

## Choice Literature.

## The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AN EVENTFUL EVENING.

It was indeed a happy day for the Woodwards on which they returned to the dear old house at Hampstead. The old sweet smile (which she had bestowed on Nettie) came back to Mrs. Woodward's kind face, and Mr. Woodward recovered his health in the familiar study and in sight of the wild overgrown garden. Fortune smiled on them too, and Mr. Woodward was offered the editorship of a magazine, which he was only too glad to accept, and so things balanced themselves again, and the burden no longer fell upon Dorothy.

"I don't know what we should have done without you, my child," he said to her as they sat in the study one evening—the study which looked almost the same as in former days, for they found to their surprise that George Blakesley had bought in most of the things which had been in it, and had replaced them as a pleasant surprise on their return. "You have saved us all from ruin," he went on. "There would have been nothing but starvation or the workhouse for us if you had not kept the family together. I did not think there was so much in you, Dorothy."

And this was her reward, the knowledge that she had begun to live not only for herself but for others, that if she went from among those around her they would miss, not merely a face and form they loved because by kinship she belonged to them, but that they would miss also the work her hands had found to do and the thoughts her heart conceived. She had learnt to make herself necessary to the comfort and happiness of those within her reach, and in this satisfaction to find her own. They were very happy days, those of the first six months, spent in the old house. The garden had been untouched, and the symmetrical came into leaf, and all looked the same as in years past—

"The same, the same, yet not the same, Oh never, never more."

thought Dorothy as she wandered down the moss-grown pathway with Adrian Fuller, "just as of old."

"It is like the days of our youth returned," he said.

"Oh no," she answered. "It is changed altogether, and we must of all."

"No," he said, "not changed, only we are a little tired. You have worked too hard, and I have never felt satisfied with it."

"You never will," she said, simply.

"Yes I shall some day," he answered, looking down at the frank fearless face and the drooping contradictory eyes, "I shall be some day, when I have secured enough to buy ease, (I don't mean luxury), and can live quietly by the sea and dream away my life, and no longer have to work. Would you like that, Dorothy?" He was so certain she loved him still, as she had done in days gone by (and as he had learnt to love her in those that followed), that he did not think it necessary to trouble himself about any other possibility.

"No," she said, almost with a shudder. "I should be miserable, you cannot really mean it you would not waste all your life and all your talents and let your energies lie dormant. Life was given us for something higher than that."

"For what was it given to us, you little Methodist?" he asked.

"To work and to help others, so that we in turn may be helped, and so that we may make the world, if only in the persons of the one or two around us, better than we found it; and for you, Adrian," for her reverence had vanished with her love for him, and she called him by his Christian name now, "you have talent, and can not only help others with it, but can leave your work to delight them long after you are forgotten, or only your name is remembered. It is not one's self one wants remembered, only to know that one's works are. It is not many who can hope for this, but you can. Such as I can only try to make the passing time here and there a little pleasanter for others, but even this is no mean thing."

"What an odd child you are, Dorothy; but I don't care a jot for these things. I don't want fame, only to be lazy and enjoy myself, and dream away my life. Come in the house and play over some of your sketches to me," and they moved down the dim pathway.

"But you must care for these things," she said, "or you have no business to take up that place in the world which a better worker and a nobler nature might occupy; you bar up the way for him, and this is a crime. And day-dreams are things which we should only value as we try to fulfil them. We may have other dreams as well, and we want rest and quiet and all that, I know, but there can be no real rest unless we first tire ourselves with honest work; and I cannot think there will be any place hereafter in the Master's house for those who have not tried to do Him honor in the world." He let her hand slide from his arm. He was getting afraid of the girl—a quaint grave child still in look and years, who talked so strangely.

"Come into the house," he said, and drew her gently through the dark passage. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward were in the study. Tom was out, and Will and Sally had gone to look at men and women, so that the latter might carry them home in her memory, and draw new pictures. They went through the house and into the sitting-room, furnished with George Blakesley's "spider-legs and crockery," yet still bearing a vague likeness to former days in that it contained the old piano and the glass into which Dolly and the Beauty had looked one morning long ago. "Come and play," he said, and she, glad of the rest, sat down to the keys. He went to the other end of the room, and sat leaning back on an old uncomfortable sofa, while she sent old matches of music, strange and sweet—like herself, Adrian Fuller thought—through the fast-darkening room.

"I wish you would sing," he said. Dorothy had taken to singing to herself lately, but at best it was a poor little voice, though always sweet and in time.

"Yes, I can," he said.

"You can," he contradicted, "and I like your queer little voice; so sing."

She gave a nervous laugh, that ended almost in a shudder. It was so like one of the lovely speeches he used to make long ago, when she and Tom and Will were all children, and Sally could only just toddle, and he was then their great friend and playfellow. It seemed like an echo from a dead summer. She waited a minute, and then began, and sang after song, till she thought he must be tired or asleep, for he made no sign, not that she had been thinking of him, for her thoughts had been far away, and the tears were stealing slowly down her cheeks.

"What sad songs they are," he said.

"I like sad songs," she answered drearily.

"What was that one you were singing last night? I liked that," he said. She waited a moment or two and then began:—

"I made another garden, yes,  
For my now love,  
I left the dead rose where it lay  
And set the new above.  
Why did the summer not begin?  
Why did my heart not haste?  
My old love came and walked there  
And made my garden waste."

The symphony died away, but no second verse came or could come that night; the sounds from the piano ceased altogether, and the girl sat silently before it, hidden by the friendly darkness. He got up, and crossed the room quickly, and knelt beside her so as to be level with the face, which, he could dimly see, was buried in the two slender hands and bent forward over the keyboard.

"I understand you, you foolish child," he said, "he said, soothingly. She looked up flushed and afraid; he could not surely dream of repeating the mistake of long ago, she thought. "But we understand each other now, and you know I love you at last," he said, gravely and earnestly, in calm assured tones such as Nettie Woodward with all her fascination had never listened to from him. She looked at him blankly, hardly realising what he meant, and he, mistaking her, went on. "It is all right now, and we belong to each other, do we not, Dorothy? and if you only will promise not to preach any more sermons," he put in almost laughing, for he had no idea of any answer but one from her, "we shall lead such a happy life together and"—but she managed to find her voice at last, and spoke, with the tears still on her cheeks, and a voice that was firm enough, though its tone was sweet and gentle.

"You are mistaken, Adrian; you are altogether mistaken; and must never speak to me like this any more, for I should like us always to be friends."

"What do you mean, child?" he asked, aghast at her manner rather than her words, not that he thought it really meant anything but the only one he considered possible. "You know you belong to me, and you shall, you little goose."

"Oh no, no!" she answered. "It is all gone by, it is indeed. Friends, yes, but that is all, Adrian; never anything more."

"And why not?"

"We should never be happy, we think so differently. We used to be alike once perhaps, but it is all changed now, and if we lived our lives together we should still be far apart."

"But why is this?" he asked, his face looking grave and anxious. She could see it in the dark. It was such a handsome face, with large pleading eyes, that made her tremble and turn away, but only because a remembrance of old feelings came keenly back, and for a moment, she "saw her soul in last year's glass," and wavered. "You cared for me once," and feeling her wince, he added, "long ago when we all played in the garden together."

"Few things have a second summer, and then it is generally only a reflection of the first," she answered.

"It was Nettie, I suppose. She spoilt everything," she said.

"No," Dorothy answered quickly, indignant that he should try to make a woman bear the blame. "You spoilt her life, she said so! If you had really cared for her as you pretended, she might have been different, but you were only fascinated, or if you loved her the feeling was not strong enough to move you from your love of ease."

"I say, are you going to finish your song, Dolly?" said a voice that startled them to their feet. "We have been listening to your performance and want to know what you left off for? Are you two spooning in the dark, or what?" It was Tom's voice, of course. Dorothy rushed to the window, and opened it.

"Spooning," she began, indignantly, "we were talking"—the words died away on her lips. Tom was leaning against the outer wall of the house, and by his side was George Blakesley.

"How did you know I was here?" Adrian Fuller asked.

"Guessed it," answered the tormentor, concisely, "just as we guessed you were spooning."

"We were not spooning," she said, excitedly, almost crying with rage.

"Very well, Dolly dear," he said, teasingly, "then she wasn't spooning."

"We were listening while you sang, Miss Woodward, and as you did not finish the last song, we got impatient," George Blakesley said. His voice and his manner were the same as ever, but he called her Miss Woodward, and she heard it, oh so plainly! "I know the song you were singing—the words I mean."

"I did not expect to see you again," she said, trying to change the conversation, and wondering also what had brought him.

"I know. I have said good-bye to all my friends, and I sail the day after tomorrow," he was really going, then, and the faint hope roused in her heart by his coming died out. Then a silence fell on the group—on the two looking out and the two looking in at the window, and presently, almost mechanically, she began watching a carriage in the distance, which was advancing along the road, the lamps looking like two fiery eyes in the distance. Dorothy's heart was standing still, and her hands were trembling with suppressed emotion, and she saw and knew and heard nothing till Tom exclaimed, almost with a shout, "Why, it's stopping here!" and the carriage drew up, and by the flitting light of the lamps she saw, amidst a cloud of wraps, the face of Nettie the Beauty.

While Tom rushed forward, and Adrian Fuller went slowly round to the door, and Dorothy, in her surprise did not move, George Blakesley turned to her.

"I understand it all perfectly now," he said. "I thought it was so before I heard the song and you broke down to-night. I knew what it meant, though Tom never guessed. I am very glad, for I guess the end, and know he loves you."

"Oh, Mr. Blakesley!" she began, the tears coming to her eyes.

"I shall often think of you, and I am very glad," he said, in his unchanged manner, and then he pressed her two hands, hanging listlessly over the window-sill, and moved off.

"Oh stay, do stay! oh do come in!" she entreated.

"No," he said, "I have said good-bye long ago, and I sail the day after tomorrow," and evidently anxious to escape from the advent of the Beauty, he went, and she had no power to keep him, only to feel something that was like a sudden feeling of despair.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—"THE SAME, YET NOT THE SAME."

They stood round her—the same group and in the same room, just as they had done long ago, when she appeared before them in her ball-dress. There was a silence for a minute, in which each thought and knew that the others thought, of that evening. Then Sally, who had entered unnoticed during the conversation, looked up at Will and whispered, "She isn't the same now, Will." No one heard the remark but Dorothy, and the old refrain came ringing through her head again:—

"The same, the same, yet not the same, Oh never, never more."

For the Beauty had changed, and the bloom would never come to her face again. She looked tired and careworn, and thin and faded, and on her cheeks there was a flush, and in her eyes a brightness, that made those who clustered round her look and wonder, and feel a sadness choke the tones in which they would have welcomed her home, and the salt tears slowly blinded Mrs. Woodward's eyes, till she could not even see her daughter's faded face. Her spirits were unchanged, however.

"How you all stare at me!" she laughed; "I know I don't look well; that is why we have come to England. Sir George has thrown up his appointment to bring me; and, tiresome enough, no sooner did we arrive than we were met by a messenger to say his mother was very ill"—she stopped to give a wheezing little cough—"and he has gone off to Lancaster. I could not endure another journey, so I have come for a few days, till his return, to see you all."

"My dear, you are very ill!" Mrs. Woodward almost sobbed.

"Oh no," she laughed, looking up with a thin tired face, that made Adrian Fuller, leaning against the mantelpiece, turn away, it was so different from the old beautiful one, "only the climate has tried me. I am so glad to see you in the old house again; only this ugly furniture makes me think of Dorothy's valiant George Blakesley. How is he, Dorothy?" she asked, in the old teasing manner, that almost made the old angry feeling rise in Dorothy's heart. To speak so of George Blakesley! He whom she loved with all her heart and soul, and felt she should never see again!

"He is going to America," she answered; "you will never see him again!"

"And have you put up a tombstone over Venus' grave?" she asked. "And here is the old piano; do you remember the musical parties, Dorothy?" She sat down before the instrument, and then wearily turned away. "I am so tired," she said, pleadingly, "and would give all the world for some sleep; I never get any rest now," she added, in an inexpressible sad tone. So they went to make ready some refreshment for her, and a room in which she could sleep, while Mr. Woodward asked her questions about India and his eldest son, and a hundred things to which she would have answered impatiently enough in former days, but now there was a tenderness in her manner, added to the old dash and bravado, that seemed the strangest thing about her. She turned to the piano again, evidently because she was so utterly weary, and did not want to talk; and presently Adrian Fuller came to her to say good-night. He was going. She did not take her fingers off the notes, but she looked up and asked, "What have you done since I have been away? Have you anything to show for all this time?"

"No, nothing," he answered.

"I thought not," she said, bending over the keys.

"I had nothing to induce me, no one to help me or encourage me forward."

"You never will have," she answered; "if the love of your art and the wish to achieve something will not help you. But you love your ease better than all else; I knew that long ago. You will dream through your life, and die, and be forgotten, as I shall soon," she added, with a sigh; "and you will leave nothing by which to be remembered."

"Lady Finch!" he said, almost angrily.

"Yes!" she looked up at him with the weary blue eyes. "You know I am right," she went on. "You never loved anything so much as your own ease—you never will. Are you engaged to Dorothy?" she asked, suddenly.

"No," he answered.

"I am glad of that; don't be angry, Adrian," and she put a hand on his, and stroked it gently. "I am a little bitter, I know; but I am very ill, and I have often thought how much there is sometimes within the reach of us all to do and to be, and yet we do not care even to stretch a hand forward. We love ourselves so well; not merely you and I, but all of us."

"I thought you left this sort of thing to Dorothy—she is always preaching." He stopped, and there was a silence for a minute or two, and Will and Sally crept out of the room. They were tired of the Beauty, and Sally had a new picture to draw, and wanted Will to look on while she did it. Mr. Woodward sat for a minute watching his daughter, and the man who had been his friend once, and of whom he had hoped such good things to come. He had been disappointed in Fuller, he thought. He was one of those young men who flash in their youth, and promise a great deal, but

who actually do no good work afterwards, either because the flash exhausts them, or because, having shown that they possess a certain amount of power, they are content to dawdle on through the rest of their days. "He seems to like talking to Nettie or Dorothy better than anything else," Mr. Woodward said to himself; "and we never have long talks now as we used to have. He has quite gone over to the women."

And then he went to see what his wife was doing, and found that she was busy, and did not require either his help or his company, so, forgetting his newly-arrived daughter, he betook himself to the study, and seated himself before his papers, and proceeded to arrange them.

"It is scarcely fair of me to speak thus of your sister, Lady Finch," Adrian Fuller said, when the pause came to an end.

There was a sudden change in his manner and tone that almost made her start; but she gave no sign of her surprise, only let her fingers stray on idly over the wry uncertain keys of the old piano.

"Why?" she asked.

He looked awkwardly down upon her, on the poor faded yet still beautiful face, and the blue eyes that were so dim and weary, or else flashed in a hard and almost painful manner. He thought of the summer, with the history of which she was so closely entwined, and of the evening on which he first saw her, and of all her beauty and fascination, and of how his heart had thrilled once at the sound of her voice or the sight of her face, and of all her little coquettish ways, and her sweet voice, and the quaint old songs she used to sing in the twilight. And then he thought of Dorothy. It seemed like turning to the memory of some quaint picture, or listening to music that gave one vague yearnings and longings towards better things that were far away or far beyond one; then he answered the Beauty, gravely and calmly: "Because I think she is far better than any of us. I have learnt to think this since you have been away."

"Well, what then?" she asked, coldly.

The memory of all the protestations he had made in former days to the woman before him flashed back, and he had not courage to avow the truth and the state of his feelings now, as he had for the moment intended.

"Nothing," he said; and another awkward silence came. And then Mrs. Woodward came back, and he said good-night, and went; and Nettie was left once more with her family.

(To be Continued.)

## About Advertising.

The legitimacy of the advertising business, as conducted by religious newspapers, is sometimes called in question. But little is said in reference to its conduct by the secular press, however repugnant to the moral sense it often is, it being taken for granted that those who make no pretension to religion have a right to commit any abomination. The public conscience is seemingly very jealous of the privileges of the Christian press, not reflecting that every one must give an account of himself unto God. We make no objection to the guardianship of our friends; especially as we are so careful ourselves upon this matter, but we would be glad to have them consider some things, such, for example, as are brought forward in the following extract from the *Christian Weekly*:

"Our readers have no right to hold us responsible for the accuracy of every statement made in our advertising columns. The advertising page is a contrivance for enabling the vendor of goods to say what he wants in his own way about his wares to the reader of the paper. Vendors of goods are apt to put a high estimate on what they have to sell, and intelligent readers are supposed to know and allow for the fact. We hold ourselves responsible to exclude rigorously from our columns every advertisement that bears the mark of fraud upon its face, or marks to awaken a reasonable suspicion. We exclude all advertisements which we have any special reason, from external circumstances, to suspect."

"But it is manifestly impracticable for us to investigate every advertised article, and adjudge its merits before allowing its advertisement. We cannot read the book; we cannot investigate the finances of the insurance company; we cannot wear the dry goods and see if they will fade; we cannot submit the camera obscura to the judgment of an expert. But we have used the utmost caution in guarding our readers against fraudulent advertising; and if any of them discover a bogus advertisement in any of our columns, we will thank him to call our attention to the fact, and he may rely upon our instant investigation and exposure of the fraud."

"If an advertiser wants an unbiased editorial opinion on his article, he must send it for examination to the editorial rooms. If the reader wishes to know our editorial opinion he must look in our editorial columns. And we assure them both that there is not money enough in the United States to buy an editorial opinion of so much as a single line. But in our advertising columns our readers must understand that they get the advertiser's opinion, not the editor's. And if there are any of them unable to distinguish between an editorial and an advertisement, he must patiently wait and learn."

We agree with our correspondent, that "a newspaper, whether secular or religious, must be held in some degree responsible for the character and reliability of its advertisements." We submit to his candid judgment whether we have not fairly defined the limits of that responsibility.

GRACE is the most subtle of all powers. It will gleam through the common-places of our days, and give hints of character more potent than deeds. It is not the things we do that reach the farthest, but the lives we live. The secret strength of life, gathered from God in silence, as the night gathereth her dews, and which never may stand forth before men in word or work, will give a hiding of power better than all its display. And this is character. It is God's strength transmitted into thought and life, held back from daily worries, but throwing a quieting and calming influence over them all.—Interior.

## Scientific and Useful.

CARBONIC acid gas is heavier than atmospheric air. In ventilating our sleeping-rooms and other apartments, the ventilators should therefore be at the bottom.

## HAIR WASH.

Try half an ounce of borax to a quart of water for a hair wash; apply very gently with a sponge on alternate days; apply a little glycerine dissolved in soft water.

## WARTS.

"Warts may be removed," says a celebrated physician, "by rubbing them night and morning with a moistened piece of muriate of ammonia. They soften and dwindle away, leaving no such mark as follows their dispersion with lunar caustic."

## CORN AND BUNIONS.

Dr. Orvis, in the *Christian Reformer and Non-Ritualist*, says: Corns and bunions may be removed by the use of sweet oil; bathing them thoroughly night and morning with soap and water, and then rub on sweet oil. Continue this until they soften and depart. If on the bottom of the foot, soft folding inside the shoe will also assist in the cure.

## MACARONI SOUP.

A small shin of beef is put in three quarts of water, boiled four hours, then strained through a colander. The following day skim the fat off. Boil a teacupful of canned tomatoes (or four whole ones), three chopped onions, a little minced parsley, salt and pepper, in one pint of water; let it boil for half an hour, then add it to the stock. Half an hour before serving put in a handful of macaroni.

## BOILED BREAD PUDDING.

Crumb your stale bread in a pudding-pail, and cover with sweet milk, and set by the stove to warm and soften. Then to every quart of the mixture two well-beaten eggs, a cup of sugar, and a handful of raisins or sweet dried fruit of any kind. Do not have your pail full, as it needs some room to rise. Put the cover on tightly, and set it in boiling water, and do not allow it to stop boiling till done. If you try that once you will never make a baked pudding again.

## RELATIVE VALUE OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The relative value of gold and silver is stated by Herodotus at 18 to 1, and by Plato at 12 to 1. Mr. Madden reckons it at 10 to 1 in the time of Plato. It stood at 12½ to 1 about the date of the Christian era, from which time to the reign of George III. the relative supply of the precious metals so far varied as to reduce the value of silver to about one-sixteenth of that of gold. At the present rates the proportion is but little over 15 to 1. Thus the relative value of the two metals has varied within historic times by as much as 80 per cent.

## PRESERVING TOMATOES.

In order to preserve tomatoes through the year, it is not necessary to resort to the expense of canning them. If stewed in the ordinary manner, but without butter or crackers, only a little salt and sugar, they can be put into jars—two quart or gallon, according to the size of the family—and if corked up tightly will keep for a year. To make assurance doubly sure, some melted wax may be poured around the corks. Tomatoes may also be dried easily. Skinned and prepared with a little sugar they make a good substitute for figs, and are sold under the name of tomato figs.

## SMOKING INJURIOUS.

Smoking tobacco, and the use of tobacco in every form, is a habit better not acquired, and when acquired is better abandoned. The young should specially avoid the habit. It gives a doubtful pleasure for a certain penalty. Less destructive than alcohol, it induces various nervous changes, some of which pass into organic modifications of function. So long as the practice of smoking is continued, the smoker is temporarily out of health. When the odor of tobacco hangs long on the breath, and other secretion of the smoker, that smoker is in danger. Excessive smoking has proved directly fatal.

## TO BREAK GLASS.

An easy method of breaking glass to any desired form is by making a small notch, by means of a file, on the edge of a piece of glass; then make the end of a tobacco pipe, or a rod of iron about the same size, red-hot in the fire; apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface of the glass, in any direction you please. A crack will be made in the glass, and will follow the direction of the iron. Round glass bottles and flasks may be cut in the middle by wrapping round them a worsted thread dipped in spirits of turpentine, and setting it on fire when fastened on the glass.

## LIGHT TEA BISCUIT.

Two quarts of best sifted flour, one pint of sweet milk, in which melt one quarter of a pound of sweet butter, one teacupful of salt in the milk, one teacupful of fresh yeast. Make a hole in the centre, pour in the yeast (well shaken), stir diligently with a fork. Let the milk, etc., be just blood warm, (no more), then knead as bread. Cut it across, through and through, with a knife. Let it rise six or seven hours, as it may require. Take from the pan, knead it well, cut in small cakes, and put to rise in a pan an hour before baking. This receipt, with additional sugar and suitable spices, makes excellent family doughnuts.

## FIRST FLOOR BEDROOMS.

If we had a house with a bedroom on the first floor, we would at once abolish the use of that room as a sleeping apartment, because we are satisfied that it is a wrong custom, it being much healthier to sleep upstairs. Many a family of which the members were suffering and weak in general, have been restored to a vigorous and healthy condition by following our advice, which was to remove their bedrooms upstairs, to have their beds, summer and winter, exposed the whole day to the fresh air from open windows, (except, of course, when there is rain or mist), and also to have during the whole night one window partially open, even in winter, so as always to inhale the fresh, cool air from the outside, but using, at the same time, the precaution to have sufficient bed covering to secure warmth.—Prof. Vander Weide.