

Choice Literature.

One Life Only.

CHAPTER XIII.

Having done her best to secure the doctor's attendance, Una, burdened with the child, who lay a cold heavy weight in her arms, and impeded by her own wet, trailing garments, went on as quickly as she could to the cottage the boy had pointed out. The door was open, and she walked straight into a room, which even her first hurried glance showed her was singularly unlike, in all its arrangements, to similar apartments in the cottages she had already visited. Although the wide hearth was evidently used for cooking purposes, the remainder of the room was furnished and ornamented with a degree of meretricious luxury, which was strangely at variance with the appearance of the house and its size. Gaudy curtains hung on either side of the window, damask-covered sofas and chairs stood against the walls; gilt-framed pictures were placed around, and wherever there was a vacant corner it was filled up with great green bougias, evidently freshly cut, which made the whole place seem like a garden bower. Through an open door at one side, a little room could be seen, fitted up as a study with well-filled bookshelves on all sides, and a writing-table in the centre strewn with papers.

At the open window of the room Una had entered stood Ashtaroth, the gipsy wife of Edwards, engaged in stringing some glittering beads on an elken thread. She was a most striking-looking woman, both in her dress and personal appearance. Though splendidly handsome, with a richness of colouring which made the English girl look like a pale ghost beside her, she had an expression at once fierce and haughty on her scornful lips and in her dark, flashing eyes. Her hair, of the most intense black, was gathered up in thick masses on the top of her head, and a ponderous gold arrow was thrust through it to keep it in its place. She wore a scarlet petticoat and purple jacket, both embroidered with gold, over a white garment, which was fastened at the throat with a jewel of some sparkling kind, and which had long hanging sleeves, revealing her brown arms covered with bracelets.

The moment Una's tired feet sounded within the room, Ashtaroth turned with a quickness of movement which showed that her hearing must have been singularly acute.

At once her glance fell upon the child; his head hanging over Una's arm, and showing, as his wet hair fell back, that his lips were blanched and his eyes closed. Uttering a wild piercing cry, the gipsy made one bound towards Miss Dysart, and literally tore the child from her hold, and pressed him frantically to her breast, exclaiming, "My boy! my treasure! he is dead—he is dead!" Then turning with an almost murderous look in her great black eyes upon Una, she exclaimed, "What have you done to him? If it is you that have killed him, I will strangle you where you stand."

"Why should I kill him?" said Una, quietly; "on the contrary, I have tried to save him. He fell into the river, and I swam out to him and caught him before he sank. He is not dead, I am nearly certain, for I could feel his heart beat as he lay in my arms; but unless we use means for his restoration at once, he is very likely to die. You are almost smothering him, and he needs air and warmth."

"Oh, save him! save him! I do not know what to do for him," said the woman impulsively. "Tell me how to restore him; I will do all you bid me, only don't let him die. My jewel! my Maurice!" and her chest heaved convulsively.

Una's prompt energy and good sense were at work in a moment.

"Get a blanket made hot to wrap him in, and some brandy, and I will take off his wet clothes. Lay him down on the sofa."

Ashtaroth obeyed without a word; and so quick and clever was she in all her proceedings, that in a very few minutes they had the child in a glow of heat, and Una was forcing a spoonful of hot brandy-and-water between his closed teeth, while his mother, by her direction, kept up an incessant friction of his limbs. Their efforts were soon quite successful; he began to breathe strongly, and moved under his heavy coverings, while the colour came back to his lips. Finally he opened his eyes, and after looking round for a few minutes in a bewildered manner, asked in a feeble voice where his boat was.

At the sound of the little, sighing voice, the gipsy woman went into an ecstasy of joy, as wild and impulsive as her grief had been fierce. She clasped the child in her arms, and showered kisses upon him, half crying, half laughing; while Una, who had been kneeling beside the sofa, rose to her feet, and stood looking on at the scene with a smile, well pleased that she had been able to restore such a deeply-prized child to the poor passionate mother.

Suddenly, just at this juncture, there came a voice, in breathless tones, hoarse with agitation, that exclaimed, "Is the child dead?—is Maurice Edwards dead?" and the next moment Humphrey Atherstone had crossed the threshold, with an eager, rapid step, and stood within the room.

He paused, stricken, apparently, with some strange emotion at the sight which presented itself to him. Una Dysart stood before him, her long hair, dripping with water, falling back from her charming face, which was now very pale, though her eyes were bright with excitement and pleasure. She had neither hat nor jacket, and her wet clothes clinging round her showed that she had been completely immersed in the river. The child was now sitting upon the sofa, laughing as his mother buried her face on his breast, while she held him in a convulsive embrace, and twisting his hands in her thick black hair.

Ashtaroth had heard the new-comer's question, however, and turning round, without rising from her knees, she fixed her black eyes, glittering with a strange expression, upon Atherstone's face, and said, "No, he is not dead; he lives, and will live; but he would have been cold and dead—my little Maurice now—but for this

dear beautiful lady, who saved him. Oh, you darling lady—you darling! I will love you for it for ever! I will remember it for good to you as long as I live!" She had flung her arms round Una as she spoke, and was kissing her hands with impetuous ardour. Presently, however, she glanced from her to Atherstone, her forehead contracted in a frown, and she stopped suddenly in her vehement gratitude; but as the little child, feeling quite restored, slid off the sofa and stood laughing beside her, wrapt in his blanket, her face softened, and she said, with a concentrated determination which seemed almost too great for the occasion, "Yes, I will remember it for good to you—whatever you may be one day."

Atherstone, meanwhile, had seemed for a moment unable to understand the scene on which he had so suddenly entered; but when the whole truth became plain to him, he said in a low voice, and as if half unconscious that he was speaking aloud, "You have saved him, Una Dysart—you!"

Una felt that there was more in his tone than she could understand; but she answered lightly, "I suppose you are surprised at the extent of my accomplishments; you did not know that I could swim. But I am so thankful I was at hand to rescue the poor little fellow. Little Maurice, you must not go and play alone by the river-side any more," she continued, stooping down and kissing the child, who caught hold of her wet hair, and held her face close to his with a merry laugh, saying, "Lady's all wet, too; lady went in the river with me."

Then Atherstone started, like a man waking from a dream, exclaiming, "Miss Dysart, you are running a terrible risk by remaining in your wet clothes; you may get some serious illness. You must change at once; I dare say Mrs. Edwards can supply you with some temporary dresses, and I will go and bring the carriage to take you home."

"It will be better for me to walk," said Una; "I shall get warm much quicker—and I do believe that good boy has found my hat," she added, "which is better fortune than I expected;" for the lad she had sent to the doctor's walked in at the same moment, holding it with her jacket in his hand.

He went stolidly up to Una, and pointing to Atherstone, said, "I could not get the doctor, so I sent her."

"It is true," said Atherstone; "I met him coming away from the doctor's door, much disappointed, and he asked me to come here because Edward's child had been drowned; but he did not mention you, so I was struck by surprise when I saw you."

"I found these atop of the bushes by the river; I expect they're yours," said the boy to Una.

"Yes, indeed, they are," she answered, taking possession of her goods very gladly; "and you must come to Vale House this evening to be rewarded for all these good deeds. Now, Mrs. Edwards, can you give me something to put on for a few hours, till I can reach home?"

"You may have everything I possess," said the gipsy, impulsively, and catching hold of Una's hand, she drew her away into another room.

Atherstone sat down to wait for her, and leant his head on his hand with an air of the deepest despondency. The child had placed himself on a stool just opposite, his sharp eyes peering out from the blanket in which he was enveloped, and his two little brown hands planted on his knees. He stared fixedly at Atherstone, who seemed scarcely conscious of his presence, and after having maintained this deliberate contemplation for some time, he advanced his shrewd little face nearer to him and said, "I ain't dead, Mr. Atherstone."

Atherstone started, and then looked gravely down at the odd, fishy child who had made so strange a remark.

"So it seems, child," he said; "the fates have reserved you for some purpose; whether of good or evil remains to be seen." Then rising, he walked moodily up and down the room till Una reappeared, half laughing, half blushing at her own strange costume, in which, however, there could be no doubt she looked very bewitching; a scarlet dress of Mrs. Edwards' was relieved by her own black velvet jacket and hat, and her rich chestnut hair, spread out on her shoulders to dry, framed in her fair face, on which there was now a brilliant flush, and the soft, bright smile which was one of her greatest charms.

Atherstone fixed his eyes upon her with a look of the most intense, wistful sadness, and followed her every movement as she knelt down beside the child and playfully took leave of him.

"This little man ought to go to bed, I am sure," she said, looking up at Ashtaroth; "his hands are hot, and I am afraid he is growing feverish."

"He shall go," said the mother; but her eyes were fixed on Una, not on the child.

"You are a sweet, kind lady," she continued, "and it is your good star brought you to Ashtaroth's door to-day with her son, rescued from the dead, in your arms; there will come an hour when I shall repay you. The daughter of the wandering people knows how to curse," and she glanced at Atherstone, "but she knows also how to bless."

"It is enough that I have been of use; I am very thankful for it," answered Una, putting her hand into Ashtaroth's with the bright frankness peculiar to her; "I hope the dear little fellow will not suffer from his accident. I will come some day soon to see how he is."

"Ay, do; I will make you welcome, and so will the child's father. It is not every one whose foot he would allow to pass his threshold, but for you there will always be an open door."

She bent forward and kissed Una on the forehead, but she drew herself up, silent and motionless, when Atherstone passed her to follow Miss Dysart; and he, too, merely bent his head without speaking.

CHAPTER XIII.

Atherstone walked on by Una's side, uttering no word for some time, and she did not like to break the silence—only looking up furtively at the face she was learning to love too well, and feeling a great pang at

her heart as she saw the deep sadness that overshadowed it. At last Humphrey gave a heavy sigh.

"Life is very inexplicable," he said; "that child rescued from almost certain death—and by you, of all people—this is mysterious enough, but it is a darker mystery why persons continue to exist whose influence is baneful as the poisonous blasts of the desert that blight and burn up every living thing. Why is it not a duty instead of a crime to destroy such an evil power, and cast it out from the earth—as one would root up a noxious weed, and trample it under foot?"

"You are thinking of the man you hate," said Una.

"Yes, of Edwards—the bane of my whole existence; there is not room enough in this world for him and me to breathe in."

"I wish you did not feel this terrible hatred," said Una, very softly, "it seems to me to warp your true nature, and make you very different from what you would otherwise be."

"It does, you are right, it transforms me almost into a demon at times. And how kindly I once felt to all the world!—unreserved, trusting, believing the best of every one. Can you wonder that I should hate this man," he continued vehemently, "when he has been my actual destroyer, making earth a barren wilderness for me, instead of the bright home fall of love and joy it can be to other men? Why is all the sweetness of life to be for ever withheld from me by his cruel hands? Do you think it is easy to look on happiness which never can be mine? I tell you I should have liked to have died to-day when I saw your tenderness to that child."

The vehemence of his tone scared poor Una, and she drooped her head, literally trembling. Atherstone saw it, and in a moment his mood changed completely.

"Forgive me, Miss Dysart," he said in the softest tone; "I was inexcusable in saying that to you; but indeed the events of this afternoon have so greatly moved me that I have not been master of myself. I will never so offend you again. I trust you forgive me?"

"Oh yes," she said, looking up brightly; and smiling back upon her, he began to talk on other subjects, exerting all his powers of pleasing to such good purpose, that she secretly regretted intensely when their walk came to an end at the gate of Vale House.

(To be continued.)

What makes the Difference

It makes a difference which one has the cold.

If 'tis the woman, she keeps about at work as long as she can stand. She says very little, blows her nose as quietly as she can; fixes her own messes, keeps her pains to herself, creeps into snug corners behind the stove when she can no longer work, and nobody is required to spend time or care on her. If any one does fix medicine for her, she takes it at once; if any one brings water to wash her feet she at once uses it, and is thankful. If the man notices that she is not well he generally remarks, "I told you you would take cold if you was so careless," and then adding, "You had better go to bed," off he starts to that refuge of the weary.

Now let the man take his turn. The moment the cold has fairly clutched him he groans and spreads himself out in the most inconvenient place he can find. Everybody has to climb over him to get anywhere. He thinks he will take a steam bath. When a room is heated like a furnace, and the water is all prepared, he thinks it may not be best to take it. He ponders the question until the fire and water are cool, and concludes he will take it. Fire up again, patient wife, mother, or sister. By the time all is again ready the evening "chores" are to be done, and the opening and shutting of doors is inevitable.

"Why couldn't he have taken his bath while all was quite and nobody about to disturb him," says the long-suffering woman.

Bath over, he must have a bed near the fire fixed—not in the bed-room. He wants to be with the family, dear man! So the sitting room is turned into a bed-room, and he buried under a pile of clothes.

"Wet my head, sis," he says. "Wet my head, sis," again by the time "sis" has got to sewing. "Wife, get me a drink." "Mother, tuck me in; these clothes are coming off." "My! how cold this room is!"

The stove is piled till red-hot, and all in the room but the poor sick man are near to suffocation. Presently he exclaims: "I can't breathe in this close atmosphere, mother; do open the window!" Soon all but the man under the blankets are shivering with cold.

Bed time comes and some one must sit up to keep a fire going. Next day it snows. The man who had the house by the ears the night before began to put on his coat. He is going to the store. And in spite of all that can be said, to the store he goes. Returns in a few hours to make more of a "churning" than ever. Thus it goes on until he finally gets rid of his cold—or dies.

Reader, is this a fancy picture? Well for you if you think it is.

The Anchorage.

Saints cast their anchor where God commands them. Whatever straits they are in, the Word abiding in them brings some promise of support and deliverance; the promise shows what God has engaged to do, and faith receives the fulfilling of his engagements. When they draw nigh to God, they know what he has promised to them that wait on Him. While they live like themselves, as the heirs of promise, they are preserved from all evil, and want no manner of thing that is good. This is their happy case; thrice happy, because the means used to deprive them of their happiness are overruled by God for the establishing of it. The enemy rages against them in vain.—Romaine.

In all our heat there wanteth not coldness.

The true Israel of God are a tried people.

For the Presbyterian.
A Scotch Minister's Love Story.
CHAPTER III. continued.

BY THE REV. DAVID MITCHELL, TORONTO.

Dr. Malcolm returned home early that day. He could not visit in his usual manner. He had a strange feeling of something that was going to happen. His daughters, when they heard his footsteps at the door, hastily prepared to go down to receive him. He kissed them both tenderly on the forehead, and passed into his study. After some time the dinner bell rang, and then Dr. Malcolm and his daughters sat down to their family meal. But a strange silence had come over them all. After giving thanks to God for His goodness in supplying them with His temporal and spiritual blessings, Dr. Malcolm did not speak a word during the whole dinner-time. When it was ended, he drew his chair near the fire, and then his usual cup of coffee being placed on a small table beside him, his daughters retired to their own room. In a short time, however, Catherine came in and sat down beside him, and then frankly told him all that had occurred. The doctor was at first greatly moved, but soon recovered and rose to ring the bell for the servant to call his youngest daughter, when Lucy entered and flew into his arms. He then gently disengaged himself and said: "My dear girl, I respect Mr. Dunning as a man, I know he has a good heart; and if you love him, take my blessing with you, and I am sure you will always be an honor to your father's house. Now we're not to cry any more; but let us have a merry night of it. I'll send for Mr. Dunning to come over to tea, and he and I can retire to the study, and talk over the matter while you are laying the table in the parlor." So Mr. Dunning was sent for. He soon came, and sat down before the fire on a chair opposite the doctor's, opened his heart, and expressed the earnest hope that he had not given offence by what he had done. He said that he was much older than Lucy if it is true, but he trusted to make her happy, and he assured the Doctor if he gave his consent, that he would be the happiest of men. The doctor seized him by the hand, and giving it a hearty wring, said "he had always been welcome as a friend, that he highly prized his character, and that he would be proud to receive him as the husband of his dear Lucy."

There never was such a night in the manse. It was awkward at first for Catherine, but she soon experienced a sweet pleasure in witnessing the tender love of the good-hearted minister and her affectionate sister. Lucy's face beamed with happiness, and Mr. Dunning seemed to grow every moment into a new man.

What a day for the gossiping folks was the following one. The ladies could not understand how the "match" had been made between Miss Lucy and Mr. Dunning. But as Miss Malcolm was so earnest about the details of the preparation for the marriage, all the ladies naturally became active and earnest too, and the "strange occurrence" was soon forgotten in view of the work of making all things ready, that was before them, and that gave them all so much delight. The committee, who had so cleverly, with the help of the philosophical tailor, managed the outfit of the minister, now set heartily to work to discharge the other duty that had been assigned them, viz: to prepare a suitable present for the bride. They had soon such a supply of napery, jewelry, and other articles, that they hardly knew what to do with them. They also bought a handsome Bible, and the nearest writer in the parish school, a girl, was chosen to inscribe on it the good wishes of all the parishioners towards the young bride and her deeply-revered father and beloved sister, and the prayer that her union with Mr. Dunning might prove a blessing to them both, and a source of good to the whole parish and the cause of religion.

The marriage-day soon came round. It was a holiday throughout the parish. The children were all gaily dressed, and were led to the manse by the old parish teacher. They strewed the carriage-drive with flowers, and the little banners they waved were beautiful to behold. The old people turned out to witness the bride and bridegroom going away; while the village band were there playing cheerful tunes that made all the lasses and laddies tingle with the desire to celebrate the occasion in merry dancing; and abundance of good cheer was provided for all.

The ceremony took place in the manse, and was performed by the doctor himself; when it was concluded he kissed his daughter, and placing his hand in that of her husband, blessed them in patriarchal style; and when at length the carriage came and drove away the happy pair, a loud "hurrah" resounded long in their ears.

What will not marriage accomplish? Mr. Dunning was entirely a new man. The people said he had formerly preached from the head to the head, but now from the heart to the heart. He became simple and tender in his addresses; and then it developed an entirely new character in Lucy, his wife. She was more contemplative, and possessed a more deepened joy than ever; but she now became of that practical turn, that had ways of doing and saying things of its own, that charmed every one she came near. And then talk of union of churches, as our Scottish friends are now so earnestly doing, and such as has recently been accomplished in the United States. What will bring it about more completely and speedily than unions amongst individuals of different denominations, either by marriage or the less binding ties of friendship. Ecclesiastical courts may talk about union for centuries, but let there be respect and love amongst the members of the various churches, and then a true and lasting union will be brought about. Not, perhaps, such a union as is contemplated, that of one church with one name, but a union that is more natural perhaps, where all are not called upon to give up their "distinctive principles," but to have these blended together in beautiful harmony by love reigning supremely amongst them all.

Where there are no trials there are no consolations.

Scientific and Useful.

If you are made miserable with chills and fever, dissolve fifteen grains of strychnine in a cup of hot coffee, and drink it just before the chills attack you. It has been known to cure the worst cases of the disease. Lime, lemon or four orange ice will have the same effect.

An excellent poultice is made by taking a sufficient quantity of flaxseed meal and pouring on it, little by little, enough cold water to make it of suitable thickness. Then heat the entire mass. A small piece of lard is sometimes added to keep it from adhering to the part.

FRESH MEAT GRIDDLE.

Chop bits of fresh meat and cold roast meat, season with pepper and salt, make a griddle batter, put a spoonful on a well buttered iron, then a spoonful of the chopped meat and on this another spoonful of batter. When cooked on one side turn—when done, send to the table hot. They are very nice for breakfast or lunch.

APPLE-MOUND

Boil one-half pint of rice till light, tender, and dry, and make it into a mound upon a fish-plate. Have ready six or eight medium-sized sub-acid apples, pared and cored carefully, and arrange them tastefully, so as to cover the mound of rice, and bake for ten minutes. Eat it with a sauce of stewed currants, dates, or whatever else is relished with the rice.

GLOSS FOR LINEN.

"Starch lustre" is a substance used for washing purposes, which, when added to starch, causes the linen to which it is applied to assume not only a high polish but a dazzling whiteness. A portion of the size of an old-fashioned oat added to a half pound of starch, and boiled with it for two or three minutes, will produce the best results. This substance is nothing more than stearine, paraffine or wax, colored by a slight mixture of ultramarine blue.

INDIAN CORN.

It is generally supposed that our Indian corn, or maize, is a native of America, having been found among the Indians at the time of the discovery of the country. But nothing is known positively in regard to its native country beyond mere tradition, as it has never been found growing wild anywhere. The Japanese seem to have been well acquainted with maize for a long time, and possess varieties of which we know nothing until of late years; but whether they procured it originally from America, or the Americans from Japan, will probably remain one of the unsolved problems.

YANKEE PLUM PUDDING.

Take a tin pudding boiler that shuts over tight with a cover. Butter it well. Put in the bottom some stoned raisins, then a layer of baker's bread, cut in slices, with a little butter or suet strewed over; then raisins, bread and suet alternately, until you nearly fill the tin. Take milk enough to fill your boiler (as they vary in size), and to every quart add three or four eggs, some nutmeg and salt, and sweeten with half sugar and half molasses. Drop it into boiling water and let it boil three or four hours. Be sure the cover fits tight, or your pudding will be water-soaked.

OAT-MEAL GEMS.

Soak over night one cup of oat-meal in one cup of cold water and a little salt; in the morning add one cup of sour milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda and fine oat-meal enough to make them as stiff as fritters (wheat flour will do to thicken it, but oat-meal is better). This will make two cakes if you wish to bake it like "Johnny cake"—we like it that way. I would like to say, also, that in making "strawberry short cake," it is a good plan to divide your dough equally in two parts, roll each one half as thick as usual; now spread butter over and bake. You will not need a knife to split it when done, and consequently it is much lighter.

SWEET OIL FOR POISON.

It is now over twenty years since I heard that sweet oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing that it would cure other kinds of poison. Practice and experience have taught me that it will cure poison of any kind, both on man and beast. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it takes eight times as much as for a man. One of the most extreme cases of snake bites occurred eleven years ago. It had been of thirty days standing, and the patient had been given up by his physicians. I gave him a spoonful of the oil, which effected a cure. It will cure blot in cattle caused by fresh clover. It will cure the stings of bees, spiders, or other insects, and persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine called ivy.

ESCALOPED OYSTERS.

Detach the beard from the oysters and lay them upon a sieve to drain. Grate some stale baker's bread and sift the crumbs—it must be very fine. Butter well your escalop shells, sprinkle over them some bread crumbs, put on them a layer of oysters, over which strew a little salt, white pepper, very fine chopped parsley, then another layer of oysters, etc. Melt some butter in a pan, put in it some flour, stirring it all the while until it is brown. Add a gill of stock, a gill of oyster liquor strained, a pinch of salt, a pinch of cayenne, a pinch of ground-mace, and the yolks of two eggs. Boil for five minutes, stirring, so that this sauce will be perfectly smooth. Then pour over the oysters, sprinkle bread crumbs on top, a little salt and white pepper, and a very few bits of butter. Put in a hot oven, watch them—when the oysters are plump looking they are done. They usually take fifteen or twenty minutes.

LURKIN says well—If you would believe, you must chiefly that question, "Why?" God would not have us so full of whorers. And if you would believe, you must go blindfold into God's command. Abraham subscribes to a blank when the Lord calls him out of his own country.—Bridges.