

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY MISS MULOCK.

CHAPTER XXX.

HER STORY.

I made no answer; I only covered her up, kissed her, and left her, knowing that in one sense I did not leave her either forsaken or alone.

And now I must leave you, too, Max, being very weary in body, though my mind is comfortable and refreshed—ay, ever since I began this letter. So many of your good words have come back to me while I wrote—words which you have let fall at odd times, long ago, even when we were acquaintances. You did not think I should remember them? I do, every one.

This is a great blow, no doubt. The hand of Providence has been heavy upon us and our house lately. But I think we shall be able to bear it. One always has courage to bear a sorrow which shows its naked face, free from suspense or concealment; stands visibly in the midst of the home, and has to be met and lived down patiently by every member therein.

You once said that we often live to see the reason of affliction; how all the events of life hang so wonderfully together, that afterward we can frequently trace the chain of events, and see in humble faith and awe that out of each one has been evolved the other, and that everything, bad and good, must necessarily have happened exactly as it did.

Thus I begin to see—you will not be hurt, Max?—how well it was, on some accounts, that we were not married—that I should still be living at home with my sister; and that, after all she knows, and she only, of what has happened to me this year, she cannot reject any comfort I may be able to offer her on the ground that I myself know nothing of sorrow.

As for me personally, do not fear; I have you. You once feared that a great anguish would break my heart, but it did not. Nothing in this world will ever do that while I have you.

Max, kiss me—in thought I mean—as friends kiss friends who are starting on a long and painful journey, of which they see no end, yet are not afraid. Nor am I. Good-by, my Max.

Yours, only and always,

THEODORA JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

HER STORY.

MY DEAR THEODORA.—You will have received my letters regularly, nor am I much surprised that they have not been answered. I have heard, from time to time, in other ways, all particulars of your sister's illness and of you. Mrs. Granton says you keep up well, but I know that, could I see it now, it would be the same little pale face which used to come stealing to me from your father's bedside last year.

If I ask you to write, my love, believe it is from no doubt of you, or jealousy of any of your home-duties, but because I am wearying for a sight of your handwriting, and an assurance from yourself that you are not falling in health, the only thing in which I have any fear of your failing.

To answer a passage in your last, which I have hitherto let be, there was so much besides to write to you about—the passage concerning friends parting from friends. At first I interpreted it that in your sadness of spirit and hopelessness of the future you wished me to sink back into my old place, and be only your friend. It was then no time to argue the point, nor would it have made any difference in my letters either way; but now let me say two words concerning it.

My child, when a man loves a woman, before he tries to win her he will have, if he loves unselfishly and generously, many a doubt concerning both her and himself. In fact, as I once read somewhere, "When a man truly loves a woman, he would not marry her upon any account unless he was quiet certain he was the best person she could possibly marry." But as soon as she loves him, and he knows it, and is certain that, however unworthy he may be, or however many faults she may possess—I never told you you were an angel, did I, little lady?—they have cast their lots together chosen one another, as your church says, "For better, for worse"—then the face of things is entirely changed. He has his rights, close and strong as no other human being can have with regard to her—she has herself given them to him; and if he has any manliness in him he never will let them go, but hold her fast forever and ever.

My dear Theodora, I have not the slightest intention of again subsiding into your friend. I am your lover and your betrothed husband. I will wait for you any number of years, till you have fulfilled all your duties, and no earthly rights have power to separate us longer. But, in the meantime, I hold fast to my rights. Everything that lover or future husband can be to you, I must be. And when I see you, for I am determined to see you at intervals, do not suppose that it will be a friend's kiss—if there be such a thing—that—But

I have said enough—it is not easy for me to express myself on this point.

My love, this letter is partly to consult you on a matter which is somewhat on my mind. With any but you I would hesitate; but I know your mind, and as I know my own, and can speak to you as I please I always shall, frankly and freely, as a husband would to his wife.

About you sister Penelope and her grief at sorrow I have already written fully. Of her ultimate recovery, mentally as well as bodily, I have little doubt; she has in her the foundations of all endurance—a true, upright nature and a religious mind. The first blow over, a certain little girl whom I know will be to her a saving angel; as she has been to others I could name. Fear not therefore—"Fear God, and have no other fear." You will bring your sister safe to land.

But, you are aware, Penelope is not the only person who has been shipwrecked.

I should not intrude this side of the subject at present, did I not feel it to be some degree of duty, and one that, from certain information that has reached me, will not bear deferring. The more so because my occupation here ties my hands so much. You and I do not live for ourselves, you know—nor indeed wholly for one another. I want you to help me, Theodora.

In my last I informed you how the story of Lydia Cartwright came to my knowledge, and how, beside her father's coffin, I was entreated by her old mother to find her out and bring her home if possible. I had then no idea who the "gentleman" was, but afterward was led to suspect it might be a friend of Mr. Charteris. To assure myself, I one day put some questions to him—point-blank, I believe, for I abhor diplomacy, nor had I any suspicion of him personally. In the answer, he gave me a point-blank and insulting denial of any knowledge on the subject.

When the whole truth came out, I was in doubt what to do consistent with my promise to the poor girl's mother. Finally, I made inquiries; but heard that the Kensington cottage had been sold up, and the inmates removed. I then got the address of Sarah Enfield—that is, I commissioned my old friend, Mrs. Ansell, to get it, and sent it to Mrs. Cartwright, without either advice or explanation, except that it was that of a person who knew Lydia. Are you aware that Lydia has more than once written to her mother, sometimes enclosing money, saying she was well and happy, but nothing more?

I this morning heard that the old woman, immediately on receiving my letter, shut up her cottage, leaving the key with a neighbor, and disappeared. But she may come back, and not alone; I hope, most earnestly, it will not be alone. And therefore I write, partly to prepare you for this chance, that you may contrive to keep your sister from any unnecessary pain, and also from another reason.

You may not know it—and it is a hard thing to have to enlighten my innocent love, but your father is quite right; Lydia's story is by no means rare, nor is it regarded in the world as we view it. There are very few—especially among the set to which Mr. Charteris belonged—who either profess or practice, the Christian doctrine, that our bodies also are the temples of the Holy Spirit—that a man's life should be as pure as a woman's, otherwise no woman, however she may pity, can, or ought to respect him, or to marry him. This, it appears to me is the Christian principle of love and marriage—the only one by which the one can be made sacred, and the other "honorable to all." I have tried, invariably, in every way to set this forth; nor do I hesitate to write of it to my wife that will be—whom it is my blessing to have united with me in every work which my conscience once compelled as atonement and my heart now offers in humblest thanksgiving.

But enough of myself. While this principle of total purity being essential for both man and woman cannot be too sternly upheld, there is another side to the subject, analogous to one of which you and I have often spoken. You will find it in the seventh chapter of Luke, and eighth of John; written, I conclude, to be not only read, but acted up to by all Christians who desire to have in them "the mind of Christ."

Now, my child, you see what I mean—how the saving command, "Go and sin no more," applies to this sin also. You know much more of what Lydia Cartwright used to be than I do; but it takes long for any one error to corrupt the entire character; and her remembrance of her mother, as well as her charity to Sarah Enfield, imply that there must be much good left in the girl still. She is young. Nor have I heard of her ever falling lower than this once. But she may fall; since, from what I know of Mr. Charteris's present circumstances, she must now, with her child, be left completely destitute. It is not the first similar case, by many, that I have had to do with; but my love never can have met with the like before. Is she afraid? does she hesitate to hold out her pure right hand to a poor creature who never can be an innocent girl again;

who also, from the over-severity of Rock-mound, may have been let slip a little too readily, and so gone wrong?

If you do hesitate, say so; it will not be unusual nor surprising. If you do not, say what you think, and I will do as I know best. I have no objection to your coming to the village, should the Cartwrights appear in the village, persuade your father not altogether to set his face against them, or have them expelled the neighborhood. They must leave—it is essential for your sister that they should; but the old woman is very poor. Do not have them driven away in such a manner as will place no alternative between sin and starvation. Besides, there is the child—how a man can ever desert his own child!—but I will not enter into that part of the subject. This is a strange "love" letter; but I write it without hesitation—my love will understand.

You will like to hear something of me; but there is little to tell. The life of a jail surgeon is not unlike that of a horse in a mill; and, for some things, nearly as hopeless; best fitted, perhaps, for the old and the blind. I have to shut my eyes to so much that I cannot remedy, and take patiently so much to fight against which would be like knocking down the Pyramids of Egypt with one's head as a battering-ram, that sometimes my courage fails.

This great prison is, you know, a model of its kind, on the solitary, sanitary and moral improvement system; excellent, no doubt, compared with that which preceded it. The prisoners are numerous, and as soon as many of these get out they take the greatest pains to get in again; such are the comforts of jail life contrasted with that outside. Yet they seem to me often like a herd of beasts, fed and stalled by rule in the manner best to preserve their health, and keep them from injuring their neighbors; their bodies well looked after, but their souls—they might scarcely have any! They are simply Nos 1, 2, 3, and so on, with nothing of human individuality, or responsibility about them. Even their faces grow to the same pattern, dull, flat, clean, and stolid. During the exercising hour I sometimes stand and watch them, each pacing his small bricked circle, and rarely catch one countenance which has a ray of expression or intelligence.

Good as many of its results are, I have my doubts as to this solitary system; but they are expressed on paper in the MS. you asked for, my kind little lady! so I will not repeat them here.

Yet it will be a change of thought from your sister's sick-room for you to think of me in mine—not a sick-room though, thank God! This is a most healthy region: the sea-wind sweeps round the prison walls and shakes the roses in the governor's garden till one can hardly believe it is so dreary a place inside. Dreary enough sometimes to make one believe in that reformer who offered to convert some depraved region into a perfect Utopia provided the males above the age of fourteen were all summarily hanged.

Do you smile, my love, at this compliment to your sex at the expense of mine? Yet I see wretches here who I cannot hardly believe share the same common womanhood as my Theodora. Think over carefully what I asked you about Lydia Cartwright; it is seldom suddenly, but step by step, that this degradation comes. And at every step there is hope; at least, such is my experience.

Do not suppose, from this description, that I am disheartened at my work here; besides rules and regulations, there is still much room for personal influence, especially in hospital. When a man is sick or dying, unconsciously his heart is humanized—he thinks of God. From this simple cause, my calling has a great advantage over all other; and it is much to have physical agencies on one's side, as I do not get them in the streets and town. To-day, looking up from a clean, tidy, airy cell, where the occupant had at least a chance of learning to read if he chose, and seeing through the window the patch of bright blue sky, fresh and pure as ever sky was, I thought of two lines you once repeated to me out of your dear head, so full of poetry:

"God's in His Heaven;  
All's right with the world."  
Yesterday I had a holiday. I took the train to Treherne Court, wishing to learn something of Rock-mound. You said it was your desire I should visit your brother-in-law and sister sometimes.

They seemed very happy—so much as to be quite independent of visitors, but they received me warmly, and I gained tidings of you. They escorted me back as far as the park gates, where I left them standing, talking and laughing together, a very picture of youth and fortune suited to the place, with its grand ancestral trees branched down to the ground; its green slopes, and its herds of deer racing about—while the turrets of the magnificent house which they call "home" shone white in the distance.

You see I am taking a leaf out of your book, growing poetical and descriptive; but this brief contrast to my daily life made the impression particularly strong. You need have no anxiety for your youngest sister she looked in excellent health and spirits. The late sad events do not seem to have affected her. She is always so patient and tender over mine. I said to myself, "How good he is!" and two large tears came with a great splash upon the paper before I was aware. Very foolish, you know, but I could not help it. And, wiping my eyes, I saw Penelope's wide open, watching me.

"Has Dr. Urquhart been writing anything to you?" said she, slowly and bitterly.

I eagerly disclaimed this, "Is he ill?"

"Oh no, thank God!"

"Why then were you crying?"

"Why, indeed? But what could I say, except the truth, that they were not tears of pain, but because you were so good and I was so proud of you! I forgot what arrows these words must have been into my sister's heart. No wonder she spoke as she did—spoke out fiercely, and yet with a certain solemnity."

"Dora Johnston, you will reap what you sow, and I shall not pity you. Make to yourself an idol, and God will strike it down. 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me.' Remember who says that and tremble."

I should have trembled, Max, had I not remembered. I said to my sister as gently as I could, "that I made no idols; that I knew all your faults, and you mine, and we loved one another in spite of them, but we did not worship one another—only God. That, if it were His will we should part, I believed we would part. And—here I could not say any more for tears."

Penelope looked sorry.

"I remember you preaching that doctrine once, child, but—she started up violently. Can't you give me something to amuse me? Read me a bit of that—that nonsense. Of all amusing things in this world, there is nothing like a love-letter. But don't believe them, Dora!"—she grasped my hand hard—"there are every one of them lies."

I said that I could not judge, never having received a "love-letter" in all my life, and hoped earnestly I never might.

"No love-letters? What does he write to you about, then?"

I told her in a general way. I would not see her half-satirical, half-credulous smile. It did not last very long. Soon, though she turned away and shut her eyes, I felt sure she was both listening and thinking.

"Dr. Urquhart cannot have an easy or pleasant life," she observed, "but he does not deserve it. No men does."

"Or woman either," said I, as gently as I could.

Penelope bade me hold my tongue; preaching was my father's business, not mine, that is, if reasoning were of any avail.

I asked, did she think it was not?

"I think nothing about nothing. I want to smother thought. Child, can't you talk a little? Or stay, read me some of Dr. Urquhart's letters; they are not love-letters, so you can have no objection."

It went hard, Max, indeed it did! till I considered—perhaps, to hear of people more miserable than herself, more wicked than Francis, might not do harm but good to my poor Penelope.

So I was brave enough to take out my letter and read from it (with reservations now and then, of course), about your daily work and the people concerned therein; all that interests me so much, and makes me feel happier and prouder than my mere "love letter" written to or about myself. Penelope was interested too, both in the jail and the hospital matters. They touched that practical, benevolent, energetic half of her, which till lately has made her papa's right hand in the parish. I saw her large black eyes brightening up, till an unfortunate name, upon which I fell un-awares, changed all.

Max, I am sure she had heard of Tom Turton, Francis knows him. When I stopped with some excuse, she bade me go on, so I was obliged to finish the miserable history. She then asked: "Is Turton dead?"

I said, "No," and referred to the postscript where you say that both yourself and his poor old ruined father hope Tom Turton may yet live to amend his ways.

Penelope muttered: "He never will. Better he died."

I said Dr. Urquhart did not think so. She shook her head impatiently, exclaiming she was tired, and wished to hear no more, and so fell into one of her long, sullen silences, which sometimes last for hours.

I wonder whether, among the many cruel things she must be thinking about, she ever thinks, as I do often, what has become of Francis?

Sometimes, puzzling over how best to deal with her. I have tried to imagine myself in her place, and consider what would have been my own feelings toward Francis now. The sharpest and most prominent would be the ever-abiding sense of his degradation—he who was so dear, united to the constant terror of his sinking lower and lower to an end of crime or shame. To think of him as a

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Sometimes, puzzling over how best to deal with her. I have tried to imagine myself in her place, and consider what would have been my own feelings toward Francis now. The sharpest and most prominent would be the ever-abiding sense of his degradation—he who was so dear, united to the constant terror of his sinking lower and lower to an end of crime or shame. To think of him as a

bad man, a sinner against heaven, would be tenfold worse than any sin or cruelty against me.

Therefore, whether or not her love for him has died out, I cannot help thinking there must be times when Penelope would give anything for tidings of Francis Charteris. I wish you would find out whether he has left England, and then perhaps in some way or other I may let Penelope understand that he is safe away—possibly to begin a new and better life, in a new world.

A new and better life. This phrase—Penelope might call it our "cant," yet what we solemnly believe in is surely not cant—brings me to something I have to tell you this week. For some reasons I am glad it did not occur until this week, that I might have time for consideration.

Max, it you remember, when you made to me that request about Lydia Cartwright, I merely answered "that I would endeavor to do as you wished," as indeed, I always would, feeling that my duty to you, even in the matter of "obedience," has already begun. I mean to obey, you see, but would rather do it with my heart, as well as my conscience. So, hardly knowing what to say to you, I just said this, and no more.

My life has been so still, so safely shut up from the outside world, that there are many subjects I have never even thought about, and this was one. After the first great shock concerning Francis, I put it aside, hoping to forget it. When you revived it, I was at first startled; then I tried to ponder over it carefully, so as to come to right judgment and be enabled to act in every way as became not only myself, Theodora Johnston, but—let me not be ashamed to say it—Theodora, Max Urquhart's wife.

By-and-by all became clear to me. My dear Max, I do not hesitate; I am not afraid. I have been only waiting opportunity, which at length came.

Last Sunday I overheard my class—Penelope's that was, you know—whispering something among themselves, and trying to hide it from me. When I put the question direct, the answer was: "Please, Miss, Mrs. Cartwright and Lydia have come home."

I felt myself grow hot as fire—I do not in telling you. Only it must be borne—it must be told.

Also another thing, which one of the bigger girls let out, with many titters, and never a blush, they had brought a child with them.

Oh, Max, the horror of shame and repulsion, and then the perfect anguish of pity that came over me! These girls of our parish—Lydia was one of them; if they had been taught better; if I had tried to teach them, instead of all these years studying or dreaming, thinking wholly of myself and caring not a straw about my fellow-creatures. Oh, Max, would that my life had been more like yours!

It shall be henceforth. Going home through the village, with the sun shining on the cottages, of whose inmates I know no more than of the New Zealand savages—on the group of ragged girls who were growing up on our very door, no one knows how, and no one cares—I made a vow to myself. I that have been so blessed—I that am so happy—yes, Max, happy! I will work with all my strength while it is day. You will help me. And you will never love me the less for anything I feel—or do.

I was going that very afternoon to walk direct to Mrs. Cartwright's, when I remembered your charge, that nothing should be attempted without my father's knowledge and consent.

I took the opportunity when he and I were sitting alone together—Penelope gone to bed. He was saying she looked better. He thought she might begin visiting in the district soon, if she were properly persuaded. At least, she might take a stroll around the village. He should ask her to-morrow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yellow Oil is unsurpassed for the cure of Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Wounds, Frost Bites and Chillsains. No other medicine required in the household. It is for internal as well as external use. Every bottle is guaranteed to give satisfaction. All medicine dealers sell it.

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