

## Choice Literature.

## Still and Deep

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRINITY,"  
"ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLII.

Meanwhile in Madame Brunot's house the anxious hours were slowly passing, and the poor invalid, worn out by the suspense, had fallen asleep at last, leaving Mrs. Parry free to quit her bed side and come into the room where Mary Trevelyan still sat at the window. She was looking out at the calm clear sky, which now was bathed in all the glory of a beautiful sunset and she was thinking of John Pemberton's withering gaze towards it when he told her how his spirit longed for the presence of his Lord.

"He will always be happy," thought Mary, "whether he lives or dies, for his heart is already in heaven," and then her thoughts turned, as they ever did, to her poor Bertrand and to mutual speculations as to where, even at that moment, he might be.

Mrs. Parry, meanwhile, was walking restlessly about the room, feeling more and more anxious as to the fate of the missing child.

There had been a succession of sharp quick shots heard very far from the house a short time before; but cannonading and firing of all kinds were so continually going on around them, that it scarcely attracted their attention at all. Suddenly, however, the door opened, and Valerie burst in, bareheaded, with her long hair tangled in confusion on her shoulders, her dress stained and torn, and her face convulsed with passionate weeping.

"Oh Mary! oh 'dear Parry!" she exclaimed; "my Mr. Pemberton! my poor Mr. Pemberton! What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?" and, sobbing, almost shrieking, she rushed to Mary, who had risen, trembling, and hid her face against her, while she clung to her hands.

"What is it, Valerie? dear child, try and tell us!" said Mary. "Where is Mr. Pemberton?"

"Lying on the pavement. Oh, he cannot speak to me; they shot at him, and he fell! They were trying to kill me, and he came between me and the guns! He did it to save me! Oh my Mr. Pemberton! I want him to get up and speak to me!"

Mrs. Parry uttered a cry of dismay, but Mary, white and calm laid her hand upon her arm.

"Do you not hear Madame Brunot calling? she has been awakened and is alarmed; go and tell her Valerie is safe."

Mrs. Parry obeyed, and then Mary made the child drink some wine and water, and when her gasping sob had a little subsided, she said to her, "Now, Valerie, try and describe to me exactly the spot where Mr. Pemberton is lying; I am going to him at once."

"I will go with you and show you; I want to go to him, my dear, dear Mr. Pemberton!"

"But will it be safe for you? who was it hurt Mr. Pemberton and tried to kill you?"

"The soldiers, because I helped Herr Klein; but they have gone away. Some people came out of their houses when the shots were fired, and they said the men had killed an Englishman, and the English ambassador would be angry, and then the soldiers all ran away and took no more notice of me; and I want to go to my poor Mr. Pemberton; I am not afraid."

"We will go there at once, dear child," said Mary, hastening to quit the room before Mrs. Parry, whom she had purposely sent away, should come back to exclaim against her going out in her weak state of convalescence. She threw a scarf lightly over her head, took Valerie by the hand, and stole down the stairs and out into the street.

It was a soft lovely evening, calm and peaceful; the western horizon seemed flooded still with liquid gold, while already the shadows were deepening on the earth.

The excited child drew Mary on more quickly than her feeble feet could carry her, but they had not far to go.

It had been impossible for John Pemberton to bring Valerie home without passing the ruined house whence Herr Klein had escaped; and there, it seemed, the vindictive soldiers had actually kept watch to intercept the poor child, whom they chose to believe could reveal to them some Prussian plot of treachery. Possibly they might hardly have meant to compass her death, but, as she afterwards told Mary, the moment she came out of the ruined house half a dozen of them rushed out from behind its broken walls, where they had been in ambush, and pounced upon her with shouts of triumph, but instantly Pemberton's strong hands had torn her out of their grasp, and he confronted her foes. Then ensued a terrible struggle, of which Valerie was never able to give any distinct account. Mary was now about to learn what had been the fatal result. She saw, as they advanced, a group of persons standing in a circle on the pavement, a short distance from the ruins, among whom she recognized one of the English gentlemen associated with the Society for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded, and several officials from the police-station. They made way for her as she came near, and then she saw that on which they had been gazing. John Pemberton lay stretched out on the stones, his calm face upturned to the sunset sky, whose glory fell upon it with a soft pure light. His dark eyes were fixed upon the blue depths above his head with an intense full-orbed gaze, that seemed pregnant with meaning, and his pale lips were illuminated with a bright and joyful smile such as they had seldom worn in his days of life and energy; yet radiant and peaceful as was his countenance it bore the unmistakable stamp of that great change which gives a solemn grandeur even to the features of the child who has passed through the mystery of death. It was so few hours however since Mary had seen him full of animation and spirit that it seemed almost impossible for her to believe he had been finally severed from

the conditions of humanity. She stood watching him for a few minutes in silence, and then looked round appealingly to the Englishman.

"Is he really quite gone?" she whispered. "Quite," he answered, sorrowfully. "He must have died instantaneously; he is shut through the heart. His little messenger got Pierreon, who was hovering near him, as usual, saw the dead body, and came at once to summon me. I hurried here as fast as a carriage could bring me, but I saw at once that no human aid could avail him. I can do no more now than arrange for his removal, and afterwards for his interment, which, in the present state of the city cannot be long delayed."

"Let him be brought to our home," said Mary—"to Madame Brunot's—will you be obliged to take him away, we have a right to ask it, for he was our truest friend."

And so it was arranged. In a room on the ground floor of their house he lay that night and part of the next day, where Mary and Valerie went continually to kiss the kind hands that could labour for his fellow-creatures no more, and to lay bunches of snowdrops and violets on his quiet breast, while the little children played round his bier, fearless of the gentle presence that was only associated in their mind with thoughts of love and tenderness.

At noon on the following day he was borne forth, and taken to a sunny corner of the last realm of the dead at Pere la Chaise.

Mrs. Parry could not leave the invalid, who had been greatly shaken by the terrible events of the previous day; so Mary Trevelyan and Valerie alone stood side by side, and saw the earth heaped over the heart that had been so pure and true. When at last they turned away, leaving no trace of the noble, faithful friend, save one little additional mound among the thousands that are gathered there, little Valerie burst into a fit of uncontrolled weeping, while Mary walked, calm and silent, by her side. After a time the child looked up into the fair tranquil face, and said, half indignantly, "Are you not sorry to leave him all alone in that strange place, Mary?"

"Dear, I cannot grieve for him," she answered, gently, "for I know that he has gained his heart's desire. Though we have laid his body down alone in a foreign country, his happy spirit is safe in his native land of paradise."

"But he will never speak to us again, or help us as he used to do."

"No, Valerie! and I well know what we have all lost in him. I cannot think how we are to go on without his protecting care. But would it not be very selfish to wish him back in this sad world, away from the blessed home where he has found his Lord, because on earth he can labour for us no more?"

"I will try not to fret, if it is selfish," said Valerie; "but I shall miss him, oh so much!"

And poor Mary, glad as she was for his sake that his longing wish was granted, could echo that lament with all her heart. Who, in truth, could miss his generous help as she would, who had depended on him alone for sympathy and succour in that which was the very life of her life?

Since the second disappearance of Bertrand Lisle, which had been followed by the total absence of any tidings of him, every one but Mary herself believed that he must have succumbed to the fever from which he was suffering, especially after his exposure to the cold of that winter's night; but she never faltered in her conviction that, had he died, she would have known it in the innermost depths of her spirit, by the powerful instinct of her own faithful love.

All the time that she lay helpless on her sick-bed she knew that John Pemberton had persistently sought for him, in obedience to her wishes, though without the least hope that any good could result from it; and now she was well aware that there was no one left but herself on earth who either could or would take up the quest.

Yes, she stood alone—alone, with her constancy to that one love; but her heart only grew the stronger on his behalf from the sense that all others had forsaken him; if he were alive at all, it was certain that he must be in Paris; and if in Paris in its present state, it was equally certain that he must be in pain and suffering; therefore, as she passed out from the gate of Pere la Chaise, and left her only helper in his quiet grave, she took the solemn resolution that she would devote all the strength and power which yet remained in her weakened frame to ascertain the fate of Bertrand Lisle, and bring him succour, if it could yet avail him.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Mary Trevelyan's first step in her difficult undertaking was to visit in succession the various hospitals of Paris, all of which had ambulances attached to them for the succour of the wounded; and one and all were filled to overflowing. It would not be easy to describe how much it cost Mary, with her peculiarly retiring and quiet nature, to go thus alone from place to place searching the ranks of the sick for the one face she so pined to see. But, in the disorganised state of the capital, there was nothing remarkable in a young girl presenting herself, either at the barracks or on the ramparts, in search of a missing friend; and thither Mary fully meant to go, at least to make inquiries, if her search through the hospitals proved of no avail.

Nearly a week was thus occupied in going from one scene of suffering to another, and still she found not a trace of her lost love; to cheer her in her painful pilgrimage. At last she came, in the course of her search, to the hospital of Notre Dame de Pitie, where she had herself worked so long in the early part of the siege; and here she was brightened by the warm welcome which her little friend Marthe bestowed upon her the moment she saw her.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Marie!" she exclaimed; "I have so often wished, and wondered why you did not come to us. I thought perhaps you had come to paradise; for you are a little you know! Where have you been?"

"I have been very ill, dear Marthe, I was in great trouble, or I would have

"Ah, you do look ill—so thin and pale, but, for the matter, we shall all soon be walking skeletons, if this terrible siege goes on much longer. We live on corn and rice, and have very little else to give even our patients, now we have eaten up all our oats."

"What! even the pretty tabby that you were so fond of?" said Mary, with a sad smile. "Surely, you did not arrive at making her serve for your dinner?"

"Ah, but I did! She was a charming cat, and most distressing in her ways, but I ate her myself, my dear friend. I am stout, and I require nourishment." And, truth to tell, Marthe's appearance strongly conveyed the impression that either the cats or some other creatures had nourished her frame very satisfactorily. "Are you coming to work with us again, my dear?" she continued.

"Some day, perhaps, I may," answered Mary, "but for the present I must devote myself entirely to the search for a friend of mine who has been missing some weeks. I fear he is lying ill somewhere, and I thought he might have been brought to your ambulance."

"Come and see," exclaimed Marthe, catching her by the hand, and drawing her on to the sheds where the sick were lying, and once more she made her sad inspection from bed to bed, but with the usual result. Bertrand Lisle was not amongst the sufferers there. Mary felt more than usually desponding when she found that it was so, for this was the last hospital on her list, and even her strong faith in her own sympathetic instincts could not altogether save her from the terrible misgiving that she should never find her Bertrand, unless she could look through the graves in Pere la Chaise or Montmartre. This thought brought silent tears to her eyes, as she sat down to rest for a few minutes on a seat in the courtyard, and her distress was quickly noticed by the shrewd Marthe.

"Tell me all about him, my dear child," she said, taking a seat beside Mary; "and perhaps I shall be able to help you. Who and what was he? and how did he disappear?"

Mary was thankful to catch at any advice or assistance that could be given her; and she at once told the quick-witted little woman all the circumstances of Bertrand's stay in Paris, so far as she knew them, and of his flight, under the pressure of a sudden shock, from the Church of the Trinity.

"You mean that he was quite delirious when he made his way into the streets that night?" asked Marthe.

"Yes, quite; there could be no doubt of it. He was quite in high fever, and had been light-headed through the day."

"Then, tell me, have you sought him at the Salpêtrière?" said the nun.

"No," said Mary, eagerly; "I did not know anything about it. Is it a hospital?"

"At the present moment it is, because they have an ambulance attached to the institution, like the rest of us; but at ordinary times it is simply a refuge for the aged and the poor, and also—mark this—for the insane. It seems to me more than likely that whoever met your poor friend wandering about that night in a state of delirium would conclude he was insane, and consign him at once to the Salpêtrière. Probably the police took him there."

"Oh, Marthe, let me go!" exclaimed Mary, starting to her feet; "I feel sure you are right; I believe I shall find him at last. Oh, how can I thank you enough!"

Mary was moved quite out of her usual calmness, and seemed hardly to know what she was saying, as, with trembling hands, she tried to tie on her hat, and hastened to the gate.

"Well, well!" said Marthe, with a comical smile, "it seems these quiet English people can excite themselves sometimes. This monsieur will not come back to life for nothing, if he is found."

But Mary was too much agitated to heed her playful sarcasm. She had quickly embraced the good woman in French fashion, on both cheeks, and was already at the outer entrance, telling Pierreon, whom she had enlisted in her service, and who was waiting for her there, to call a cab for her as quickly as possible. She was soon driving away, while Marthe waved her adieux; and Mary went on with a glow of hope at her heart, which she felt had at last a foundation in reason. At length she had reached the outer lodge of the vast building, the Salpêtrière, which shelters within its walls hundreds of those who are suffering from almost every form of earthly misery. The porter admitted her, but she found, as she had expected, that it would be necessary for her to see the director before she could ascertain if any one answering to the description of Bertrand Lisle had been admitted into the institution. She had to wait some time before he was at liberty, and she walked up and down the gravel walk in front of the door, looking up with longing eyes at the stout old walls. At last the tedious delay was over, and she was ushered into the director's room. He soon became interested in her simple quiet account of the long search for Bertrand Lisle; and the hope she now felt that he might have found shelter in the Salpêtrière, and the unmistakable emotion and anxiety which showed itself even through her self-controlled manner, touched the business-like official so much that he was ready to spare no pains to ascertain if indeed the friend she sought was numbered among the thousand inmates of this hospital refuge.

"I am nearly sure that we have had such a case as you describe," he said; "but I can ascertain on referring to our books. I am not certain that he is still with us."

Mary's heart had almost ceased to beat. Could it be that she was about to lose the trace of him once again, when she had seemed so near success? She sat white and breathless, but still as ever, while the director ran his finger down column after column of the official book. Suddenly he clasped his hands.

"Ah! here we have him, I do believe." And he read out from the page: "No. 724; officer; brought by the police; supposed to be insane; found to be suffering from brain fever; attended by Dr. Cruvilliers for eight weeks; convalescent; gives his name as Bertrand de Lisle, but speaks with a British accent, and looks like an Englishman."

"Look at this case, monsieur," said the director to the doctor, pointing to the entry in the book—"what can you tell this lady about it? Is the patient still here?"

"Yes, he has quite recovered from his attack of brain fever, but it has left a weakness of the lower limbs which renders him perfectly helpless for the present, though it is a mere temporary result of his illness. I have kept him here because he seemed to have no friends to whom he could go, and in the present state of Paris he is likely to get better nourishment with us than he could elsewhere, but a change would do him good. He is very melancholy."

"Perhaps the visit of this lady will make an improvement in that respect," said the director, glancing with a smile at Mary, who had started to her feet, and was standing with heaving chest and trembling lips, and eyes full of joyous light. "Will you conduct her to him at once, monsieur?" he added.

"Willingly," said the doctor. "This way, mademoiselle. And with quick, short steps he hastened down a long passage, while she followed, hardly able to bear the tumultuous throbbing of her heart in its intense thankfulness.

"Monsieur de Lisle is not able to walk," said the doctor, "but I have had him carried into a small private garden we have for our own use, where he can enjoy the air and sunshine undisturbed by the other patients. It is here you will find him," he continued, opening a door in the corridor, which led out into a small enclosure, "but I will not intrude upon your happy meeting, mademoiselle. And standing aside to let Mary pass out, he made her an elaborate bow, closed the door behind her, and departed. Mary advanced a few steps, and then caught hold of the branch of a tree to support herself, as the strong tide of feeling swept over her, and made her trembling knees bend under her.

Bertrand was reclining in a wheel-chair, with his face turned in the opposite direction from where she stood; he was gazing at the flight of a bird that was winging its way high up over the smoke of the cannonading, as if it sought to leave the beleaguered city far behind it. The wistful sadness of his look seemed to show how gladly he too would have escaped from the spot to which his weakness confined him; but although he was pale and thin, and the sunny brightness of his face seemed dimmed, there was little change in the familiar countenance which had haunted Mary's thoughts by night and day for so many dreary months. She stood there trembling, seized with a sudden timidity. Now that the goal of all her hopes was won, perhaps Bertrand would not wish to see her, she thought; he did not love her; he had left her for Lurline. Though Lurline was false, it did not make herself more dear; might he not mistake her motive in seeking him? The courage failed her altogether to move a step nearer to him. How long she might have stood there it were hard to say; but fortunately the bird which Bertrand was watching soared finally out of sight. He lowered his gaze, and slowly turned his head; then his eyes fell on the slight graceful figure, the sweet fair face, with its tender, touching expression, so wistful and yet so timid, and instantly there flashed into his look a rapture which was unmistakable, even to her trembling heart. He uttered her name with a cry of joy, and, forgetting his helplessness, he made an effort to start from his chair and rush to her, but his limbs failed him, he sunk back into it again, and could only stretch out his arm, exclaiming, "Oh Mary, Mary, my darling! come to me! can it be possible, is it your very self?"

Then she went to his side, and, as he seized her hands, and clasped them in his own, he let his head fall down upon them, and she heard him murmuring words of thanksgiving to the compassionate God, who had let him look upon her face again.

(To be Continued.)

## Livingstonia.

We reprint the following article from the *Weekly Review*, which we are sure will be full of interest to our readers.

The Livingstonia expedition to Lake Nyassa, which left this country about nine months ago, attended by the prayers of many true friends of Africa, has hitherto met with unexampled success. Under the skilful guidance of Mr. Young, R.N., the adventurous missionary band has ascended without serious mishap the Zambesi, and its tributary the Shire, the water highway to that noble lake on the fertile banks of which a Christian and anti-slavery settlement is to be founded. The steamer taken out by the expedition has been transported in pieces by 800 native carriers beyond those falls and rapids of the Shire which so unfortunately interrupt the navigation of that fine stream; and now it floats triumphantly on Lake Nyassa as the representative of British power and humanity. Mr. Young and his brave comrades have, on the whole, enjoyed good health, and have met with exceptional civility from the natives. No act of hostility has been committed against them, but chief after chief has shown them kindness. One powerful potentate, who owns the territory fixed upon for the new settlement, has given the settlers all the facilities that could be desired. It seems that he could easily be persuaded to stop the passage of slaves through his dominions; and he may yet become a very useful auxiliary in the anti-slavery campaign to which, sooner or later, the expedition must lead.

The appearance of the steamer on the lake struck terror into the hearts of the slave-dealers in their native vessels. These enemies of the human race are at least susceptible of the fear which springs from a guilty conscience, and have salutary dread of the British flag. Mr. Young writes as if he could scarcely keep his hands off the five slave dhows he saw on the lake. He seems only to want the word of command to strike a blow at slavery on Lake Nyassa, which would reverberate through Eastern Africa. But he must restrain his ardour, and not strike, if he strike at all, till he is fully authorized and justified. The use of physical force by a small band of foreigners in the interior of Africa, however successful at first, might easily entail

very unpleasant consequences. It will be found that the best and easiest way of destroying the slave traffic in Africa is to enlist the sympathies and interests of the native chiefs against it, to make commercial treaties with them, and to show them in every practical way the beneficent genius of Christianity. But the British Government might also very properly take advantage of a settlement like that on Lake Nyassa to make its influence felt in interior Africa. Livingstonia is probably not yet of such consequence as to attract the attention and fostering care of Lord Derby or Lord Carnarvon; but neither of these statesmen can look with indifference on the infant settlement, guided as it is by a British naval officer. Mr. Young may not soon be invested with consular powers, but he cannot fail to receive the good wishes and moral support of the British Government. At all events, the British people will watch with deep interest the proceedings on Lake Nyassa, which may issue in the introduction of Christian civilization into an important region of Africa, and the diminution or destruction of the abominable slave traffic with which it has so long been cursed.

The Free Church and the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, aided in some measure by the United Presbyterian Church, embarked in a noble undertaking when they organized the Livingstonia expedition. Inspired by purely Christian motives, they resolved to attempt the realization of some of Livingston's great ideas, and to found a mission after his own heart, bearing his honoured name. To Dr. Duff, Dr. Gould, Captain Wilson, and Mr. Young, with a few other hundred spirits, is mainly due the credit of planning an enterprise which promises to be a singular blessing to Africa. How such men must rejoice at present over the bright prospects of this African Mission, and how unfeignedly all the friends of missions in the country must rejoice along with them. But on such occasions it is wise to rejoice with trembling. Very soon the bright prospects of the Nyassa settlement may be sadly overclouded. The history of missions shows us too many instances of early success turned into temporary disaster or final failure. It has often happened that, to try the faith and patience of his servants in the mission-field, God has sent them years of suffering and disappointment before enabling them to see any fruit of their labours. But we shall hope that in answer to much prayer a cheering measure of prosperity will continue to attend this latest attempt to introduce the Gospel with all its blessings into Africa. The next news from Lake Nyassa must be waited for with peculiar interest. Whatever be its tenor, it will probably be found necessary to send early supplies and reinforcements to the small band of missionary pioneers who at so much risk are endeavouring to found a Christian colony that may become a bright spot of sunshine amid the darkness of the African Continent.

## Opposition to Great Inventions.

Tradition says that John Faust, one of the three inventors of printing, was charged with multiplying books by the aid of the devil, and was persecuted both by priests and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, been presented in Turkey. The art of printing had existed three hundred years before a printing press was established in Constantinople. From 1629 to 1740 that press issued only twenty-three volumes. It was then stopped, and did not resume its issues until after an interval of more than forty years. About 1780 a press was established at Soutari, and between 1780 and 1807 issued forty volumes. Again its operations were suspended, and were not resumed until 1820, since which time it has worked more industriously than heretofore, although fettered with the paternal oversight of the Turkish Government. The ribbon-loom is an invention of the sixteenth century; and on the plea that it deprived many workmen of bread, it was prohibited in Holland, in Germany, in the dominions of the church, and in other countries of Europe. At Hamburg the council ordered a loom to be publicly burned. The stocking-loom shared the fate of the ribbon loom. In England the patronage of Queen Elizabeth was requested for the invention, and it is said that the inventor was impeded rather than assisted in his undertaking. In France opposition to the stocking-loom was of the most base and cruel kind. A Frenchman who had adopted the invention, manufactured by the loom a pair of silk stockings for Louis XIV. They were presented to the French monarch. The parties, however, who supplied history to the court caused several of the loops of the stockings to be cut, and thus brought the stocking-loom into disrepute at headquarters.

Table forks appear so necessary a part of the furniture of the dinner-table that one can scarcely believe that the tables of the sixteenth century were destitute of them. They were not, however, introduced until the commencement of the seventeenth century, and then were ridiculed as superfluous and effeminate, while the person who introduced them to Europe was called *Forkifer*. They were invented in Italy, and brought thence to England; napkins being used in this country by the polite, and fingers by the multitude.

The saw-mill was brought into England from Holland in 1768; but its introduction so displeased the English that the enterprise was abandoned. A second attempt was then made at Litchwood, and the mill was erected; but soon after its erection it was pulled down by a mob.

Pottery is glazed by throwing common salt into the oven at a certain stage of the baking. This mode of baking was introduced into this country in 1690 by two brothers who came to Staffordshire from Nuremberg. Their success and their secrecy so enraged their neighbours that they were compelled to give up the works.

The pendulum was invented by Galileo, but so late as the end of the seventeenth century, when Hooke brought it forward as a standard measure, it was ridiculed, and passed by the nickname of *swinging swang*.