

Choice Literature.

One Life Only.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

When at last the strain ceased, to the regret of all, Una asked Hervey Crichton if he had observed that during the whole time Miss Northcote was playing, some one was keeping up with the boat on the bank of the river, running along behind the thick alder bushes, so that the movement of their branches alone was detected.

"I did not notice any one," said Hervey. "Shall we steer rather nearer the bank and find out who it is?"

They did so, and just as they came close under the bushes, which dipped almost into the water, the leafy branches were parted by two dark little hands, and the wild beautiful face of a gipsy woman gleamed out upon them suddenly, the deep flashing eyes scanning every face, and settling for a moment with a peculiar intensity on that of Una. Mrs. Burton gave a shriek of affrighted terror, and they saw the white teeth shine between the curved lips as they wreathed themselves into a scornful smile. Then the hands dropped down, the branches were allowed to meet again, and the face disappeared.

"Who in the world is that?" exclaimed Mr. Knight, who had been nearest to the strange apparition.

"I have not an idea," said Hervey; "a gipsy, at all events, most certainly."

"I know who it is," said Will to Una in a rather low tone; "it is Atherstone, the wife of the man Edwards, whose history I told you."

"I am glad I have seen her," said Una. "She is strangely handsome, though it is not exactly a pleasant face. Atherstone, goddess of the Sionians! What a singular name for any one to have in these days."

"Everything is strange about the Edwardses," said Will; "but, behold!" she continued, raising herself and looking out across the country; "I perceive in the distance a black horse approaching, known as one-Night-hade, which has the honour of bearing on its back the Master of Atherstone. He is coming this way," and in the course of a few moments Humphrey, followed by his groom, came riding along the bank close to the boat. He was near enough to exchange a few words with them as to the favourable weather and the prospects of the day, and then Rupert suggested that he should entrust his horse to his servant and join them for the rest of the day.

"We have plenty of room," he said; "and, in addition to other attractions, we have a little old man here who plays the violin wonderfully well, and will entertain you with music when our conversation becomes too dull."

Humphrey smiled and began a courteous refusal; then he paused, his eyes fixed themselves on the bright face of Una Dyrart, who had turned towards him, and he wavered, hesitated, and finally seeming to make a great effort, he said, "I wish indeed I could come, Northcote, but I cannot—must not—though I am none the less grateful to you for the offer;" and lifting his hat, he touched his horse on the neck with his hand, and it instantly started off at a rapid pace, bearing him speedily out of their sight.

"Now if ever a man did violence to his inclinations, it was Humphrey Atherstone," said Northcote. "It was quite evident that he longed to take his place amongst us, and was held back by some grave obstacle in his own mind, which compelled him to leave us."

"I have quite come to the conclusion," said Crichton, "that my brother the rector is perfectly right in his serious mistrust of Mr. Atherstone."

"What grounds can you have for making such an assertion?" exclaimed Una, turning upon him with a flash of indignation in her great brown eyes.

"Simply the logical fact which has become a proverb, 'that there is no smoke without fire,' and the no less certain truth that in these days, mysteries in the lives of individuals do not generally hide anything poetic or interesting, but rather something very discreditably to those who seek to shelter themselves behind them."

"Anyhow, it is utterly unfair to condemn persons on mere assumptions," she answered, for her own generous spirit rose in revolt at the injustice which, it seemed to her, was generally dealt out to Mr. Atherstone—and she allowed a feeling not only of dangerous compassion, but of instinctive championship on his behalf, to take possession of her from that moment. She made her first concession to it by turning her back on Hervey Crichton and occupying herself exclusively in talking to Will Northcote till they reached their destination. Crichton sat silent, looking vexed and uncomfortable, for Miss Dyrart had been very friendly with him up to this time, and he was becoming painfully conscious of a daily increasing desire on his own part that they should go somewhat beyond being friends, and when they all disembarked he made a great effort to regain the place by her side which he had generally held when they met in society. But Una was not to be appeased—he somewhat maliciously took refuge with Mrs. Northcote, whom she very well knew the bold warrior would not dare to encounter. Hervey lingered at a little distance from her for a time, and then seeing she was determined to remain hostile, tossed his handsome head with a look of evident pique, and went off to Miss Northcote, who received him with such merry goodwill, that he could not help enjoying himself in her society most heartily, in spite of his annoyance.

It was a pleasant scene on which the new comers looked. The field was crowded with persons of all ranks, wandering about in the sunshine and strolling in groups, or more often in couples, down the shady paths by the river-side. The match had been commenced, so soon as Atherstone and a few more of the great people of the county came on the ground, and was being played with great animation and excitement. Una had never seen a game of cricket in her life, and therefore it was to her as unintelligible as it was uninteresting.

ing, and she very soon discovered that even those who might be supposed to understand it were entirely occupied with their own concerns, and paid very little attention to it. Atherstone was the only person who seemed really to try to make the day pleasant to the cricketers and their friends, of whom there were many hard-working men and women bent on making the most of their only holiday in the year. Una's glance followed him from place to place, while Mrs. Northcote poured a dropping fire of heavy remarks into her ear, to which she found it was not necessary she should listen in order to make suitable answers, and she was struck by the gentleness and consideration he showed to the poor people for whose comfort he seemed so anxious. She could hardly have believed that his dark face could have been so full of sweetness as it was when he carried tired little children back to their mothers, or found a seat for some poor old woman where she could see her boy playing this momentous game—and he showed very evidently that it was not to mix with his acquaintances, but to do what he could for the amusement of his tenantry that he had come on the ground.

While Una was standing very silently watching the whole scene, Mr. Northcote suddenly changed the current of her ideas, by exclaiming to his wife,—

"There is the rector talking to that fellow Edwards again. I must say I cannot understand his taking any notice of him. Whatever Atherstone may be, there is no doubt that man is a disreputable scoundrel."

Una turned eagerly in the direction to which Mr. Northcote pointed, and saw the Malay, standing half hid in the shade of a tree, talking with a cringing, furtive air to the rector, while he held upon his shoulder a tiny mite of a boy, whose gipsy face seemed sparkling with precocious intelligence.

Mrs. Northcote looked solemnly towards the group, and said, with the calm satisfaction which always accompanied her condemnation of her neighbours, "It may be, Mr. Northcote, that the rector thinks he has a better chance of inculcating morality on the low scoundrel, who makes no concealment of his guilt, than on the higher placed evil-doer, who shrouds his crimes, whatever they are, under a hard, impenitent reserve."

This evident allusion to Atherstone was a little too much for Una, and she started away from Mrs. Northcote, feeling that she could not trust herself to speak to her without indignation, and went in search of her father.

She found Colonel Dyrart engaged in an examination of Atherstone's horse, which had been left under the care of the groom, in a corner of the field, and as Una came up to him he said, "I was just wishing for you, Una; I know how much you admire a fine horse, and this is really one of the most splendid beasts I ever saw." He began describing to her the various good points in the animal; and while she stood listening to him, she saw Atherstone, in the course of some arrangement he was actively making for a group of poor people, accidentally pass near the rector and Edwards. It was clear that he had not seen the Malay before, for the moment his glance fell upon him he stopped suddenly, and let a chair he was carrying drop from his hand. A few moments he stood silent and rigid, then, as Edwards slowly turned his malignant face and looked at him, Atherstone hurriedly said a few words to those around him, and then came with hasty steps to the spot where his horse was standing. There was a very strange expression on his face, a sort of mingling of sternness and misery; but it changed to a softened sadness when he saw Una. He shook hands with her and her father, and told them that he was unexpectedly obliged to leave the ground.

"What, so soon, Mr. Atherstone?" said Colonel Dyrart; "I thought that your people always considered they had a right to keep you with them to the last on this day."

"So they have, and I have never failed them before; but this year all is changed. I cannot stay in this place to day." He mounted his horse at once, and saying to Una, with more earnestness than the simple words warranted, "I do trust you will enjoy yourself, Miss Dyrart," he galloped off before she could answer.

Colonel Dyrart looked after him, with a perplexed expression, and then turned to his daughter. "You have been desired to enjoy yourself, Una; how do you mean to accomplish that result?"

"Not by looking at the cricketers, at all events, and still less by rejoicing Mrs. Northcote. I should like to find Lillith Crichton, as Will is clearly not accessible just now. Have you any idea where she is?"

"I saw her going along the path by the river a short time ago," said Colonel Dyrart; "but you must not expect me to join you in a search for her; it is much too hot," and he flung himself down under a tree to rest himself, while Una went in quest of her friend.

She was walking quietly along the bank of the river, when Rupert Northcote suddenly appeared at a turn in the path, and came rapidly towards her. He seemed greatly disturbed and excited, and with a muttered apology for his haste, passed her, apparently in a vehement hurry, and disappeared. She went on, rather surprised, and a few more paces brought her in sight of Lillith Crichton. Una stopped with an exclamation of dismay when she saw her.

Lillith was standing upright and motionless, with her hands clasped tightly on her breast, as if to still some emotion that was stifling her; her lovely face was white as snow; her great blue eyes were wild with misery; and her whole expression was that of one who feels as if the agony of life could not be endured another moment.

Impetuous Una rushed towards her, and flinging her arms round her, exclaimed, "My dearest Lillith! what is the matter? I cannot bear to see you suffering so frightfully!"

But her warm caresses seemed lavished on a statue; and when Lillith spoke at last, it did not seem to be in answer to her questions, but rather that the words were weighing on her heart and burst forth involuntarily—"Rupert—my poor Rupert!"

"He loves you, Lillith—you do not doubt that, surely?"

"No; oh, that I could!"

"But why, dear child? Forgive me for saying it, but I feel sure you return his affection."

"I have no wish to deny it," she answered, while tears gathered slowly in her eyes, and fell from them thick and fast.

"Then why are you so sad?" said Una, anxiously. "You will marry him, without doubt, and be very happy."

"I would sooner die!"

"Lillith, what do you mean? Rupert wishes to marry you, I am certain, and his friends all love you; why should you refuse?"

"I love him too well to tell you why," she answered.

"That is a very incomprehensible answer, Lillith. I want you to tell me, because I cannot but think you must be making yourself needlessly unhappy; and possibly, if you told me the reason of your refusal, I could help you. Perhaps you are too much agitated now; but promise me that you will tell me some day."

"Yes," she said, in a calm, strange voice, "I will tell you some day, Una Dyrart."

That promise was kept—but in what an hour!

(To be continued.)

(For the Presbyterian.)

A Scotch Minister's Love Story.

CHAPTER I.

"I think you are wrong," said Dr. Malcolm. "The views you express regarding election are certainly true, abstractly considered. But what good comes from preaching that subject in a way that terrifies poor sinners. It seems to me that you are beginning at the wrong end. You might as well try to make children understand all the deep principles upon which our language is founded, before they learned the alphabet, or expect an apprentice mason to grasp the elements of Euclid before he can use the chisel and hammer, or apply the plumb-line."

"We must preach the truth, sir," replied Mr. Dunning, who was sitting cozily in an arm-chair at the other end of the Doctor's table. "God has elected some to everlasting life, and they shall be saved, and others he has predestined to everlasting damnation, and they will be lost," he added with some temper. "You of the new school are afraid to preach the truth, your hearers are so liberal, and they would be offended."

Just at this moment Dr. Malcolm's youngest daughter entered his study, and seeing Mr. Dunning red in the face with the heat of his argument, said, "come away and listen to my new piece of music, you have had enough of argument for a night. You'll spoil your looks with it." And so the two clergymen rose and went into the dining-room where Miss Lucy Malcolm had her piano ever ready for use.

The two ministers to whom we have thus been introduced were both remarkable men. The one was the minister of the Parish of R—, in Ayrshire, just the type of what such a person should be. He was a popular preacher, his great aim being to present the truth so simply that a child could understand it. He was beloved by the young, and of course their parents could not but look on their minister as the best man that ever lived. Dr. Malcolm was everything in that parish. The dying consulted him as to the making of their wills; farmers came to him for advice as to their cattle and crops, and they all said of him what from them was the highest praise, "that he kept a cattle-beast as well as any one o' them." Mothers ran to the Doctor with their household cares and troubles. Thus the minister's time was fully occupied, and then he had the work of the church courts to do. He was clerk of the Presbytery, and being an excellent business man, was regarded as the guide of his brethren. When the Doctor got up to speak all were attentive. He had so much talent and judgment that he generally hit upon the very motive that was required. And, besides, being a social man, enjoying a good dinner, telling a humorous story, sparkling with lively wit, his company was universally sought and prized. He had the happy knack—as the Scotch say—of always acting out the character of a clergyman, and never lost his dignity, even when filling the room with his merry laughter, or joking a brother, or giving advice about "cattle-beasts," or "turnip seeds." He always dressed carefully, as every minister should do. His coat was clerical, his neck-cloth was ever spotlessly white, his hat and boots—though at the opposite extremities of his body—giving evidence that they were cared for by one and the same person. He did not go out unshaven and greasy when he had work to do amongst the poor, or have all the marks of a regular "getting up" when he had to dine with the rich. The Doctor was always alike with rich and poor, and thus the former could not despise him, and the latter received him with cheerful smiles.

Mr. Dunning, who was so hotly engaged in argument with the Doctor, was a very different person. He was a dissenting clergyman in the same parish, and had his dwelling house at some little distance from the manse, as the parish minister's house in Scotland is named. He was quaint in manner, had a great turn for metaphysics, and his preaching was frequently so "deep," as his admirers called it, that nobody could understand it. His favorite words in the pulpit were "election," "predestination," "damnation," and so forth, and the subjects corresponding to these terms were his delight. He poured with perspiration when describing the punishment of the non-elect, and no wonder, for his pulpit was ever like a fiery furnace, from which red-hot cannon balls were continually discharged. He was also the least practical man in the world. Having nobody but an old housekeeper to wait upon him, his house had always a damp unused feeling about it. His study was a mass of confusion—books here, there, everywhere—torn papers scattered down, and down. The coal he sat with he wore in his pulpit and in his visits. It was an old brown garment that had seen better days, but probably not since the

flood. He wore knee-breeches, but his silk stockings were old and faded, and his hat and neck-cloth and umbrella that he always carried with him, all gave evidence of age and decay. He was also singularly abstracted; as much so as a famous Scotch minister, who, on one occasion was walking from one place to preach in another, but who, desiring a snuff, and not being able to take it because of the wind blowing in his face, turned about, and forgetting that he had turned, walked on, and was not a little astonished to find himself at his own kirk at the very time the bells were ringing in the other where he was to preach. Many stories were told of Mr. Dunning's mental abstraction—how on one occasion he had gone out without his hat and coat, and with his spectacles on; how he would utter strange ejaculations when the simplest story was being told him; how on another occasion he forgot it was Sunday, and wondered why the parish kirk bell was ringing; how on another he was lifting his hands to pronounce the benediction, when he should have been giving out his text.

Nevertheless the heart that beat under this rough exterior was a warm and true one, and this Dr. Malcolm had found out at the time of his greatest affliction, when death visited his home and deprived him of his beloved wife. Mr. Dunning called at the Manse day after day—had dropped many a soothing word, and from that time the parish minister and the dissenting one—though "strangely separated from each other hitherto—had become bosom friends. They went hand in hand in the good work; and so it happened that many a night Mr. Dunning crept away from his cheerless study and stole into the Doctor's cozy chair, where his presence was always welcomed. At first some of the keen dissenters wagged their heads when they saw their minister going to the manse, and dropped strange hints as to his heart being in the "old kirk," but by and bye, as the friendship cemented and increased, even the bitterest of Mr. Dunning's hearers came to look upon his visits to the parish manse as nothing unusual.

(To be continued.)

Prayer Consistent with Law.

Does the efficacy of prayer, if admitted, conflict with the reign of law? Does it not rather establish, confirm, complement it? For if we suppose prayer—the highest frame, the loftiest enterprise of the human soul—to have no consequence in the spiritual universe, we have then a cause without a result, an aim without an end. All other states and acts of the mind are under the dominion of the law. Thought, reflection, analysis, the flight of fancy, the aspiration of all the higher powers of the intellect, have their commensurate revenue. Is prayer alone abnormal. Or is there anything inconsistent with a law-loving philosophy in these canons of the Christian's faith, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" "Draw nigh unto God, and he will draw nigh unto you?"

The Apothecary's Squirrel.

An apothecary had a tame squirrel, which he was in the frequent habit of regaling with nuts, and which he used to keep in his own private room adjoining the shop. The little fellow was allowed plenty of liberty, for the door of his cage was frequently left open, and he used to climb up doors and windows, and spring thence upon his master's hand. On one occasion he jumped upon the broad-brimmed hat of a quaker who came into the shop. He made friends with all his master's acquaintances, but if anybody teased him he could show that he knew how to bite. As the winter came on, he was in the habit of building himself a nest of any tow he might find about, and used to choose for his residence the pocket of his master's coat. When, in the evening, the coat was taken off and hung upon a nail, the little squirrel would climb up the door on which the nail stood, run down the coat, and take up his quarters in the pocket, carrying always in his mouth a good supply of tow, which he had prepared and rolled together beforehand, and with which he contrived to make in the pocket the coziest night's lodging in the world.

Great results followed from this habit of the squirrel, as you shall hear. A house-breaker, watching his opportunity selected an especially dark night for getting in through the window of the apothecary's little back room behind the shop, with, as you may imagine, no good end in view. He knew that the apothecary kept no dog; he could easily guess where his coat was likely to be hanging up. He soon found the pocket, and was just about to lighten it of purse, pocket-book, and keys, when a misfortune totally unexpected befell him. In rummaging for keys and purse he had struck the sleeping squirrel, of whose strange habits with regard to his bedroom he had not been aware. Not liking to be thus suddenly disturbed, the little animal gave the thief so sharp a bite on the thumb that he could not forbear yelling with pain, and the master of the house, alarmed at the unusual sound, came into the room, armed with the poker, just as the thief was escaping through the window. The watchman happening to be passing, the unwelcome guest was given into custody, and as the geese at Rome had saved the capital by their cackling, so the little squirrel had saved his master's property by lodging in his coat pocket.

No creature is too small sooner or later to be of use.—From the German of Agnes Stein.

A missionary from the English Good Templars, Rev. H. W. Parsons, will sail for the Southern States shortly, with the object of organizing Good Templar Lodges among the colored people, who were formerly excluded from the Order by the white Good Templars on account of color.

Her Majesty Queen Ranavalomanjaka, of Madagascar, is a woman of brains. She has issued a proclamation to her subjects solemnly warning them not to have anything to do with the cup that inebriates; and she concludes with a scarier address to those who sell the pestilent beverage.

Scientific and Useful.

RAILROAD CAKE.

Two eggs; one cup of sugar; one-half cup sweet milk; one-half cup of butter; one teaspoonful cream of tartar; one-half teaspoonful of soda; one and one-half cups of flour. Beat the butter and sugar together first, then add flour, cream of tartar, soda, milk, and eggs. Bake in a quick oven.

CLEAN A CARPET.

Shake and beat it well; lay it on the floor and tack it firmly; then, with a clean flannel, wash it over with one quart of bullock's gall mixed with three quarts of cold water, and rub it off with a clean flannel or house cloth. Any particularly dirty spot should be rubbed with pure gall.

NATURAL FOR THE COMPLEXION.

The complexion may be improved by the use of oatmeal, which contains a small amount of oil that is good for the skin. The hands may be made soft and white by wearing at night large mittens of cloth filled with bran or oatmeal, and tied closely at the wrist. A lady who had soft, white hands, confessed that she had a great deal of housework to do, and kept them white as any idler's by wearing oatmeal mittens every night!

TO DRESS A SHEEPSKIN.

To dress a sheepskin with the wool on, scrape the flesh from the skin and wash in soap and water; then spread the skin, wool downward and sprinkle thickly over the flesh side a mixture of equal parts of alum and salt, finely powdered. Fold the skin and roll it up tightly, and let it lie a week. Then open it and rub it with a piece of chalk and a pumice-stone alternately until it is soft and dry, pulling it and stretching it meanwhile to make it pliable.—N. Y. Times.

PORK AND APPLES.

Labials, linguals, and palatals unite in one thrilling cord at the bare mention. It matters little how they are combined—the pork and the apples. Roast pork and apple sauce, pork and apple dumplings, fried salt pork and fried sour apples, boiled salt pork and baked sweetapples. These are farmers' stand-bys and luxuries, and alternating with boiled, baked, broiled, or fried bacon, fill up admirably between the twice or thrice a week that the butcher calls. Besides all this, as if this was not enough almost to make a man take off his hat to a nice porker—and certainly to a three hundred pounder; besides all this, no quadruped reaches maturity so rapidly, none multiplies so fast, none makes so good use of the food fed to it, and none fattens so readily at all ages.—Amer. Agriculturist.

10 INDOOR GARDENERS.

A correspondent of the Farmer says; Plants kept in a sitting-room, where frequent sweeping has to be done, should be covered until the dust has settled, as dust upon the foliage injures the plants by retarding their growth and bloom, as leaves are to plant life what lungs are to animal life. Where scale or red spider have accumulated, as they will in a warm, dry atmosphere, or in dark situations, where oil soap and showered over the leaves and sponged off on the under side, or turning the bottom up and dipping the whole down into the decoction, will remove the pests. Where plants are crowded into too small space, they will generate the aphid or green fly, and the thrip and mealy bug. Smoking or washing the plants thoroughly will destroy these also. Above all, give your plants plenty of fresh air and all the sunshine possible. But few plants will grow in the shade, and this class is mostly confined to the begonia family and a few varieties of vines; among them are the smilax and the common ivy.

CURE FOR BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

There are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each side of the wind-pipe, and running upward toward the eyes, pass over the outside of the jaw-bone, about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Each of these arteries, of course, supplies just one half of the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied with blood by the left artery, and the right nostril by the right artery. Now supposing your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the fore-finger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist; then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jaw-bone; the result will be that not a drop of blood goes into that side of your face while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes, and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way. The Creator probably placed these arteries as they are that they might be controlled. Those in the back of the head, arms and legs are all arranged very conveniently for being controlled in like manner.

There is a Y. M. C. A. in Bombay, India, which has grown from a membership of seventy when it was started last year to over a hundred and eighty. It works largely among the crews of vessels in the harbor, and is accomplishing much good.

The White Star steamer "Britannia" has made the quickest passage across the Atlantic Ocean on record, the time from Queenstown to Sandy Hook being seven days thirteen hours and eleven minutes. On two days she ran 402 and 408 miles respectively.

THE Y. M. C. A. at Melbourne, Australia, have erected a building at a cost of \$6,000. At Geelong, in Australia, there is an Association of 121 members, who are doing successful work. The extension of Y. M. C. A. throughout the Protestant world is a hopeful sign of the times.