

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. D. KENY, AUTHOR OF "TRED," "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

The passenger boat from Calais to Dover was making its way over a sea which for once was comparatively smooth, so that the deck of the steamer did not present quite such a scene of desponding human misery as is generally produced by the transit across the channel. One unfortunate Frenchman there was evidently far more comfortable, who kept plaintively asking those around him if they could yet "see do half-way," and two or three Italians, who are proverbially bad sailors, went on continually making significant grimaces, expressive of their intense dislike to the capricious element to which they had trusted themselves; but most of the English on board seemed quite to enjoy the passage. It was high summer, in the year 1869, and the sky was blue and cloudless, while the light breeze, that only raised a few little dancing waves on the surface of the water, was full of exhilarating freshness, which seemed to have improved the spirits of many who were seated in groups, talking and laughing, or leaning over the side of the vessel conversing together. All, however, with one single exception, had their looks turned in the direction of the coast towards which they were going, watching for the first shimmer of the white cliffs over the deep blue sea, and eagerly discussing in how many minutes they might hope to set foot on the English shore. The one exception was a very striking looking man, who was leaning with folded arms on the opposite rail, fixing an intent almost impassioned gaze upon the coast of France, which was rapidly receding from his view. Any one who had ever seen Louis, Comte de L'Isle, in his youth, would have recognized his son in the beautifully moulded features of his noble face, and in the stately bearing, which marked the descendant of one of the proudest lines of the old noblesse. But aristocratic-looking and dignified as he was, the great charm of Bertrand Lisle's countenance was in the sunny brightness of his expression, and the frank winning smile which often hovered on his lips. He looked, what in truth he was, a man at peace with all the world and with himself. His life had been happy, and singularly free from temptation and error, his profession was one which suited him well, he enjoyed the cultivated society of the diplomatic circles to which he belonged, and, as yet, no tempest of passionate feeling had ever been roused in his heart, to disturb its freedom and serenity. His appearance was very attractive. He had bright blue eyes, clear and candid, that met every look with a fearless gaze; a broad open forehead, over which the thick masses of his brown hair were always falling in rebellious disorder; and there was a peculiar sweetness of expression in the curve of the lips, which he still adored as being the highest type of earthly goodness.

Notwithstanding his likeness to his father, Bertrand Lisle was essentially English in manners and appearance; by education and habits, in thought and feeling, he belonged absolutely to his adopted country. He had never spent more than a few hours in France throughout his life; and he would often say, with a rather uneasy smile, that he even spoke French with a truly British accent. England was very dear to him as his home and the native land of his dead mother, and it would have cost him a bitter pang had he been told that he must spend his days in any other part of the world, and yet the gaze which he was even now fixing on the fast-fading shores of sunny France might have disclosed, if read aright, that which was the master-passion of his soul. There is in most lives some secret thought or sentiment which is held too sacred to be ever exposed to the scrutiny or comments of others, and there were many reasons, besides this natural reticence, which had kept Bertrand Lisle rigidly silent to all on the subject that, up to the present time, had always lain nearest his heart. Look at him now as he stands, with just such a look riveted on the vanishing coast-line as men are wont to fix on a beloved face when death is stealing away its animation and brightness, and none could doubt that intense patriotism bound him with invisible chains to the native land of his race, and that all the vicissitudes of that beautiful and unfortunate country found a response in his loyal heart, which was none the less fervent that it was outwardly unspoken. Many causes combined to keep him silent on this subject, which was to him as sacred as it was mournful. He entirely agreed with his father in political opinions, and was as little hopeful as the old man himself of ever seeing him whom they deemed the rightful king placed on the throne of France, while he shared with him the conviction that a voluntary exile was the only righteous course which remained to them under the circumstance. Yet he felt that if he ever spoke of this theme, it would not be possible to spare his father the pain of discovering that all his efforts to make a thorough Englishman of his son had not eradicated that imperishable love of country which glows in the breast of every true man, and it would not have been easy either to explain to him, or to anyone, the conflicting emotions which swayed him in this matter; for, deep and tender as was his devotion to France, he truly loved England as his home, to which he was attached by many a life-long tie, and by his connection with the Reformed Church of the country in which he had been brought up by his mother. The fact, of which he was aware, that the ancient estates of the family were all entirely lost to them, prevented him from having the slightest desire actually to live in France, and yet, on the rare occasions when he passed through on his way to or from the Continent, it never failed to exercise a charm over him which filled him with agitation half sweet half sorrowful.

Bertrand continued now to watch the distant coast with the same intent and

wistful gaze, so long as it was even indistinctly visible, but when at length the last faint line of the shore disappeared below the horizon, he seemed to make an effort to shake himself free of the influence that so strongly possessed him, and, turning round, he sat down on a seat, and let his eyes follow the gaze of those around him—towards the well-known outline of the English coast, which was rapidly becoming visible. Then his thought flew on to the home and the father towards whom he was hastening, and his bright pleasant face took an expression of sadness which was rare to it. There was a deep and tender attachment between the father and son, which had never been marred by so much as a word of dissension, and the perfect confidence they had always given to each other had been a great source of happiness to both. Bertrand knew well that all this was about to have an end, and his disposition was naturally so gay and buoyant that it was always his involuntary impulse to seek a refuge at once from painful thoughts whenever they assailed him. He turned his mind straightway now, therefore, to that which had been an unailing source of peace and brightness to him from the days of his earliest recollections, and the image rose before him of Mary Trevelyan, in her stillness and grace, with her sweet pure face, and her dark eyes so full of depths of feeling, to which the delicate lips, in their habitual silence, never give expression, and a sense of consolation and calm stole into his troubled heart with the very remembrance of that dear presence, which ever shed an abiding light upon his home.

Mr. Lisle had been right when he told Mary that Bertrand loved her; he did love her, with an earnest enduring affection, which had grown up with him from childhood, and which he perhaps scarcely recognized in its real strength, because it was so completely a part of himself, and so entirely without exaggeration or passion. It had never occurred to him to speak of it to her, because she simply seemed a portion of his existence, without whom it would fail of the best elements of its enjoyment. The idea of marriage with her had perhaps taken no definite form in his mind, because they had never been separated long enough to make him feel any urgent wish to bind her more closely to him, and he never could have dreamt of removing her for so much as a day from his father, to whom she was more absolutely essential even than to himself; but he never for a moment supposed that his life could go on without her; and when he looked into the future she was always by his side, sharing all his burdens till their weight became almost unendurable. He had never thought of asking her if she loved him, any more than he dreamt of telling her of his affection in so many words. Her peculiar quietude of manner had perhaps held him back unconsciously, but he knew that her silent care had been round him in well nigh every instant, that his wishes were interpreted and fulfilled without a question, and that every roughness had been smoothed from his path which with her tender solicitude. The thought of seeing her again, after a year's absence, drew the sting from all the pain with which he anticipated his approaching bereavement, and when at length the steamer reached Dover he was the first to spring on shore and hurry on to take his place in the tram for London.

Bertrand was not aware that his father's danger was so imminent as it really was, for the invalid had grown rapidly worse since Mary had written to summon him home, so it was without any immediate pressure of anxiety that he arrived, late at night, at the little country station near Mr. Lisle's house, and having left his luggage to be brought on in the morning, he walked quietly away through the starlit fields which led by a short cut to his father's door.

It was nearly midnight when Bertrand reached the villa, and he rang very gently lest he should disturb the invalid, whom he trusted might be reposing in slumber. Somewhat to his surprise, however, the door was opened so quickly that it almost seemed that some one had been waiting behind it to admit him, and his eyes fell at once on the familiar face of an individual known in the house as Nurse Parry, with whom his very earliest recollections were connected. She had taken charge of Mary Trevelyan from the day when the poor little infant had been left motherless within a few hours of her birth; but Mrs Parry was both in education and position much above the rank of a servant—she was the widow of a missionary who had died in Madeira, and she had been on her way home to England when Mary was born on board the vessel in which she was sailing, and it was a mere sentiment of compassion which had prompted her to take the forlorn orphan into her care until some ordinary nurse could be procured at the close of the voyage; but long before that time the good woman had become so much attached to the poor little babe, which really owed its life to her tenderness, that she could not make up her mind to part with it, and as she was herself childless, and very much straightened in means, she very willingly acceded to the wish of the Lisles that she should continue to take charge of Mary, and make her home with them for the rest of her life; although she was not by any means their equal in birth, she was quite enough of a gentlewoman to make her a suitable associate for Mary, and she was such a perfectly simple unostentatious person, that she preferred taking rank with the housekeeper in social arrangement. She had proved a most valuable friend to them all, however, and Bertrand welcomed with cordial pleasure the first sight of her comely countenance, with the shrewd black eyes—looking all the blacker for the contrast with the grey hair and widow's white cap—and the wide good humoured mouth, which expanded into a smile the moment her eyes lit on Bertrand, despite the fact that there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

He flung his arms round her neck, and kissed her warmly, while she exclaimed, "My dear boy, how glad I am to see you! I have been waiting this last half hour to open the door!"

"But how did you know I was coming to-night, nurse? I sent no letter."  
"I know it in a very strange and mysterious way," she answered, lowering her voice; "come in and I will tell you;" and shutting the outer door, she drew him into the sitting-room.

(To be Continued.)

A New African Christian Colony.

The motive of Dr. Livingstone's life was the opening up of Africa to that civilization which is the fruit of Christianity, and the consequent abolition of the slave trade which has cast a blight for ages over a land which nature, in so many ways, well watered expanses has done so much to bless. If, as he approached the close of his days on earth, the missionary traveller was asked what monument he would desire his countrymen to erect to his memory, he would probably say in his intelligent epigrammatic style, "Complete my work." When the Scotch missionary societies met to determine upon a Livingstone memorial, they resolved to found a settlement in the heart of Africa. The name chosen for the new settlement is Livingstone, and its site is to be on Cape Maclear, a promontory which divides the southern extremity of Lake N'Yassa into two estuaries. This promontory has some serviceable harbors for small craft, which will be launched on the waters of the lake by the colonists. It has very obvious facilities for defence in case of an attack by land. The soil and exposure are all that can be desired. The inhabitants have been very friendly to Livingstone, and will no doubt be so also to the people of the township named after him. Near this point to the southward is one of the great routes of the slave trade, and to this great traffic the colony will from the very first present a most formidable obstruction. Every effort will be made, from the outset, to conciliate the native chiefs, and inspire in them a feeling of confidence in their new neighbors, and a just impression that the object of the settlement is for their good and the good of the whole country. With the co-operation of the native chiefs there is not the slightest doubt that the horrors of the slave trade in the countries lying to the west of Lake N'Yassa will be at once abated. The land for the proposed township will be bought; everything affecting relations with the natives will be conducted in the strictest and most honourable manner.

The missionary colony, as this new expedition for the Christianization and civilization of Africa may be called, sailed some time since in the *Walmer Castle*. The pioneers are under the leadership of Mr. Edward Young, who was one of the assistants of Dr. Livingstone when he was conducting his exploration of the Zambesi, and who also proved the falsity of the report spread by the faithless Johanna men, of the death of the brave man they so heartlessly abandoned. The colonists embrace a missionary, a doctor, carpenters, engineers, and others who will be of practical assistance in establishing the township. The articles and implements useful for the work intended to be done. Two boats are included in the equipment, designed for river navigation, and they will be found exceedingly useful in forming connections with the coast. One of them is a steam launch, in sections capable of easy union. She is called the "Hala," and will ply between Livingstone and the cataracts on the river Shire. Nothing seems to have been omitted which will serve to make the enterprise a success so far as man's experience may indicate, and doubtless many prayers are being presented that the blessings of heaven may rest upon the great enterprise.

When Mr. Young has established the settlement, and effected between it and the coast a tolerably reliable means of communication, his work ceases. This, of course, implies making Livingstone a commercial centre, to which the products of the country will be drawn, and a more legitimate and profitable source of revenue opened up to the chiefs, instead of the demoralizing and cursed trade in human beings. When signs of success appear, more missionaries and more European settlers will go out. Those who have read the journals of Livingstone, will fully appreciate the adaptability of this missionary settlement system to the wants of Africa. It is teaching by direct instruction and example. It brings side by side the methods, manners, and industries of civilized life, and the religion which originated most of them, and ennobled the others. The experiment seems to be directed from above. What may be achieved by it may place this pioneer scheme in the history of the future on a par with the grand central events in the story of human effort.

Speaking the Truth from the Heart.

There are some people who fear the displeasure of their fellow-creatures so much, that it is hardly true perhaps of such persons, that they exercise any choice in many matters. Their one aim is to avoid blame; they will give up their right, their opinion, their everything, in short, to avoid censure or ridicule, or even an inquiring look from some persons, while with others we shall find them bold, positive, overbearing, and very selfish. It is obvious that such self-abnegation has no real good in it, and proceeds merely from a slavish spirit. If the fear of God restrained every assertion of opinion in one room or company, it would do so in another. The timidity that is real and natural may indeed disappear in the society of the gentle or the familiar, but if it is genuine it is not replaced by a bold disregard of courtesy anywhere. Such characters as these are cowardly, and therefore easily led, especially to evil; but they are also so very vain that they cannot bear to be thought submissive, and therefore assert themselves, as it were, with needless energy, when they are with those who are younger, gentler, or more moderate than themselves. It is certainly not from such dispositions that anything of noble firmness is to be expected, and it is gentle firmness alone that can well and thoroughly resist temptations to do wrong because others do—without giving offence, and without self-exaltation.—*Lady Charlotte Maria Peppys.*

Stimulants.

By THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

Most children have an instinctive dislike to alcohol in any shape, unless, indeed, there be a hereditary predisposition toward it—of all predispositions the most fatal. Any one who knows the strong pureness of a constitution which has received from two or three temperate generations an absolute indifference to stimulants, can hardly overvalue the blessing it is to a child, boy or girl, to bring it up from babyhood in the firm faith that wine, beer, and spirits are only medicines, not drinks, that when you are thirsty, be you man, woman, or child, the right and natural beverage for you is water, and only water. If you require it, if you have been so corrupted by the evil influence of your youth or the luxurious taste of your after-years that you "cannot drink water," either there is something radically diseased in your constitution, or you will soon bring yourself to that condition. Long before you are middle-aged you will have no lack of "often infirmities."

To "drink no wine nor strong drink," to be absolutely independent of the need of it, or the temptation to it—any young man or woman brought up on this principle has not only a defence against many moral evils, but physical strength always in reserve to fall back upon accidental sickness, and the certain feebleness of old age call for that resource, which I do not deny is at times a most valuable one. But the advice I would give to the young and healthy is this: Save yourself from all spirituous drinks, as drinks, as long as ever you can, even as you would resist using a crutch as long as you had your own two legs to walk upon. If you like wine—well, say honestly you take it because you like it, that you prefer indulging your palate at the expense of your health; but never delude yourself, or suffer others to delude you, that alcohol is a necessity any more than stays or orthopedic instruments, or strong medicinal poisons, or other sad helps which nature and science provide to sustain us in our slow but sure decay.

Still, to retard that decay as much as possible, to keep up to the last limit the intellectual and physical vigor, which is such a blessing not only to ourselves but to those about us, this is the religion of the body, too often lost sight of, but which I for one count it no heathenism both to believe in and to preach: a religion, not a superstition; the reverence and care for the physical temple of the divine human soul, without in the least sinking to that luxurious Greek philosophy which considered the body only as worth regarding.—*Sermons out of Church.*

An Affecting Scene.

The many freaks of physical infirmity show nothing stranger than instantaneous blindness or deafness or their immediate cure. But cases of the kind are well authenticated. The following is told in a recent issue of the *Presbyterian* under a remarkable and touching story of a little boy, the son of a gentleman in an adjoining county. His age is twelve or thirteen. He is an interesting and promising lad. One day during the past winter he failed to rise in the morning as early as usual. At length his father went into a room where he lay, and asked him why he did not get up. He said it seemed dark yet, and he was waiting for daylight. His father retired; but the boy not making his appearance for some time, he returned and said a second time: "My son, why don't you get up?" "Father, is it daylight?" he asked. "Yes, long ago." "Then, father," the little fellow said, "I am blind."

And so it was. His sight was gone. In a short time his father took him to Nashville, to get the benefit of the medical profession there; but none of the physicians could do anything for him, and happily made no experiments on his eyes. Some ladies in a family of his father's acquaintance sought to cheer him in his affliction, and one night proposed to take him to the opera, that he might hear the music and singing. He went and was delighted.

In the course of the performance all at once he leaped up, threw his arms around his father's neck, and screamed with ecstasy—"O father! I can see!" His sight had instantly returned. And since then he has retained it in full vigor, except that under excitement there is sometimes a transient dimness of vision. The case is one of a remarkable and singular character.

Fruitless Reading.

Nine-tenths of the reading done, is probably, simply to pass time, or procure a pleasant excitement for unoccupied hours. Few who read do it with any definite purpose of increasing their stock of knowledge or ideas, and few, therefore, accomplish any useful purpose by reading. On the contrary, it becomes to them a kind of dissipation, the reaction from the interest of which leaves them more dull and unsatisfied than before. We blame the effects of the reading of novels upon writers, when really they are more chargeable upon novel readers. Few stories but possess some motive worth tracing, some character with points of interest, if we read it carefully, and with the intention of finding out what there is in it deserving of praise or blame. But the army of story readers stop for nothing till they get to the end of the volume, and know nothing in regard to what they have read, except that all the troubles came to a happy termination, and the hero and the heroine were married at last. Descriptions of natural scenery, details of individual character, the careful working out of results from the incidents and individualities grouped together—all these are "skipped," overlooked, never thought of; in fact the book itself is forgotten, or at least, no clear idea of its features is retained, after forty-eight hours have passed.

Such reading as this is worse than useless—it wastes valuable time, and furnishes the brain with nothing in return. If a book

is not worth reading with care, if it adds nothing to our store of knowledge, if it supplies no food for thought or discussion, it is not worth reading at all. Indeed this is a very good test to apply to a book, and one which, if it could be properly applied by the class of readers who would be the most benefited by it, would reduce their stock of literature to a very low ebb.

Reading is like food taken into the stomach; it is not the amount consumed, but the quantity appropriated and turned into good blood by the activity forces of the organism which tells the story of the benefit derived from it.

Books should be read slowly, a little at a time, thought over and talked over. If they will not stand this process, throw them aside as worthless, and put your time and energies into something better. Read history, poetry or philosophy with some intelligent friend if possible; if not, alone, and write out your notes or comments as you go along. Very soon you will find yourself in possession of a mass of facts and ideas which will make you an interesting companion to those with whom you have to converse. You will lose self-consciousness in the larger domain of thought, and embarrassment by being occupied in things beside yourself. Instead of being morally confused and bewildered by the absurdities and exaggerated sentiment of fiction, you will begin to see how wonderfully every, from the largest to the smallest particle, works in accordance with natural law, and that our in-harmony proceeds from within more than from without.

We must really read, and read that which is worth reading, if we would know.—*Hearth and Home.*

Use Made of a Pack of Cards.

The Rev. Dr. S. J. Wilson writes from Chester, Eng., to the *Presbyterian*. *Banner*:

"Concerning a house in Bridge Street, Chester, in his history of Chester, tells the following: 'In the year 1558, Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, came to Chester on his way to Ireland, entrusted with a commission from Queen Mary for prosecuting the Protestants in that part of the kingdom. The commissioner stopped one night in this house on his way, then a noted inn, called the Blue Posts, and kept by a Mrs. Mottershead, where he was visited by the mayor, to whom, in the course of conversation, he communicated his errand, taking out a leather box from his cloak bag, and saying in a tone of exultation, 'Here is what will lash the heretics of Ireland.' This announcement was overheard by the landlady, who had a brother in Dublin, and whilst the commissioner was complimenting his worship down stairs, the good woman opened the box and taking out the commission placed in its stead a pack of cards, with the *knave of clubs* uppermost. The unsuspecting doctor packed up the box again, and with its far different contents proceeded on his journey. On his arrival at the Castle of Dublin, the precious box was presented to the Lord Deputy and the privy Council, who, on opening it found, in place of the commission, the pack of cards, prefaced with the significant *knave of clubs*. The surprise of the assembly was of course great, and the doctor's perhaps, the greatest of all. He was not slack in his protestations that this was not the commission he had received, and was entirely ignorant how it had disappeared. 'Let us have another commission,' said the Deputy, and forthwith the amazed and chagrined commissioner returned to the court for the purpose, but before he could return to Ireland, Queen Mary (Bloody Mary) died, and Elizabeth, her successor, rewarded Mrs. Mottershead with a pension of forty pounds sterling a year during her life.' This is the only instance I have ever heard of in which Providence had used a pack of cards for good. My observation of cards on ship-board and elsewhere would lead me to suppose that the *knave of clubs* is uppermost in every pack."

Social Birds.

It is wonderful how the birds love the companionship of men. Even the Indian recognizes this liking, and puts up his gourd shell for the purple martin; and the coloured man of the South in like manner sets up a calabash, while in our villages are seen martin houses, often evincing taste in their construction. But the American swallows formerly kept aloof from men, and in the far west the martin still, as of old, builds in hollow trees. Some of our migratory birds are seen with us in the winter. This is explained, I think, by the agricultural habits of men. Wherever agriculture flourishes, so will insects, and the birds of the husbandman are thus attractive to the birds who come thither with their sweet voices and good deeds. Now this fact does, I think, in time greatly modify the migration impulse. The bluebird is a frequent visitor of our gardens in winter, though not in large numbers. He now finds his food in the larvae of those insects which are the pests of the farm; and it is pleasant to watch him peeping around palings and under ledges and rails for this food.—*Selected.*

One-Staffed Barrels.

By means of an ingenious process, lately devised, a barrel can now be made consisting of but one stave. This it appears is accomplished by turning a steamed log, of the length of a barrel, against a sharp knife of the requisite length, and thus cutting it into a continuous sheet of wood of the thickness of a barrel stave. Enough of this ribbon of wood is then cut off for the circumference of a barrel, and crozed or chamfered by suitable machinery. To give the barrel the proper shape, slits are cut in two ends by a gang of saws, and the heads are thus brought to the requisite size as compared with the bilge. The usual number of hoops are put on, and the barrel thus made is said to be equally as strong as those manufactured in the ordinary way, the principal saving being in the amount of time and labour involved in the process, the cost of material being about the same in either case.—*Selected.*