four!" said Mary, anxiously.

"But it is at five I tell you; we shall have a whole hour; however, you can come back even earlier than four o'clock, and still have time for the choir."

"Yes, that is true," said Mary, they need not have a very long lesson to-day."

So at the usual time she went to perform her self-appointed duty, in trying to make the services in the House of God less inreverent and discordant.

She gave the children all her attention, though her own voice was tremulous, and her heart was beating fast, and when at length the task was over—a little earlier than usual—with a promise to the girls that they should have an extra long lesson next day, she left the school and sped through the village at her swiftest paces, hardly able to bear the tumult of happiness that agitated her quiet spirit, till she reached the rectory gate, and ran on to the door. Then she felt disappointed not to see the pony carriage waiting. "Oh, I hope they will not make us late in starting," she thought; and she hurried on to the sitting-room, and went in. Mrs. Wyndham alone was there, half asleep as usual. "Where is Laura?" said Mary—and even in that moment of excitement her voice was soft and low—"it is quite time for us to set out."

"Laura?" said Mrs. Wyndham, yawning; "oh, she is gone to the station."

"Gone!" said Mary in a faint tone.

"Yes; she told me to tell you she found out just at the last moment that she had made a mistake in the time of the train, and that unless she went off that instant it would be too late, so she could not wait for you; she was very sorry. I suppose she took her father instead, but I really do not know," said Mrs. Wyndham turned round, and closed her eyes. Not a word did Mary utter; softly she left the room, and stole up-stairs to her own, then she sunk down on a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"How can I bear it! Oh, my Bertrand, my Bertrand! he will think I did not care to meet him! my own, my only love!"

But Bertrand could never see those tears or hear that cry; he was at that moment looking out from the window of the railway carriage, watching with happy expectation the far off country station of Chiverville to which they were approaching, and feeling perfectly certain that the first sight which would greet him on the platform would be that pure still face, with those dark eyes, true and tender ever, would be so eloquent of a loving welcome. And the train rushed on, and the thundering into the little station, and Bertrand, the only passenger to alight, as Mary herself had been, sprang from the carriage, and looked round for her. She was not there; but before he had time almost to retrace the blank feeling of disappointment he experienced, his attention was irresistibly attracted by the most radiant vision he had ever seen, which suddenly emerged from

among the rough country people who had come to meet the train, like a being from another sphere. Lurline seemed to have attired herself as a representation of spring, with white robes fluttering lightly about her, caught up here and there by knots of delicate green ribbons, and a little hat chiefly composed apparently of gossamer white lace, with a bunch of snowdrops surrounded with green leaves in the front, and all her fair hair with its burnished tints was gathered up loosely under it, with many a shining curl escaping from the bond and straying down over her pretty shoulders; her eyes were radiant with sparkling animation, her bright face strangely illumined in the witchery of its expression, and when she came swiftly forward, light and graceful as a bird, her little feet scarcely touching the ground, and her dainty hands filled with flowers, Bertrand thought that he had never seen a more singularly lovely or attractive being. He was so taken by surprise, that after the first instinct of courtesy had made him raise his hat as she came straight up to him, he simply stood and gazed at her without speaking; then with a soft laugh on her lips, and a movement full of grace, she made him a little coquettish courtesy, and said, "Let me introduce Laura Wyndham to you Mr. Lisle, representative of the inhabitants of Chiverville Rectory, who have sent her to bid you welcome."

"Miss Wyndham," he said, "it is indeed kind if you have taken the trouble to come and meet me; but Mary—Miss Trevelyan—I hope she is not ill?"

"Oh, dear no; Mary is in excellent health and spirits. My father meant to have met you but he was engaged, so I volunteered my services. I am sorry you should have no better escort; but I am afraid you must be content, with me as a chaperone all the way home."

"A very charming prospect," he said with a courteous smile; "if I can relieve you at least of the fatigue of driving." She shook her pretty head. "Oh no, that would never do, but I will take my place while you give our unique specimen of a porter some instructions as to your luggage."

She was gone before he could answer, and somewhat bewildered as well as dazzled, Bertrand went off to claim his portmanteaux; as he stood watching the porter unengaging them from the heap of boxes that had been left by the retreating train, his mind reverted to the fact that Mary had not come to meet him with a very wounded feeling; he could not understand it; surely it was a very marked proceeding; and could it really be possible that his quiet Mary, his loving steadfast Mary, had sent this brilliant attractive girl to meet him? What could have been her motive? He felt hurt and perplexed; at the same time the Lorelei was much too bowitching for him to dislike the prospect of a drive with her, though he was not prepared to find that they were to be absolutely alone together. When he made his way out through the little gate, however, he found the shabby basket carriage, with the subdued pony looking more than usually downcast, and Laura already established in her place, with the wind playing in her hair, and the little ungloved hand holding the reins with an easy grace.

"Am I to sit beside you," he said dubiously, as he saw the narrow space in which the occupants of the front seat were expected to settle themselves.

She turned her bright laughing face towards him. "There is no alternative; your weight, not to say your dignity, would be quite too much for that ignominious little seat behind; jump in, please, Mr. Lisle."

He obeyed, and seated himself at her side, and then, at a word from her familiar voice, the old pony set off at the slow jog-trot from which it could never be induced to vary.

It seemed to Bertrand rather odd that he should be travelling across country alone with a young lady whom he had never seen five minutes before; but he was a man of the world, and since it had been so arranged by no effort of his own, he accepted the situation and prepared to enjoy it. He leant back with folded arms, looking at the strangely winning face of Laura Wyndham, and thinking that although among the ladies of the foreign court he had seen many a face of more perfect beauty than the Lorelei's, yet he had never seen one with so singular a power of fascination as that on which his eyes were riveted now; he wanted to hear her musical voice again, so he spoke.

"Are you still determined not to let me drive?"

She nodded, setting her red lips together with a smile, and glancing at him with her flashing eyes.

"And why, pray, Miss Wyndham?"

"Because I have an accurate sense of the fitness of things; you and this wretched old pony ought not to be associated together as driver and driven. You ought to drive a splendid bay standing higher than my head, with magnificent action, that arches its neck and paws the ground, and is altogether a glorious animal."

It was impossible for Bertrand not to be pleasantly conscious of the subtle flattery contained in these words, and her fearless manner seemed to suit his new acquaintance well; but the thought passed across his mind how unlike Mary it would have been to have made such a speech.

"You said Miss Trevelyan was well, I think, but I rather expected she would have met me at the station."

"She did think of it, I believe," said Laura, carelessly; "but she has taken a fancy to improve the singing of the school children in our old-fashioned church, where we have managed to say our prayers hitherto very well without the shrill voices of the village girls being trained to assist, so I do not take much interest in Mary's innovations, however, this happened to be the practising day, and she would not give it up even to come to the station to meet you. I told her I would wait for her as long as I could, if she would try to be back in time, but she never appeared."

Bertrand was silent for a few minutes, not choosing to betray to this stranger how much he felt wounded; it seemed very

mysterious, and he thought he would try to probe the matter a little further.

"It is unlike Mary to be so very enthusiastic on any subject; she is usually quiet and unobtrusive."

"Yes, that indeed she is; but simply because she has nothing to demonstrate; till I know Mary Trevelyan I never could have believed there could exist a nature so hard and cold and passionless as hers."

"That is not my impression of her," said Bertrand, with a frown, which Lurline saw without turning her head.

"I can well understand that," said Laura; "from what I have heard of you I should imagine you were the last person to understand a character without power of affection; and any one looking at Mary's calm face and deep dark eyes would fancy there must be a world of thought and sentiment hidden beneath, but I have learnt to understand her thoroughly, and I have discovered what an utter mistake it is."

"You forget that I have known her from infancy, Miss Wyndham."

"That is, you, a man many years older than herself, have lived more or less in the same house with her for the short period of her life's duration, but if you think that constitutes anything like the knowledge two girls acquire of each other when they are shut up together for nearly a year in a dull country rectory, you are greatly mistaken. However, Mr. Lisle," and the Lorelei turned round her lovely face, with all its power of fascination vividly at work, "I cannot think how it happens that within half an hour of our first acquaintance I find myself seeming to describe unfavorably my very dear friend Mary. I have not the smallest desire to detract from her merits."

"Are you friends with her, Miss Wyndham?" said Bertrand, bending down and looking into her winning face.

"The best of friends," she answered, with her brilliant smile; "there has never been a word of disagreement between us; she is an excellent girl, far better than I am, with nice little formal ideas of duty to which she rigidly adheres with praiseworthy pertinacity, naturally they are all based on her early training, and I dare say to you it will seem very beautiful to note the special reverence she has for the slightest wish your poor father may ever have expressed; be it what it may that he ever has asked of her, she makes his will her law now, just as much as when he was alive."

"The subtle Lorelei! that poisoned arrow went straight to its mark, as the dark cloud that passed over Bertrand's fine face told her; but she had others of yet more deadly power in her quiver, and these she now prepared to use."

(To be continued.)

Calcutta.

The following account of this great city of the East will be read with especial interest just now in connection with the Prince of Wales visit to India:

Calcutta is a city of churches, mosques, and temples. Christianity has made a greater advance in this city than in any other place in India; but even here Buddhism is not dead nor is it sleeping. The temples are thronged with worshippers, and they seem to be serious and intensely earnest. Their faith demands a pure life, and promises that with great self-denial they may attain to an absorption with the Deity, but it pronounces the most dreadful punishment to the disobedient. The numerous mosques with their marble platforms and gilded domes, proclaim the wealth and power of those professing the Islam faith in this great metropolis of India. They have inscribed over many of their archways, in gilded letters, "There is no God but God." That is the first truth they teach, and when a "heathen," as they call the Hindoo, comes to say that inscription, and that Mahomed is the prophet of God, they receive that person as a true believer. They are still making converts to their faith.

As we look over the city we not only see these temples and mosques, but in almost every direction we also see the spires of Christian Churches. They are generally not so grand or costly as the mosques, but many of them are in no way inferior to the churches in our own cities. The cathedral, beautifully located on the fashionable drive called the Chowringhee road, cost \$150,000, and is quite elegant and grand, but somehow this costly church does not look well. Its Gothic arches do not seem in harmony with palm trees upon the outside, and great long punkhas inside. These punkhas are in all the churches as well as public buildings. They are hung from the ceilings and by means of cords over pulleys are made to move rapidly, creating a most graceful current of air.

We were in the city in January during the week of prayer. The services were held in a different church each day, and were conducted in the same manner as at home. The natives took part daily in all the services, and performed their part as well as any one. I think every church that we entered had a marble floor and elegant mahogany pews or sofas; no carpets are used. These churches are all self-sustaining. They are not the mission churches. There are tablets in most of these churches to Dr. William Carey, the celebrated missionary.

He came here in 1793, and with other ministers composed the first Baptist missionary society. The East India Company would not permit him to settle in Calcutta, and he removed to the Dutch settlement at Serampore, where he established schools and mission. He was there joined by Ward and Marshman, the toil, labor, and success of whom are known to all who take any interest in missionary enterprises. Dr. Carey became a distinguished Oriental scholar, and furnished to the Asiatic Society, of which he was a member, many valuable papers on the natural history and the botany of India. He was the president of the Agricultural Society of India. He planted a botanical garden at Serampore, which was at the time the most complete in India.

We walked through the extensive grounds, sat down under mahogany trees

two feet in diameter, which he planted. They look like our black cherry. These grounds are elevated and stretch along the Hooghly. The location is very beautiful. Barrackpore is on the opposite side of the river, in which is located the country residence of the Governor-General.

We visited the college of Serampore, which was founded by Dr. Carey. It has 300 students, each of whom pays a tuition fee of two rupees (one dollar) a month. It has a library of four thousand volumes. The college buildings are large, substantial, and are in excellent order. I sat down in the chair so long used by Dr. Carey, but caught no inspiration; we were invited and took tiffin with the Rev. Mr. Trafford, the learned and devoted president of the college. He went with us to the old temple where Henry Martyn lived. This temple is on the river bank, and was undermined by the water, and a small part of it fell. The natives deserted it, and there being no dwelling vacant, the good missionary made it his home for a season.

The walls of the temple are four feet thick. We tried to knock out a brick with a large stone, but failed; the brick seemed to be harder than the stone. This temple is on the high bank overlooking the sacred river, and it seems a pity that it should go to decay.

From this ancient temple we went to the house of Juggernaut which is located in this village. This Juggernaut is a Hindoo god, and is called by them "The Lord of the world." The temple of this god is at Orissa. The society has two cars, and they are both very large and heavy, and are mounted on twenty-four rude wooden wheels. These cars are about thirty feet square, and high enough for a small church steeple. A strong force is required to move them, each one weighing several tons. They are covered all over with ornate characters of all kinds of gods—of which the monkey god seems to be the favorite.

These cars are taken out on festival days, and seem to be drawn more for the amusement of the people than as a religious ceremony, but in many other places it is different. These cars are fast going to decay, and no one cares to repair them. I see that quite recently the local magistrate has prohibited any further use of them on account of their dangerous condition; such an interference would not have been tolerated a few years ago.

We visited the Serampore Cemetery where all missionaries and their friends have been buried. It is substantially enclosed, and the grounds are nicely cultivated. There is a monument at Dr. Carey's grave that is about eight feet high, and it bears the following inscription: "William Carey: Born 17th Aug.; 1761; died 9th June, 1834. A wretched, poor, and helpless worm, on thy kind arms I fall."

It is said that this kind ardent man understood forty Oriental languages, and that he became the master of these languages that he might speak of Christ in all of them. His motto was, "Attempt great things and expect great things." His labors were greatly blessed. On his deathbed he said, "I have not a single desire unsatisfied."—N. Y. Observer.

Honesty in Business.

From time immemorial we have heard the old song about "Honesty being the best policy," and it is now a trite aphorism having more or less meaning with different kinds of individuals. We are almost inclined to fear from our general impressions that this is a phrase that must be applied in a relative sense. Would it in any case now-a-days be correct to affirm that absolute honesty in the highest and fullest sense of the word would be the best policy in business? It might be better policy not to represent notoriously bad goods as of good quality. It might be wiser and safer to pay one's debts when they become due; it might prove more advantageous not to run a heavily insured ship on to rocks or set fire to well insured buildings. This is a form of honesty to which nearly all business men will subscribe. But the question now occurs: would it be safer to represent goods precisely in accordance with their real quality in all cases? Would it be advantageous to refuse to take a higher rate of interest for the loan of money than it was really worth when such high rate could be obtained? Would it be wise from a business point of view to retail all goods at precisely their value when more could be obtained for them? Would it be profitable to pay the amount of an accommodation note given to a man who has since become bankrupt, if its payment could be avoided by any smart legal quibble?

These are the questions which "try men's souls," and the answer which any ordinary observer must give will tend to lower somewhat the force of this old adage about the "best policy." Perhaps there is no class of men in the world who pride themselves so much on matters of honor and integrity as merchants. These men meet from day to day on 'Change to talk over the short comings of their unfortunate brethren, and ill fares it with the good fame of him who has been ruined by misfortune or overturned by extravagance or indiscretion. They keep large balances at their bankers and pride themselves on their ability to come up to time. They are members of some extremely orthodox Church and believe that they shall be judged hereafter by the "deed done here in the body," and great solace do they derive from the consciousness that they are invariably able to meet their legal obligations.

All this is well in fact highly creditable. But when we come to analyze closely the various modes of business by which they have accumulated and are accumulating gains, we shall find that

their general system would scarcely bear the test of strict and undeviating rectitude of principle. To outwit their fellows—to buy below value and sell above value—to create artificial values and to set about false impressions—these are the common and daily acts and tricks resorted to by the best and most conscientious of business men. Trade is a great system of "outdoing"—an enormous grab game—a never ending succession of rushing, striving, scheming, conniving to promote one's own advantage at the expense of his neighbor. Honorable merchants will form a ring for gaining a monopoly of the grain trade, and the keeping of bread-stuffs at an artificially high price. The ship owner would see all the manufacturers ruined if he could increase his gains thereby. The manufacturer would annihilate the commerce of a nation if he could thereby make his fortune.

The fact is the outlook cannot be mis-understood. Man is supremely selfish, and in his business transactions in life this moral quality has loose reins, and works itself to the extreme verge of common honesty. It is thoughtless talk of absolute, unbending integrity in business affairs. In the present condition of the business world the thing is impossible. The man that attempts to transact business, even in this Christian community, upon strictly New Testament principles, would be a laughing stock for the community, and would quickly be wiped out of the business world. In the busy, bustling, hurrying, selfish, grasping money-worshippers who practically constitute the business community of all countries and climes, the unsophisticated apostle of literal honesty would be trampled to the earth.

We are not prepared to say that we are pleased with these facts, but this does not efface their reality. He would be a poor kind of a man who would not rejoice to see possible a system where unswerving honor could easily triumph over sordid selfishness, but we fear the day is far distant. We refer to no particular class or community of business men. The same principle and policy is in vogue in all quarters. The Liverpool merchant is as sharp and as sordid as the New Yorker; the Montreuil is as keen and as grasping as the Halifax man. All have their virtues and their standard of honor; but all are eagerly seeking success according to the same inexorable rule—selfishness.

Will it ever be otherwise is the question? Shall this earth witness a business millennium? Will Christian doctrine ever so far prevail as to annihilate selfishness, and make complete success compatible with a generous magnanimity? These are nice questions for speculation, but it seems to be almost too early in the day to begin to broach them. A thousand prejudices have to be overcome—a myriad well-grounded preconceptions have to be uprooted—a multitude of cherished errors and delusions have got to be dispelled before the most sanguine can hope to see the Christian theory of business fully and triumphantly inaugurated.—E.

THE PARTITION OF TURKEY.—We have trustworthy information that, with a view to the solution of the Eastern question, the three Northern Powers are separately courting the alliance of England; and that the following distinct proposals have been made to our Foreign Office. By Germany: 1. That Wallachia and Moldavia (now constituting the Roumanian Principalities) and all the territory north of the Danube should federate to the German Empire. 2. That Bosnia, Herzegovina, Bulgaria, and all the territory along the south bank of the Danube (except, we presume, Serbia) should be annexed to Austria. 3. That Constantinople and the Roumelian Province should be incorporated with Montenegro into one State.—By Russia: That England should obtain Egypt on condition that Russia should take Constantinople.—None, however, of these proposals will be accepted by Her Majesty's present Government. Should either of the Northern Empires attempt to carry their plans into execution, England would not defend Constantinople, but would probably take an island in the Levant—Cyprus or Mytilene—and occupy the Euphrates Valley, commanding at once Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Persia, and thus securing the route to India.—London World, Nov. 24th.

SIDNEY HALL of the London Graphic, "the most skillful artist of London illustrated Journalism," went to India with the Prince in the *Serapis*. He did the sketching in the 1870 campaign in France; and is to draw pictures for the Queen.

JOHN BROWN, Queen's Messenger, father of John Brown, the Queen's attendant, was buried last Thursday week in Chichester Churchyard. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended the funeral, and followed on foot the coffin to the hearse, which, from the nature of the roads, could not be got very near the house of the deceased. When the hearse moved off towards the churchyard, the Queen returned to the house of mourning, and stayed for some time with the bereaved widow.