

into the air, may be easily made to descend on the unhappy archer's own head.

"H. M. Collisor" is indignant that I should have made a moan for the "honour and piety" of his sect; and, in rebutting the charge, says there were a lot of pickpockets in Westminster Abbey on a certain occasion whilst he happened to be there listening to a sermon of Dean Stanley. I pass over his indecent joke about "the old Abbey replenishing her treasury by such means;" but if Mr. Collisor chooses to compare the defenders of his schism, who write low, anonymous post-cards, to "pickpockets," let him remember the comparison is his, not mine. But, by the way, he might have had the manliness to acknowledge the apology I made him for having somewhat hastily sent him one of the series of anonymous rubbish which I received. Not having done so, his "forbearance" and "forgiveness" count with me for nothing.

Mr. Collisor is profoundly witty on the subject of my benighted ignorance, because I had never heard of "Princeton" or "Dickinson" College, and because I was incapable of appreciating the literary attainments of "Dr. Cotton Smith, editor of 'Church and State,'" and, in his great charity, wishes my ignorance may be productive of peace. Indeed I do not look for peace to any such source, seeing the only feeling I am, or expect to be, conscious of is one of utter indifference. And hereupon, Mr. Collisor plays his trump card of wit. He refers to the anecdote of Archbishop Whately and "little Margaret," who prophesied that the Archbishop would be saved by his—"invincible ignorance." I thank Mr. Collisor for the undesigned, though very high compliment, he pays me. As the point of his wit, he is "little Margaret," and I am—Archbishop Whately! And here ends my part in this correspondence.

Hereafter, Mr. Collisor may use his own exceedingly elegant proverb, and "throw dirt" as much as he pleases. He may even turn the gospel of Dr. Cummins into, what Carlyle calls Darwin's "gospel of dirt," or he may effect a happy union between. I make no further reply to him. To you, Mr. Editor, allow me to say (as you have allowed him to admonish you) that I doubt the policy of permitting a writer to a Church of England paper to affirm that the said Church of England "does not exist on this side of the Atlantic." Such an insult to that large and most respectable body of men throughout the Dominion, whose names are enrolled in the "Journals of the Synods of the Church of England," in every diocese, should not, I humbly submit, have been accepted by a paper which professes to advocate the Protestant character of that Church, with which position, so many, and I among them, sympathize, and would co-operate, albeit we lack confidence in the movement of a man (Dr. Cummins) who could not only commit a *lapsus lingue* (a mild term for a glaring historical blunder), but, we fear, was also capable of a grievous *lapsus veritatis et cordis*—applying these words to the Truth of the Gospel, and to the professed vows of his ordination and consecration (alas, that either ever took place!) in the Anglican Church.

HENRY WALL.

Clinton, 30th Dec., 1876.

## Family Reading.

### ONE LIFE ONLY.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"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 with surprise when I saw you."

"I found these atop of the bushes by the river; I expects they're yourn," 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 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 aint dead, Mr. Atherstone."

Atherstone started, and then looked gravely down at the odd, elfish 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 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 his 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 that 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.

Colonel Dysart and Mr. Cunliffe were [sauntering up and down the terrace in front of the house when Una and her companion reached the gate, and the shrewd Australian watched them rather critically as they took leave of each other. Atherstone walked away at last with a very lingering step, and Una, unconscious that she was observed, stood with her gaze fixed on his tall, stately figure, till he disappeared from her sight. Then she turned and came slowly along the avenue, apparently in deep thought.

"It seems to me, Colonel Dysart," said Mr. Cunliffe, "that even if the duration of your life should be much shorter than I trust it will be, the period of my guardianship would be likely to be extremely brief—little likely indeed to come into action at all."

Colonel Dysart looked round at him inquiringly, and by a glance, Mr. Cunliffe indicated Una, who seemed hardly advancing, so very slowly did she move, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"That young lady," he said, "is at this moment thinking very kindly indeed of the gentleman who has just parted from her."

"Atherstone! do you really mean—" then the Colonel checked himself.

"I mean that I think she is likely to be Mrs. Atherstone as speedily as possible, provided you have no objection."

"I am by no means certain that it might not be necessary I should object," he answered.

"Surely it is not the first time the idea of such a possibility has occurred to you; it is clear that

they have arrived at a point far beyond being mere acquaintances already," said Mr. Cunliffe.

"I thought Atherstone admired her, undoubtedly—every one must have seen that much; but I did not contemplate any serious result, because he asserts so positively, as I am told, that he never intends to marry."

"My dear Sir! have you lived half a century in this world and still feel able to give credence to a declaration of that kind? Such resolutions only exist to be blown to the four winds of heaven by the least breath from the lips of a charming girl like your daughter."

"Of course, that would be one's general idea of the matter, but there seems to be something peculiar in the case of Atherstone. He has systematically published this intention ever since the death of his uncle, which has, I believe, caused a great change in him in all ways, and roused some unpleasant suspicions concerning him."

"Suspicious! of what?"

"I cannot tell, nor can any one, I think; only a general sort of impression that everything is not straight and aboveboard in his life."

"Is there any foundation on which to rest such a charge?"

"None whatever that I know of; excepting, that after having been as gay and frank as any young fellow could be, he suddenly changed into a cold, reserved man, who shunned society and amusement, and declared that he was irrevocably bent on a life of celibacy."

"About the vaguest grounds for a criminal charge I ever heard of," said Mr. Cunliffe.

"Nevertheless, those undefined suspicions made me feel, when you first broached the subject, that I might hesitate to give him my daughter."

"Is his position in other respects suitable?"

"Entirely; he has a large income and a splendid old place, to which my Una, as it happens, has taken a great fancy."

A smile passed over Cunliffe's face. "You will see her installed as mistress there, or I am much mistaken. But, of course, before that comes to pass, it behoves you to make him yield up his secrets for your satisfaction; perhaps it might be possible to make a good guess at them now. Is he likely to come here while I am with you?"

"He often calls, and he has come more frequently of late, which fact supports your theory as to his feelings. But, by the way, I think Northcote said this morning that he had asked him to meet us at dinner to-morrow, so you will see him there. I was rather surprised to hear he had invited him, for Mrs. Northcote maintains most strongly that he must have committed some hidden crime."

"Probably she has a private spite against him," said Cunliffe; "women cannot reason upon general grounds; they always have some personal motive."

"Una, my child, you arrive just in time to hear Mr. Cunliffe make the most ungallant speech," said Colonel Dysart, as his daughter came up the steps which led to the terrace. "You must take up the cudgels on behalf of your order. But, my dear, what in the world is the meaning of your extraordinary costume? Surely you do not habitually go about in a scarlet robe trimmed with yellow, and your hair streaming in the wind in this extraordinary fashion?"

"Do you not think it makes a pleasant variety?" she said, laughing; but if you want to know the exact truth, I borrowed my dress from a gipsy!"

"From a gipsy! What have you been about, child?"

"Swimming in the river, she answered; and then very briefly and simply she related the occurrence."

The next morning she came down looking bright and well, and in nowise disposed to forego the party at the Northcotes', where she well knew she should see once more the face, whose haunting beauty came now between her and all the brightness of the world she once enjoyed so freely. Her father wished her to ride out with him and his guest, so she had no opportunity of going to see how the gipsy child was; and it was the first question she asked Atherstone when they met in the Northcotes' drawing-room. He answered that he had not gone to the house, but that he had sent to inquire as to the boy's health, and had