Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," "ORE LIPE ONLY," RTO.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

In a quiet comes of the church, lighted only by a lamp which hung better a little side after, Mary Trevelyan found him she had sought so long—her Bertraud—her one love dearer than ever in his helplessone love dearer than ever in his helpicas-noss and poverty. He lay on a heap of straw, with his knapsack for a pillow and his military clock the weaver him as a covering, and he was still wearing a uni-form torn and scorched to several places. was askep in the attitude of a tired child, with one arm : un I his head ; as he omid, with one arm's dust his head, as he lay on his back the lamplight shone full on his face, showing the change that had taken place in the once brilliant, handsome charge d'affaires. The rich brown hair which used to be so soft and silky was matted and ustreless, the beard untrimmed, the features seemingly almost too strongly marked, from the hollowness of the sunken checks; but it was still the dear face that had haunted her dreams and lived in her thoughts, and there was no reason now why she should not let her syes dwell on it with all the tenderness that filled her heart, for he was no longer bound to any other, even though she no longer believed that he had ever loved her-

John Pemberton, whispering to her that he would see her in the morning, disappeared among the motley crowd which thronged around, and Mary sank on her knees by the rough couch, murmuring, "Oh, my darling, my darling, bave I lived to see you again !" and then she poured outher whole heart in thankfulness for her

unexpected joy.
It was perfest bliss to Mary Trevelyau to remain there by his side, letting her hand rest with a caressing touch on his long thin fingers, as they lay listlessly across his breast. There were rights and sounds of anguish all round her, yet she could not still the ceaseless song of praise within her soul, for all the love her heart could feel was lavished on the wasted form stretched out before her, and that was breathing, palpitating with the life on which her own depended. One thought of sadness only she had, and that was in the certainty of the pain which the Lorelei's letter would give him, although she could no longer doubt that she had never really loved him, and therefore that he was well loved him, and therefore that he was went quit of what would have been but a mock-ery of happiness, almost in her estimation a sacrilegious union; yet it did grieve her to know that sho herself must be the instrument of his sorrow, and that from her hand he must take the letter which would give his trust in Lureline's affection such a rude awakening. Mary determined that she would, if possible, prevent him finding out who she was until he had passed through the shock of Laura's faithlessness. and could disconnect her from any share

in bringing him such evil tidings.

The evening wore on while Bertrand slept. Hour after hour passed; it was near midnight, but there was little rest or silence within the great church. Some of the sufferers, like her own charge found a one a few sank into the surer sleep of death, and were borne away by the attendants to await their burial on the morrow but for many there was no ease from pain, nor could those rest who had come to suc

cor them. Gradually Mary noticed from Bertrand's restless movements that the effect of the opiate was beginning to wear off. He turned from side to side, stretched out his arms, muttered a few indistinct words, and at last opened wide the bright blue eyes she had scarce hoped to see again, and, raising himself on his elbow he looked

round eagerly. The moment she saw any sign of his awakening, Mary had drawn the hood of her mantle over her head, and she sat be side him, bending down her face so that he could not see it. He took her, no doubt, for one of the kind women who habitually nursed the wounded, and asked her in French if she know where Mr. Pemberton

the Englishman was? She answered in the same language thinking it might prevent him recognizing her voice, but he started visibly as the low soft tone mot his ear, as she said, "He is gone away for the night, but he will

come to you in the morning."
"Whose voice was that? who spoke,"
said Bertrand, sharply in English.

Mary did not answer, but held to his lips a glass of some restorative she had been preparing for him. He drank it and then leant back with a sich.

"My mind is wandering back to those I loved of old," he said, speaking again in French. "I thought I heard the voice that once was sweetest to me in all the world, but no doubt it was yours, kind nurse. Tell me—did the Englishman give you no message for me? Did he not leave with you a letter? He has belonging to me a letter from England. He promised I should certainly have it to night."

Yes, and it is here, 'whispered Mary "I have it quite safe for you."

"Ah, give it me! he exclaimed with feverish excitement. "Why do you delay, nurse? It is mine; let me have it as

With trembling hands she took it from her pocket and put it into his eager fingers. He almost snatched it from her in anxiety, and as he saw the peculiar hand-writing, which any one who had once seen Laura write could never mistake, a flush of eager pleasure glowed over his pale face, and he pressed the letter to his lips,

as he murmured, "My poor Lureline!"

The lamp hung on the other side from that on which Mary was sitting, and he turned completely round to get its fall light upon the paper as he tore open the

Then Mary rose very softly and moved away, saying gently, "I will come back to you when you have read your letter." Her sensitive nature shrank from witing the first moments of his bitter humiliation and disenchantment. He took no heed of her; he was already absorbed in

the lines he was reading, and she went along through the rows of prestrote forms towards a peaceful spot some little way removed from all that confused mass of suffering, and there sunk on her knees

in prayer.
After a time she rose to go back to Bertrand, and as she turned to walk through the ranks of the sick she involuntarily look ed down towards the entrance door, and saw e dark figure in the act of passing out behind the curtain which hung over the opening. How or why it was she could not tell, but a sudden chill and terror atruck into her very soul, and she hurried breathlessly to the spot where she had test Bertrand. Was she blind, or dreaming, or could it be true that she saw the straw couch where he had lain, the knapsack which had formed his hard pillow, the cloak flung on one side which had covered him? but he-her Bertrand, her one love -so long lost, so lately found-he was no longer there, he was gone! Her senses seemed abandoning her; she flung her-seif down by the bed; she passed her hands over the straw, as it to satisfy herself that ins form rested there no more-then she started up, and appealed almost fran-"Where is he? did you see him go

what has become of him? oh, tell me! Some were asleep, some too weak and ill to answer her; she got no response. But sudenly a lithe little figure rose up from behind a pillar near her and came bound-ing towards her. It was Pierron, who, after wandering about the church for some hours to extract what morsels he could from the provisions of the sick, was preparing to take his night's rest among

"If you want the monsieur who was lying in that bed," he said, "I can tell you all about him, for you left a piece of choco-late beside him which he did not eat, and I

"Oh, tell me, Pierron! where is he?

only tell me, and you shall have all the chocolate I have left."

"Yes, that is right," he said, taking hold of her hand; "come, he is gone out."

"Out! but he is ill, feeble!"

"He was in a fever, madame, like a madman; he read a letter he had over and over again, and his eyes grew wilder, and his breath came short, and he flung himself about, and at last he looked at the words on the paper again, and sprung upon his feet. He seemed quite strong, but I think he was mad, for he laughed and he crushed the letter in his hands and flung it away." "Where is he then, Pierron? where is

"Do I know? I can only tell you he went out when he had thrown the letter away. He said words which sounded like 'I will go home, I will go home.'"

Through Pierron's curious pronunciation of the English words, Mary could detect

"And then," the boy went on, "he rushed away down the church as if he were quite strong, with his eyes blazing, and his lips laughing, and he lifted up the curtain over the door, and went out into the street, and I saw him no more."

"No more! no more! Oh, my Bertrand!"
said Mary, with an almost unconscious
wail; "but I will seek him! I will never
rest till I find him!" and hastily putting the food she had promised into the hands of the child, she in her turn rushed down through the crowded church, and went out into the bitter cold night.

The stars were shining bright as diamonds in the clear expanse of heaven, the snow lay deep and hard all round, no human being was in sight in the deserted streets. Mary drew her cloak over her shoulders, and hurried on she scarce knew

"I wlll find him she said or die!"

CHAPTER XL.

John Pemberton was greatly distressed and alarmed when he returned to the church ambulance next morning and heard from Pierron of the disappearance of Bert-rand Liele, and of Mary Trevelyan's rashness in having gone out alone into the dis-turbed city to seek him. He guessed rightly enough what had happened as re-garded Bertrand. The shock he had re-ceived from Laura's letter, in his foverish state, had brought on delirium, under the influence of which he had been seized with some delusive idea that he could at once start for England. The condition of high fever in which he was, might to a cortain extent have preserved him from suffering by the bitter cold which had prevailed through the night; but Pemberton thought with dismay of Mary's delicate frame having been exposed to it, and he could only hope that she had long since found her way home, either to the hospital or to Madame Brunot's house. He could not rest however till he had ascertained where she really was; and he was walking from the door with the intention of seeking her, when he met her, coming with slow and wavering steps along the street. She seemed uttorly exhausted, but apparently had wandered back to the church with the faint hope that Bertrand might have re turned there : and when she saw John Pem berton advancing from it, she tottered towards him, and, stretching out her hands, said in a faint voice, "Has he returned? Oh, has he come back to me?"

'Alas, no!' said Pemberton; "but I hope we shall soon find him."
She threw back her head with a gosture

of despair; then her eyes closed; her lips almost unconsciously murmured, "Oh, my Bertrand! and she sank down in a hear on the snow at John Pemberton's feet. He lifted her up, and carried her into the church, while he sent Pierron flying off to procure a carriage.

Mary's face and hands were cold as ice and he guessed—what indeed was the case—that she had been wandering about all night in the snow, expecting each moment to find Bortrand extended somewhere on the pavement. When the cab arrived, Pemberton placed her in it, still quite in-sensible, and took her home to Madame Brunot's, where nurse Parry seized upon her at once, loud in lamentations. With Valerie's help, poor Mary was soon placed in the bed from which she was destined

ast to move for many days to come. Meanwhile, for days, and even weeks John sought for Bertrand, but altogether in vain. Nowhere, far or near could be find any trace of him. It was well perhaps for Mary that a serious illness, the result of fatigue and exposure, rendered her for some time incapable even of knowing his ill energy.

She lay helpless in her bed while the year which had been so fatal to France losed in sullen gloom, and another opened which was destined to be yet more terrible. The gleam of hope watch the armistice of January had brought was again extia-guished, and the selge had been renewed with double vigour. It was plain however that the cruel struggle must be ended soon, were it only for the sake of the famishing women and children. But the prospect of the bitter humiliation that awaited them had deepened if possible the deadly hatred felt by the French soldiers for their P-ussian foes; and the position of the resident German tradespeople who were unable to escape from Paris before the seige was becoming extremely dangerous; they were perpetually liable to the suspicion of harbouring designs for the betrayal of the city into the hands of the enemy; and any one, even amongst the French themselves, who showed them the smallost friendliness, was in danger of being accused of complicity in their supposed treachery.

Not far from the Brunots' house was a Not far from the Brunots' house was a little toyshop, kept by a quiet old man, a native of Nuremberg, who, in happier times, had been a great friend of the colportour's children, and had often bestowed playthings upon them which they could not afford to buy. Naturally, the little ones, French, though they were, could see no reason for giving up their acquaintance with kind old Herr Klein; and it was only in chellings to Libra Beacher and a strong in obedience to John Pemberton's strong prohibition that Valerie ceased from going daily into his shop as she passed to wish him "Good morning."

One afternoon in the month of February Pemberton went as usual to Madame Brunot's, to inquire after Mary Trevelyan, and to report to her the continued failure of his endeavours to find Bertraud Lisle. She was now well enough to sit up, though she had not yet been out of doors; and he found her in her usual position reclining in an easy chair drawn close to the window, whence she could look out on the street as if she hoped to see him pass on whom her hopes were continually fixed.

John Pemberton was pleased to see Mary looking stronger than she had done since the dreadful night which had so nearly proved fatal to her; but he at once pereived that she as well as all the rest of the family, was in a great state of anxiety and alarm; and the cause was soon told to

Valerie had been sent out, early in the morning, to purchase some rice and bread, on which the household now chiefly subsisted, and had never returned. baker's shop was at a considerable distance from the house, and they knew that she would have to wait a long time till it came to her turn to be served amongst the patient crowd who often had to pass hours at the door of the bakehouse before they could obtain their scanty supply; and, therefore, for a considerable period, even weak nervous Madame Brunot was not surprised at Valerie's nonappearance. But as the day wore on they all became very uneasy at her unaccountable absence. Mrs. Parry had gone out to look for her, and had walked about for some time without seeing any trace of the child; but she had not dared to venture The good woman was excessively timid, and in the present state of Paris she never voluntarily went outside the door. On the present occasion her inability to speak French, so as to make inquiries for Valerie, rendered her comparatively useless when she did go. She soon came back, and even Madame Brunot did not ask her to go again. They all relied on the hope that John Pemberton would call as he so often did; and they knew how speedily and energetically he would seek the poor child wherever there was the re-

motest chance of finding her. "If you had not come soon I must have gone out myself," said Mary anxiously;
"it would have done no good for nurse Parry to have gone again.

"You do not look very fit for such an expedition," he said with a smile; "but I shall go to the bakehouse at once, and I hope I shall bring her back with me. trust that it may only be that she has had to wait longer than usual."

"You always bring us so much comfort, eaid Mary, looking up at him gratefully. "What a friend you have been! You will have a great blessing I am sure for the

kindness you have shown us.' "It has been by special mercy that I have been allowed to be of any use," he answered humbly; "but dear Mary you can repay me a thousand times any little help I have been able to give you if you will sometimes remember me when you speak to our Father in heaven and ask for me that when my hour shall strike I may pe permitted to go swift and straight to the feet of Him through whom alone I hope

"I think you may be very sure that it will be so," said Mary, "though not perhaps for many years to come.

"Many years!" said John, looking up thoughtfully into the blue cloudless sky; "sometimes I feel as if I could not wait many hours, I long so inexpressibly for the vision of that Divine One, the only Pure and True. Then he coloured vio-lently at having been betrayed into an exprossion of feeling on so sacred a subject, and pressing her hand he went hastily out on his mission. Never while Mary Travelyan lived did she forget those words, or the yearning look in John Pembertons eyes as he uttered them.

The young man hurried along the street much more seriously uneasy about Valerie Brunot than he had cared to let her friends see. He went in the direction of the bakehouse, looking carefully on either side as he advanced; when he reached the shop he found himself at the end of a long string of persons who were waiting to be served, and saw at once that Valerie was not among them. It was in vain to sak the busy men in the shop if, amongst such a crowd of applicants they remem-

bered one little girl; and he was turning away more anxious than ever when he ob-served a small figure crouching under an served a small figure orononing under an archway at the opposite side of the street, which he recognized at once as the lost child, and the moment she saw him Valerie bounded towards him, and flung herself into his arms sobbing hysterically, and slinging to hip. in evident terror.

"My dear child," he said soothing her, "I see you have sorrehow been very much frightened, but we had better go home as fast as we can, and then you will tell us

fact as we can, and then you will bell us all that has happened."
"Oh no, no!" she exclaimed; "I must tell you first. I am so frightened I dare not go near our house. I should have stayed out all night if you had not come."

Let us go in here then. he said, drawand to go in more then, me said, drawing her within the portice of a church which stood near, "we can sit down on the tench here while you tell me. She obeyed, nestling close to him, and clasping her hands round his arm while she told her story.

"It is poor Herr Klein that has done

it all," she said; "but he could not help it. You know that little house near ours which was thrown into ruins by a great shell bursting on the roof?"
"You mean the cottage that is unin-

habited now, with only part of it left standing?

"Yes; I was just passing it, on my way to the bakers shop, when I heard a most dreadful noise of shouting and screaming, and people calling out that they were betrayed, as they always do when they want to kill somebody. I was frightened; and ran inside the doorway of the little house (for there is no door on it now); and I had hardly done so when I saw Herr Klein come flying down the street, without his hat, and his face all white, with a red streak across his forehead, and he came dashing into the little house where I was, and went down on his hands and knees on the ground behind me, and said, 'Valorie, stand in the doorway for Heaven's sake, and hide me! And I did, though I was dreadfully afraid, for there came a crowd of soldiers next, rushing along with their swords drawn and their guns on their shoulders, and they were calling out, Death to the Prussian spy! death to the Prussian traitor!' I suppose they never thought at first that Herr Klein was hiding in the ruined house, and they went on past it. But, your know, a little way further down they could see down the long boulevard, and in a minute they could tell that he had not gone that way; and so they all came storning back into the house where I was, saying, 'He must be here;' but that very moment Herr Klein had crept through a window at the back, and was gone; and so then they caught

hold of me, and asked if he had been there. I could not tell a lie, you know, so I said, 'Yes,' and then they demanded where he had gone, and I said I did not know. Then one of them called out, 'She is an accomplice, the little viper! I know her: it is the fillette Brunot; I have seen her in his shop. He uses her as a spy. Let us crush the little serpent! let us kill her!' And another said, 'We must make her tell where he is, first; but we can get her at any time—I know where she lives. In the meantime, we may catch him yet, if we are quick. See, there are marks of blood on this window; he has got out that way.' So then they flung me down, saying, 'Dont think to escape us, little traitness! We will find you in your nest of serpents; no doubt the whele family are traitors! And then they all went scramb-ling through the window, and left me, and I ran away as fast as ever I could, and came here. I got our bread, but I have came here. I got our bread, but I have been afraid to go home, for I am sure those terrible soldiers will be waiting for me, and perhaps they will go to our house kill us all-maman and Mary and little Jacques."

Valerie began to sob afresh, while John Pemberton sat in great perplexity, considering what would be the best course to take. He thought it probable as Klein take. He thought it probable as Klein had a considerable start of his pursuers, that he would escape them, in which case it was but too likely that the soldiers would seek to wreak their vengance on the child whom they chose to pronounce his accomplice. Yet matters might be worse if they burst into Madame Brunot's house when there was no one there to protect it; and he came to the conclusion at last that he must risk the endeavour to take Valerie home, and he trusted that, by using the most unfrequented streets, they might reach the house in safety. Valerie trusted him too implicitly to object, and

hand in hand they started. (To be Continued.)

The past year was the most prolific in wine in France since the year 1858. In seventy-seven departments one bulion eight hundred and forty million gallons were pro-

THE commission paid to the Rothschilds on the Suez Canal purchase money amounts to \$99,414. It is this which Mr. Gladstone complains of, and not the purchase itself.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to Bishop William White, the first Bishop of the United States, in the Philadelphia Centennial grounds. He was a native of that city, presided over the first Episcopal Convention, and wrote out with his own hand the first constitution of the Church.

Roses, orange blossoms, jasmine, violets, geraniums, tuberoses, and jonquil, contain types of nearly all flower odors. Jasmine and orange flowers give the scent of the sweet pea; jasmine and tuberose, that of hyacinth; while violet and tuberose resem-ble that of the lily of the valley.

ONE of the most interesting results of the late elections in France is the defeat of Prince Jorome Napoleon, and the election of the ex-Minister Rouher. Prince Napoteon had announced that he accepted the political situation, or in other words the Republic, and declared himself a democrat. He was opposed by the adherents of Eugenie, who, herself used her influence to secure his defeat. The Republicans have control of the Chamber of Deputies, and it is understood will act unitedly on the question of amnesty.

Scientific and Asecul.

an excellent, well recommended pickle for curing hams is made of one and a half pounds of salt, half a pound of sugar, half an ounce of saltpetrs, and half an ounce of otash. Buil all together till the dirt from the sugar has arisen to the top and is shimmed. Pour it over the meat, and leave the latter in the solution for four or

TRASPPLANTING PLANTS.

The Germantow Telegraph says. -effectual in transplanting tomato, cabbage. canteloupe, or any other tender plant from the hot bed, or from one place to another, as to prepare a vessel filled with manure water and rich soil, about the consistency of thin much, with which the roots of the plant should be well coated, and set in a hole made of a round piece of wood or dibble. After being rather firmly planted, moisten again with manure water. We have never tailed in any transplanting, when done in this way, and the trouble is very slight.

MILITARY STATISTICS.

M. Amadeo le Faure, a Frenchman, has published a complete analysis of the military strongth of the various nations in 1875. Germany, it appears, has an army, including al' classes of reserves and the nave ing al' classes of reserves and the navy, which foots up a total of 1,700,000 men, which foots up a total of 1,700,000 men, with annual estimates of £20,000,000. The English army and navy, including militia and volunteers, comprise 585,000 men, and cost £24,800,000; Austria has 585,000 men, costing £10,800,000; Felgium, 48,000, with an expenditure of £1,659,200; Denmark, 54,000, costing £869,000; Spain, according to the regulations of 1870, possesses 270,000 men, with a yearly budget of £6,400,000; France, with the reserve and navy, has a total a yearly budget of £6,400,000; France, with the reserve and navy, has a total effective strength of 1,700,000, costing £26,600,000; Greece, 51,000 men, and estimate £860,000; Italy, 760,000 men, expenditure, £9,840,000; Holland, 100,000, cstimate, £1,120,000; Portugal, 78,000 men, costing £180,000. Russia has with the Gest £180,000; Russia has, with the fleet, an effective strength of 1,500,000 men, with a budget of £27,000,000; Sweden, 100,000 men, costing £1,120,000. The effective men, costing £1,120,000. The effective strength of Switzerland is approximately 180,000 men, costing only £360,000; Turkey, 800,000 men, with estimates of £5,680,000. On a war footing, therefore, the armies of Europe are 9,383,000 men, costing annually £186,804,000.

HOW ARE DIAMONDS FORMED ?

The geological occurrence of the diaf South Africa has been often described, but some new points of interest are brought out in a recent paper read before the Geological Society of London by Professor Maskelyne and Dr. Flight. They have found the rock at Du Toit's Pan and other similar diggings to have a soft, deother similar diggings to have a soit, de-composed character, consisting of a scapy steatite-like magma, with a hydrated bron-zite, crystals of new vermiculite mineral, called Vaalite, opaline silica, and other non-essential constituents. This rock has been extensively metamorphosed and fractured, and in many places broken through by dikes of an igneous diorite. It is asserted that "the diamends occur more plentifully, if not exclusively," in the neighborhood of those dikes, or near them, in the strata of the hydrous rock through which the igneous material has been ejected. In confirmation of this view the writers urge the distinctive characters of the diamonds in different localities, and their sharp, unabraided character. How the diamonds have been formed cap hardly be explained, though it is a point of considerable interest, if it may be accepted, that the metamorphosed bronzite rock, possibly at places of its contact with carbonaceous shales, was the original home of the diamond.—Editor's Scientific Record, in Harper's Magazine for March.

THE LEPERS OF INDIA. The Lancet is reminded by " the gor-

geons displays, the festivities and other manifestations of rejoicing in the East with which the Prince of Wales has been welcomed," of the sad condition of the lepers in Bombay. What loprosy is no one who has not seen it can well imagine, and it is unnecessary to describe it. But in the Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy Dhurrumsala. a refuge for the destitute and sick in Bombay, the Lancet, on the authority of the bay, the Lancet, on the authority of the Times of India, says that there are some 120 lepers ledged at the present time, sharing its scanty accommodation with an approximatively equal number of the poor, aged and crippled. The lepers live in what are called chawls or cells, some six feet long by five feet wide, and the institution is so full that often two lepers are crowded into one of them. They are without furniture or even cooking utensile, but each of them is allowed two pounds of rice and three pice with which to pay for fuel to dress their food. They consist of men, women and children, the children being the offspring of the men and women, some of them being born in the Dhurrumsala itself, for no separation of the sexes is attempted, or, it seems, even thought of. Unfortunate creatures with "thei wasted till only the outline of the bones remain, or else swollen out of all form of limbs," sit or lie about as they choose, without supervision or inedical care, except from one charitable physician whose name is withheld, at his own request seemingly. They are visited by no friends and by no minister of any religion. "They are abandoned," says the Times of India, "of Jod and man, and were it not that the Dhurrumsala gives them the half of a six-foot cell in which to lie, and a handful of rice with which to sustain life, they would die in their sores along our streets and in our compounds." Only those who are very much afflicted are admitted into the refuge. Those who are not in so advanced a state of disease are sent away to beg in the publie highways and byways until they are sick enough to be taken into the Dhur-

TRE Pope contributes two Mossics to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, one representing the Madonna by Raphael, and one of St. Agnes by Gaetili.