Choice Titerature.

One Life Only.

CHAPTER II.

No longer a swift ship, speeding under burning African skies, over seas sparkling with phosphorescent light, but a quiet Eng-lish country house is the scene where Colonel Dysart and his daughter next appear. They had dropped, as Una expressed it, into a ready-made home which belonged to the "weird woman"—by which name she always designated Miss Amherst, after the night when she had startled her into so sudden an appreciation of the value of the bright young life which would never be renewed, if by error or mischance she marred its golden promise. And truly there did seem to be something weird and strange about Catherine Amherst and her unknown history. The Dysarts had first met her at the house of the Governor of Cape Town, with whom she had been spending a few days on her way home from the Mauritius. He had known some of her connections in England, but of herself he only knew that she was the sole daughter of the late Mr. Amherst, of Vale House, in Northangleshire, and that for some unexplained reason she had left her and me unexplained reason she had left her friends and her home twenty years before, and gone out to the Mauritius, where she had remained ever since. She was a striking-looking person, still hand ome for her age, in spite of the pallor which made her seem almost ghastly, and the traces of intense suffering, which the impenetrable salm of her fee could not severely the calm of her face could not completely mask, while her eyes, deep set and picre-ing, had an abstracted look, as if she were for ever searching back into the past, for some lost hope by which she might still h i on to life and endure it to the end.

In spite of her excessive reserve, Uns Dysart was attracted by her, for she seem ed to have a wonderful power of sympathy. even with one so much younger than her-self, and the acquaintance ripened into something like friendship when they met on board ship, and made the voyage to-

gether to England.
Una honestly confessed to her father Una honestly contessed to ner rather that she felt no small curiesity as to Miss Amherst's history, and that she did her very best to find it out (but in this she failed miserably); all she could discover was the fact that the weird woman's only handless had did numerical a short time. brother had died unmarried a short time previously, and that she had succeeded to the family property, and been compelled, in consequence, to come to England to arrange her affairs. She told the Dysaris, however, that she did not mean to remain a day longer than she could help in her native country, and that she should endeavour to find a tenant for Vale House, without visiting it personally, at all, if

Colonel Dysart wished to find a home for himself in a good neighborhood, where Una could have pleasant society, and from Miss Amherst's description of her house, it struck him that it would be precisely the sor; of place to suit him. His daughter was of the same opinion; and before they all landed at Southampton it was decided that the Dysaris were to go at once to Vale House, where Mr. Amherst's servants still remained, and if they felt pleased with the whole place and establishment, they were to communicate with Miss Amherst, who remained in London, and to enter into possession at once.

They both thought it very strange that she should refuse to accompany them to her old home, even for a few days; but when Una persisted in making use of all sorts of arguments te induce her to go with them, she at last turned round upon her, almost fiercely, and said, "Una, I would rather go down into those waves, and let them close over my head, and so make an end of all feeling, than I would go back to that house, even for one half-hour.

After such a speech there was, of course no more to be said, and when Una Dysart took leave of Miss Amherst in London, it was with the firm conviction that they would never meet again. Little did she dream how strangely her life would be mixed up with that of the "weird woman."
Whatever Miss Amherst might think of

it, there could be no question that Vale House suited the Dysarts exactly. It was a large, old-fashioned, strongly-built house, with handsomely furnished rooms, and de-liciously ancient gardens and orchards, that would have horrified a modern gar dener in their confused, overgrown condition, but which enchanted Una by the profusion of their sweet-scented flowers and protusion of their sweet-seemed nowers and tangled busher, and gnarled, bending trees, that made deep shade over grassy walks and moss-grown fountains. They had only been domiciled in this pleasant spot a few days, but already they felt at home, and Una tormented her somewhat indolent father with impatient entreaties that he would fill his stables with the horses he

mised to provide in due sourse, in order tnat she might go out beyond the grounds, to which as yet she had been limited, and explore the neighbourhood. She would have been well content to have commenced her researches with no batter help than her own little dainty feet, on which she was now dancing round the room, as an outlet to her suppressed activity, while she told her father she could not possibly remain within the gates any longer.

Colonel Dysart's natural want of energy and supineness, increased by really bad health, were, however, proof against her efforts to drag him out on a voyage of dis-

Overy.
"The riding horses will be here next week, and the pony-carriage, too; but till then you must go alone. Una, if you go at ali; and I do not know in the least how far the conventional proprieties would be violated by such a proceeding on the part of a young person of your years. I must find some highly decorous old lady to give me instructions on the manners and customs of respectable young women in this

"On dear! may such an old lady never he found. Anyhow, I do hope nothing will prevent me roaming about alone-at least in the morning, when I know the ple and the people a little better; it would take away half the pleasure of life if I could not

As she spoke, the old butler, from whom she had already obtained a good deal of

information about the neighbourhood, appeared at the door, and announced "Mr. and Miss Crichton, and Mr. Hervey Crich-Thanks to the revelations of the antiquated functionary, who had been major-domo at Vale House for thirty years, the Dysaris knew that their visitors were the rector of Valehead—the parish in which they were now living—and his half-brother and sister.

Una cast a furtive glance of dismay towards her father as the clergymen walked slowly forward, for a man of more forbid-ding aspect it would not have been easy to see. He was tall and guant, his black clothes hanging loosely on his spare figure, and his countenance, not without a gran-deur in the massive, strongly-marked features, was singularly unpropossessing, from the excessive coldness and severity of his expression. His brother and sister, the children of a different mother, were as unlike him as possible, and many years younger. Hervey Crichton, by his manner and bearing, unmistakably a soldier, was a fine-looking man of five-and-twenty, and the young girl, who with no small timidity kept close to his side, was at least five years younger.

As Una's eyes fell upon Lilith Crichton, she was so much struck by her appearance that for a moment she almost forgot to welcome her. She was extremely delicate and fragile-looking, her complexion dazzlingly fair, her eyes blue as the morning cky, and the soft masses of her long hair hanging, like a sunny mist, round her sweet jure face. She reminded Una irresistibly of a snowdrop, as she hung down her pretty head with a shy grace; and it was so impossible to stand on ceremony with one so gentle and shrinking, that she involuntarily took her hand and drew her down to a seat by her side, telling her she

was so very glad to make her acquaintance.
Meanwhile the rector, in a cold, formal
manner, and in very measured tones, welcomed Colonel Dysart and his daughter to the neighborhood, expressed a satisfaction, which Una felt sure nothing could really have made bim feel, in their having become residents in his parish, and requested to know if he could be of any use to them.

Colonel Dysart thanked him, and said, with a slightly sarcastic glance at Una that his laughter would certainly be very grateful for any information she could ob-tain as to the neighbourhood and the families with whom she was likely to become acquainted.

"There are so many residents in this part of the country, that it would take more time than I can spare to enumerate them

all," said the rector, stiffly.
"Without giving you quite so much trouble as that would involve," said Una, "we should be very well satisfied if you would enlighten us on the history of the lady to whom this house belongs, without going at y further-

"That being a subject on which my

daughter happens to be particularly curious," said Colonel Dysart with a smile.
"I am quite ready to admit that I am," said Una; "and I think it would be very odd if I were not. We have been in constant intercourse with her all the way from the Cape, and we know absolutely nothing about her beyond her name and the fact that she has been a long time at the Maur-

"Very little more is known of her by any one," said the rector. "Her descrition of her parents and her home is considered quite unaccountable, especially as her only brother, who after the death of his father and mother lived here alone, was a poor orippled invalid."

"Was no reason ever assigned for her going away?" asked Colonel Dysart.

"Some persons surmised that an attach-ment which was supposed to exist between her and a gentleman named Atherstone, who had a large property in this neighborhood, might have had some share in her extraordinary proceedings, as he had gone out to the Mauritius some years before she did; but he returned from there unmarried when his father died, and she remained-

no one knows why."
"Is he still alive?" said Una eagerly. "No; he died about three years ago, and was succeeded by his nephew."

"He never married any one else, then?"
"No, he did not; but we need not assume from that circumstance that he ever intended to marry Miss Amherst. He was much attached to his nephew, who had been brought up as the heir of the large Atherstone estates, from the time that he was quite a child," said the rector.

"Is it a good property?" asked Colonel

Dysart.

"The finest in the whole county," said

Hervey.
"Yes," said the rector, "it has belonged to the Atherstones for more centuries than they can count; and there is a very remarkable building on the estate even more ancient than the house itself, which is really one of the old mosted castles of former times.'

"How I should like to see it !" exclaim-

ed Una. "If you are equal to climbing up a rather steep ascent, Miss Dysart, there is a point on the hill-side near this from which you may have an excellent view, not only of Atherstone Abbey and many other houses,

but of half the county besides."

"Oh! I should so enjoy going there; I do hope I shall some day. But you must know, Mr. Crichton; I have the laziest father in the whole world; he will not move an inch beyond the garden, and he is but of half the county besides." in such a state of dense ignorance as to the thabits of this great nation, that he has not the least idea whether it would be proper for me to walk about by myself. My un-assisted intelligence would certainly conclude there could be no possible harm in it; but as I never was in a civilised country before, my views may be somewhat those

of a savage. Hervey laughed, as he showed by his involuntary glance of admiration how little like a savage he thought her, with her high-bred look and graceful movements.

"I should think, in this unsophisticated neighborhood, you might walk about alone as much as you pleased," he said. "I do not find it necessary to place any

restrictions in that respect on my sister, said the rector to Colonel Dysart.

"Then Una may safely follow her example," he answered courteously.

"But there is no need you should go slone," said gentle Lilith, slipping her hand into Una's. "Will you let me go

with you now to the place you wish to see? It is a beautiful day, and Hervey and I intended to take a walk."

"I shall be only too delighted!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet. "You do not want me at home, do you, fa'her?"

"Not in the very least, my dear. I am exceedingly clad that you should have and

exceedingly glad that you should have such an outlet to your overpowering energy, especially with as charming a companion," he replied, with a smile, looking at Lilith.

"Then I will go and get my hat at once," exclaimed Una, bounding away; and the rector was ready to take his leave than The saturned. He had no intention

when Una returned. He had no intention of giving them his scolety in their walk, and he turned off towards his own house as soon as they had passed the gates.

CHAPTER III.

Up the steep hill-side went bright, impetuous Una, scarce able to restrain her-self from outstripping her companions, as she trod with her light, springing step on the elastic heath, and felt the fresh breeze reshing past her, laden with the scent of the pine-trees and a thousand wild flowers which an especially lovely spring had scattered by handfuls all around them.

"Do you know this is the first time ever took a walk in England in my life, she said, turning round her face, glowing with pleasure, "and I cannot imagine how people can prefer foreign countries; I think it perfectly delightful—fresher and sweeter than any other land."

"Wait till you see our native country in a November fog or a heavy fall of snow," said Hervey. "I have awful recollections of those vagaries of our climate, though I have been in India for years.'

"Have you just come home, then?"
"Yes, only last month; and I am hore for a few weeks on leave. It is almost my first visit to Valehead, for Lilith did not live here when I went away with my rogiment; she came when our mother died, soon after my departure."

"Then you do not know much of the neighbourhood."

"Scarcely anything; but Lilith will be able to tell you about all the people whose houses you will see from the top of the hill; of course she knows them all by this time.

"Oh! wait a moment: what is that sound?" exclaimed Lilith; and as they stopped to listen, a faint plaintive chirping was heard from a little distance. "It is a wounded bird, I am sure," she continued, and flew away towards the spot whence the murmur came.
Una and Hervey followed, and found her

Una and Hervey follower, and found her lifting gently from the ground an unfortunate thrush with a broken wing.

"How can it have been hurt?" she said, almost shuddering, as the bird writhed and flattered in her hands.

Hervey stooped down to examine it. "My dear Lilith, my military experience enables me to tell you that it is suffering from a gunehot wound. I dare say Rupert Northcote shot it—singing bird though it be," he added, looking significantly at his sister. For a moment her transparent complexion was tinged with a faint flush, but it vanished very quickly, and she grew paler as the bird's struggles ceased.

"I fear it is dying," she said.
"It undoubtedly is," said Hervey;
your moving it has been its coup de grace. You had better leave it, and think no more

"I must stay with it till it dies. But do not let me keep you back, Miss Dysart; pray go on, and I will join you in a moment." She so evidently wished it that Una complied, and turned away. "I could not imagine a sweeter face than

"I could not imagine a sweeter lace than your sister's," she said to Hervey, as they walked on; "surely she must be wonderfully good."

"She is, indeed—almost too good, I

sometimes think, for her blamelessness and innocency seem hardly natural in this evil world. She is not clever, but the vary simplicity of her goodness gives her a strange power with most people; her mind is just like a crystal—so clear and pure that one can read it through and through."

"Your brother must be rather an austere companion for so young a girl," said Una.
"He is certainly, and I think it is partly the cause of her great timidity and shyness; still she is happy with him, and would love him if he would let her; but love in any shape or way he seems to regard rather as

laughing.
"So I should quite imagine," said Una, demurely, and paused to let Lilith join

She came up to them quietly, making no remark about the bird, and they all went on together gaily, ti'l they came near the summit of the hill, which was by no means

wery high.
"Now I must and will be first at the top!" exclaimed Una like a gleeful child; and as the wind, growing fresher and stronger, seemed to bear her up on its wings, she flew on, far past her compan-ions, till she gained her point and plauted her little feet firmly on the highest rock.

Hervey, who could easily have overtaken her, let her go unimpeded, that he might have the pleasure of looking at her as she stood with her stender, well-kuit figure brought out in strong relief against the clear sky, and the breeze sweeping back brown hair from her charming face, which was radiant with a look of saucy triumph.

Truly she made a pleasant picture as she stood there, with her clear eyes wandering from point to point over the vast landscape at her feet. Fair and bright the wide expause of country lay before her in the glad spring sunshine, stretching away to the far horizon, with many a change of wood and field and rugged hill, and every here and there the silver gleam of a rapid river, that cashed with musical murmur onward to the sea; and no less fair and bright, in that morning hour of life, the future seemed to spread its golden realms beneath her hopeful eyes; through flowery paths and scenes of joy her trusting fancy imaged out her yet unknown career; and the proud ardour of her strong young spirit glorified the whole with the pure light of the noble pur-poses which she had resolved should bring her the blessing of holiness, no less than

And all the while her eyes happiness. were on the fateful spot where her strange destiny was indeed to be accomplished, in guise as different from these visions of her youth as well could be imagined; but no instinct warned her of that which was to come. A little time longer she would walk on in her golden dreams, and then—face to face the deadly conflict of her life would meet her.

(To be continued.)

Bible Marking.

What is the best Commentary on the Bible?

The one you make yourself. For this purpose you need a good reference Bible, a Bible text book, a Bible Atlanta (unless yours is a teacher's Bible, which contains all these conveniences,) a Concordance, a black lead pencil, or a good pen and ink, and—brains. It is a great mis-take to suppose that the first will suffice without the last.

We will suppose that your theme for study is the first chapter of John. Your Bible lies open before you, presenting the page. You believe that no prophecy is of private interpretation. You therefore begin by asking the Spirit of God to open to you the truth contained for you in this chapter. Then you read it over at first rapidly; you aim to get a b'rd's eye view of it as a whole; you see that its theme is the character, office, and work of Christ. Your question then is this: What does this chapter teach me of Christ?

The first thing that strikes you is that a number of names are given to him here. You count them: Light, Only-begotten of the Father, Jesus Christ, Only-begotten Son, the Lord, the Lamb of God, Son of God, Master, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph, King of Israel, Son of Man. Then he is the Teacher, the Son of God, the Saviour, (Jesus, Matt. i. 2.) the Master, the Atoning Sacrifice, the Incarnate One, the true Man and therefore the perfect example. the future King. You draw a heavy black line under each title; you connect them, by a light line. You now have a body of Christology on a page of your Bible, If you have wrought this out for yourself, you have a body of the state of the st have done a good day's work; certainly if you have taken home to yourself the truth that he is your King, your Saviour, your Sacrifice, your Example.

The next day you return to your study again. You take up a single passage, verses 12 and 18. Who are the sons of God?
As many as received him and were born of God. How? You put your references now in requisition. You look them up. You turn to your Bible text book under Regeneration. You pass by many texts that at another time will strike you, but do not at another time will strike you, but do not now. The result of your studies is embodied in a note at the foot of the page: They are born of the Spirit, John iii. 16; by the word of God, I Peter i. 2, 3; with the word of truth, James i. 17; in Obrist Jesus, 1 Orr. iv. 18; who is himself the Only-begotten Son of God, verse 18. You have here in four verses of Scripture, the source the instrument the security of th source, the instrument, the accompaniment, and the result of the new birth. You begin again: What is it to receive Christ? The result of your studies is embodied again in certain references, which impress you and which you accordingly underscore, and in certain other references, which you discover, and therefore add in the margin.

But you have not exhausted this subject. You return to it on the morrow. You study the negatives. Not of blood; nor of the will of the flesh; nor of man; but of Your Concordance will tell you the meaning of born of bleed, if your own thought has not suggested it to you; the sons of God are not brought out by merely good breeding, good parentage; Rom. viii. 8, 4, 8, 9, tell you what is the meaning of flesh. viz., man in his natural state; we are not born into the kingdom by our own resolution; the will of man is interpreted to you by 1 Cor. iii. 5, 7; we are not brought into the kingdom of God by human endeavors. There are three theories of moral reform, good blood, strong will, good education—all repudiated; and in contrast with them the true Scripture view, the new birth by the Spirit of God, as interpreted in

your verses below.
We have scarcely opened the theme but we have done enough to give those of our readers who desire to study the Bible, and to preserve the results of their study in their Bible, some idea of how to

Every student will invent, to some avtent, his own system, but certain principles of universal application are inculcated by Mrs. Stephen Menzies of England, from whose little book, "Hints on Bible Mark-ing," we have taken some of the markings, wing however the Teacher's Bible in place of Bageter's on account of its having more references.

In any given verse underline only the or words required to saggest the word thought.

Connect these underlines by the fine line, always at the end, never in the centre of the If a connection is needed with a reference

to another page, carry the fine line, which she calls a railway, to the margin, and write the reference there.

Draw all lines with a ruler, and as lightly as possible, particularly the "Railways," wit 1 a very sharp hard lead pen-oil, or with a fine pen and India ink, or some good black ink; the latter is better. Make your own marginal references as

freely as possible, referring at each verse to

It should be added that a good Commentary is a great help in such a study, in giving information as to the meaning of the original and other points, provided it is used as a help to study, not as a substitute for it; Mrs. Menzies uses Alford, and refers to it by a . with a circle. But the reader may easily make his own system of notation to favorite writers, provided he does not have too many.—Illustrated Christian

THE great-grandson of Dr. Carey, the pioneer of English missions in India, has recently entered into the service of the society which his ancestor founded. He has ome the medical missionary of the Baptist mission at Delhi.

Scientific und Aseful.

TO CURE TONGUES.

Four quarts sait, twe quarts molasses, six ouncer saltpeter, three gallons water. Boil and skim the ingredients, and when cold pour over the tongues.

SAGO PUDDING.

Two large spoonfule of sago boiled in one quart of milk, and the peel of a lemon, a little nutmeg; when cool, add four eggs and a little sait. Bake about one hour and a half. Eat with sugar and cream.

GERMAN POTATONS

Mashed potatoes well seasoned and plenty Masned potatoes well seasoned and plenty of cream. Make in little cakes an inch thick (made some hours beforehand they are better), beat an egg and dip them in it; brown nicely on both sides.

RICH APPLE PUDDING.

Pare, core and chop five or six apples, or enough to make half a pound; shred a quarter pound suet; blanch and pound one dozen sweet almonds; half a pound of ourrants, a small cup of sugar, half a nutmeg, equal quantity of bread crumbs and flour, teaspoonful of sait, the whites of three eggs teaspoonful of sait, the whites of three eggs beaten to stiff froth; just milk enough to mix; a wine-glassful of brandy the last thing. From ten to twelve ounces of bread crumbs and flour make a good sized pudding, but if more flour is liked add a teaspoonful of belief and stifted and teaspoonful of belief and stifted are in the spoonful of baking powder slited dry in the flour.

CHLORAL HYDRATE IN NEURALGIA.

The intimate mixture of equal parts of chloral hydrate and camphor will, it is said, produce a clear fluid which is of the greatest value as a local application in neuralgia. Dr. Lenox Browne, states in one of the Eng-lish medical journals, that he has employed it in his practice, and induced others to so, and that in every case it has afforded great, and in some instances, instantaneous relief. Its success, hesays, does not appear to be at all dependent on the nerve affected, it being equally efficacious in neuralgia of the sciatica as of the trigeminus—is of the greatest service in neuralgia of the larynx, gratest service in neuralgia or the larynx, and in relieving spasmodic cough of a nervous or hysterical character. It is only necessary to paint the mixture lightly over the painful part, and to allow it to dry. It never blisters, though it may occasion a tingling sensation of the skin. For head-ache it is also found an excellent application.

UNBREAKABLE GLASS.

The new process for making a tough or unbreakable glass, has been greatly improved since its first announcement, and the material, in the form of lamp-chimneys, tumblers, etc., is now offered in commercial quantities. The success attending the experiments already made, have inspired further research in the same field, and a number of new processes, of more or less value, are reported. In the original process, glassware, raised to a red, or melting heat, is plunged into a bath of oily and fatty matter, and the result is to give the glass an ontirely new character. give the glass au ontirely new character. Instead of breaking, with a star-like fracture, under a slight blow, it resists serious blows, and besides a certain amount of elasticity above that it had before, displays a toughness and cohesion many times in excess of its ordinary character. If broken at all, it disintegrates and flies into a great number of minute particles, resembling quartz sand.—" The World's Work," Scribner's Monthly.

MEALY AND WAXY POTATORS.

An examination of the potato with a An examination of the polation with a microscope has proved the relative worth of the mealy and waxy kinds of thic useful vegetable. On examining a thin site, it is seen to be almost entirely composed of cells, which are sometimes filled with, and sometimes contain clusters of beautiful little oval grains. The grains remain unchanged in cold water; but when it is warmed they dissolve in it, and the whole warmed they dissolve in it, and the whole becomes a jelly, and occupies a larger space than it did in the form of grains. When a potato is boiled, then each of these cells of which it is composed becomes a little vessel full of jelly; and, if there he not a great quantity of starch in the cells, it may be gelatinized without bursting them. But be generalized without pursuing them. But if the number of grains or their size be very great, the cells of the potato are broken on all sides by the expansion of the little masses of jelly, and the appearance of mealiness is produced. Hence we see that mealy potatoes are the most valuable, and waxiness denotes a deficiency of starch or nouvishing matter.

DOES A BIRD DIE A NATURAL DRATH.

It is the opinion of some naturalists that birds never die what is called a natural death, but come to their end by some murderous or accidental means; yet I have found sparrows and vircos in the fields and woods dead or dying, that bore no marks of violence; and I remember that once in my childucod a red bird fell down in the yard exhausted and was brought in by the girl: its bright scarlet image is indelibly stamped upon my recollection. It is not known that birds have any distempers like the domestic fowls, but I saw a social sparrow one day quite disabled by some curious malady, that suggested a disease that sometimes at tacks poultry; one eye was nearly put out by a scrofulous looking sore, and on the last joint of one wing there was a large tumorjoint or one wing there was a large thingrous or fungous growth that crippled the bird completely. On another occasion I picked up one that appeared well but could not keep its centre of gravity when in flight, and so fell to the ground. One reason why dead birds and animals are so rarely found is, that on the approach of death their in-stinct prompts them to creep away in some hole or under some cover, where they would be least liable to fall a prey to their natural be least hable to tall a prey to their natural enemies. It is doubtful if any of the game birds, like the pigeon and grouse, ever die of old age, or the semi-game birds, like the bobolink, or the "century-living" orew; but in what other form can death overtake the humming-bird, or even the swift and the barn-awallow? Such are true birds of the air; they may be occasionally lost at sea during their migrations, but, as far as I know, they are not preyed upon by any other species.—Scribner.