

The Hive, or, Mental gatherings.

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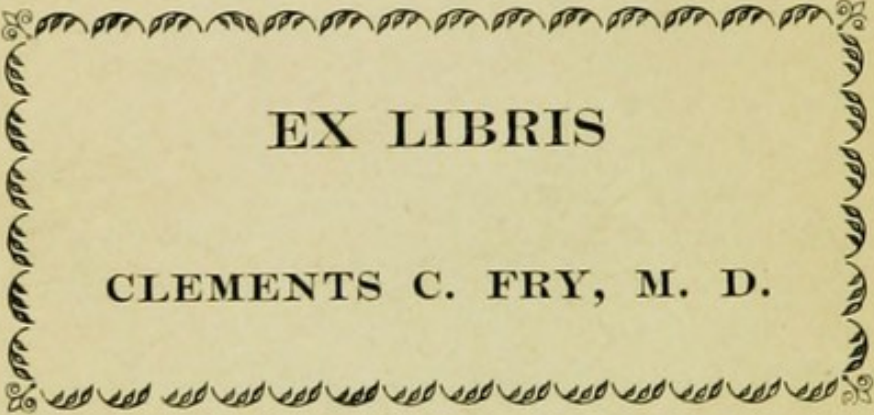
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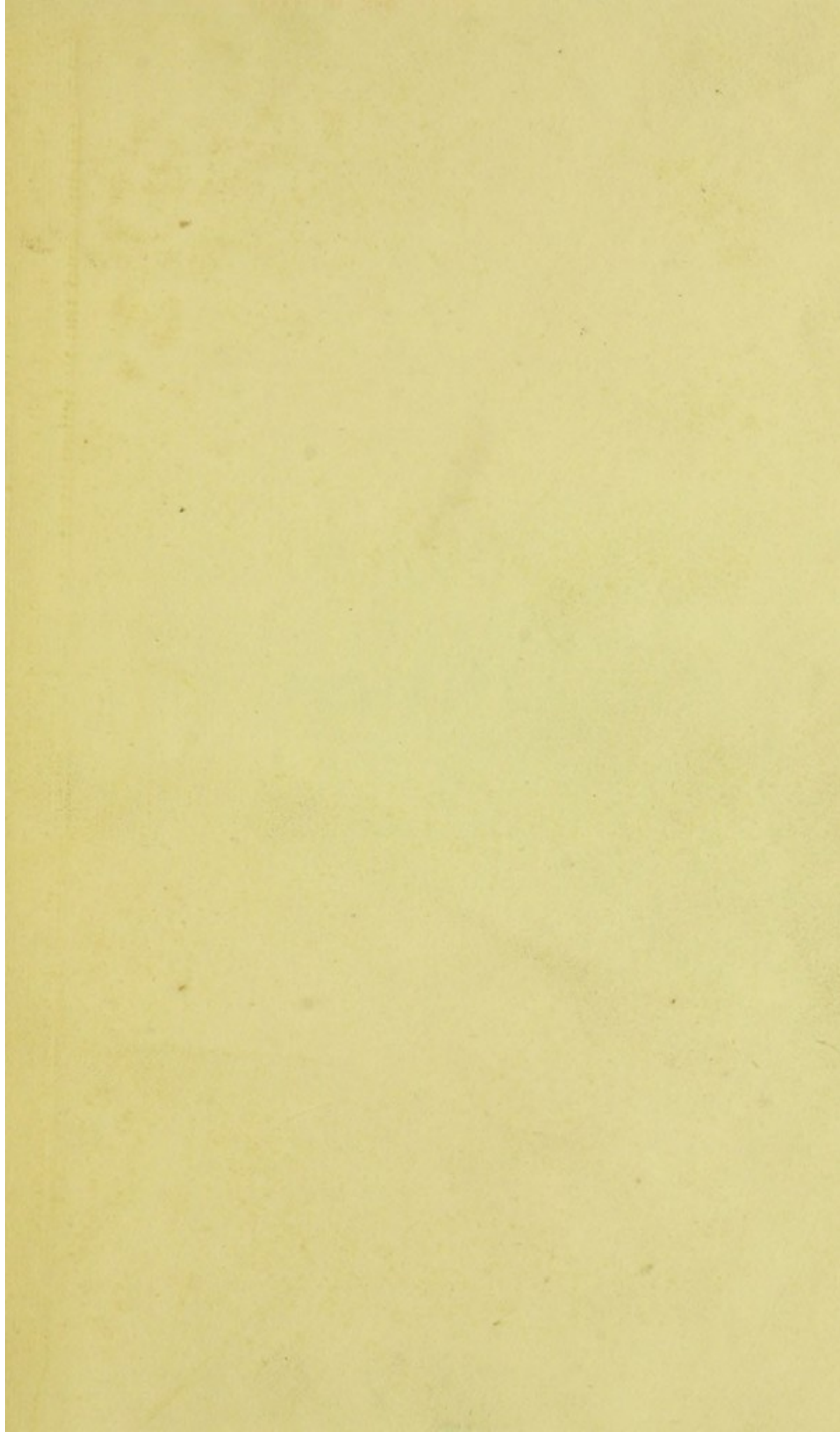
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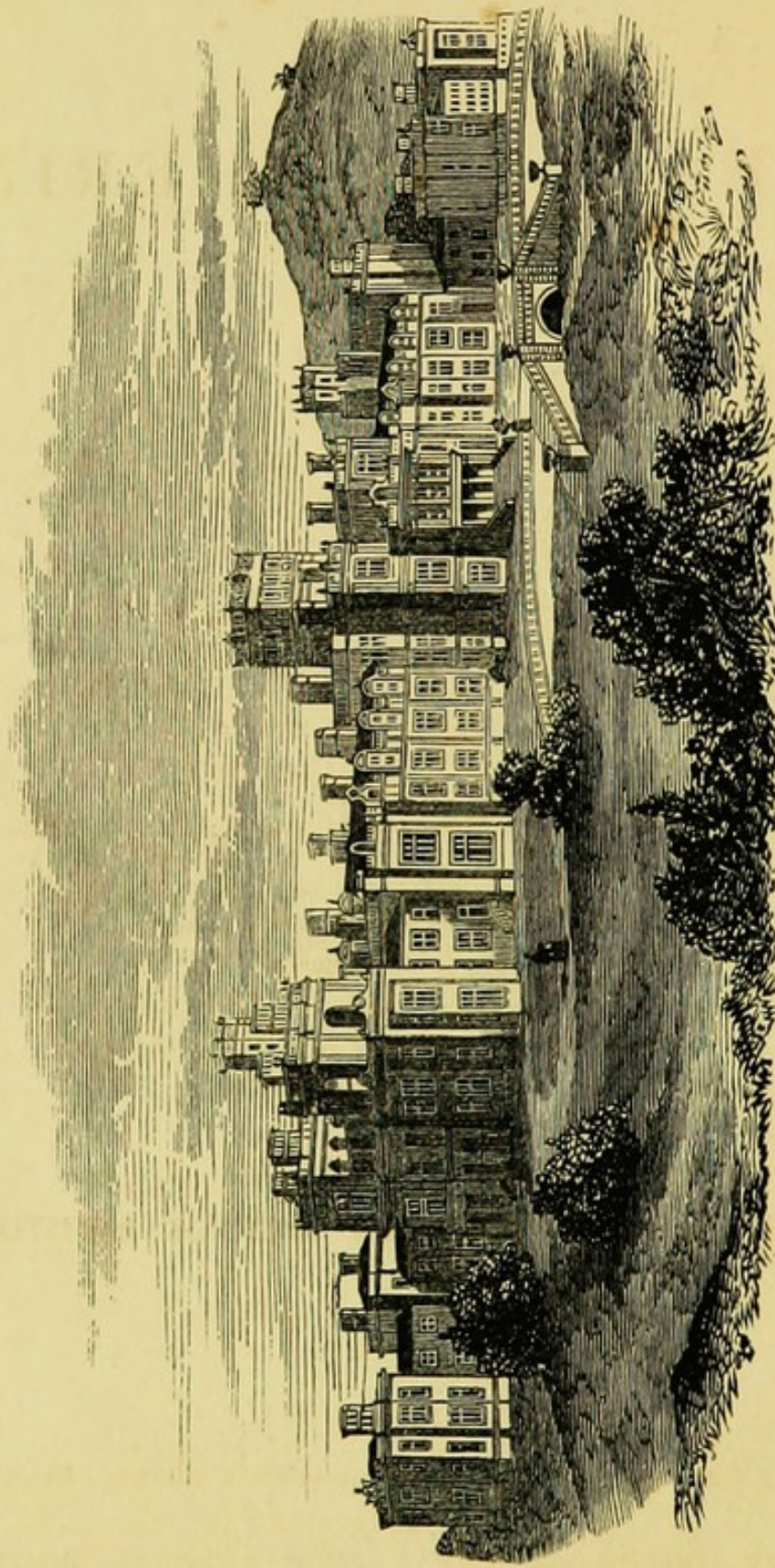
THE RIVER

... the year. ...
1878
~"~

THE HIVE.

THE HILL

THE VESPER FOR IDOL' EVANGELISM

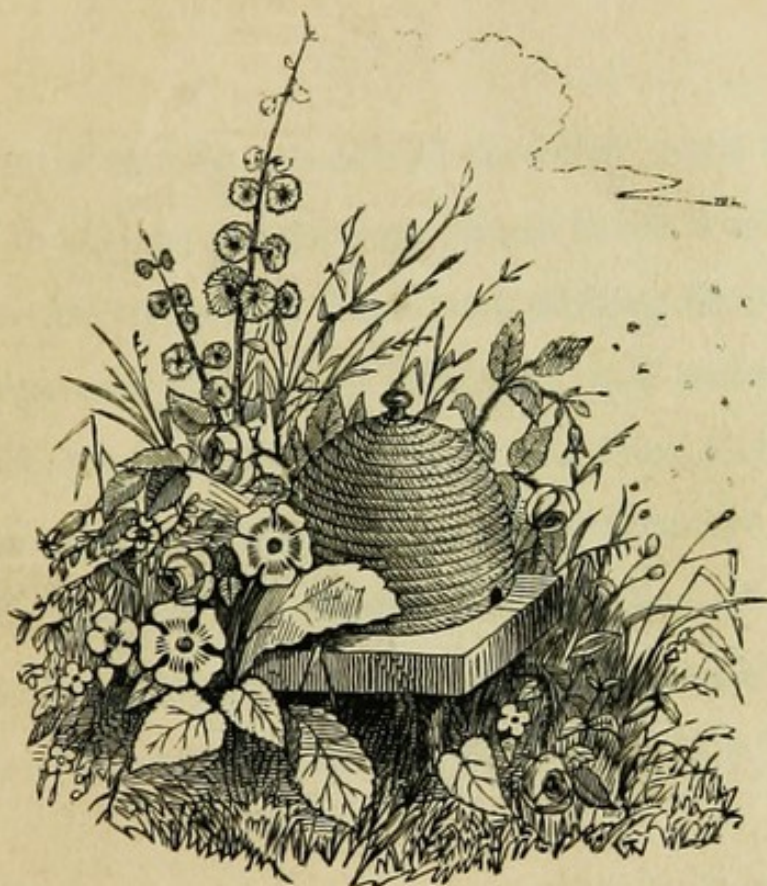


THE ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, EARLSWOOD.

THE HIVE;

OR,

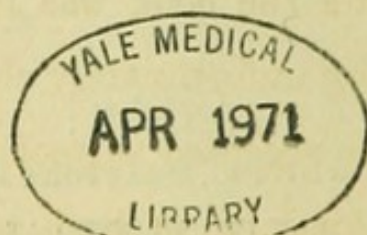
MENTAL GATHERINGS.



FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE IDIOT AND HIS INSTITUTION.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND ;
MAY BE OBTAINED AT
THE OFFICE OF THE INSTITUTION, 29, POULTRY ;
AND OF
MISS ELIZA GROVE, GREAT BADDOW, ESSEX.

1857.



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1055

P R E F A C E.

BREVITY is usually considered the chief merit of a preface, and though in common gratitude there is much that *should* be said in the one I am now writing for the little book whose end and aim is charity, I will endeavour to use as few words as possible, with the hope that it may, for this reason, be read, since to many it can be my only thank-offering, and to others my only means of apology. To all who so kindly and generously responded to the appeal for mental contributions, I offer my heartfelt thanks.

For the many valuable papers received that do not appear in *The Hive*, I beg to acknowledge myself equally grateful. Want of room, want of time (for they continued to come after the book was in progress), or too many authors having unfortunately chosen the same subject, will, I trust, be accepted as apologies for their being omitted. To the kindness of both writer and reader I leave my own imperfect part of compiling.

And now to all who have helped in the work I have only to add, *again I thank you* most sincerely, both on my own account and for the poor helpless ones for whose benefit the proceeds will be applied.

I can make you no return; they can give you no reward; but He who for some wise purpose permits this mysterious affliction, will doubtless accept it as a thank-offering for the intellectual blessings he has given you the power to enjoy.

Yours very gratefully,

ELIZA GROVE.

INTRODUCTION.

READER, gaze with grateful spirit,
Gaze again with gladden'd look,
On the noble Institution,
Pictured in this little book.

Maybe you have helped to raise it,
Look again, 'tis wond'rous fair ;
May be you have help'd in placing
Some afflicted inmate there ;—

Some poor helpless fellow-creature,
Strong, perhaps, in frame and limb,
But without a guiding reason—
Strength is weakness unto *him* ;—

Some poor roamer of the village,
Sport of all the idle there,
Who persecute whom God hath smitten,
With the ceaseless taunt and jeer.

Each one is *our* fellow-creature,
Though without a mind's control,
Each the handwork of *our* Maker,
Holding an immortal soul.

How that soul will stand before Him
Is not ours to question here,
This we know, when all are gather'd,
We shall stand beside him there,—

Stand and see the last book open'd,
Hear life's countless records read,
Learn if with our better reason,
We to Heaven have better sped.

There his darkness will be lighten'd,
He may have *his* memory too,
And with smile of recognition
Show that he remembers you.

God, we know, is not unmindful,
Not unknown that smile will be,
He who saith to these ye did it,
Saith ye did it unto me.

Great Baddow, July, 1857.

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THE HIVE.

THE FLOWERS.

BY ROWLAND BROWN.

THIS world though called a wilderness, oh ! yes 'tis full
of flowers,

There are a thousand things to love in Nature's glorious
bowers ;

On mountain-top and hill-side, in valley and in glen,
A thousand lovely things spring up to cheer the hearts of
men.

They come with birds and sunshine, when Spring reveals
her powers,

And blossom countless as the stars, in Summer's banquet
hours ;

And when the Autumn sears the leaf, still some will
brave the gloom,

And linger till they fall asleep in Winter's snowy tomb.

Go then and seek the flowers—you have not far to roam,
The loveliest things that Earth can give methink bloom
 nearest home ;

They blossom 'neath the smile of kings, in proud pa-
 trician halls,

Or cheer the cotter's sadden'd heart, and smile on
 mouldering walls.

And if you read aright the lines traced on their petals gay,
You never more will cast a flower with carelessness away ;
But praises from your lips will rise, like incense up to
 God,

For having planted such sweet things on earth's tear-
 watered sod.

And oh ! so beautiful are they for such a world as ours,
That all we love on earth the best, our hearts have named
 its flowers ;

The angels Love and Innocence, Hope, Purity, and Peace,
Yea all the graces of the heart that make life's joys in-
 crease.

And HE who sends from Paradise the sunshine and the
 showers,

Would have you love the Beautiful, and cultivate these
 flowers :

Go, let them round your hearts and homes in bright
 profusion grow,

For from their fragrant chalices the sweetest nectars flow.

Go love them as companions, thou wilt not lonely be,
They'll whisper with their fragrant lips the sweetest
 thoughts to thee ;

They'll steal thy senses from the earth, thy thoughts
 from themes of pain,

And thou wilt feel with grateful heart the Flowers bloom
 not in vain.

HENRIETTE'S SOIRÉE.

CHAPTER I.

“Hail smiling Peace!”

JACQUES COLLARD determined to succeed : yes, for when only a boy at school, in very wide trousers and tightened waist, his heart was in machinery. He invented model trap-doors for pigeon-houses, mended chairs and tables, bored a secret hole that led between his own room and his neighbour's, and was as highly scientific as his years would let him be.

His early history is as follows. His father was a cheerful householder, with moderate means ; his mother gave small evening parties composed of music, coffee, and lemonade. When the domestic hearth was favoured with a son and heir, the father's hope and mother's joy was sent in all due haste to a nurse who lived out of town. The country air is so beneficial. Once every year the child saw his respected parents ; once every year his respected parents went and saw him. When old enough, Jacques went to a small school, from which he was promoted to one on a larger scale ; and from there he went to college. He passed unchanged through all ; mechanics had absorbed

him. As for the classics, he respected them as ancient institutions; but, like the Irish member, "if he had a partiality on the subject, it was against them."

Give him the practical—bridges, railroads, patents, canals, and steam-engines. Modern light literature he despised, and wondered that Victor Hugo and Lamartine should write such nonsense. One eventful day deserves to be chronicled in this brief narrative. Fame bore Collard's reputation to a neighbouring town, where his younger brother lived. The brother was one of the officiating priests attached to the cathedral. Now, to look either at the town or its inhabitants, you would have thought that neither wanted anything; for the houses were very white and clean, the walks were very pretty, and the people very lazy. The worthy citizens took things as they found them, and left it to great warriors and energetic statesmen to gain an early tomb and glory. But the town *did* want something; at least so the brother said, since, like all younger relatives, he had a watchful eye to the success of the elder branch. It was his decided opinion, founded on mature conviction, deepened by subsequent thought, that an age of progress demanded an iron bridge across the river; and he did not fail to throw out a strong hint that his brother would prove the right man in the right place as engineer. So the town council held a deliberation, over which the mayor presided, and they came to the unanimous determination that an ornamental structure should be erected, and that Jacques should be commissioned to undertake it. Now Collard set to work in a very foreign way; he had tools that would act, workmen who understood how to use them, and everything was

superintended by himself; consequently, the bridge was finished within the memory of man, and fairy-like its iron tracery looked as it cast its graceful shadow on the water. The inauguration was an event in that small town, as well as a real blessing to the editor of the paper. There was a general illumination on a scale of unusual grandeur.

The Hôtel de Ville shone resplendent with six wide basins of flame, dependent for their lustre (as far as the eye could judge) on something like mutton fat.

Three large basins filled with the same material lighted up the Mairie, while several private houses were decorated with coloured-paper lamps. But how shall we describe the banquet given that night to commemorate the fête? Shall we extract a glowing paragraph from the morning paper, or leave it to the imagination of the reader? There were flowers in abundance, and not much to eat; plenty of lemonade, and not much wine. The mayor, rising amidst impressive silence, proposed the health and happiness of the engineer. (Lively adhesion.) He was proud to announce the name of Jacques Collard. (Renewed emotion.) He had watched his progress, and long ago had been confident of his success. ("Bravo!" and voices from the left.) He would say no more, but give them the future prosperity of his illustrious friend. Jacques Collard was pleased but not excited (great men never are), and, though not born an orator, he made a neat speech on the occasion; whereupon a very long head of hair and a deep moustache arose to pronounce an oration. The speaker was M. Durand—a great artist in some respects, for his paintings were the size of a travel-

ling show. He had already given to the world "The Death of Socrates," "The Virtue of Brutus," as well as several other instructive subjects. In one respect, he was a small artist, arising mainly from the fact of his being about four feet high; a circumstance less to be deplored, as it is the mind which ennobles, not the legs. It was the opinion of this celebrity that merit such as they had just witnessed could best be permanently rewarded by a full-length portrait, to be hung up in the Town Hall. Such a work of art would serve as a fitting memorial of the day, and inspire the ardent minds of the rising generation. What possibly could be more natural than that the speaker should be the commissioned artist?

Enthusiasm was at its height, and Jacques was doomed by unanimous request to exhibit his fair proportions to future ages. To this the engineer had no objection, but he hated the waste of time. "To sit," said he, "two mortal hours, while a fellow-creature paints you!" Collard, however, resigned himself to his fate, and the next morning deeply distressed the Père Durand by appearing punctually at the appointed minute. Jacques took his seat with such an air of fixed resolve, that he looked infinitely more like virtuous Brutus than himself. At last, wearied to death with attitudinizing, having his right foot turned out and his left arm on a table, he glanced accidentally at the other side of the room, and there saw an elegant young English girl, who most unromantically was mending a stocking. Why should she not? But what could she be doing there? Why, the artist had in hand a vast historical design—"The Return of Peace"—in which composition some gigantic grass was growing in a field, a

large female was pouring fruit out of a horn of plenty, and a car, more decorative than useful, was being drawn along by a well-behaved, placid lion. On the car was seated the exquisite figure of Peace, with wavy black hair, and snow-white arms. Peace on the Continent is a rare commodity, and the artist not being able to find a fit representative among his own native beauties, was fain to have recourse to an English maiden for his model. Peace had three francs an hour in return for the requisites aforesaid, the hair and arms, and at this precise moment, as has been already stated, was engaged in mending a stocking.

Here let us pause, while we reflect for a brief space on the vanity of all earthly things.

CHAPTER II.

“Still waters run deep.”

HORACE beautifully remarks—but perchance the reader does not understand Latin, or else the slim person of the Reverend Simon Smiles would have been introduced in an elegant classical quotation; the reverend gentleman must therefore be left to make his own impression. Nor are reasons wanting why he should, for he had just written a prize essay, and gained a fellowship at Oxford. The essay was sent home to his mother, who considered the remarks it contained very sensible; the news of the fellowship gave her unmingled pleasure, as it was as safe an investment as the funds, a temporal blessing only liable to be overturned by the rash act of marriage.

Simon was not likely so far to commit himself as that. Oh no! for had not his mother carefully detained him at home until he went to college? The world presents so many and hazardous temptations; false doctrine and fallacious opinions might have unduly influenced him, whilst other accidents of possible occurrence in the best regulated families might have proved a snare. The reverend gentleman early showed the result of these kind intentions—he admired the Fathers, hated cricket, and wore an eye-glass. Nature, however, will out, as is the case with murder. Simon had a monomania for self-improvement, and, in the depths of his severe waistcoat, would like now and then to see a few of those flowery paths from which he had been so steadily warned. Once—and the fact is written with a tremor—once, when up in town, he had gone so far as to see Kean in Shakspeare, but that was after much consideration, and he never told his aunt. The fellowship was a new era for him; the world and a long vacation were before him; he resolved to travel. For was not Cæsar an energetic traveller? did not Cicero migrate? or Herodotus visit foreign climes? and was not Pliny smothered by an eruption of Vesuvius when he was out exploring? what argument should deter the Reverend Simon Smiles from following their bright example? Off he went, leaving his distracted family to lament at home. He got a passport and a new portmanteau, his aunt gave him a copy of that inestimable work “The Whole Duty of Man;” and Mrs. Smiles presented him with “Murray’s Handbook;” with these he betook himself to the South-Western Railway. “Now, sir! this way for Richmond,” said the porter. “Richmond!”

muttered Simon, "whoever goes there, I wonder?" and, had the man ventured further impertinence, not the entire family circle down at Clapham would have prevented him from writing to the *Times*. Thanks to the rail, Southampton was soon reached, and the boat was ready, puffing and steaming, which conveyed Simon and forty passengers safe to Havre. It is said it is a faint heart that never rejoices; and that heart must be faint indeed that could look for the first time on fair Normandy, see the quaint Dutch shipping, with the forest of English and American rigging sparkling in the sun, without rejoicing. Simon felt better on the spot; he was four Fathers lighter; two Latin essays fell off his mind straightway, and he would soon have been as much elated as the hydrogen balloons with which children blow the windows out, had not the porter asked him which might be his luggage. The reverend gentleman was conscious that though for nine years he had been wearied with Racine, and wished Telemachus at Clapham, that he was being addressed in a language of which he had not at that moment the slightest comprehension.

A little boy, who had not had the misfortune to go to a great school, helped him out of the difficulty, and kindly became his guide to an hotel, on the walls of which was painted, in tremendous letters, "600 covers dressed for dinner."

Ah, Simon! you were a different man when you left Havre for Rouen, and there saw with wonder a town as antique as Chester, with a cathedral, a church, and a river-front, such as had never entered into your imagination. A month flew into thin air while Simon explored the

wonders of the Continent, till he began to feel the want of that moss which a rolling stone is said not to gather—besides, an obstacle was always in the way—the language. The learned gentleman knew Greek better than the ancients, and in Latin could beat the Romans hollow, since none of those worthies had the least idea how much their language meant; the sorrowful fact remained that French was a dead letter to him, which was very awkward, for the French are rather a lively people. Thus it happened that one sunny afternoon Simon was passing across the glorious square in front of an old cathedral; children were playing here and there, making the air echo with their laughing voices; now and then a priest saluted the stranger with a graceful bow and went his way; the villagers had finished work and were strolling carelessly in idle companies; the whole world seemed to be glad save Simon: the reverend gentleman felt himself to be alone. He could bear it no longer, but rushed into the town to see if he could find a human being fit to speak to, when he saw a small card hung up in the window of a gabled house bearing this inscription: “Lessons of Chant and the French language at a moderate price, at all hours.” Singing, the reverend gentleman felt not to be exactly in his line; in the first place he had never learnt, in the second place he had no voice. But the acquisition of the French language was the wish of his inmost heart; it could be obtained, it appeared, at not much expense, and at all hours. Why, so far as that went, if he were pushed for time he might have a lesson in the dead of night. Simon, without further hesitation, looked at the door, on which a huge brass plate conveyed the intelligence that it was the abode

of Henri Durand, artist, and, on asking the servant, he found that Mademoiselle, his daughter, devoted her fine mind to the duties of instruction. The Oxford scholar sat himself down in the parlour ; nor did he wait long, for a pupil was a rare occurrence in the artist's home.

The door was opened by the young lady herself, and before Simon had time to turn his head, Mademoiselle Durand nearly did it for him, for she was so enthusiastic on every subject, from the weather down to literature, that the reverend gentleman felt that, could he manage to put half the fire into one sermon that his instructress crammed into a sentence, the parish would flock to his discourses, and might eventually present him with a silver teapot.

"So you want to know French," said Mademoiselle. "Have you learnt before?"

"I have studied, Miss," said Simon, "about nine years."

"Ah ! that is charming ; take this book and let me hear you read."

Simon essayed his best.

"My dear sir, enough of that !" cried Mademoiselle ; "now just look at me. When you read French, you should open your mouth wide, and never eat your words. The great thing you want is accent. Leave your books and dictionaries at home : come here every day, and let me be your grammar. In a month you will scarcely know yourself, you will be half a native, for it is astonishing the change a few lessons make."

"And what may I call you, then ?" asked Simon.

"My name is Henriette ; do you think it nice ?"

Simon saw nothing much against it. She had dark brown hair, and a lovely voice, and most decidedly did

not want accent. Ah! no; she was French up to her very eyes, and eyes in France mean something.

CHAPTER III.

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

“BUT a model!” said Jacques Collard; “how ridiculous! As if one could not walk along the Boulevards in Paris, any day, and see a hundred. Well! come what may, my portrait must stop at present, while I go and inspect the bridge.”

There it stood swinging itself backwards and forwards like an uneasy mind—the town might well be proud of the elegant iron network which hung so true and yet so gracefully, as if to complete the scenery of a fairy landscape. Two days ago the heart of Jacques would have swelled with pride on seeing it, and visions of future triumphs would have filled his brain; but now, the Fates would have it so, he mused over the work of his own hands, as if it had been the Bridge of Sighs. Twelve o'clock rang on the cathedral bells—twelve o'clock was chimed from every church steeple.

“Twelve o'clock,” said Jacques; “I have an appointment with Henri Durand.” And there he went, although he had said he would not.

The painter was at work at “Peace”—he had just finished the olive branch, and was engaged in putting in the hand to hold it—it was a very white one.

“Ah! my dear sir! come in,” said Durand; “quite

ready for you. Emily, you can rest awhile, I am taking Monsieur's likeness."

Emily selected a great box, drew her shawl closely round her, and began her work. Durand began his.

"Ah! mon brave ami," said the artist, vigorously proceeding in his task meanwhile—"if I had but a head like yours—all calculation! What a forehead!—lines firmly marked—rigid—definite." Emily dropped her shawl, and instantly replaced it. "For my own part, I never could calculate," continued Durand; "I only paint. It is a great mercy, Monsieur Jacques, that your father never made you an artist. You little know the wear and tear, the ups and downs, the hopes and fears, of the man that meddles with a palette. I toiled six years and never got an order. I and Madame (she is dead, poor soul!) lived four years in a garret, and I hung my pictures for exhibition under the archway of the porter's lodge. At last a great statesman was caught in a shower of rain—providentially he had no umbrella—his highness admired my subjects; he did more, he gave me a commission. Of course, directly after such notice I had genius. I painted most of the dignitaries of the parish, and the Town Council ordered the 'Death of Socrates.' My great work, sir; have you seen it?"

"Yes," said Simon, "and"—(Emily went fast to sleep)—"admired it very much."

"There!" said Durand, brightening with his theme, "look at that girl!"—(Jacques was doing so.)—"See what a graceful attitude! remark the exquisite outline of the features! What heavenly expression of face! Never shall I forget, when I conceived my stupendous thought

of the "Return of Peace," how earnestly I sought for some one who could realise my own ideal. I walked up and down the streets, and saw no one. I stopped for hours in the market-place in vain. I went into society, attended balls and soirées, to no purpose. But one day, my daughter told me of an English lady who was in great distress.

"Her husband had been ruined in a railway speculation, and died of grief; the mother and daughter came here to live upon nothing, and their credit. I went to see them, for though I had little myself, I was a painter, and longed to help them. Judge of my surprise and happiness when, on being shown into their humble room, the first thing I saw was Emily, the daughter. 'Ah!' said I, aloud, 'I have found my Peace at last.'"

"And I," thought Jacques, "have lost it."

Emily, hearing her name pronounced, instantly started up. She was confused, as well she might be, at seeing two people staring at her.

"Oh dear!" she said, in English, "I am very sorry; I quite forgot myself." And she tied on her large brown hat, once more tightly fastened her shawl, and away she glided.

"Now, my good man!" said Durand, "what, in Heaven's name, is the matter? You look as if you were going to be guillotined. Cheer up, and throw expression in your countenance."

Jacques did cheer up in a frantic manner, and succeeded in looking about as lively as a photograph.

"Well, well," said Durand, "that will do to-day; when shall I see you next?"

"Wednesday," said Jacques.

"No, no," said the Père Durand, "come on Thursday. On Wednesday, my daughter Henriette gives a little party, and I don't like to disappoint the child. To our next meeting, then, and glad to see you!"

Jacques prepared to go, when a loud scream, something between a war-whoop and intense delight, burst on his ears; for at that moment Madlle. Henriette Durand pushed open the heavy court-yard door, which never was made to fasten, and, according to invariable custom, chased the fowls round and round the yard, frightened the pigeons, and upset the dog. That sagacious animal returned the compliment by bolting up the staircase with his mistress, so that both made their appearance in the studio together.

"Ah, papa!" shrieked Henriette (at the same time nearly smothering that respectable individual)—"papa, what do you think?" Here the vivacious little lady commenced twirling about like a teetotum, and performing a variety of pas de fascination not included in one guinea the set.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Père Durand, "*do* mind what you are at: you have swept off the lion's tail, and nearly put Peace's eye out! and don't you see, there is a gentleman here?"

"Pardon—a thousand pardons," said Henriette; "I was not aware you had company. But oh, papa! what do you think? Just as I was passing by the great square, who should I see looking at the cathedral but the ecclesiastic who comes here to learn French.

" ' Ah! qu'il est beau!
Le postillon——' "

Here Henriette volunteered a song upon her own account, with variations. "There," she continued, "he stood in a coat that must have come from Noah's Ark, with a red book and an umbrella. He would have stood till now, but I was dying to see whatever was in the red book; so I made a rustle as I turned down the avenue, and his reverence turned round. He made a bow, I dropped a curtsy. 'Bon jour,' said he. 'How does that go?' said I, being nearly all the French he knew, and all my English. He looked at me, I looked at him, and as we had nothing more to say, I took hold of the red book, and what do you think I found? It says that our town contains about sixty thousand souls; its cathedral and churches are much admired (I should think they were); and that the place was originally under the Norman sway. I read English very well, but somehow, papa, there is no making out the natives. Ah! la! la! then the foreigner pulls out another book, which he made me understand was very useful, for it tells him how to wash in two languages. You should have seen us both pacing along the avenue together; it was enough to make one die of laughter. He gave me the phrase—'In what time shall I speak French?' I snatched the dialogues, and turned to 'Of time, days, months, and years'—'Of Roman division and calculation of the bissextile.' Nothing would do. At last I came to 'Dignitaries—noblemen, how to speak to;' and I pointed to the word 'bishop.' I gave him a great tap on the shoulder, and said, 'Quand vous serez bishop!' He seized the book, and now I knew he meant to say something pretty, for he looked all down the 'Stars and constellations,' 'Of the

heavenly bodies,' 'Of gods and goddesses,' till he got into 'Household furniture.' Nothing came. But cannot he discourse in English? I could make out very little, but I know he said this, 'Mademoiselle Henriette, you make me happy. I like you better than the cathedral'—there, papa!—'and as I never shall learn French, may I come in the evening and read Shakspeare to you?' Shakspeare, papa! the great William, you know, who writes everything in five acts, and makes them all kill each other in the last. I told him, as well as I was able, that I never understood high art, but on Wednesday I was going to give a soirée, and he might come to that. I took his book, put a great pencil mark on 'Mercredi,' so that there should be no mistake. Lira! lara!

“ ‘ Ah! qu'il est beau
Le postillon de Longjumeau.’ ”

A grand display of fireworks on the part of the young lady now ensued. The poor dog had lost himself awhile, and began to fear his little mistress must be ill, she had been so quiet for five minutes. The calm soon wore off, hope reappeared, and that sagacious animal and Henriette played a series of diversions usually ascribed to Meg.

“ Well, now,” said Jacques, “that you have finished your sermon, I suppose the congregation may disperse.”

“ Ah! Monsieur, je vous ai tout-à-fait oublié. Why, Monsieur Collard, won't *you* come to-morrow? I shall have all the talking to myself.”—(Jacques thought it very probable.)—“ Dog, dog! great beast! behave comme il faut; you should never interrupt a conversation, and

don't stand staring at me there with your great eyes, and take your patts off my shoulder, do!"

Here another chase, of a wild nature, followed, in which the dog got decidedly the worst of it, and pelted down the staircase. Henriette set up a shout of triumph, the poor dog barked and howled, and the fowls began to tremble for another run. Not this time, however, for Henriette rushed into the studio, panting with excitement. "Now," she said, "Monsieur Jacques, you have had time enough to make your will, tell me whether you mean to come?"

"No, mademoiselle, I assure you I should be gratified, but it is quite impossible."

"Always business," said Henriette; "I wish it in the Seine, and the Town Council with it! We are going to have quadrilles and music. I mean to make some English tea in a china teapot for the clergyman, and Emily is coming to deck the room with flowers."

"In that case," said Jacques, "I think I had better come. Music, quadrilles, and real tea are more than I can resist."

"Every one to their taste," said Henriette; "for my part, I like flowers."

CHAPTER IV.

"All's well that ends well."

IF you lived a little way out of town in Normandy, you would be exceedingly puzzled to find your own abode. All the houses have gable ends, all the doors are green, and all the walls are white. Moreover, every dwelling has a little garden in front, and a larger garden at the back. Every floor has got white sand, and in every window hangs a bird. One of these cottages was the home of Mrs. Morden and her daughter, and, though after quarter day not a shilling stood between them and the morrow, they lived in peace, bad as the times were, and they had even adopted another inmate, who was never absent—Hope. Two years ago they lived near Regent's Park. Mrs. Morden had more servants than she knew how to manage, and not seldom dreamt of thieves; but the railways came, and gave the servants warning, and in one day deprived amateur thieves of their occupation. Bitter, indeed, was the first reverse of fortune, and cheerless looked the world around them. But the darkest night must have a morning, and when Mrs. Morden had quietly settled down in a secluded Norman village, and friends began to circle round her, there came a time when she ceased to regret her former style of living. Not that I mean to imply the advantage of being ruined, but I only wish to show how lightly the heaviest disasters fall upon a patient heart.

Mrs. Morden was seated in a high-backed chair that would have rejoiced Wardour-street; Emily placed herself by a table in the bow-window; the sun streaming in, lighted up the room.

"Mamma," said Emily, "what is the matter with the bird? it droops its head, and never sings at all."

"Perhaps it wants to fly out of its cage a little; let it loose and see."

Emily did so; the poor bird seemed at first bewildered with its liberty, but in a few minutes it shook its feathers, flitted merrily about the place, and, opening its little beak, warbled a song of joy.

"I think going out," said Emily, "appears to have done it good. Mamma, do you think you can spare me this afternoon? I am asked to see Monsieur Durand; Henriette gives a *soirée*."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Morden; "but who do you expect to meet?" (A trace of West-end survived in Normandy.)

"I can hardly say," said Emily; "but I know there is going to be a strange clergyman who is learning French, and an engineer, or architect, or something, who is sitting for his portrait."

"Well, you may go, but be sure you return early; I shall be left alone."

Emily retired to dress, which process, on this eventful day, lasted about three hours, or the village scandal was at fault. Then, at the risk of undoing all her trouble, she went into the garden with a basket, and filled it to the brim with flowers.

"Good-by, mamma," said Emily, as she took herself, her basket, and her sunny smile to Monsieur Durand's.

There had evidently been no Town Council meeting that afternoon, for Jacques was in the house already.

"Here, Emily!" said Henriette, "Monsieur Collard has been so kind as to come and help us. He is a great engineer, you know; and if between you you cannot turn the room into a little Paradise, it is a pity."

Emily blushed, and said she was proud of such assistance. Jacques bowed, he would try to do his best, and away flew Henriette to adorn for company. Now, gentle reader, did you ever have to tinker up roses, fasten festoons and garlands, and hang lanterns, in a duet? If so, you can well understand that all that tinkering, fastening, and hanging, is very trying to the constitution.

An eminent writer (probably Lord Bacon) has remarked, that two persons together can do much more than the same two apart. Nothing else could account for the rapid transformation of the artist's rooms. Jacques excelled himself; he could not have shone more had his object been to decorate the Arc de Triomphe. Emily tied the flowers together, and looked on in amazement. But with all his contrivances there was one in which Jacques had no part, for Emily hid the design in her basket till it was quite finished; then she looked up, and said, "Monsieur Collard, I want a large black board."

Jacques rushed into the studio, seized hold of a huge sketch of the lion destined to figure in the triumphal car, and brought it into the salon.

"There, Miss," said Jacques, "will that do? Now, where am I to put it?"

"Nail it up right in the centre," said Emily, "where everybody can see."

Emily sprang on a chair, stole the hammer from Jacques, who thought she meant to do a sum, or inscribe a motto, or draw an impromptu portrait of the Père Durand. She did neither; but, after hammering and tacking for full five minutes, she came down from the chair, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Monsieur Collard the name of Henriette, worked in flowers.

"There, beat that!" said Emily, clapping her tiny hands.

Just at that moment appeared Mademoiselle herself. A French lady, I have been told in confidence, never takes three hours to dress—the operation involves a basin of water, sometimes also a piece of soap. Henriette related afterwards that on this occasion she *did* use soap, and plenty of it. Her hair was drawn back from her forehead à la *Chinoise*, she had white lace cuffs, a new lace collar, given her by two Academy students, with as many rings and as much scarlet ribbon as could be accommodated on the premises.

"Now," said Henriette, "lights! lights! lights! Ah, par exemple! how pretty!"

It was six o'clock, and nearly every soul who was expected had arrived. You should have seen the Père Durand, in an enormous waistcoat, trousers of the widest, and collars which would have outrivalled the famous ones of our own great artist, Etty. Those very

collars had been to court, and were allowed to come out only on special occasions.

"Bless you!" said the Concièrge, enlightening a numerous audience in the court-yard next day, "there were plenty of them on the first-floor last night—there was the engineer who did the bridge, three young ladies all in white, two students from the Academy, one of master's old pupils come from Paris, the old lady who lent the stuffed lion, her son, who had been to Africa, and said he shot it, and two members from the Town Council, who sat like posts. Young mistress said she despised them, but that if they were stupid she was not responsible. Well! to be sure! I had nearly forgotten the oddest sight of all—an English ecclesiastic, who had a long-tail coat, and brought his umbrella. I heard Mademoiselle rate him soundly for coming at seven o'clock, when he might have *known* there was no more coffee."

Such was the summary out of doors; the inside spectacle could only be described by the familiar quotation, "They all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, until the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." But Henriette never gave the gunpowder time to run out of hers, for she smothered her father, talked to the old woman, inquired about Africa, patted Monsieur Jacques, drank the reverend Simon's tea, joked with the students, and nearly floated the three young ladies in white. The students, however, were the best after all. They began the evening by calling their entertainer Mademoiselle Durand, which was very proper; at seven o'clock she was Mademoiselle Henriette, and soon afterwards she became Henriette, and nothing else, for shortness. Did

Mademoiselle want a chorus they were willing to supply one, either vocal or instrumental ; for, like pleasant people, they brought their own music with them. Did she sing a solo, they would throw a chorus in gratuitously, out of pure love, though it turned up often where it was wanted least. All went off in triumph till they came to dance : nobody would play the piano. In vain Henriette appealed to the better feelings of the company ; no one would be a sacrifice except the old woman who lent the lion, and she never knew how to play. A bright idea struck the students : why should they be limited to a grand piano ? Philosophy soared higher. One seized a flute, the other a trombone, and the third, who had come from Paris, grasped a violin like a sheet-anchor. Henriette was in ecstasies ; Simon grew so excited that he laid violent hands upon the little French girl, without ever asking, "Should he have the honour?" Jacques, with his usual engineering skill, contrived to get Emily ; and never mind the students, they take life as it comes. In France, the word Quadrille means dancing, not a promenade.

Ah ! what sight is that ! champagne, by all that's sparkling ! The Père Durand stared when he saw it put upon the table. It was many a day since the brave artist had seen the beverage which cheers but not inebriates. Art in Normandy is content with *vin ordinaire*. (Monsieur Jacques had ordered it—at least, so Emily said, and her testimony must be received.) Now, it is astonishing what wonders thoughtful kindness works. The Père Durand, Jacques, and Simon, touched each other's glasses. The three students roamed about in the most disinterested

manner. Jacques went up to Emily, poured a few drops out of his own glass into hers, and then they drank together. Simon was enchanted, and tried to do the same for Henriette; but, signally failing, like the bright, light-hearted French lady that she was, she did it for him. Simon was transported. He felt, at that moment, as if he could have preached a whole sermon straight off hand, in three heads, and a concluding warning to the wicked. His face beamed as if the bishop of his diocese had said to him, "Reverend sir, you shall be my examining chaplain." He had an attack of shaking hands, beginning with the Père Durand, and ending with the old woman who had lent the lion. But the crowning scene had yet to come. Henriette, in the joy of her heart, sat down and sang a song—such a song is not heard every day: lightly and musically the voice rose and fell, brightly and clearly rang the silver notes, now gently sad, now sparkling into sudden gaiety. There was no accompaniment—none; the glorious voice had its own way. The very students ceased to laugh, and the old concierge opened his casement-window to catch the sweet strain as it murmured by; and Simon (ah, deluded Simon!) snatched a wreath of flowers, and twining it like a garland round her head, made a quotation in an unknown tongue, which the students took for Greek:

"There is none like her, none,
Nor will be when our summers have deceased."

Ah, well! even the best-regulated evening parties must come to an end. The last dance was danced, the young artists finished the champagne, the guests began to separate, and the Reverend Simon Smiles would have

taken his departure had he not drawn Henriette aside, and led her to the balcony, and there asked her, in a determined manner, equally understood in French or English, "Whether—whether, by any possibility, she could live at Clapham?" Oh! Simon, Simon! think of your respected aunt, think of the cautions of your anxious friends at home, think of that neglected volume, "The Whole Duty of Man," reposing at the bottom of your trunk, think of the advantageous partners, so earnestly recommended by Mrs. Smiles, all of whom, though they may have no personal charms, have funded property.

"Yes, yes," said Simon; "no man living can think of everything at once, and there is no knowing what you may come to."

There is a dangerous facility in going somewhere, when bright eyes lead the way.

"Miss Morden," said Jacques Collard, "shall I conduct you home?"

If it be the characteristic of a great mind to keep an even balance under the most trying circumstances, Emily, on this occasion, had not a great one; indeed, she so far forgot herself as totally to have forgotten Henriette. But, allowing for this defect, she was a philosopher without knowing it. Her theory assumed this form: "It is very late. I have a long way to go. The Cathedral square is rather desolate, and there might be robbers."

"Thank you," said Emily. "Mamma wished me to return early, as she is left alone."

They passed along the quiet town, which had slept its first sleep already. The mournful sound of the night patrol, wending his solitary way, whispered, "What dreadful

hours!" The doleful light of the half-expiring street-lamps said, "Better late than never." The warning fell on heedless ears. Jacques and Emily adopted the good English motto, "Hasten slowly." They gained the avenue, and listened to the waving trees; and in a moment the grand old cathedral stood before them.

"Miss Morden," said Jacques, drawing her a little closer to him, "do you see we are standing in its very shadow?"

"We are," whispered a gentle voice.

"Emily," said Jacques, drawing her still closer to him — "Emily! by all that is sacred in its walls, I love you! Sweet Peace, will you be mine?"

They came to the bridge, and saw it in the moonlight spanning the smiling river. To Jacques it seemed like the rainbow of hope, for Emily had answered, "Yes."

Let the curtain fall: the tragedy is ended.

JOSEPH INCE.

31, Southampton-street,
Covent-garden.

THE GHOST.

THIS is a tale of days gone by,
 Which well may claim the passing sigh ;
 For time has wings, and stays for no man,
 Let him be prince, or peer, or yeoman ;
 And, when we lose him, 'tis in vain
 We hope to see his face again.

There was a man, a great man too,
 Who died, as other great men do ;
 But, could the love of rich or poor
 Have kept affliction from his door,
 Death never would have enter'd there,
 For such a one they ill could spare.
 He was a friend in ev'ry season,
 And very few could guess the reason
 He was not only civil when
 He wanted kindness back again ;
 Nor did he think what he should gain
 By lessening another's pain.
 His gold the hungry daily fed,
 His presence by the sick man's bed
 Sooth'd many a heart oppress'd by grief,
 And all who sought, obtain'd relief.

And yet he died—and tears were shed,
 Like showers around his lowly bed ;
 Sweet hope alone had power to dry
 The trembling drop in sorrow's eye ;

“ Weep not for him,” she smiling said,
“ His body rests among the dead,
His soul, by angels borne away,
Begins an everlasting day.”

And he was followed by a son,
Who did as his good sire had done ;
Not quite the same in taste and feeling,
He still possess'd the power of healing,
Because his purse was well supplied,
And on his kindness all relied.
His good deeds here I cannot tell,
Tho' many I remember well ;
To know them half, I give you warning
You'd read them till to-morrow morning :
For ten long years had nearly pass'd
Since his good father breath'd his last,
When piercing winds, with howling deep,
Had rock'd the laughing world asleep ;
Frost, with his iron chain had bound,
Much hidden treasure in the ground ;
The fields, that late with plenty teem'd,
Now desolate and barren seem'd ;
In short, 'twas winter, and my lord
Was thinking what he could afford,
To make a feast of meat and bread,
For those who wanted to be fed.
He, in his study, musing sat,
His feet upon a Turkey mat ;
The dying embers, once so bright,
Now gave a pale, uncertain light,

When an old footman, fat and tall,
Made hasty entrance from the hall.
“ My lord, John Brown is at the door,
Who says that he is very poor.”
“ *Poor*, is that all ? ’tis quite the fashion,
And, now-a-days, a reigning passion ;
The miser, as he counts his store,
Feels poor, and wants a little more.
And ev’ry man is poor whose breast
Makes envy there a welcome guest.
But many daily want for bread,
And here they shall be freely fed.
So show him in, I’ll hear his ditty,
Perchance he’ll move my soul to pity.”
John Brown appear’d with humble bow ;
“ Well, John, why, what’s the matter now ?
Come, cheer up, man, whate’er your trouble,
Thinking about it makes it double.”
“ Indeed, my lord, I’ve cause to grieve,
But you my sorrows can relieve.”
And such a tale of woe was told,
As well might turn the *coolest cold*.
But, ’tis a secret none may tell,
My lord’s reply will do as well.
“ My dinner waits, and I must eat,
And you shall have some bread and meat,
To-morrow morning show your face,
I think I understand your case.”

John, for a minute, left alone,
Said to himself, in mournful tone,

“ Just like his father, I declare,
His very look—his voice—his air !
Oh ! how I wish (but wishing’s vain),
That I could see him once again ;
His silver hair—his noble brow !
What would I give to see him *now*.”
He raised his eyes with suppliant air,
But, oh ! how wildly did he stare
To see him really standing there.
“ Help ! murder ! lights ! a ghost is here !”
Cried John, in agony and fear ;
“ Save me ! oh ! save me ! I shall die.”
And, summon’d by his piercing cry,
The servants enter’d with a light,
Yet found no frightful, ghastly sprite,
But what had hung there many a year,
A picture of the good old peer ;
In which, as large as life he stood,
Surrounded by a frame of wood ;
And from the canvas started out,
As if he wished to walk about ;
So like, indeed, that none could wonder
At poor John Brown’s unlucky blunder.
And here, my friends, a word is seasonable,
Wish not for anything unreasonable ;
For, should it come, it might not be
The very thing you wish to see.
Of all vain wishes now repent,
And be with what you have *content*.

L. W.

CHRISTMAS, 1856.

I LOVE old merry Christmas, with its sprigs of holly green;
 I love old merry Christmas, for happy groups are seen
 Wending their way, with pleasant looks, to cherished
 childhood's home,
 Rejoicing in their sunny hearts that Christmas-day is
 come.

I love old merry Christmas, with its joyous-sounding
 chimes,
 For how vividly they bring us back to childhood's happy
 times.
 But still, with all the sunshine, there's many passing
 showers ;
 So, after winter's storms and blasts, the sweeter seem
 spring flowers.

Still, childhood had its sorrows ; though now they do but
 seem,
 Compared with others, only like a midnight troubled
 dream.
 But, no matter what our trials here—they cannot always
 last—
 If they do but bring us safely home when life's rough
 storms are past.

I love to see old Christmas dressed in garb of snowy white,
 It seems to make our cheerful fire burn still more clear
 and bright :
 We draw our chairs the closer, and wish that we could
 give
 The same good cheer that we possess to all who round us
 live.

Yet, while we hail old Christmas, let us not forget he
brings
Us swiftly down life's current on never tiring wings ;
But fit ourselves for joining, on that radiant, happy shore,
An eternal Christmas party, when this passing life is o'er.

B. B.

THE IDIOT BOY.

I GAZ'D upon that Idiot Boy,
Bereft of reason's mighty power,
And playing with a simple toy,
To while away th' unconscious hour ;
The glassy orb—the senseless stare—
Told me no joy was passing there.

The music of that mind was gone,
Loose discords trembled on his tongue ;
His harp of life, when played upon,
Betray'd that it was falsely strung.
Yet, that poor idiot's soul is pure,
And will eternally endure.

Behold that being ! Who can tell
What inward passions riot there ?
What thoughts within that breast may dwell—
What beams of love—what clouds of care ?
To mortal ken 'tis all unknown ;
He communes with his God alone.

How many wrecks on Wisdom's beach
Have sympathy and succour found,
Which mercy never fails to reach,
Wherever British hearts abound.
What nobler cause can pity find
Than his—the *living tomb of mind!*

For him the glorious sun may rise,
But not to light his vacant brain;
Fair sylvan scenes may meet his eyes,
But Nature's beauties all are vain.
He cannot see the light divine,
When blossoms burst, and planets shine.

Days, months, and years, unheeded fly—
In his own world of chaos lost—
Severed from every human tie,
And cold as Lapland's ice-bound coast;
Till He who gave the deathless gem
In glory sets the diadem.

W. WRIGHTSON.

Norwich, March 3, 1857.

THE REVIVAL.

WHEN calmly reasoning we behold
 The hapless idiot mope and grin,
 Shall we dare ask, like some of old,
 "Did this man, or his parents, sin?"

Ah! rather, with the sorrowing tear
 Of Mary at her Saviour's side,
 Exclaim we, "Lord, hadst Thou been here,
 Our brother's reason had not died!"

Although that reason now has lain
 A lifetime dead and dark and lone,
 Jesus directs His faithful train
 E'en yet, "Take ye away the stone."

We cannot bid the death-struck mind
 "Come forth," indeed, by sudden spell;
 But lengthen'd care and love combin'd
 May do the gracious work as well.

O joy divine, if in the end,
 Like Him who felt all human woe,
 We too o'er one reviving friend
 May "Loose him," cry, "and let him go!"

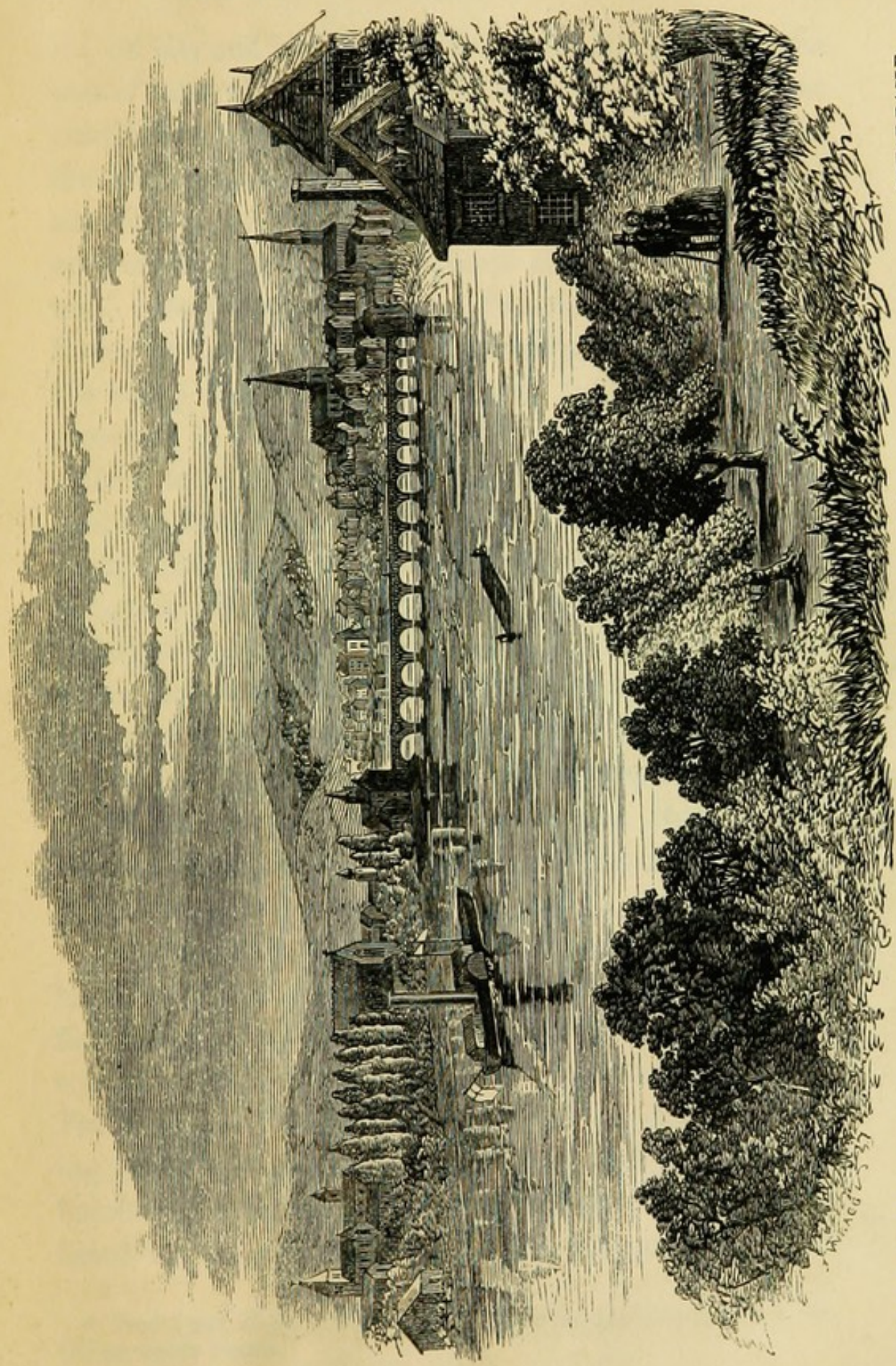
C. LESINGHAM SMITH.

THE BRIDGE OF BASLE, SWITZERLAND.

AN HISTORIC SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL PICTURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN
BLACK AND WHITE."

THE bridges of Switzerland are not the least interesting features in the picturesque scenery of that wonderful country. The work of art, they still partake of its natural strangeness and beauty. The most ancient, crossing the rapid rivers that wash the feet of its walled cities and towns, are often covered over by a high arched roof of slated rafters, rendering them always dry; and, doubtless, intended as a preservative from the winter snows which might otherwise choke up the passage. Several are decorated by paintings describing sacred or historic scenes, "lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes;" and some, again, are so fragile—simply trees thrown across from rock to rock, or tree to tree—that the foot falters with apprehensive fear at each timid step. Amongst the old bridges of this remarkable Alpine-land, that of Basle stands pre-eminent; not for peculiar beauty of architecture, nor pictorial adornment, nor for any curious carving or roofing—yet it is of bold and noble construction—but for the extraordinary events of which it has been the theatre during the lapse of successive centuries. Spanning the wide and rapid Rhine, sole communication, except by water, between



LITTLE BASLE.

THE BRIDGE OF BASLE.

GREAT BASLE.

OFFICE OF THE

SECRETARY OF THE

NAVY

the old city and her younger rival (now also grey with the dust of antiquity), Minder, or Little Basle, many a pageant traversed in solemn procession its time-honoured road in the middle ages—many a scene of diversified character, alternately merry or mournful, mysterious or ludicrous, been enacted on its narrow boards since its first foundation. The passages of a Pope, Felix the Fifth, during his three years' sojourn in Basle,* were ever attended with all the pomp and circumstance which signalised a Pope's presence in the fifteenth century. He rode a white palfrey, trapped with scarlet velvet richly embroidered in gold and silver, the reins gilt. His tiara was exceedingly costly, thickly studded with precious jewels of great beauty and price. He was always escorted by a numerous retinue of princes, nobles, priests, monks, and attendants, and never seen without marks of the most profound veneration and affection; for Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, whatever his weaknesses and eccentricities (despite the sneers of Voltaire), whether hereditary Prince, Head of the Church, or Hermit of Ripaille, was graceful, amiable, courteous, and munificent.

As in the dissolving views of some grand panoramic exhibition the outlines of one pictorial exhibition gradually fade away, and another in strange contrast bursts upon our startled sight, so the still solemn cavalcade of the Holy Father of the Church, "Christ's Vicar on earth;" kneeling multitudes bowing with silent awe the devout head in humblest adoration as he went along; not a murmur heard whilst, with low sweet voice, he gave the Papal

* From June, 1440, to November, 1443. *Mélanges Helvétiques*, t. vii. Conservateur Suisse.

benediction, is succeeded by the noisy triumphant return of the Abbess of Klingenthal and her twenty-four cloistered nuns, into the ancient convent, yet extant, at the foot of the bridge leading into Little Basle, from whence they had been most rudely expelled two years before. On the third Sunday of October, 1483, after vespers, when all the Balois were at liberty to witness their progress, they came in proud array, attended by a host of nobles and chevaliers, their friends and relations, whose stout defence of their cause had led to this glorious conquest. Trumpeters heralded their approach, and gorgeous banners, filled with heraldic devices, floated back long silken streamers, as if in haughty defiance of their discomfited foes, the Dominican monks on the other side of the Rhine. Troops of men, women, and children, crowding upon the balustrades of the bridge, welcomed their advent with loud vociferous acclamations of delight. The stately sisterhood, strictly attired in the imposing costume of their order, white flowing robes, with black veils, mantles, and large rosaries or chaplets depending from the girdle, seated in open carriages drawn by white horses in sable harness, contrasted strongly with the glittering armour, sumptuous garments of silk, satin, or velvet, furred and embroidered, waving plumes and crested casquets, worn by the fierce band of champions who rode, in exulting pride, on prancing steeds gaily caparisoned, on either side of them.

Again the scene changes; the nuns and their *cortége* vanish; and fresh figures, redolent of human life and human emotion, appear in their place. There is another gathering on that old bridge—crowds congregate till all

the avenues are blocked up ; but as the disappearance of footlights, throwing a dim sepulchral hue over the stage, prepares the minds of the audience for coming events of sinister import, so the hushed voices and scowling faces of the hurrying throng told that something was expected there of no joyous character. Nor, as on former occasions, was this eager assemblage chiefly composed of the lower classes of society. Knots of grave personages, in the dignified dress of the University, stood together in groups, ever and anon exchanging brief words with some passing magistrate in his furred gown, wealthy burgher, or stately magnate, in the rich belted jacket and doublet and plumed hat of his order. At the foot of the bridge was moored a small vessel, close to the steps leading down to the water's edge, ready for getting under weigh, her sails flapping in the morning breeze ; and from time to time her stalwart commander (as he paced the tiny deck with impatient strides) threw upwards looks of surly defiance to meet the watchful eyes of the multitude gazing on him from above. The cathedral clock at length chimed ten, and soon a slight waving to and fro of the people, and a suppressed murmur, revealed the reason of this strange, unwonted excitement : Erasmus, the pride, the glory of their city, was abandoning them for ever !

Timid by nature, feeble in health, averse from jangling strife, and the recipient of several pensions, emanating from crowned heads inimical to the Reformation, Erasmus shrank from the consequences of that very revolution to which he had, by his own writings, so much contributed, and determined to quit the city of his former adoption, when an entire change in its worship left him

the single literary celebrity that yet clung to the old faith. Every effort had been made to induce him to alter his resolution. Œcolampadius, as the visible head of the Protestant party, sought an interview with him, and assured him that he had nothing to apprehend from the populace, nor would receive any but continued proofs of respect from the inhabitants, however now opposed to them in matters of religious dogma, fruitlessly ; and his fixed determination to depart was deemed both a loss and an insult. No impediment was, however, opposed to his intention, beyond compelling the captain of the vessel he had hired to convey himself and domestics to Neufchâtel (a small town on the borders of the Rhine, from whence he purposed to proceed to Fribourg, in the Brisgau), to start from the bridge, in defiance of his own desire to sail from the little secluded wharf of St. Anthony, lower down, as a less public part of the river. The Senate considered this attempt to glide away unobserved as a fresh symptom of unjustifiable apprehension ; and, to substantiate that he had no cause for his unworthy distrust, forbade the commander (whose jealous sense of personal independence was grievously wounded by the prohibition), on peril of imprisonment, to set sail from any but the usual quay in the heart of the city. With faltering steps Erasmus advanced, accompanied by two or three firm friends, and followed by his "Zantippy" housekeeper. Assisted by Amerbach, he descended the stairs, and took his place in the long-waiting craft ; not a word was said—not a sound uttered—not a head uncovered ; but, as the little vessel slowly moved from the bridge, he arose, and, turning towards the deserted city, pronounced, with much emotion,

four Latin impromptu lines, preserved on the tablets of his friend, the learned Amerbach, which spoke for his feelings on this memorable occasion.*

These were spirit-stirring events, picturesque episodes in the history of the old bridge; but in September, 1681, a pantomime was there represented of fearful interest, the more extraordinary from the singular circumstance that the performers on its stage were ignorant of each other, and played their respective parts in dumb show, all unconscious that they were acting, and that on the scrupulous execution of their uncomprehended *rôle* depended the fate of untold thousands, equally ignorant with themselves of its meaning and design.

Late one evening, Victor de Chamilly, youngest son of General de Chamilly, a scion of the high French *noblesse*, received an order to wait upon the prime minister of Louis Quatorze without delay. Chamilly, a lieutenant in the king's body-guard, some twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, was, at that inauspicious moment, full of secret bustle and anxiety, preparing for a clandestine union with a youthful maid of honour, whose budding charms had yet escaped the licentious eye of the unprincipled monarch; but the royal permission to wed, without which no nobleman or gentleman about Court could approach the hymenial altar, Chamilly knew he should never obtain; for he was poor, and the fair lady of his love, though illustrious by birth, still poorer. The hapless pair, so frowned upon by fortune, determined, therefore, to enter the sacred enclosure of marriage at the

* Vide Historical Pictures of the Middle Ages in Black and White.

back door; and, after much cautious negotiation, a convenient priest having been found willing to lend his services for the sake of a considerable pecuniary recompense, all was arranged for the ceremony to take place that very night at eleven o'clock. Then, as now, it was fashionable for the superior classes in France to have the nuptial vows pledged at midnight; and the youthful couple were, during the hurry and confusion of a masquerade held at the house of the damsel's mother, to make their escape to a neighbouring church, from whence, after the rite was performed, they intended to return to their respective homes, and keep the affair a secret till some happier time for divulging it should arrive. The stern, astute, vigilant Marquis de Louvois, at the zenith of his political power, and in the vigour of his age, was the object of dread and dislike to all connected with him. No exactitude in the payment of the troops, or general attention to the interests of the army, could atone to the officers for the severity of his discipline as Secretary of State for the War Department; and the heart of Chamilly throbbed with sinister foreboding when he received this imperious mandate. Any attempt at evasion or resistance he knew would be equally useless, so, flinging himself into the carriage waiting at his door to convey him to the festive residence of his affianced wife, he drove to the Louvre.

The marquis was sitting in his cabinet alone: he scarcely acknowledged the young officer's respectful salute as he entered. Chamilly advanced, and stood before him. There was silence for a few seconds.

"Chamilly," said the minister, "this night, at eleven

o'clock, you were to have been married."* Chamilly started. "Simpleton! to suppose that anything could be hidden from me!" Chamilly was speechless. "Now, listen"—Chamilly lent the most anxious, painful attention: "Choose between the Bastille and the alternative I offer, to obtain your pardon. Here is the habit of a Sundgovian; put it on. At the foot of the private staircase you will find a plain carriage—take with you this pencil and portfolio—enter it without a word, and depart immediately for Basle in Switzerland. You must arrive there in three days. On the fourth, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon, speed to the great wooden bridge over the Rhine, and carefully note down all that you see pass under your eye. Should there be anything in the least degree singular, either in the persons or dress of those who may happen to cross it, fail not to record it. Omit nothing in your description, however apparently trivial. At four o'clock, return to Paris with the utmost despatch, and bring me the *memoranda* you have made. Your union or the Bastille will be the reward of your promptitude or want of diligent attention."

Chamilly did not hesitate to undertake this long mysterious journey in preference to the shorter one, proposed in lieu of it, to the Bastille. He picked up the purse of gold thrown towards him by the insolent minister, and flew down stairs light as a bird suddenly escaped from the fowler. Hoping that some lucky chance might relieve the anxiety of his now waiting bride elect, he gaily

* Je sais que vous devez ce soir vous marier secrètement. Choisissez entre la Bastille ou le moyen, &c. &c. Papiers de Zurlauben à Arau. Histoire de la Suisse, t. xii. p. 186.

jumped into the carriage, and soon drove past the portal of the very church which, in one hour more, was to have been opened to admit him as a bridegroom. He travelled as a man would travel who had a bride or a dungeon in perspective as the result of his energy. Neither railroads nor turnpike-roads lent their aid to facilitate his mission; yet, spurred on by love and fear—the two master passions of man—he reached Basle even before the appointed time, took some slight refreshment, and then, without further delay, portfolio in hand, wended his way to the scene of action. He took up his station near the clock-tower, on the centre of the bridge—from which, at that period, a grotesque face used to put forth a tongue in mockery (as it was said) of the inhabitants of Little Basle when the hours were struck—and accurately jotted down all that glided in panoramic review before him. First came a peasant driving his cart; then a funeral procession; next, a traveller from the Baden side, on horseback, closely pursued by two beggars; a miller, with an ass carrying a sack of flour; a Professor of the University, in full costume; a mountebank with his monkey; a group of pretty *Balaïses*, in the fanciful attire of their canton, long plaits of shining hair descending nearly to their short petticoats, surmounted by a huge bow of black ribbon; and troops of little children, with neat nursery-maids, successively followed. Two nuns, carefully veiled, made Chamilly think of his royal master. Might they be the cause of this accurate investigation? About half-past three, a young man, somewhat oddly dressed, wearing a yellow waistcoat, with hose of the same colour, appeared from the city side. He walked towards the centre arch,

leaned over the parapet a few minutes, then receded a step or two, and with a thick stick struck three blows upon the balustrade ere he passed into Little Basle. There was nothing else particular in him. The raps seemed those given by an idle hand guided by a vacant mind, carelessly testing (it might be) the solidity of the railing. At four o'clock, after marking the presence of many other individuals, all apparently of no importance, Chamilly, weary of his long, cold watch, left the bridge, entered his post-chaise, ready for him at the Trois Rois, and reached Paris the day but one afterwards, very late in the night, or rather early in the morning. When he arrived at the residence of the minister he was immediately conducted to Louvois, and found him in his dressing-gown, evidently awaiting his appearance. Not a word of greeting was exchanged. Chamilly drew out his portfolio, and was venturing to offer some preliminary excuse for the meagreness of the details, when the marquis, with an impatient gesture, commanding silence, snatched it from his hand, and eagerly examined its pages. He read on with the most profound, breathless attention, till he came to the man in the yellow waistcoat, when he started up with sudden joy, bade Chamilly depart and be silent, rushed out of the room, proceeded to the apartments of the king, desired that his majesty (long since gone to bed) might be awakened, was admitted to the royal chamber, conversed with Louis a few minutes, and then expedited four couriers, who were already waiting for orders to set off. Eight days afterwards, on the 30th of September, 1681, Strasbourg, surrounded by the troops of Louis XIV.,

capitulated—threw open her gates, and was annexed to France !

The three strokes of the stick bestowed by the man in the yellow waistcoat on the balustrade of the bridge of Basle, was the signal that the intrigue concocted between Louis and the traitorous magistrates of Strasbourg was consummated. The man in the yellow vest knew no more of the plot than did Monsieur de Chamilly. The grand object of their employment was, that the secret should not be divulged to subordinates, lest it might be defeated ; and the result proved that it had been scrupulously kept. Eight days afterwards, two hundred and sixty-five cannon fired from the ramparts, conveyed to entire Europe the astounding intelligence of the entrance of thirteen thousand Frenchmen into Strasbourg, and taught the amazed courts of every sovereign that the Imperial city—without having had the least suspicion of the possibility of such an event, whilst in a state of perfect peace, and by the infraction of the most manifest rights of man, united to treason of the blackest dye—was invaded, and in the possession of France ! The king subsequently bestowed ten thousand livres in gifts to those who had aided him in obtaining this disgraceful victory ; and the religion of Rome was established in the conquered city.

The Marquis de Louvois, in the persecution of Louis's native Protestant subjects, had shown such inflexibility of purpose, and such ferocity of character, it is not to be wondered at that Louis's new people shrank from incurring the cruelties of a man who openly avowed that he "wished he could drown Holland in her own waters,

and reduce the Palatinate to ashes!" It may be interesting to some readers of this anecdote to hear that Monsieur de Chamilly was permitted to espouse the fair maid of honour; and that ten years afterwards, when Louvois, who had urged Louis on to every excess of violence and injustice, and broken so many hearts, died of the same malady, because he lost the monarch's favour by insolence even to him, and Louis Quatorze grew old, and indolent, and peaceful, Chamilly did not scruple to tell of his adventures on the Bridge of Basle.*

Once more the curtain draws up. Two actors only now appear on the boards of this open-air theatre—their parts performed in silence—without one attendant witness, and invested with that solemn, mysterious awe which a tinge of the supernatural throws over the affairs of humanity. It is a struggle for life or death. Jean Rodolph Zwinger, born at Basle, 1692, where he filled the chair of medicine for the long term of sixty-five years—from his deep erudition, fervent piety, and unbounded benevolence, perhaps the most loved and admired of the distinguished phalanx of professors whose names shed a lustre over the University—used to record, with profound expressions of gratitude to God, that he had been the object of a special intervention of Providence. Returning one day from Basle Campagne, beyond Little Basle, he followed a cart heavily laden, from which hung an iron hook. Extremely short-sighted, and excessively absent, he did not perceive that the hook, in passing over the bridge, had, by some accident, torn up part of two planks

* "Louvois, le grossier commis, poussait Louis à tout braver." Zurlauben. Le Pont de Basle. Mélanges Helvétiques.

placed across the beams. The driver, who was in advance of the horses, unconscious of what had occurred, went on; and the professor striding afterwards, stepped into the fatal chasm. Of tall, muscular frame, and endowed with extraordinary presence of mind, he had sufficient time in descending to elevate his arms, and by catching at the transverse beams on either side, thus save himself from dropping instantaneously into the rapid river flowing beneath.

It was twelve o'clock, when the affluent as well as inferior classes of society abroad often dine, even now; then, the custom was invariable. The long bridge, usually trodden by so many busy feet, was deserted; and the terrified man, suspended from nearly the middle, vainly endeavoured to make his cries heard by the occupants of the houses built near each extremity. How long he remained in this fearful position he could not tell; but he became aware that his physical and mental powers were fast receding. The towers of the cathedral, the spires and pointed roofs of the city, seemed to rise higher and higher into the blue sky; the gushing and roaring of the turbulent Rhine sounded louder and louder. A mist came over his eyes; the grasp of his strained fingers relaxed their hold; he knew that he must gradually slide down into the deep, dangerous waters below—and none to help! With a feeble ejaculation he was commending his soul to God, when, just as the lamp of life seemed on the point of being extinguished in that dread stream, and the immortal spirit, already dulled by mortal fear, about to be severed from its frail, earthly companion, he felt two powerful hands placed under his arms, raise him up, and

drag him to one of the small recesses made for the safety of foot passengers at intervals on each side of the bridge. There he was found almost insensible, and alone. His deliverer was gone ; and Zwinger, in a fainting state when he received this providential assistance, could not recal to his memory the slightest trace of his preserver. Anxious to reward one to whom he owed his life, he endeavoured, in every possible way, to discover him. He had his escape cried through the streets, and a large reward offered in money, if that were acceptable, or some other token of gratitude, should the position of the person who had rendered such timely aid place him above pecuniary recompense ; but vainly. He was then in the prime of life, and lived to be very old. Still, no light was ever thrown on the mystery ; and Zwinger, whose unbounded benevolence and extraordinary skill in his profession had rendered him the idol of the poor citizens, was universally considered by them to have received supernatural succour from his guardian angel. He himself ever spoke of this wonderful rescue with the profoundest expression of awe ; and on each anniversary he gave away a considerable sum in charity, as a thank offering. That the Eye which never slumbereth nor sleepeth was upon him cannot be doubted.

Another interlude, played on the same stage, before a merry audience, is of an amusing nature, and well depicts the independent freedom of speech and proud sense of indomitable native valour existing amongst the hardy mountaineers of Switzerland. In 1743, the Helvetic Confederation sent a considerable body of men to enforce the neutrality of the Swiss territory, then surrounded by Austrian and French troops, in case these unwelcome

visitors might be inclined to forget the treaties which had guaranteed it. They were drawn from all parts of the little republic; and as, at that period, uniformity in military dress was not deemed essential, many of them presented a wide difference from the more regularly accoutred and disciplined members of the French and Austrian regiments. It happened one day that a young recruit from the remote commune of Entlibush, canton of Lucern, was on duty upon the bridge, clad in the strange, wild costume of his native valley, when a French officer of distinction, arrayed with much elegance, and wearing a pair of remarkably slight bright boots, passing over it, attracted by so novel a spectacle, stopped involuntarily to look at him. Many of the primitive peculiarities of dress and manners still linger about the lake of the Four Cantons; and the three heroes of the Grutli, Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchtal, *in propria personâ*, would probably have been little more astonishing to the refined French officer than the sight of the young soldier before him. As his wondering eye at length fell on the enormous shoes, thickly studded with massive nails, heels of iron, and a huge strap of coarse leather projecting without buckles far over the instep, all decorum forsook him, and he gave way to a sudden burst of uncontrollable laughter. This merriment excited no corresponding mirth in its author. His face flushed by indignation at the insult, he regarded the officer in turn from head to foot, with a fierce and contemptuous countenance, and then exclaimed, in the *patois* of his mother tongue, "Yes, truly! my shoes are made for standing firm; thine for running away. *Oui-dà! Toi avoir des souliers pour courir, et moi pour rester!*"—(*Conservateur Suisse*, t. i. p. 134.)

APRIL RAIN.

BY ROWLAND BROWN.

THE bright, the beautiful April rain
 Comes from the bursting cloud again ;
 Each drop seems a pearl from the bracelets bright
 That clasp the arms of the spirits of light,
 The angels of love,
 Who dwell above,
 And breathe on the world the spring-breath of delight.
 Oh ! it comes, it comes, in eloquent showers,
 Till earth, like a bride, puts on her flowers,
 Till a garland as bright to the valley is given
 As the coronet grand on the brow of Heaven.
 Hark ! hark ! how it drips,
 As if fairy lips
 Joy-kisses were pressing upon the green leaves.
 Oh ! it comes, it comes, the beautiful rain,
 To the winds and the flowers, who are friends again,
 Who seem like young lovers, when quarrels are o'er,
 To love even fonder than ever before—
 Kissing proudly away
 The last tears that lay
 To dim their sweet looks of unspeakable joy.
 Oh ! it comes, and it melts like its sister, the snow,
 Into daisies and snowdrops, to cheer us below.
 Then, who can help loving the beautiful rain,
 For it teaches us nothing leaves Heaven in vain ?
 And loves to reveal,
 What all happy hearts feel,
 All that's bright, bless'd, and beautiful, comes from above.

HYMN: FROM THE WELSH.

BY MRS. PENDEREL LLEWELYN.

O'ER the earth, in every nation,
Reign Jehovah in each place;
Take all kingdoms in possession,
Heathen darkness thence displace.
Fill each people,
Sun of Righteousness, with grace.

Oh! ye heralds of salvation,
Jesu's mercy far proclaim!
Bear ye, seas, the sacred mission
Till the Pagan bless His name;
Let the Gospel
Fly on wings of heavenly flame.

Let all those in deserts dwelling,
All on hills—in dales around;
Those who live midst oceans swelling,
Jesu's glorious praises sound,
Till the echo
Of His name the world surround.

ON DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SOUTH AFRICAN
EXPEDITION.

HARK ! 'tis the herald's voice,
Through Afric's wilds resounding,
He bids its wastes rejoice,
As on his steps are bounding.
On ! on ! through desert burning ;
On ! on ! through marshy gloom !
His cry, to all parts turning,
Room for the Gospel ! Room !

By fever undismayed,
Nor wasting death-fly fearing ;
By hostile men unstayed,
His Master's pathway clearing.
His silver trumpet blowing,
The hills give back the strain,
The rivers bear it flowing,
The Saviour comes to reign.

His wondering eyes are shown
Stores both of food and pleasure,
And, lands before unknown,
Yield up unlooked-for treasure.
A mighty cataract foaming
Had told God's awful power,
But savage tribes there roaming,
Ne'er heard His love before.

But one they now descry
Salvation's banner waving,
Holding the Lamp of Life on high,
Intent on sinners saving.
And, lo! as friendly neighbours
Once deadly foes shall dwell,
Whilst he among them labours
The words of peace to tell.

Go forth again, brave man,
Science with commerce blending,
To aid thy noble plan,
While Christian prayers ascending
From many a heart and altar
Shall blessings win for thee,
That thy faith and love ne'er falter,
Till thy task completed be.

H. N.

Springfield, April, 1857.

FROM THE TRENCHES.

WE thought of our Old England, of our island home afar,
Waiting with fixed, expectant eyes, for tidings from the
war;

We thought of her, and of her name, of old renown'd in
story,

And trod the gory way of death, that leads to noblest
glory.

We thought of her what time we lay upon the blood-
stained snow,

When the night mists wrapt around us, and we heard the
bugles blow,

Calling us to combat with the fierce and wily foe.

We thought of her and bless'd her, as we started to our
feet,

And rush'd, like stooping eagles, death or glory's meed to
meet.

We thought of her in our deep breasts amidst the battle
din,

And vow'd that for her forehead we another wreath would
win;

We bless'd our dear Old England when 'midst fire, and
smoke, and rack,

We threw ourselves upon the foe and hurl'd him howling
back.

And some of us were veterans, and some to fight were
new,

Boys from the plough and loom were some, some men
from Waterloo;

Some gentle lads from college, some lords from time-
stain'd hall,

Some bearded, and some beardless, but English hearts
had all.

And some of us were lovers, and afar by England's
streams,
Our darlings pray'd for our return, and bless'd us in our
dreams ;
And some of us were fathers, and at their mother's knee
Our babes were praying for us in the Island of the Free.
And some had widow'd mothers with sorrow-blanchen
hair ;
We saw their hands uplifted from the battle, din, and
glare ;
We felt their blessings shield us as the shrill horns
scream'd "Advance !"
And on we went undaunted with the chivalry of France.
On, on we went undaunted, as our fathers fought, fought
we,
For English hearths and homesteads in the Island of the
Free,
For our Queen and for our country our English hands
struck home,
While the glare of the artillery lit up black heaven's
dome.
Back, back we drove the enemy, back to the leaguer'd
town,
England again had won the field, again the Czar was
down ;
Back, back we drove the enemy, and our cheerful shout
arose,
"Hurrah for our Old England! confusion to her foes!"
And many a tender heart at home shall mourn that bloody
night,
For those brave ones and loving, who fell in foremost
fight ;
Yet in the cause of freedom, till all the world have rest,
They will not grudge their treasures, their bravest, and
their best. C.

RÉGINE; OR, THE INVENTION OF ALENÇON
POINT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENIE FOA.

BY FREDERICA HAMILTON.

MADemoiselle MARIE CHARRAN, the daughter of M. Charran, Baron of Ménards, and High Bailiff of Blois, was the most self-willed, and yet the most good-natured, little girl in the whole bailiwick.

One December Sunday, in 1638, Marie returned from mass with a poor little girl she had picked up on the church steps, and had taken into the carriage, in defiance of the many observations made by Mademoiselle Victoire Haussu, her governess.

Again regardless of that lady, on arriving at the mansion, she led the child to the drawing-room.

This poor little girl might have been eight years old; she was scarcely clothed, although the season was severe: a short, little cotton frock left her neck, arms, and legs uncovered; her feet were lost in large sabots, or wooden shoes; magnificent black hair fell in large tresses upon her shoulders, and mingled with the tears which dropped fast upon her cheeks. Although dirty, ill-dressed, and blue with cold, great beauty was remarked in her features. Her entrance among the rich and noble who formed the society of the high bailiff's lady excited, in some, a feeling of interest, in others, a strong expression of disgust.

Regardless of the effect produced by her *protégée*, Marie, dragging her by the arm, made her cross the whole drawing-room, and, on reaching her mother, she said, almost throwing the poor girl into the rich folds of Madame Charran's dress :

"Here, mamma, you have always told me that you wished to give me a sister ; I have found one myself, and I will have no other !"

"And where did you find her ?" asked her mother ; and, taking the child's little black hands in her own, as beautifully white, she added, "But this poor child is frozen !"

"I should think so, indeed," answered Marie ; "I found her seated in the snow, under the church porch."

"Where you were asking alms ?" dryly demanded of the poor girl Madame de Vieil-Castel, whose husband was president in the Parliament.

The child quickly raised her head, a deep blush crimsoned her face and forehead, and, while her large, black eyes flashed, she answered in a feeble, yet firm, voice, "No, madame !"

This sentiment of revolted pride, which was revealed, so to speak, in the child's whole frame, interested the circle, which drew closer round her.

"No," cried Marie, "she asked no alms. I was coming out of church, and Mademoiselle Victoire, who is always frozen, said to me, 'Walk a little faster, Mademoiselle Marie ;' but I did not walk on at all, I stayed looking at this little girl, who was sitting in the snow, crying. I ran to her, and asked if she were cold ; she said, 'No.' I asked if she were hungry, and still she said,

‘No.’ Then I gave her my beautiful six-livre piece, which she gave me back, with thanks; and then, as Mademoiselle Victoire kept pulling my arm to bring me to the carriage, I, too, took the little girl’s arm, made her get in before me, and sit beside me. Oh, mamma! if you had seen how angry Mademoiselle Victoire was! She wanted to make the little girl get out, but I would not have it. I will give her my frocks—I will give her my breakfast. Is it not true, mamma, that you wish me to do all I want to do?”

“Yes, dear little love,” said Madame Charran, kissing Marie with the liveliest affection; “but you have not thought that perhaps the little girl’s mother is seeking her.”

“Where is your mother?” asked Marie of the poor child, “so that mamma may send her word that I am keeping you.”

“At Cambrai,” she answered; and, suddenly bursting into tears, she added, “I am lost, I do not know where to go.”

“Calm yourself, dear little thing,” said Madame Charran, with kindness, “and tell us your story.”

“Oh, dear madame!” answered the child, emboldened by the lady’s mild voice, “I do not know how to do that. Mamma lives at Cambrai. We are very poor—we have scarcely enough to eat, and yet we work night and day. Mamma has fallen very ill, and ten days ago, after having cried a great deal, and talked a long time to M. Dubois, the carrier, she said to me, ‘My child, I am so ill that I fear I shall die. M. Dubois leaves to-morrow for Vendôme; he will take you in his waggon. It is not far from

Vendôme to Blois. In the last town I have a cousin, named Madame Duvillard; you must go to her, and give her this half-ring: she will know who you are, and will receive you as her daughter. If I could write I would, but this piece of a ring, where the name of Antoinette is traced with a bodkin, will enable her to recognise you, for she has the other half, on which is my own name, Félicité; they are the two parts of a ring of alliance.' ” And the poor little girl drew from the body of her dress a needleful of reddish thread, to which was fastened one half of a ring of alliance, on the flat side of which was seen the word Antoinette.

“ Well, afterwards ? ” asked Madame Charran.

“ I followed mamma's directions,” continued the child. “ I left M. Dubois at Vendôme, and I came on foot to Blois, where I arrived yesterday morning. I knocked a long time at Madame Duvillard's door (her house is near the church); at last a neighbour told me that that lady had been dead two years, that the house was sold, and that I could not be received, as the new owners lived at Paris. This kind neighbour gave me something to eat and drink; I slept at her house last night, and this morning, very early, I took leave of her to return to Cambrai; but, as it was Sunday, I went to hear mass before leaving. On coming out of church, the idea that my poor mother was dead seized my very heart; that thought and the cold made me unable to move, and I began to cry.”

“ What is your mother's name ? ” asked Madame Charran, “ so that I may write to her.”

“ They call her Madame Jeanne,” said the child; “ but she has another name that I do not know.”

"And yours?" said Madame Charran to the little girl.
"Régine."

THE VISITANDINE CONVENT.

The day after Régine's arrival at the bailiwick, Madame Charran ordered a servant to go to Vendôme, to find out the carrier Dubois, and to charge him, upon his return to Cambrai, to make Madame Jeanne easy about her daughter; but at the instant the footman was unwillingly preparing to execute his commission, Marie ran after him.

"Lapierre," said she, "I will not have you go to Vendôme; I do not wish Régine to be sent back to her mother, I want her to play with; and, you understand, Lapierre, I will keep Régine; so only pretend to go to Vendôme."

As this second order, although coming from a child, with all the thoughtlessness which renders childhood unconsciously cruel, pleased Lapierre more than the first, he went to a neighbouring inn, where he spent two good hours in chatting and drinking with some companions. No one ever asked him if he had fulfilled his orders, for, like all grand and careless ladies, Madame Charran forgot, in the next hour, the desire she had expressed in the one before.

Some days after this, Madame Charran, with her daughter, and Régine, from whom Marie was now determined not to separate, set out for Paris.

Madame Charran confided the two children to the care of her aunt, Abbess of the Visitandine Convent.

Until then Régine had never opposed the wishes of the

mother of her protectress, but when she saw the convent gates closed upon her, she burst into tears.

"Oh! madame," said she to Madame Charran, "my poor mother will never come to find me here."

"What are you complaining about, foolish girl?" said Marie, throwing her two pretty arms around Régine's thin neck; "you had only a mamma, and I have given you a mamma, a papa, and a sister; you had only a cotton frock, all torn and soiled, and I have given you a whole one of silk and velvet. Régine, you are not reasonable."

"Oh! Marie, if you were to be taken from your mother!" answered Régine, whose sobs redoubled.

"You see that she is going away too," said Marie, with a full heart and tearful eyes; "but it is for my good, and I do not cry."

"No!" said Régine, "and what then is running down your cheeks?"

"Oh!" cried Marie, throwing herself before her mother, who was rising to leave, "I did not know that it was so sad to leave one's mother."

It was Régine's turn to console her little friend. Two kind sisters took the children, and led them into the interior of the convent, amongst a troop of young school-girls, to whom a longer recreation was granted to console the two new comers. Madame Charran then went into her carriage and returned to Blois.

Seven years passed, during which Marie and Régine did not leave the convent, and, to tell the truth, Régine profited much more than her friend by the instruction they received; she particularly excelled in all the little femi-

nine labours which, in these days, complete a lady's education.

Marie was thirteen and Régine fifteen when Madame Charran returned to the convent. Marie was the loveliest young girl one could look upon: fair and laughing, her charming countenance, in acquiring a girl-like reserve, had not lost the careless gaiety of childhood. Régine was a beauty of a grave and severe cast. Her companions had never seen her smile: mild, obliging, and indulgent, she lent herself to her young friends' games without taking her part in them. Her fine, high forehead bore the marks of a secret sadness, and the poor child could never hear the name of mother pronounced without her large and beautiful black eyes instantly filling with tears. Absence had not made Régine forget her mother.

Madame Charran, whose thoughts were entirely upon her daughter, did not, at first, notice the expression of deep sadness engraven on Régine's features. When, at length, she did so, the young girl fell on her knees before her.

"Madame," said she, weeping, "by the education you have given me, you have developed in me every faculty of my mind and affections; complete your work. I do not wish to leave Marie—I could not now live without her—but I have written twenty letters to Cambrai: all are unanswered; and I ask you, madame, to allow me to go to that town myself, and try to find my mother. Thanks to Marie's generosity and yours, I have sufficient to defray the expenses of the journey; but even if I wanted money, I would go on foot, madame, rather than remain any longer without news of my mother."

Régine's wish was so natural and legitimate that Madame Charran not only consented to it, but sent her in one of her own carriages, with Mademoiselle Victoire as a companion for the journey. Régine went to Cambrai, and, on her arrival, proceeded to the humble lodging which she and her mother had occupied in that town. When she knocked at the door, her heart failed her: it was a stranger who opened it.

"Madame Jeanne?" said Régine, in so unintelligible a voice that Mademoiselle Victoire was obliged to repeat—"Madame Jeanne?"

"It is nearly six years since she left," answered the person at the door.

"Left!—for what place?" cried Régine, who would have fallen had she not been led to a chair, and made to sit down.

"Tell us what you know, madame," said Mademoiselle Victoire. "You see here Madame Jeanne's daughter."

"What! this beautiful young lady is little Régine?" cried the Cambraisienne. "Ah, what odd things happen in the world! You do not remember me? I am the sister of Dubois, who took you to Vendôme. It is very singular. But what became of you? This is what Dubois told me and your poor mother, who was very ill, and who was not at all restored by the news——But this has nothing to do with my story. Well, Dubois told us, then, that he had taken you to Vendôme; that there, being unable to leave his horses and his goods, he had entrusted you to a boatman, who had taken care of you across the river to Blois. Two days afterwards, Dubois, not liking to leave the neighbourhood without some news

of you for your mother, went himself to Blois, and proceeded to Madame Duvillard's, in the Place de l'Eglise. A neighbour told him that Madame Duvillard had been dead many years, and added that, two days before, a poor child had come to ask for her; that she herself had given her a supper and a bed, and that the next day the little girl had left, saying that she was going to Vendôme to find out a carrier named Dubois, for him to take her back to Cambrai to her mother. 'I am Dubois,' replied my brother; 'and I have not seen the little girl.' My brother looked for you in Blois, but more particularly in Vendôme, where he thought you, in your turn, were seeking him; but, at last, the time for leaving arrived, and he set out on the road to Cambrai. Upon hearing this account, as you may well imagine, Madame Jeanne screamed aloud. She would have set out directly, but illness kept her in bed; at last, neither well nor ill, she left us, a year after. She gave us, indeed, an address, to which we might send her any news of you, if you reappeared in the neighbourhood, but the children played with the paper, and my brother lighted his pipe with it one day; but, as no one knows either how to read or write—you no more than we, no doubt—that scrap of paper would have been very useless to us."

Régine, in despair at the ill-success of her proceedings, took leave of Dubois's sister, left her all the money she had with her, and re-entered the carriage; but, instead of going to Paris, she continued her journey as far as Blois, and, without stopping at the bailiff's mansion, she went to the person who had given her a supper and a bed the night she called at Madame Duvillard's. This person told her

that, in fact, a long time after Dubois's visit, a sick woman had come there and asked for her; but that as she knew not what had become of the little wanderer after leaving her house, she had told the poor woman the same as she had told Dubois, and that she had since heard nothing of her. Régine returned to Paris, and, not knowing where she could now seek her mother, she went to rejoin Marie in the Visitandine Convent.

ILL-HUMOUR OF THE GREAT COLBERT.

In 1651, Marie Charran, then just sixteen, married Jean Baptiste Colbert, Superintendent of Finance to King Louis XIV. One word upon this great man.

Jean Baptiste Colbert was born at Reims, the 29th of August, 1619. His father was a clothier in that town, and he himself learned a trade in the office of Conani and Maserani, bankers to the Cardinal Mazarin. In 1648, Saint-Panange, his near relation, placed him with Le Tellier, who was in Mazarin's confidence. This great minister duly appreciated Colbert, and advanced him so quickly, that, in 1648, he caused him to be nominated a State Counsellor, then Superintendent of Finance.

On leaving Blois to accompany her husband to Paris, Madame Colbert took with her Régine, who was still her constant companion, and who refused many offers of marriage from unwillingness to leave her young and charming protectress.

Régine was inconsolable for her mother's disappearance. She went several times to Cambrai, to obtain tidings of her, but without success.

Ten years after his marriage, Colbert was created

Minister of Finance. Until that time nothing had disturbed the calm happiness of his union with Marie; but one morning, about four years after this promotion, Régine, entering her mistress's apartment, found her in tears, and approached to take her hand.

"Leave me," said Marie, very ill-humouredly. "I had begged you never to leave any flowers in my little drawing-room, the Minister does not like them; and this morning he left me in the middle of breakfast, complaining of my want of care for his health. There, leave my hand—retire; I wish to be alone."

Astonished at this reception, to which she was unaccustomed, Régine quitted Madame Colbert's room, and meeting Mademoiselle Victoire on her way, she said, authoritatively,

"Take those flowers from Madame Colbert's little drawing-room, the Minister is made ill by them;" and she passed on.

Years had not softened Mademoiselle Victoire's temper—quite the contrary.

"Well, who is, she, with her princely airs!" And, seeing Lapierre pass, she cried, "You have, then, left flowers in the little drawing-room? Ah! if madame had listened to me, you would have been left at Blois. Old servants know neither how to obey nor to command: they ought to be made to reform."

"To begin with yourself, then, Mademoiselle Victoire," retorted the servitor, who was, doubtless, about to say much more; but the ex-governess of little Marie Charran did not give him time.

"Be silent, ill-bred fellow!" cried she, red as a cherry,

“and imitate the respect with which our great king Louis XIV. speaks to women.”

On concluding this speech, Mademoiselle Victoire, with the air of an indignant queen, turned upon her heel, and passed into the next apartment.

Mademoiselle Victoire had a little dog, of that kind of pug now lost. This animal was a complete copy of his mistress—ugly, surly as herself, and an assistant of her ill-humour. When she scolded one of the servants of the house—which happened at least twenty times a day—the horrid little pug, joining his discordant voice to hers, would bark and bite the legs of the scolded domestic.

On this occasion, it did not fail to seize Lapierre, who, seeing that Mademoiselle Haussu had turned away, determined to revenge himself at once upon her and her dog. He was near an open window, and, accordingly, threw the pug out into the paved court.

A double cry was instantly heard, and the domestics of the house, attracted by the noise, perceived in the middle of the court a poor woman on the ground, groaning piteously, and beside her the pug, complaining no less dolefully.

It was in the month of December. It had rained in the evening, and a frosty morning had covered the pavement with thin ice. A poor woman had entered the court with a petition, and, looking for some one to speak to, she had advanced to the flight of steps, which she was ascending, when something fell upon her head, and made her stagger and fall, so that she injured her foot severely. In an instant all the domestics came crowding around the

two unfortunate beings. Mademoiselle Victoire carried off her dog, screaming louder than the animal. Pug, however, was unhurt; but the poor woman was less fortunate. Régine, who had come first to the place, caused her to be brought into a lower hall of the hôtel or mansion, laid on a camp bed, and ordered a surgeon to be fetched.

While this was going on, Madame Colbert had been drawn from her room by the confusion, and no page or footman being at his post in any of the apartments she passed, she proceeded to the staircase; there she met her husband, attracted, like herself, by the noise and the absence of the lacqueys, and both went to the hall, where, as we have said, the poor stranger lay.

She was a woman of about fifty. Her features, rendered sharp by suffering, still bore traces of very great beauty; her clothes, though extremely clean, denoted much misery; a silk dress and mantle but ill secured her from the inclemency of the season.

On perceiving the minister and his lady she attempted to rise.

"Do not move, madame," said Colbert, who was trying to make amends for his morning ill-temper, and who knew that a benevolent action soon found its way to his darling Marie's heart—"do not move, madame; and be so kind as to tell me what has brought you to my house?"

The poor woman answered, "It is thirty years since my husband, the youngest of his family, died in the service of Louis XIII., and I have since vainly solicited a widow's pension."

"What was your husband's name, madame?" asked the minister.

“D’Alençon.”

Colbert inscribed it on his tablets, and withdrew, giving orders that Madame D’Alençon should be taken into a chamber, and carefully attended to ; then he offered his arm to his wife, who made a sign to Régine to follow her.

“My dearest love,” said Colbert, on leaving his wife at the door of her apartment, “in one hour I will be with you. Let your ladies be present ; I have to discuss a question which you, my dear Marie, or one of you, will perhaps answer. Ah !” added he, sighing, “the duties of a minister are hard indeed !”

MADAME DE SAINT SIMON’S LACE.

On entering Madame Colbert’s drawing-room, the minister hastily glanced round. Marie, seated in a reclining chair, had behind her six young ladies, standing in an attitude of mingled curiosity and respect ; at her feet, Régine, kneeling, was fastening a bracelet around the arm of her lovely mistress. Upon seeing her husband, Marie rose and advanced a few steps to meet him. Colbert took her hand, led her back to her seat, and took the one opposite, on the other side of the fireplace. The minister’s countenance was so stern and severe that all the girls were frightened. Régine alone, like a spoiled child, remained on her knees, and dared, from time to time, to cast her eyes upon the fine and intellectual brow of the minister of Louis XIV. Scarcely seated, Colbert exclaimed, “Mademoiselle de Soissons is married !”

Astonished at these words, and especially at the fierce

tone in which they were pronounced, Marie raised her eyes to her husband's.

"Well, my lord," said she.

"You were at the church?—you saw Madame de Saint-Simon's dress?" said the minister, in the same stern, angry tone.

"Yes, my lord," returned Marie, more and more surprised.

"The trimming of that dress?" asked the minister, still more excited.

"Yes, my lord," again answered Marie.

"Do you know how much that trimming cost?" loudly demanded Colbert.

"No, my lord," said his wife.

"Thirty-six thousand livres, madame!—thirty-six thousand livres!" And Colbert's voice was so thundering, that Marie and her ladies all turned pale. Marie ventured to say that the trimming appeared very beautiful.

"And, madame, do you know whence it came?" said Colbert.

"I do not, my lord," answered his lady.

"From Venice, madame—from Venice!" And Colbert rose, and advanced menacingly towards his wife.

"Oh! for Heaven's sake, my lord, what do you wish me to do about it?" said Marie, drawing back in alarm.

Colbert began to pace the room. "I have spent my life in devising glory for France—I have, in person, visited every province to establish manufactories—I have protected trade and industry, which render nations wealthy—and now, a woman, with her dress and a scrap of lace, is about to overthrow and thwart all my projects.

"You think me mad, Marie—you wonder that a minister has lost his sleep for a week through the trimming of a dress! You do not understand me; you foresee nothing. This is what must happen. Madame de Saint-Simon has appeared at Court with a Venetian point trimming which cost thirty-six thousand livres; the king has called it very beautiful; to-morrow, the queen, all the ladies of the Court, and you among the first, will buy your lace from Venice, and our capital will be transferred to foreign lands, while our own artisans will die of hunger!"

"But the means of preventing all this?" said Marie, who began to understand the affair.

"The means!" repeated Colbert; "the question is of lace; you are a woman, consult with your women, and try to discover some. Holland has its point, Italy has its point, England has its point, and shall France stay behind in this immense branch of industry?"

"Ask for a week, my dear mistress," said Régine, in a low voice, to Marie.

"Let it be so," said Colbert, who overheard her, and he withdrew.

FRENCH POINT.

During the week which followed this little scene Colbert scarcely met his wife.

Régine, after a visit to Madame de Saint-Simon's tire-woman, retired to her room, which she did not leave even to take her meals. On the morning of the eighth day Régine appeared with a small band-box in her hand and went to Madame Colbert, whom she begged to accompany her to the minister's office.

Marie consented with the greatest pleasure, and the two young women proceeded to Colbert.

They found with him Madame d'Alençon, who had recovered, and who was now taking leave of the minister, and thanking him for the pension which he had procured her from the king's purse.

"Well," said Colbert, upon seeing his wife with Régine, "has France found her point?"

Régine, in reply, opened her little band-box and drew out a yard of lace. Colbert seized it, and his strong hand trembled under the fragile tissue.

"Oh, sublime effort of feminine talent!" exclaimed he, with a joyous expression, while examining every thread of the marvellous production, "it is more handsome, more beautiful a thousand times than Madame de Saint-Simon's Venetian point!" Then, a cloud darkening his features, he added, "But who will force our ladies to prefer this lace to the other?"

"The fashion," modestly answered Régine.

"And the means of creating it?" asked the minister.

"That is very easy, my dear lord," said his wife. "Let the king give a trimming of this lace to Madame de Saint-Simon, and surely she will lay aside her Venetian point to adorn herself with his majesty's present; the queen would not be inferior in elegance to Madame de Saint-Simon; our duchesses—myself the first—will in turn want lace like the queen's; the citizens' wives, who ape us in everything, will pay an insane price for this charming ornament, and you see——"

"That if your young friend is a little fairy," said

Colbert, "you, my dear Marie, are a woman who can give good advice. France also, at length, will have her point!"

At this instant, either from curiosity or some other motive, Madame d'Alençon drew nearer the minister, and tried to obtain a glimpse of the lace he was holding. Suddenly she exclaimed,

"Oh, Heavens! that point, which I invented, and which mademoiselle has so well imitated, from whom had she it?"

"Alas! madame, from my mother," said Régine.

"Your mother's name?" cried Madame d'Alençon.

"Madame Jeanne, de Cambrai——"

Madame d'Alençon hastily interrupted her: "Oh! say—say, is not your name Régine? Did not you leave Cambrai in 1638 to go to Blois?——" And as emotion suspended for a moment the stranger's voice, Régine concluded:

"To find Madame Duvilard, and to make myself known to her by means of this half ring, on which is traced the name of Antoinette."

"My daughter! my daughter!—whom I have sought for twenty-six long years," said Madame d'Alençon, without glancing at the ring which Régine had drawn from the front of her dress.

An explanation followed, which you already guess, my young readers. Not wishing to bring her illustrious husband's name into misery, Madame d'Alençon had taken the name by which her daughter knew her.

The service the young girl had rendered the minister

received a first reward in restoring to her the mother she had sought no more, but still lamented.

Colbert brought workwomen from Flanders and Venice, and established them in a convent. He placed at their head Régine and her mother, and the Alençon point, so named from its inventors, appeared in France.

Springfield, Chelmsford.

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

BY ELIZA GROVE.

WITH weary foot and downcast eye,
 Dejected, poor, and pale,
 A woman, young and beautiful,
 Enter'd the county gaol,
 And begg'd admittance to the cell
 Of one she'd loved so long and well.

And there a wretched convict sat,
 All grief, remorse, and shame,
 When on his listless ear there fell
 A softly whisper'd name—
 The only word her faltering tongue
 Had power to speak—the *only* one.

A crimson flush his face o'erspread,
 A faint, convulsive start,
 And then a sudden burst of tears
 Relieved his breaking heart,
 Till, checking his wild bosom's strife,
 He thus address'd his weeping wife.

“ Oh, Mary ! Mary ! can it be
 That you can love so true,
 To visit in a prison cell
 The man who injured you—
 Who injured you, his best of friends,
 Beyond the power of amends ?

"I took you from a happy home,
So young, and fresh, and fair,
And promised that your happiness
Should be my chiefest care—
That honest toil I'd gladly bear,
My earnings with my wife to share.

"And when the change came over me
That made your lot so hard,
You tried me with the gentlest means,
Nor used an unkind word ;
And now I leave you in return,
Poor, unprotected, and alone.

"We soon must part, and I must go
Over the wide, wide sea ;
Forgive the past. I dare not ask
That you'll remember me ;
A base, degraded, ruin'd man,
Mary, forget me if you can."

"Oh ! speak not thus," she fondly cried,
"Nor bid me to forget ;
I loved thee in our happier days,
And I will love thee yet.
We soon must part, but land or sea
Shall never keep my heart from thee.

"Yield not, poor soul, to dark despair,
But put thy trust in God,
He'll hear thy prayer, though thou must kneel
Upon a foreign sod.
Look up, dear John, there's one above
Who listens with a Father's love.

“ We both are young, and though tis sad
To see thee go away,
I trust that we shall meet again,
Though distant be the day—
Though I may never clasp thy hand
Again in our own native land.

“ If blest with health and strength I'll work
As once thou didst for me,
And save, and hoard, until I have
Enough to follow thee,
Trusting that thou wilt live to prove
Worthy again of all my love.

“ Look to thyself, nor grieving think
Of her thou leav'st behind ;
I do not fear, for this bright hope
Fills and sustains my mind,
That God will my protector be,
And guide my feet in seeking thee.”

And then they parted, grieving sore,
And poor, pale Mary Wray,
Forgetful of her high resolve,
Went weeping on her way,
And reached her little garden gate
Weary, and lone, and desolate.

But soon she check'd her flowing tears,
And sought the aid of Heaven,
Praying that in her hour of need
A blessing might be given.
And strength was sent her from above
To fit her for her work of love.

She left her little cot so dear,
Breathing no painful thought,
Speaking no word of all the past,
And honest service sought ;
Nor had she long or far to roam
Before she found another home.

And there she lived year after year,
True to her parting word,
Earning and saving patiently,
And adding to her hoard,
Till one who heard her story told,
Made it enough with gift of gold.

Enough for all her work of love,
And Mary now was free,
With household blessings on her head,
To cross the wide, wide sea,
A guilty, stricken heart to seek,
That else in loneliness might break.

She crossed the sea, and found the land
To which he'd been condemn'd,
For act of passion, uncontroll'd,
Many long years to spend ;
And bright in beauty, love, and truth,
She sought the husband of her youth.

Hardship and grief had alter'd him
Since they were doom'd to part ;
All this poor Mary heeded not,
But clasp'd him to her heart,
Forgetful of all trials past,
Thankful that they had met at last.

“ Mary,” he cried, “ the time has been
It grieved my very life
To think that I had shamed you with
The name of convict’s wife ;
But God has taught me—bless His name !—
That whom He honours none can shame.

“ You clung to Him through all your youth,
Though careless ones would scoff ;
And when the day of trial came,
He would not cast you off.
A work of love He had to do,
And gave the blessed means to you.

“ When guilt was heavy on my heart,
My soul well-nigh despair,
’Twas you who told me God would hear
Even a convict’s prayer—
’Twas you, when every ray seemed gone,
Bid my poor spirit still hope on.

“ How oft at night have I in prayer
A vision seemed to see—
It was my dear wife on her knees,
Praying with tears for me ;
And though wide oceans roll’d between,
We seemed in heart together then.

“ And now you reap your own reward—
Dearer to you than gold—
To feel that you have guided back
A wanderer to the fold.
A fallen one you have restored
Back to his Saviour and his God.

“ You’ve come to share the plainest fare—
To walk in humblest life ;
But ’mongst the good you’ll rank as queen,
Though but a convict’s wife ;
For God has taught me—bless His name !—
That whom He honours none can shame.”

WORK FOR HEAVEN.

BY ROWLAND BROWN.

OH, my brothers ! sigh no longer—
Wherefore pause to dream or weep ?
Weeping will not make you stronger—
Dreams your souls in bondage keep.
Come, the world is full of beauty,
Idly dream not time away,
Nobly tread the path of duty,
Work, my brothers, while ’tis day !

Stay not indolently waiting,
Life is action—brief is Time ;
Whilst irresolute—debating—
You are tampering with crime.
’Tis not only pulpit-preaching
That we daily, hourly need,
But the highest art of teaching
Is to *do* a kindly deed !

Think not only, busy neighbour,
With the press, pen, loom, or plough,
Thou art called upon to labour—
There are other duties now.
There are tears to wipe from faces,
There are hearts to soothe with care,
Souls to teach the Christian graces,
Lips untaught to murmur prayer !

Do not pause to idly quarrel,
Should the proud your labours claim ;
God will best award the laurel—
Love is worth far more than Fame !
Nor let this, dear brothers, pain ye,
That no recompense is given ;
Think not that ye labour vainly—
All are paid who work for Heaven.

A BEAM FROM THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUS- NESS.

BY THE REV. RICHARD COBBOLD, M.A., RECTOR OF WORTHAM,
AND RURAL-DEAN.

SHINE in my heart, thou lovely beam,
 Illume my mental eye :
Let Grace through all my actions gleam,
 Shine from the highest sky.

My darkness here disperse away,
 Bid gloomy sorrows fade :
Thy Light is Light's Eternal Day,
 All glory and no shade.

Where Cherubim and Seraphim
 Their constant voices raise,
My harp is tuned to sing of Him
 To whom alone be praise.

O Increate ! thou didst create,
 Redeem, and form again ;
To Thee, in this our mortal state,
 We raise our pious strain.

Eternal Father ! we are thine,
 Bought by thine only Son ;
So in thy Spirit let us shine,
 Thy will, not man's, be done.

DEATH OF THE CZAR.

CURSE not the erring man
 Whom God has called away ;
 Fearful though the course he ran,
 Uncurbed in his sway.
 Defying and defied,
 A mighty prince he died.

The shadow of his power
 Enveloped many a land,
 And o'er the world a mist did lour ;
 But few would lift the hand
 To stay the inroad wild
 Of mad ambition's child.

Still o'er himself a thicker night
 Spread its mysterious gloom,
 And darkened reason's light,
 Hiding the yawning tomb,
 While at his palace gate
 A sterner monarch sate.

Beneath war's bloody tide
 The thousandth thousandth slave,
 Now standing by his side,
 Met with a needless grave—
 Silistria's trenches scan,
 Alma and Inkermann !

Him will the soldier greet,
And all his story tell
Of misery complete,
Which rendered earth his hell.
Siberia, too, will there
Her icy woes declare.

His ever-wasted power
(The way of peace untrod)
Prevented not the hour
Of reckoning with God.
The proudest must obey,
Summoned by death away.

Still, to his dying ear
One noble tale accrued ;
Resistance, wafted with a cheer—
His fortress unsubdued !
Defying and defied,
A mighty prince he died.

G. B. H.

March, 1855.

A SONNET FOR MY MEDICAL FRIENDS.

BY JOSEPH PAYNE.

I stood beside my mother's mantelpiece
 (She had been sickly for a little while),
 And saw, all label'd in the finest style,
 A doctor's draught, my sorrow to increase,
 So bright the mixture, looking just like gold,
 Methought it must be valu'd wondrous high,
 When just as I was thinking how 'twas sold,
 In came the man who made it, I was told.
 I ask'd its worth:—he paus'd—I fix'd my eye
 Upon, and press'd him strongly for reply.—
 "Sir," said the sage, "if you'll have no denial,
 This is my answer"—and he archly laugh'd—
 "The cost, at wholesale, of a cork and phial,
 Is the sole value of a doctor's draught!"

DONAT, THE HANDSOME BLACKSMITH OF VALLORBES.*

A SWISS FAIRY TALE.

(Freely Translated from Le Conservateur Suisse.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORICAL PICTURES OF THE MIDDLE AGES
IN BLACK AND WHITE."

AMONGST the workmen in the old forges of Vallorbes lived once a young man of nineteen or twenty, named Donat. He was a tall, straight, handsome, handy lad, of a gay, sprightly temper, and courageous to foolhardiness. He was considered, withal, a little given to exaggeration and self-sufficiency; and then, as to a secret, he was as utterly incapable of keeping one as a bird in spring-tide to refrain from singing. To tell you at what period he lived, I cannot; it is so very long ago that the time is quite lost; but what does that signify, when a thing is known to be true? Well, right above Vallorbes, in the woody steeps of the Jura, where the tall pines become stunted, and briers and brushwood begin to mingle with moss and stones till the rocks grow bare at the summits, is the opening to a great cavern, into which none dared to enter in his days, because it was known to be inhabited by Fairies, who, they said, did not allow curious intruders

* Vallorbes, a mountainous district of Switzerland, on the borders of Franche Comté, once celebrated for its fine iron and superior peasantry.

to penetrate into their subterranean dwelling with impunity. On Palm Sundays one of these daughters of Air always showed herself, leading in a leash a lamb, white as the snow of Mont Blanc, if the year were to prove sunny and fruitful ; or a goat, blacker than the raven on the banner of Corbières, if the sharp bise of spring and cold rains of autumn should spoil the grapes and the grain of the cheerless vintage. Another Fairy, or, perhaps, it might be the same, for they were never seen very close, came at midnight, in the heats of summer, to bathe in the clear waters of the beautiful basin at the source of the Orbe, just where it sparkles fresh from its passage through the Alps, under the guard of two fierce wolves, to drive off all who might be imprudent or impertinent enough to approach her. It seems, too, that, like man, they loved artificial warmth ; for, in the winter, when the workmen had withdrawn to the hamlets, they often glided into the forges to enjoy the bright charcoal fires ; but then they were accompanied by a fine, spirited-looking cock, with eyes like flames, and a comb redder than the berries of the acanthus, which strutted haughtily before the open doors, and never failed to announce, by his loud crowing, half an hour beforehand, the return of the blacksmiths, that his mistresses might have time to escape from the prying curiosity of mortal men. All agreed that these Fairies were very lovely, with shining, crisp, golden hair, which fell like a beautiful mantle over their delicate shoulders and white fleecy robes, so long that they swept the ground. When they moved they resembled pretty birds fluttering along the surface of the earth before a coming storm, and their voices were harmonious as those

of the sweet-winged creatures to which they bore such affinity.

Of all the youths of the villages around, Donat loved most to listen to these stories. He was an orphan, brought up from infancy by an old aunt, a single woman, who had seen better days, and was wont to lament that Donat, the last of his race, should be what he was. She had a prodigious memory, and as he sat on a little stool at her feet, whilst she spun fine thread for the merchants who used to come from Geneva and France to seek it in these distant parts, she filled his young head with all the legends of the land. By dint of listening to such histories and traditions from his childhood, and thinking about these marvellous beings as he grew to manhood, he began to feel so strong a desire to know something of them himself, that he at last determined to penetrate into the cavern let what might happen.

It was a fine Sunday morning in the pleasant month of May that he came to this resolution; and without communicating his intention to any one, lest he might be laughed at or discouraged, he rose very early, donned on his holiday clothes, stole softly out of the cottage into the little garden, gathered a bouquet of flowers for his hat and another for his bosom, and then brushed briskly on to the Jura Alps.

The sun had risen far above the horizon when he began the ascent. An immensely high mountain was to be surmounted, which the foot of man had scarcely trodden; but the air was bright and bracing; what might have proved toil to others was none to him. He bounded blithely forward from steep to steep, full of the energy

and spirit of youthful enterprise. Now low bushes of box and privet, or a strong shoot from an old withered stock, lent him a helping hand. Myriads of flowers showed at every step little smiling faces, as if to welcome him to their Alpine homes. Ruddy pinks and wild geraniums seemed to lift up their blushing heads to hold converse with groups of grave columbines, and starry anemones congregated above them. Many-tinted primroses, with their cousins, the cowslips and polyanthuses, lay *perdu* in sunny sheltered nooks, with golden kingcups, crimson-tipped daisies, violets, and heartsease, in neighbourly vicinity. Pale, pearly-leaved cyclimens, and harebells climbing in clusters some lofty eminence, seemed to look encouragingly down on his efforts to reach them; while whole colonies of dwarf forget-me-nots opened wide their blue eyes, petitioning for notice and remembrance. Flocks of birds were straining their swelling throats in joyous song. Squirrels sprang from branch to branch; and glittering insects, filling the air with their merry buzzing little voices, darted and glanced their gauzy shining wings before his eyes. Thus he journeyed gleefully on, his path momentarily ruder, till he reached the thicket of low pines and wild laurels, which nearly concealed the entrance of the Fairies' castle. He pushed vigorously aside the strong branches that opposed his passage, and after some difficulty found himself at the mouth of a dry, cool, spacious cavern. Without hesitation he stepped over the mossy threshold, and walked fearlessly in to its sombre extremity.

All was silent as the grave. The murmur of the bee, ever repeating her sage lesson of prudence as she flies from flower to flower, storing up treasures for the future;

the careless hum of the thoughtless insect, the soft twittering of the birds, the shrill chirp of the grasshopper, and rustling leap of the panting lizard, which had hitherto enlivened his path, were hushed as if something kept them in awe. Donat went round and round, and crossed and recrossed the cave many times. Nothing was to be seen, nothing heard; it was utterly deserted; and, having at length assured himself he had examined every nook and corner, he turned, a little disappointed, to go out. As he stood for a moment at the entrance to take a last look, he perceived a cleft in the wall of rock at the furthest extremity, so high from the ground that it had escaped his first eager survey on entering. He felt certain it was wide enough to admit of his passing through. A skilful and venturesome climber was he; so by the help of his hands and knees and feet he soon attained the crevice, threw his legs on the other side, and jumping boldly down, discovered that he was in another cavern, far more spacious and lofty than the first. It was a grotto of exquisite beauty: the sides were encrusted with crystals and bright pebbles of every hue and shade. From several interstices, admitting starlight peeps of blue sky, hung a profusion of the many-coloured flowers of the periwinkle, which, uniting their pale tendrils and deep green glossy leaves, formed a sort of undulating drapery, now revealing and now concealing the brilliancy of the rough gems beneath; whilst the floor was composed of pure white shining sands, such as are found on the shore near old Chillon, when Lake Lemman is untainted by the turbid waters of the Rhône as it flows from the sterile valley of St. Maurice. Stillness reigned here also; nothing

betrayed that it was ever inhabited, unless a kind of low couch, composed of moss and ferns, mingled with thyme and the smooth leaves of ivy, told of preparation by some unseen hand. Donat was neither timorous nor scrupulous. He began to feel weary; and putting the small odoriferous bed to profit, he threw himself upon it, little recking whether the Fairies would be pleased or otherwise at such an appropriation. A wild vine flung down its verdant branches to shade his eyes from the faint light glimmering here and there through fissures in the roof, and, admiring all around him, he soon fell into a deep sweet slumber. On awaking, what was his astonishment at finding the grotto illuminated! every gem, and spar, and crystal, seemed reflected in a thousand others; whilst each bud, and branch, and flower, tinged with gentle radiance, glowed in fresh beauty. Donat raised himself up, distrusting the evidence of his senses, and, looking round, saw at his side a lovely lady, half enveloped in long blond tresses of rich wavy hair, with light graceful robes of such snowy whiteness, that she looked more like an angel than a thing of life. She was attended by two pretty little greyhounds, and Donat knew at once that he was in the presence of the Fairy of Valorbes!

There was a pause, each earnestly regarding the other. Donat's courage did not desert him; but still he felt it was not for him to open a chit-chat dialogue with such a personage, so he held his peace till the Fairy, who had gazed on him at her leisure whilst he slept, and taken her decision, condescendingly held out her small ivory hand, and said, in low melodious tones which thrilled to his fluttering heart, "Donat, thou hast pleased me, for I

admire thy boldness ; and if thou hast sufficient spirit to shake off the trammels that bind thee to earth, thine may be a glorious destiny. It is in my power to confer life and happiness upon thee for the long term of one hundred years. I can show thee mines of the precious metals and costly jewels so coveted by thy species ; and acquaint thee with the herbs and minerals which restore their frail bodies to health and vigour. Thou shalt be received into the society of my sisterhood of Montcherand—they are gentle and good ; and, in recompense for what thou must abandon, will be pleased to share with me the care of preparing thee for thy new existence, and of initiating thee into deep mysterious secrets withheld from mortal man. Will thou remain with me, Donat ?”

Donat, who had listened to this speech with a strange mixture of pride, pleasure, and surprise, desired no better fate. He was rash and ambitious ; so, without even a demur or sigh for what he relinquished, he accepted gratefully and joyfully this unexpected offer. The Fairy smiled, and said, “ There is a condition to our treaty, Donat, but not a hard one : thou must never come into my presence but when it shall be agreeable to me to see thee. If I choose to retire into any part of my widely-extended dominion, thou must not seek me on any plea whatever. Shouldst thou, beguiled by love or curiosity, try to discover where I may be found, I shall fly from thee instantly, and thou wilt be left to repent of thy folly or temerity during thy whole life.”

Donat made no objection even to this clause, and, without at all distrusting his discretion (albeit a point where he was often at fault), promised all that she required from

him. The Fairy then seated herself on the couch, and much familiar, lover-like conversation ensued. She confessed she had seen and admired him when hovering around the forges of Vallorbes, and Donat avowed that he had often sighed for a more elevated position. It was arranged between them that he should continue to occupy the romantic grotto in which they had so happily met till the expiration of a lunar month, when, if still mutually charmed with each other, they were to exchange the ties of friendship for the dearer bonds of marriage, and his bride's inexhaustible resources thenceforward be laid open to him unreservedly. As they separated, the Fairy placed in his hand two singular purses, saying,

"See, Donat, here are two purses of Fairy workmanship; each evening during the days of thy probation that I have felt satisfied with thee I will put into the one a piece of pure gold, and into the other a pearl of great price."

Donat was not so much astounded by this sudden turn in his fortune as many a youth might have been. He knew Fairies were susceptible of human passions, and that in bygone years they did sometimes fall in love with handsome herdsmen, and for their sakes condescended to resign invisible palaces full of treasures, with power to traverse earth, air, and ocean, to become the devoted followers of these sons of toil. They were reputed fond and faithful, bearing the rough treatment they too often experienced from their coarser companions with saint-like patience, till death released them from this voluntary bondage to lovers of meaner mould.

For upwards of a week Donat was truly in Fairy Land.

When the church at Vallorbes rang mid-day, and the instant the *angelus* chimed, the door of a cavern, always closed but at these periods, flew noiselessly open at the sound of a silver bell, and Donat, with the captivating Fairy, there partook of a sumptuous repast. Neither gnome, nor sylph, nor giant, nor dwarf appeared to do her bidding, yet the fare was delicious and abundant. Trout from the Orbe, and lotte from the Lac de Joux, game from Petro-Felix and the Môleson, cream from the Dent de Vaulion, honey from the rifled bees whose sweet merchandise is stolen from the vineyards of Montreux and Clarens, wine from the sunny slopes of *La Vaux*, and fruits and flowers from the rich gardens that everywhere bloom on the fertile shores of Lake Lemman. Sometimes, as they sat on mossy couches after these luxurious banquets, the Fairy told him wondrous tales of such distant date that Queen Bertha had not yet begun to ride and spin, nor the *Ranz des Vaches* heard in the Alps of Gruyères.

Thus they passed the time when they were together, for the Fairy Fenetta (so she was named) frequently withdrew by a small door placed at one of the angles of the rocky banqueting-saloon into another, and there Donat was enjoined never to accompany or follow her. Nothing seemed wanting to Donat's felicity; but by degrees, as he was of an active, buoyant spirit, accustomed to stride over the mountains, and dance to the lively tunes of many a *chanson de ronde* with all the prettiest girls of the country, when his labour at eve was finished, he found the days a little long. The delights of eating, and drinking, and story telling, did not quite fill up his time or his

mind. He reflected with surprise how short the days of his former labour used to appear, and how previous occupation had sweetened his hours of recreation. He got over a good deal of his time in sleep, but he slept not so soundly as the "seven sleepers," for he dreamt sometimes of mines of gold, and silver, and diamonds, guarded by winged serpents of enormous size, with ruby eyes and emerald scales, and fiery dragons vomiting flames, from whose attacks he was protected by the benevolent Fairy. And then again he fancied he heard the soft broken notes of the admonitory blue bird, warbling her melancholy midnight song of danger, mingled with the sharp, shrill clink of the forges of Vallorbes, and would suddenly start to his feet, half alarmed to find himself on awaking alone in the bowels of the earth. The utter solitude in which he remained after the Fairy left him told imperceptibly on his spirits; and as he had been simply forbidden to follow her, he tried to amuse himself by endeavours to make his way over the rest of a mansion which was so soon to own him for master. He found no obstacles to this species of employment. He wandered through a succession of vaulted passages, and grotto after grotto, exceeding rather than yielding in beauty to those inhabited by his fair mistress. Their roofs and sides were lined with rich ores: glittering columns of stalactites gracefully twisted, or round and solid, like the pillars of Notre Dame de Lausanne, sprang from the shining floors to the domed roof, and from thence, spreading into slim, sparkling branches, resembled groves and avenues of living silver. Deep pools of pellucid water, to which the bottom (mosaicked with many-coloured marbles) gave

rainbow tints, invited him to bathe. No humidity induced a cheerless sensation in these subterraneous palaces. There was neither sunshine, nor moonlight, nor twilight, but an atmosphere soft, equable, and luminous, diffusing a gentle glory on all around. In his wanderings, he at length discovered a steep broken gallery leading to a small outlet opening on a narrow moss-covered ledge of the mountain ; and, through a sort of natural loophole, he could see far and near the world he had renounced. Thither, thenceforth, as soon as the first sunbeams glided brightly here and there through clefts in the rocks, like stars twinkling in summer's firmament, he constantly repaired, and would sit for hours together musing on his past and present condition.

Long lines of grey turreted rocks rose in naked majesty above and around him ; lower down, pinnacled clumps of dark pines sheltered patches of rich green pastoral verdure, on which cattle were grazing ; and below lay the smiling valleys of the Orbe and Lac de Joux. The silver stream of the golden-sanded Orbe, and quiet waters of the deep still lake where he had so often fished and rowed ; the spire of the church which received his Sunday and fête-day prayers ; its little porch and solemn cemetery (witness of many a rural flirtation afterwards) ; with the distant scene of his former busy life, and the cheerful fires of the forges of Vallorbes, all, all looked beautiful through the clear ether, and conjured up a thousand touching recollections. He remembered the gleeful season of vintage, when, abandoning his forge, he descended into the valleys and assisted in grape gathering, —the quirks, and pranks, and jocund laughter of the less

refined, but more merry maidens of earth. He wondered whether they recollected him. Then his lonely old aunt rose to his memory half remorsefully. He was sure she missed him, and he missed her whistling wheel and bright crackling pine fire, with the loving smile which lighted up her thin pale face whenever it met his. All these things he had turned his back upon; and when the little white triangular sails of some small skiff glided dancingly over the blue waves, or the far distant echo of the gay mariner's song came in snatches on the breeze, mingling in strange melody with some blast from an alp-horn, he grew half inclined to be sad though he knew not why. A feeling of dreary splendour—a sort of sense of isolation from his own species without being united to any other, gradually crept over him. Not that he wished to depart; he was conscious he did not love with the same ardour that he was loved; something there was in the Fairy that made him feel less at home with her than with damsels of mortal birth; but he had no definite desire to leave her, or relinquish a century of existence, gilded by unlimited wealth and boundless knowledge, to resume his former sordid occupations and humble station; only he was dull, very dull, and pined for the weary term of his probation to come to an end, that it might bring its promised change of bliss. He longed especially to see the sisters of Montcherand, his future sweet teachers and associates, wondering whether any of them would turn out still more fascinating than the strangely lovely creature of their kind who had fallen to his lot. Lapped in idleness and luxury, his imagination had ample scope for the wildest flights. The gorgeousness that at first dazzled his sight

daily lost something of its brilliancy with its novelty. He persuaded himself that the long range of the Fairy's domains must present scenes even more extraordinary and exciting than those already beheld, and his unsated curiosity, spurred on by the morbid restlessness of his natural disposition and sense of present weariness, urged him to pursue his roamings, till, in evil hour, some malicious Spright (perhaps unwilling to receive a creature of clay for a master), unseen, conducted him into the sacred retreat interdicted to him alike by delicacy and pledged honour.

After the mid-day banquet of the twentieth day, when Fenetta had shown herself unusually condescending, she withdrew according to her custom into the small cabinet where she said she reposed; whether by accident or design she did not entirely close the door. Donat, emboldened by her enchanting manners, was seized with an almost irresistible inclination to follow her just to beg her to diminish the length of their engagement; but he resisted the temptation, and walked heroically up to his favourite seat on the ledge of rock.

From this lofty eminence the world below lay as a map in still beauty, yet here and there it was dotted by miniature specks of human beings moving to and fro in happy communion. An eagle soaring solemnly and silently over his head was his sole companion. He turned discontentedly away, and abruptly went back to the room he had quitted. The portal of the Fairy's boudoir, alas! was still ajar. Forgetful, or fearless, or heedless of promise or punishment, he advanced on tiptoe, and pushing the door softly with his foot, a gush of

splendour burst on his astonished eyes that paralysed his purpose.

The walls were lined with large slabs of the clearest crystal, united by narrow borders of precious stones glittering and sparkling in the ambient light. On a couch of deep ruby velvet was extended his future bride, her sylphan form and ethereal dress reflected in the ten thousand mirrors which encircled her. She slept. One small ivory hand was under her bright hair, floating in wavy ringlets to the tessellated floor; the other held the silver bell, of strangely curious workmanship, which summoned him to her presence. She looked so gentle, so lovely, in her repose, that Donat panted to tell her how much he admired her. He had advanced a few paces into the room with words of apology for his presumption on his lips, when, lo! as he approached, his steps were arrested, and his eye riveted: the long robes, hiding with maidenly modesty the lower portion of her graceful person, now slightly discomposed by her recumbent posture, revealed, to his amazement and utter dismay, that she had no heels to her feet, which, devoid of drapery to hide their deformity, were webbed as those of a goose! Well might she skim along like a bird! Donat's consternation kept him motionless many moments; then, hardly breathing, he retired more cautiously than he had entered, and had just neared the threshold, when one of the pretty greyhounds, concealed under the couch, started out and began to bark fiercely. The Fairy awoke, saw him in the act of escaping, and cried in tones of peremptory command:

“Stop! I command thee! Stop!”

Donat turned and obeyed—in truth, he was alarmed. She had sprung from the couch: her dove-like eyes flashed like those of a falcon in wild fury; her polished arm, crimsoned by passion, was stretched menacingly towards him; and while he stood abashed and apprehensively to learn his doom, she thus addressed him:

“Frail, fickle son of grovelling man—bound by no ties of truth, or gratitude, or honour, I blush that I, a being of higher order, must with shame confess that—till this proof how little thou art worthy of my affection—I had purposed to bestow on thee immunity from all the cares and changes of thy inferior condition, and share with thee my glorious destiny. Feeble, inconstant child of dust, incapable of retaining thy fidelity for one short moon, depart! Return to thy mean employment, to the smoke and soot of thy forge, to thy base-born society and degrading habits; it was for such thou wert created. Depart! yet, no; stay: as fairies, unlike the selfish children of the world to which thou rightly belongest, never take back what they have once bestowed, carry away thy riches with thee; forget all else thou hast seen, or heard, or surmised in my habitation: and learn, that if ever, in the weakness or wickedness of thy vain, boastful heart, thou shouldst betray my mysteries to human ear, thy chastisement will swiftly follow thy crime. Begone!” She once more waved her warning hand: a shrill, hollow sound from the silver bell resounded through the caverns. There was a dense cloud of dust, and a crashing sound as of rocks rent and closed violently; the Fairy, the velvet bed, the greyhound, all disappeared, and he remained alone in thick darkness.

Donat was a lad of indomitable bravery, whatever his other faults. Daunted but not dismayed, he shook off his momentary consternation, and when the tumult ceased, he went groping about till he found the cleft in the rocks through which he had mounted from the first cavern into the second; there he half lost his spirit, and thought it would be over with him at last. Nineteen days of feasting and idleness had increased so materially his stripling figure that it required incredible efforts to push himself through the aperture. But he was athletic, and despair lent him strength. He at length reached the outer cave—he breathed freely once more—crossed himself again and again—and thanking all the saints in the calendar for his escape from a living tomb, made the best of his way to the entrance. He was under the rude portico when he heard the Fairy's voice crying, in half-stern, half-plaintive accents, "Donat! Donat! Beware! Remember! Silence or punishment!"

Donat, bruised by his exertions to obtain his freedom, thought he had had punishment enough already. Without casting a glance behind him, he flew rather than ran down the rocks, leaping from one pinnacle to another, crushing under his feet, without remark, at each rapid step, the sweet little companies of flowers whose tender leaves and buds he had shrunk from touching on his ascent. He hurried homewards, thinking the breath of heaven blew sweeter and fresher than it had ever done before, and the glorious light of the setting sun on lake, and leaf, and flowret more beautiful than all the gems of the Fairy's jewelled bower—the unlimited command of himself worth

all the treasures he had forfeited by his disobedience. He was become a man again—once more in the enjoyment of all that earth, and air, and space, offer to the humblest of creation. It seemed to him as if everything he passed, animate and inanimate, bird and beast, and tree and murmuring rill, sang, and sported, and danced, out of the mere joy of life and freedom. He did not feel overwhelmed by shame or sorrow at his fault or its consequences, as the Fairy doubtless imagined he would be—her insults and reproaches had produced a contrary effect to that she intended. He was grievously offended, and thought there was at least blame on both sides; and if he were faithless, she was deceitful; and the distorted feet, so unexpectedly revealed, he considered no slight drawback from her dowry of personal charms and claims of personal superiority.

It was late in the evening when Donat reached the village unobserved. His poor aunt, who had indeed deplored his strange disappearance, received him with transports of joy, and listened in profound faith to all he recounted. Early the ensuing morning, full of his adventure, he hastened to the forges: the workmen were just arrived. He was a general favourite, despite of the little defects in his character, and they gave him a hearty welcome. As they could not guess what had befallen him, they all naturally questioned him as to the cause of his long absence; and, whilst their fires and anvils were heating, gathered round to hear what he had to say. Then Donat, despising the Fairy's admonitory farewell, told all that had happened; spoke of her inex-

haustible wealth, of her attentions to him, of her offer of marriage, and promise of a century of felicity as the reward of his fidelity. But this, unhappily, was not all; his proud soul had been stung by her contemptuous rejection and reproaches; and, if at heart he cared little for his dismissal, in his narrative, under the influence of mortification and resentment, he mingled many mocking allusions to her goose feet, adding other circumstances by which (it was thought) his self-love compromised both truth and the Fairy.

The smiths of Vallorbes, when they recovered from their amazement at these strange details, received them each according to his own fancy. Many considered them the gratuitous invention of a wild young man to hide something worse; others laughed outright, and indulged themselves in a thousand jokes at the expense of the unlucky narrator. Not that any one really denied the existence of the Fairy; it was her overtures to Donat, and the million marvels he had described, which excited their doubts.

Donat bore all these marks of incredulity awhile with his customary good-humour; then he grew testy, and turned impatiently away.

"Give us proof of your visit to the Lady Fenetta," they cried, seeing his cloudy brow—"that is only fair. She permitted you to carry off some of her treasures. Show them!"

Thus challenged, Donat plunged his hand joyously into his pocket, for the first time remembering the two purses.

"Ah, well!" he exclaimed, "here, then! See!" And, tearing open the clasps, he turned out the contents. Alas! that which had contained the gold pieces held nothing now but some faded leaves of the wild alisier; and its duplicate, where nineteen fine, round, glossy Orient pearls had been carefully hoarded, gave to their eager gaze only a few of the purple berries of the juniper-tree. The Fairy's menaces were realised. She had treacherously allowed him to take away her goblin gifts that they might become the instruments of his punishment if he betrayed her. By her demon power the gold and pearls were transformed into the commonest products of earth to overwhelm him with confusion and contempt. He comprehended all—his chastisement had begun. A Fairy's malediction was upon him.

At this display, peals of merriment almost stunned the hapless lover of the indignant Fenetta.

"I could not have believed Fairies were so shabby!" cried one.

"Carry your handsome face to another market the next time you rove," said another.

"Donat, be contented for the future with our maidens of the valleys," advised a third; "they can neither fly nor swim, but they have each a foot at the end of the leg."

Then Donat, shocked and despairing, rushed from his persecutors, and from that time was never more seen in the forges of Vallorbes.

When he did not come back again the next day, some of the workmen, fearing they had bantered him too much,

went to seek him at the cottage of his aunt, but there he was not, and she knew not whither he was gone. He had departed in the night unknown to her. They went into his little room to see if he had left any clue to his fate, but no trace was found. Each article of the holiday suit, in which he had made this fatal excursion to Fairy Land, hung round it on pegs, looking as melancholy as so many banners covered with black held up at a baron's funeral, and on the floor lay the fatal Fairy purses, changed into some coarse material, and torn to atoms.

The smiths returned sorrowfully to the forges, and many a pretty eye grew dim with tears when this news was confirmed; for Donat had danced, and sung, and whispered with many a fair damsel, who had each secretly hoped that she was destined to secure the wild but handsome, good-natured Donat. His old aunt, after he fled, unable to bear the solitude of her Alpine *châlet*, sold her little all and went away somewhere into Franche Comté, her native country, and was never more heard of. The Fairy, too, seeing her dwelling discovered, with the secret of her feet divulged, deserted her home; perhaps she withdrew to the sisterhood of Marcherand;—'tis no matter where: she never appeared near the sources of the Orbe again, nor did any one desire she should; yet in memorial of her, the cavern is still called *la grotte aux fées*—the Fairies' grotto—and travellers who come into these parts are often conducted there, when they never fail to admire the sombre extent and shapeless architecture of the first cave, for few have courage or agility to ascend by the narrow cleft which opens into the range of caverns

above; neither is there anything to repay their temerity now: with the Fairy disappeared the marvels of her palace.*

* The Rev. Philip Bridel, late Pastor of Montreux, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, found this very ancient Fairy tale in a MS. book written in the *patois* of the Romande, or western portion of Helvetia, and it has been freely rendered from his French translation published in the twelfth volume of the "*Conservateur Suisse*." In his "*Mythology of the Swiss Alps*," Monsieur Bridel remarks, "There is usually a stern moral in their fables and legendary lore." The tale of the Fairy of Vallorbes illustrates the justice of this observation. Donat's discontent with his humble yet happy lot—his ambitious desire to wed one who would be no proper mate for him—his subsequent dislike of a life for which he was unfitted by nature and education—his want of fidelity in breaking the engagement so heedlessly entered into—worst of all, his ungenerous betrayal of the Fairy's affection and exposure of her personal deformity afterwards, are all lessons of prudence and morality under the guise of a wild fiction.—Reprinted and enlarged from an abridged translation, by the same author, which appeared in *Eliza Cook's Journal* some years ago.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.*

BY ROWLAND BROWN.

For the high-born and the low,
 There's a joy that all may know,
 A source of bliss exhaustless, undefiled,
 Though simple it may seem,
 Believe me 'tis no dream,
 But a lesson life has taught me from a child :
 'Tis to strive to act your part
 With purity of heart ;
 Unsullied, though temptations rise in view,
 With firm unyielding will,
 Those duties to fulfil,
 Our Father has ordain'd for us to do.

No matter what our lot,
 In castle or in cot,
 There's work for every willing heart and hand ;
 There's evil to subdue,
 Exertions to renew,
 And Knowledge that we all should understand :
 Disdaining to despond,
 But ready to respond
 To Duty's call, and cheerfully obey,
 With proud resolve to win,
 When battling with sin,
 And climb the mounts that bar our Heavenward
 way !

* Extracted from the "Family Friend" Magazine.

If blessings make us glad,
Imparting to the sad,
In words and acts of kindness half our joy ;
Determined every ill,
To meet with stubborn will,
And weeds that mar Life's garlands to destroy ;
To scorn a cruel deed,
But faithful to *this* creed—
To do a worthy action when we can,
To comfort the distress'd,
And helping the oppress'd,
To glorify the soul and name of Man.

With Rectitude and Right,
For sources of delight,
And all our aspirations for the TRUE,
With soul, and heart, and mind,
To GOD alone resign'd,
May we the flowery paths of PEACE pursue ;
And oh ! how sweet 'twill be,
When life at last shall flee,
To fall asleep mourn'd o'er by those we love ;
With prayer and blessing bless'd,
That we may take our rest
With Angels, in the realms of light above.

THE IDIOT :

A TRUE TALE OF TERROR.

(Written specially for this volume, at the request of Mrs. R. Moore.)

HE was a bright and beauteous boy,
 A pretty one of four years old,
 Blue-eyed and ringletted with gold,
 And full of life and love and joy :

A happy, sunny, little child,
 With dimpled cheeks and laughing lips,
 From head to feet and finger-tips
 A thing with merriment half wild !

And how his mother glowed to see
 Her darling's many winning wiles,
 And how his father's prouder smiles
 Reflected that sweet cherub's glee !

But, on one certain woesome eve,
 —It was a neighbour's wedding-day,
 Where every face was glad and gay—
 Their babe those poor fond parents leave.

And Sarah has the child in trust,—
 And—there's her lover to be met,
 And—how that fractious boy does fret
 That she should leave him,—but she must ;

“Stop, sir, I'll make you lie quite still !”
 So cruel Nurse contrives that Dread
 Shall be the watcher in her stead,
 While she runs off to walk with Will.

A dress'd-up Horror in a sheet
Is set beside that infant's cot!
Ha! now he's still enough, God wot,
As terror-struck from head to feet;

His large blue eyes freeze hard with fear,
His rosy cheeks are marble pale,
And from his lips a gibbering wail,—
O mother!—there is madness here!

Woe, woe! they come—too late return'd—
And run up quick their babe to kiss;
All silent? Absent? What is this?
And candles to the sockets burn'd?

Upright the sheeted Horror stood!
And, just beneath an *Idiot* lay,
Staring and stunned, and cold as clay!
Is it the child? or painted wood?

O lost, lost, lost! that soul so dear
Is palsied on its mental throne!
This dress'd-up Horror reigns alone
Its King within—a lifelong Fear!

Ah, stricken hearts! Ah, bitter lot!
Mercy, O God! and Help, O Man!
Mercy, and Help—as best we can,
To cheer that horror-shrouded cot!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

THE BLIND BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

AH! why that tear-drop on your eye—
 That sorrow at your heart?
 Mother, why heave that bitter sigh
 That we so soon must part?
 You would not weep for me, mother,
 If Jamie were to die,
 For now I am but blind, mother;
 But there, above the sky,
 Will not the Seraphim unfold
 The glory of that place?
 Will not these sightless eyes behold
 My Saviour face to face?

But, hark! I think upon my ear
 There sounds the tolling bell—
 A merry chime I hope you'll hear
 For Jamie's funeral knell.
 The bright and beautiful of earth
 Belong not now to me;
 But when I have a Heavenly birth
 Dear mother I shall see;
 Then through the realms above I'll seek,
 My mother sweet, for thee,
 And gaze upon thy long-loved cheek
 I now can never see.

The grave will not be dark to me,
Who live in endless night,
But Heaven will the brighter be
When Jesus gives me sight.
I love to think of one long day
Shedding its lustrous light,
Where glory will illumine my way,
And make my pathway bright :
Then, mother, let the bells be rung,
And let no tear be shed,
But let a grateful hymn be sung,
When thy blind boy is dead.

ALPHA.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

A FRAGMENT.

(Written at the request of a Lady.)

OUR life is not all sunshine—there are days
 When clouds of darkness dim the social sky,
 And tempests roll around. The flowers of love
 Bloom in the bower of wedlock, and the smile
 Of true affection nourishes their growth,
 And adds unto their beauty : but there comes,
 E'en in the fairest earthly paradise,
 Sometimes a little frost, which nips the buds,
 And blights them for a season ; but, ere long,
 The smile returns, and, with an added warmth,
 Revives the drooping blossoms :—and this change
 From joy to grief, from grief again to joy,
 Is light and shadow in the fairest shape.
 The youthful soldier by his lovely bride
 Sits in the social scene ; and all his thought
 Joys in her smile, and saddens at her tear,
 And studies for her good,—and this is light !
 The trumpet sounds ; his country's cause demands
 His presence in the field, and far away
 He hurries to the fight, and leaves her lone,
 And desolate, and sad,—and this is shade !
 There was a widow, and her only son,
 Prop of her age, and solace of her soul,
 Was borne unto his burial :—this was shade !

There came a Form of more than angel might,
And more than mortal pity, and he saw
The widow's tears, and felt for her distress,
And touch'd the bier, and bade the dead arise.
The dead arose, and stood a living man!
The great Deliverer uttered not a word,
But gave him to his mother:—this was light!
Again: there were two sisters, fair and good;
They had an only brother, and their love
Was like the love of angels, pure and strong.
The brother died, and sadness spread around
The dear domestic hearth,—and all was shade!
The same high Power that cheered the widow's heart
Pity'd their sorrows too, and brought again
Their brother from the tomb; and straight arose
Joy in their grief,—and all once more was light.
And thus it is with every scene of earth.
The time would fail to tell of all the forms
In which the changeful pow'rs of light and shade
Chequer the lot of man. Then let us take
The wings of meditation, and fly out
Beyond this mortal state, and look on that
Where shade shall never come; but all the good
Shall “lose themselves in light” surpassing thought—
“In light ineffable!”

JOSEPH PAYNE.

Temple.

LINES WRITTEN BY A RESTORED IDIOT.

ONCE I was a hopeless child,
 Thoughtless, careless, foolish, wild;
 Understanding naught I saw,
 Dark and gloomy, full of awe;
 Feared I all men, fled I all,
 Trembled at parental call;
 Hid myself from mortal sight,
 Sought the shadows of the night;
 Yet the night was full of fear,
 Idiot—I knew no cheer.

No one lov'd me—but my mother;
 I was cuff'd by every brother;
 Bit my nails in secret sorrow,
 Lost the day—and hoped to-morrow;
 Sighed and laughed, and mourn'd and cried,
 Stung by envy, hate, and pride;
 Yet the joke of every sinner,
 Cheated by the daring winner;
 Fool was I, in folly hidden,
 Idiot of all forbidden.

Who restored me? He who lov'd me,
 He who pitied me forlorn:
 He who tried me, He who prov'd me,
 Saw how foolish I was born.

Dearer He than that dear mother,
 More than parent He to me :
 Closer stuck He than a brother,
 He alone has set me free.

Shall not pity move compassion
 For the foolish, lost, unsound ?
 Wisdom is the purest fashion :
 I was lost—but now ~~am~~ found.

R. C.

“ CHIDE MY TEARS NO MORE.”

WHEN sorrow strews with wither'd leaves
 The path of life we tread,
 Or cares around the drooping brow
 The clouds of darkness spread,
 The burden'd breast that solace craves
 It ne'er had sought before,
 From *Nature* claims the welcome alms :
 “ Oh chide my tears no more !”

The tear is trac'd from CHILDHOOD's hour,
 To moisten manhood's bier,
 Affection's Hope retains its spell,
 It flows from fondest Fear.
 'Tis wealth to those whose chequer'd lot
 Now weeps their lessen'd store ;
 The healing balm e'en grief imparts :
 “ Then chide my tears no more !”

IZABEL OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

BY SIR FRANCIS B. HEAD, BART.

IRELAND, 1827.

COMING down the steep-paved street, I saw, at some little distance before me, several people dressed in dingy black, standing on each side of a house door which was open. A small group of idle, gossiping old women were watching the individuals who went into and came out of this house ; and, as it was evident that some ceremony was going forward, in a whisper I asked an old woman who was standing near me whether it would give offence if, as a stranger, I were to enter.

“ And sure they would be *plased* to see ye,” replied the woman.

“ But what is there to be seen ?” said I.

She answered, “ Nothing but a young man who has just died of the dropsy. Sure,” she added, “ he was tapped on Monday, and Dr. — took from him sixteen quarts and a pint (new measure), but ’twas no service to him at all, poor man.”

Without listening to any more I advanced towards the door, and walking along a narrow passage, I turned to my right and entered a large room. I slowly seated myself in an old chair which was at the foot of a bed, upon which the corpse was lying in a common wooden coffin, the lid of which rested against the side.

The attention of every person present was at once directed towards me, but as I threw myself into a sort of stupid reverie, apparently looking at nothing and thinking of nothing,—eye after eye was removed from me, until, in a very few seconds, finding that I was neither noticed nor observed, I gradually ventured to look around me. The room (the ceiling and walls of which had once been white-washed) had no furniture, except a couple of chairs which were near the bed, and some benches placed against the three sides of the room. Upon these forms sat a number of women, and a few old men. There was not a healthy countenance amongst them, but, afflicted either by one disorder or another, they looked as if they had merely hobbled forward to offer a tribute of attention and respect, which they felt, ere long, they would themselves receive from strangers and from friends. However, whatever were their feelings, no sentiment, good, bad, or indifferent, was expressed—not a word was uttered; and, as they sat, some looking at their shoes, some vacantly staring at the dirty wall, and one old woman gazing intently upon her own thin, shrivelled, motionless hand, for some time I tried to determine whether the occasional faint aspiration which I heard was uttered in pity for the dead or for the living; whether it was meant to say, “Alas! he is gone!” or, “Alas! we are coming!” However, a little reflection led me to believe that it meant neither one nor the other: their minds weak, and sick, and feeble as their bodies, were evidently incapable of the exertion of pitying others or themselves; the sigh proceeded from bodily rather than mental uneasiness; the mind was certainly enjoying no pleasure, but the body was evidently in pain; and the

suffering countenances of those who were thus leaning against the cold, pipe-clayed wall, when contrasted with the pale, lifeless frame which was lying prostrate before them, made me feel how much more horrible are the features, how much more terrible is the attitude of the dying than of the dead. For the countenance of a dying man tells us of the tempest to which we must all, sooner or later, be exposed; that of the dead assures to us the haven in which we hope to find rest and tranquillity.

It was with these reflections that I looked with more attention to the tottering figures of those who were around me, than at the corpse which was before me; for from them every varying look, every restless change of attitude, seemed to offer a lesson worth remembering; but the corpse had but a solitary moral to offer—it had but one last word to say, and that word was—death!

The lad had evidently died after a long illness; the face was thin and emaciated, and from that short inscription, those few expressive lines which the mind, even in death, leaves traced upon its image, the human countenance, it was evident that he had been a person of quite an ordinary description. Yet in morals, as in medicine, there are ingredients, which, when taken separately have no effect, but which act most powerfully in combination; and so it was in the scene before me, for though the corpse was of itself an uninteresting object, and though the fly which was peeping from one of the nostrils was also of the commonest description, yet, viewing them together, I felt that they afforded materials fit for serious reflection.

By some instinctive signal, Nature had induced this fly fearlessly to possess himself of an abode, into which had

once been breathed "the breath of life;" and it was curious to observe with what busy importance the little insect reigned in his new dominion, appearing, disappearing, bustling and strutting, as if he was rejoicing that the tenant had fled, and that the proud moment had arrived for the fly to turn another human body into corruption, and to level with the dust from which it had sprung a fabric which had ever been decreed that "to dust it should return."

We were all sitting in stupid silence; the old people were occasionally sighing; the woman was still looking at her shrivelled hand; I was idly watching the movements of a common blue-bottle fly, when a feeble old man entered the room. There was no chair for him, so I gave him mine; and in two seconds I found myself once again in the bustle and cheerful sunshine of life, threading my way down the steep paved street, through children, pigs, carts, horses, animals, and animalcula.

ENGLAND'S THREE BOASTS.

A SONG WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Monarch of Russia may rear, at great cost,
His palace of *ice*, in the land of the frost,
And the millions of Muscovy wonderingly gaze
On its beauty, when seen in the sun's *winter* rays ;
But the people of England, with faces more bright,
Can look on this scene of enchantment and light :
So a toast I will give, and around let it pass,
'Tis, "The Queen, and the Prince, and the Palace of
Glass !"

The palace of *ice*, when the *summer* is strong,
Will melt in its rays, and can never last long ;
But the building we look on so gladly to-day,
All seasons will stand, without fall or decay ;
And hundreds and thousands will come from all parts
To gaze on its glories, with joy in their hearts :
Uniting in thought, as delighted they pass,
"The Queen, and the Prince, and the Palace of Glass !"

Here's honour to Paxton, and Fuller, and Laing ;
And the rest, with whose praises the walls lately rang ;
Long life to the Monarch who open'd the scene,
Long life to the Prince, who her helpmate has been :
God prosper the building so vast and sublime,
The beauty and boast of the arts of our time :
Not prais'd by a few, but the pride of the mass,
Are "the Queen, and the Prince, and the Palace of
Glass !"

JOSEPH PAYNE,

One of the Executive Treasurers in the first Royal
Commission of the Great Exhibition.

Temple.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE POET COWPER.

BY A LADY WHO WAS INCURABLY DEAF.

POETIC talents were design'd
 To speak the Giver's praise,
 And draw the widely wand'ring mind
 To seek and walk his ways :
 The name of godlike worth to save
 From blank oblivion's gloomy grave,
 The troubled heart of woe to soothe,
 The wrongs of virtue to redress,
 The giant growth of vice repress,
 And plant the cause of truth.

But oh ! how few e'er understand,
 Or to its use apply,
 The treasure trusted to their hand,
 The harp of harmony.
 But Cowper knew, and well employ'd
 The brilliant talent he enjoyed,
 And high the meed assign'd above,
 In guerdon of those heav'nly lays,
 That teach the worth, that sing the praise
 Of hope, and truth, and love.

Blest was the day that gave him birth,
 For mercy's God design'd :
 His life a benefit to earth,
 A blessing to mankind.

Though lengthen'd out beyond his will,
It ran the round of sorrow still,
 Beneath the cloud of darkness drear ;
But all his toils and trials o'er,
His like the world may see no more,
 To grace the poet's sphere.

Devotion never may behold
 With eyes of joy again,
So true a poet's name enroll'd
 Among his chosen train.
The prize at which he aim'd is won,
His harp is hush'd, his task is done,
 And life's tempestuous ocean pass'd,
With Eden's never-fading bays,
And fairer wreaths than earth displays,
 He binds his brow at last.

He needs no flatt'ring tongue to swell
 His merit to the skies ;
Nor monumental pile, to tell
 Where cold, in dust he lies.
For while religion can be found
The habitant of earthly ground,
 And merit meets with due regard,
Shall his own spotless page proclaim
The worth, the virtues, and the name
 Of Olney's hallow'd bard.

THE SLAVE.

ONCE I was free
As the bounding sea,
When it dashes its foam on the shore ;
But now to my grave
I must go still a slave,
And the land of my birth see no more.

When the moon shone above,
With the maid I still love,
I wander'd along the sea-shore ;
But far o'er the wave
I was borne as a slave,
And the land of my birth saw no more.

But the God of the slave
Will be mighty to save,
When the time of my thralldom is o'er ;
And again I shall meet,
And my kindred shall greet,
Though the land of my birth's seen no more.

For the Saviour has died,
White and black are allied,
And none that bless'd union can sever,
For the Gospel has come
To my far-distant home,
And in death we are free, free for ever!

B. B.

THE LADY AND THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

" LITTLE flower of azure dye!
 Thou hast a modest, starry eye;
 And thy leaves of purest green,
 Peep brightly thy blue buds between.
 Yet, surely, thou hast ta'en a name
 Which thy merits could not claim;
 For thou canst not make pretence
 To the slightest fragrance,
 And thy fragile form and face
 Have no peculiar tints or grace:
 I know not, in such humble guise,
 Why man regards thee as a prize,
 Nor why thou shouldst so boldly say,
 'Remember me when far away!' "
 Then the gentle flowret said,
 Bending low its clust'ring head,
 With an air of wounded pride
 That it struggl'd much to hide,
 Feeling not a little pain
 At being consider'd plain and vain:
 "Gayer hues, more fragrant breath,
 May Flora's fav'rites boast on earth;
 But lies a secret spell in me
 Unseen—unfelt—it seems, by thee!
 Lady! since ye seek to know
 Why I charm where'er I go,
 Affection's tears embalm'd my race,
 And shed their lustre o'er my face.

I am the symbol of a heart
Which Death alone had power to part :
Fidelity is shown by me,
More lasting than the Sandal-tree.
Mine is the perfume of the *mind* :
Can Araby a richer find ?

“ Beside a bright, but treach’rous flood,
In summer’s glow a blue flow’r stood ;
When a fair maiden passing by,
Beheld it with delighted eye.
Love saw the glance by Beauty thrown,
And mark’d the flowret for his own.
He plung’d into the sparkling wave
And caught the branch, but fail’d to save
The life thus brav’d: sinking, he held above his head
The fatal prize—and crying ere life fled,
‘ Forget me not ! Forget me not !’
Flung it at her feet, and perish’d on the spot !
The weeping maiden fix’d it near her heart :
So now, when friends and lovers part,
My little flowers are fondly press’d
By each into the other’s breast.
’Twas that poor youth’s ‘ Forget me not !’
Conferr’d the sweet name I have got.”

A. A. M.

It is a tradition in Germany that a young lover, walking with his intended bride on the banks of the Danube, plunged into the stream to procure for her one of these little flowers growing at the water’s edge; and, unable to rise again, perished—crying, as he tossed the branch on the shore, *Vergiss mein nicht*—“ Forget me not.”

THE BOATMAN'S FEE.*

HERE, boatman! here's a triple fee!
 For all unseen, unguess'd by thee,
 Wife and child went o'er with me.
 This lonely lake, yon rocky pass,
 And torrent wild of Entlibas,
 Were cross'd by us in converse sweet
 (We thus in peril ever meet!).
 Then, boatman, take a triple fee,
 Since all unseen, unguess'd by thee,
 Wife and child went o'er with me!

A. A. M.

* There is a popular and beautiful belief in many parts of Switzerland that the spirits of departed friends accompany us in danger, either to guard us from it, or guide us to the "better land."

 WEDDING-DAY.

THERE is one day in woman's life—a day
 So full of hope, and fear, and joy, and sorrow,
 It might almost be designated
 Her life's epitome. That day-spring comes
 Mid voices of glad mirth and the clear sound
 Of youthful laughter—smiles from beaming eyes,
 And singing from young lips—and joyful words
 From many happy voices—yet a day

So strangely labouring 'tween hope and fear,
So fraught with chequered sentiments, that though
The eye be lighted with its loveliest smile,
It sparkles still through tears, though the cheek
Be tinged with love's most bright and glowing blushes,
There oft will come the pale, sad hue of sorrow.
Ah! wherefore wonder? Like the dove, she finds
A friend to cling to, and her hope is high
In waking dreams of days that are to be.
But then she leaves her mother's fostering wing,
The quiet shelter of her childhood's years,
And goes to wander in a world as false,
Ay, as the luring sea that looks so calm,
And cradles the young sunbeams on its breast,
And smiles as if there were but rest and peace
Upon its tranquil waters. But when once
The bark is trusted to the treacherous wave,
The storm arises, and the dark winds rage,
And danger rides upon the blast—and Death
Has made his throne upon the crystal water.
Ay, this is Life! How oft temptation comes,
Even in an angel's guise, and looks so fair,
And whispers in a voice so heavenly,
That we agree to yield and cherish it.
And then the vision changes, and we find
Thorns, bitter thorns, beneath the rose's leaves,
A serpent turning round the bright flower's stem,
Instead of happiness, dark days of sorrow.

ANON.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

"Above all, I pity those who, wearing within the very seal of Death, are borne by the vain hopes of friends and kindred to die in a stranger's land."—ANON.

SHE sat in silence on the deck,
 And watched the sun's declining ray,
 Till as a dim and distant speck
 The island homes of childhood lay.
 She bent that cherished land to view,
 Reposing in its sunset smile,
 And silently she bade adieu
 For ever to her native isle.
 The sea-breeze played around her brow,
 And flushed it to a lovelier glow ;
 But tears had dimmed her beaming eyes,
 The parting tears of fond regret.
 The chain of early sympathies
 Was link by link uncoiling yet ;
 Till on the breeze's distant swell
 Faintly was borne the curfew bell.
 It seemed a soothing answer brought
 To many a sad and secret thought,
 As if some friend's last farewell word
 Within that well-known sound she heard.
 Gently she touched her lute's sweet chord,
 Unmindful of the listening throng,

Till feelings clothed themselves with words,
And poured her soul in song.

“ I bless thee, oh, my native land !

A wanderer from thy shore,
My thoughts still linger on the strand
That I shall tread no more.

Thy cherished homes, thy dewy flowers,
The shadowy mists of eve,
Oh ! dwell there charms in southern bowers
So fair as those I leave ?

“ I bless thee, oh, my native isle !

Land of the brave and free,
The warrior's heart, the mother's smile,
Long may they dwell with thee :
Long may the peace the righteous know
Upon thine altars rest,
Thy children bless thee as they go,
And oh ! thou shalt be blest.

“ And thou, I love thy waves' loud roar,
Thou melancholy sea ;

Far on a strange and foreign shore,
Thou'lt speak of home to me ;
Of childhood's joy, of friendship's vow,
Thy meeting waves shall tell.

Ocean and Isle, I bless thee now,
My native land : farewell !”

And vainly did they nurse and watch
Their loved one in that foreign land ;
The sign was set and none might snatch
The victim from the Spoiler's hand.

He decked her for her early tomb,
With charms that health in vain might keep :
The eye too bright for earth—the bloom,
Like burning roses, on her cheek—
The changing hue that fled and came,
With palling feelings on her brow,
Writing in fever'd signs of flame
Traces of thoughts that none might know—
Of thoughts that dwelt within the springs
Of her heart's deep and secret things.
The cankerworm that sapped her strength,
Was hid within the rosebud's heart,
Till leaf by leaf should fade at length,
And all of life depart.

It was a bright and summer's eve,
The sun was sinking to his rest,
And not one beam remained to leave
Its crimson banner in the west ;
And all was silence, save the breeze
Stirring the shrubs and myrtle-trees,
Or dash of some far-distant oar,
Or rippling waves upon the shore ;
And one had thought that there had been
Joy only in so fair a scene.
But one looked forth with saddened eye
From a flower-trellised balcony ;
Pallid and languidly reclined,
Where rose and jasmine buds entwined,
With sigh and silent tear looked forth
In sadness on the tranquil earth,

As if her heart could claim no share
In all that Hope might image there,
And the bright sunshine of her eye
Had lost its light and gaiety ;
And ever as the evening air
Lifted the braids of shining hair,
The moonlight fell upon a brow
Pale as the stainless marble now.
And loved ones stood around and sought
To lead her from her pensive thought ;
Still dreaming on of youth and bloom,
Of gathering strength and health renewed,
Of fairest hopes in years to come,
And knew not how the trembler stood,
Fearful and shrinking in the gloom,
And very border of the tomb.

“ Now what hast thou to do with tears,
So rich in love, so young in years,
So deeply precious as thou art,
A pearl of price to many a heart ?
When all is now so calm and bright,
Why art *thou* only sad to-night ?
In such an hour, oh ! wherefore mute
Should be the warblings of thy lute ?
Sing to us, our belov'd, thy voice
Shall soothe our anxious fears to rest ;
That once again we may rejoice,
And be, as once we have been, blest.”

And took she then the harp and smil'd,
E'en as a loved and gentle child,

And struck a few uncertain chords
As waiting some forgotten words,
Passing her fingers o'er the strings
In soft, unconscious preludings,
Till the full minstrelsy of song
Pass'd o'er her spirit deep and strong,
And like the swan, her parting breath
Was but the melody of death.

"Ye bid me take my lute again,
I had laid it silent by,
For it had but one unwelcome strain,
A song of memory.
My home—my home, oh! chide ye not
The longings of my heart,
To look upon that blessed spot
Once more ere I depart!

"Calmly as dies yon ebbing wave
Upon the distant shore,
I'm slowly sinking to my grave—
My dream of life is o'er.
Ye speak to me the words of hope,
Oh! all those hopes are vain!
Ye strive to bear my spirit up,
But ye bind a broken chain.

"I'm passing like a summer flower,
Though youth be yet so high,
I hear a voice of mystic power,
That whispers, 'Thou must die!'

Ye tell me oft of distant years,
And of my island home ;
But still that voice my spirit hears,
It says—' Thine is the tomb !'

" You'll dwell again in our own dear land,
You'll hear its Sabbath chimes,
And, oh ! my friends, in that happy strand
You'll think of me sometimes !
In an hour like this, when the sun is set,
And the moon beams on the sea,
Oh ! let my memory linger yet—
Will ye sometimes think of me ?

" Far in a land of changeless rest,
Where tears are shed no more,
Blessed amongst the truly blest,
Then shall my spirit soar.
And I would not ye, with griefs and tears,
Should mourn my favoured lot,
But, oh ! my friends of earliest years,
Let me not be forgot.

" Ye'll be happy then in our childhood's home,
Where my feet so oft have rov'd,
And still as in those shades ye roam,
Oh ! think of the once-beloved !
The withered leaf, the fading flower,
Of my early fate shall tell ;
And forget ye not this sacred hour,
For it breathes my last farewell !"

They were sure words of prophecy,
And thus was it her doom to die,
In that far foreign land, away
From home and kindred ; but there were
True hearts to sorrow o'er the day,
And weep the tears of anguish there.
Where the lone cypress branches wave
They laid her in her silent grave ;
And ere their homeward steps were bent,
They raised a marble monument,
With simple words of chastened grief
Engraven on the sacred stone :
“ The Lord hath given and taken her,
His holy will be done.”

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE EXAMINATION OF THE CHILDREN OF
THE BLIND SCHOOL, NORWICH.

St. John's Gospel, chap. ix.

METHINKS I hear those words of old,
So selfish and unkind,
"Did this man or his parents sin,
That he was born quite blind?"

It's not because of *greater* sin
(The blessed Lord replies)
That here you see in darkness seal'd
A fellow-creature's eyes.

God in this way will manifest
His pow'r and righteousness,
And those, whom worldlings may despise,
Will mercifully bless.

Thus speaks the Saviour, and at once
Restores the man to sight;
Before, was darkness to be felt,
Now, pure and perfect light.

Those eyes, which never yet had seen
The sun's bright beams above,
Now see the Sun of Righteousness
In godly power and love.

The poor man, thankful to the Lord
For his recovery,
Exclaims, "Whereas I once was blind,
This stranger makes me see."

And can I view these sightless ones
So happy 'neath the rod,
And not confess the providence
And wisdom of my God?

O Thou, to whom the darkest night
Is clear as brightest day,
In *these* thine own omnipotence
Thou kindly dost display.

When Thou hast said, "The Scriptures search
Which testify of me,"
Shall these complain they cannot, Lord,
Because they cannot see?

Oh no! they want no mortal eyes
Thy holy word to read;
Thy providence has given them
A help in time of need.

In thine appointed way they learn
The wonders of thy grace;
Their sighted fingers, taught by Thee,
Thy blessed Scriptures trace.

What! though they never saw the dawn
Of day, yet they have light;
And in their dwellings, Israel-like,
It shines throughout the night.

It's all thy doing, Lord, we own,
We but thine agents are ;
Thou mad'st them blind, that they might be
The objects of our care.

Is any rich, unless to be
To each poor brother kind ?
And we have sight, that we may be
" Eyes also to the blind."

Lord, teach us still to work for Thee
In this delightful way ;
Whate'er we give, is only lent,
Thou'lt graciously repay.

This is our hope, that these and we
May here enjoy thy grace,
Till, summoned hence to brighter realms,
We see Thee face to face.

Then shall we need no sun by day,
Nor moon to rule by night,
Thou, Lord, shalt be our glory there,
And everlasting light.

A FATHER'S GRAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG HÖLTH.

BLESS'D are the dead who in the Lord are sleeping :
 Bless'd, then, my father—yea, most bless'd art thou.
 God's holy angel gently came—though weeping—
 And placed a crown immortal on thy brow.

O'er million stars thy spirit footsteps wander ;
 This earth of ours appeareth but a mite ;
 And, at a sign from Him who " rules the thunder,"
 Thou dar'st approach the Presence Infinite.

The world thou view'st, with countless myriads teeming ;
 Thou drink'st, when thirsty, from life's heavenly well ;
 The darkness now no darkness to thee seeming,
 For days and nights thou long hast ceased to tell.

Though round thy brow the Victor's palm is wreathing,
 Yet still, with angel-love, thou think'st of me ;
 Before God's throne thine earnest prayers breathing—
 Prayers for thy child—and He will answer thee.

Should on my brow (from trials their shadow flinging)
 The dew baptismal ever parch and fade,
 Come, *then*, to me, fresh hope and comfort bringing ;
 Ne'er should I droop if thou wert near to aid.

When on the bed of death, my strength fast failing,
And this world passing from my weary eyes,
No fears will come my trustful faith assailing,
For thou'lt be there to bear me to the skies.

What wondrous joy again to hear thy greeting !
The lifelong parting now a thing of nought :
Can earthly rapture equal such a meeting ?
Thanks be to Him who sends the blessed thought.

Yet, in the mean while, strew I lovely roses,
With fresh green leaves, to shed a lustrous grace
Upon the spot where peacefully reposes
Thy loved remains, in this calm, sacred place.

ANNIE.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

ALL SAINTS ! Oh, glorious day !

On which the Church, as in times of old,
Numbers the jewels in her treasury ;

And, by the names enrolled
In her bright record, bids us strive to win,
Like them, the victory over earth and sin ;

They on whose souls the light

From Eden's closing portal lingered still ;
The pastor princes who outwatched the night,
With angel guests, upon some lonely hill,
And through dim types and shadows saw afar
The dawning glory of the morning star ;

Seers of a later day—

The lofty messengers from Heaven to earth,
At whose dread fiat kingdoms passed away,
And the world's impious mirth,
Even in its stately palaces, was dumb,
Hushed by the awful words of woe to come ;

The martyrs of the Cross—

They who, amidst the arena's shouting crowd,
Counting for Christ all earthly things but loss,
Meekly to torture bowed,
And where Rome's ancient temples reached the sky,
For that new, nameless creed lay down to die ;

Men at whose noble deeds

And burning words the world's cold heart has thrilled ;

Men who, in beggars' weeds,

Have only suffered as their Master willed ;

Many whose names have echoed through the earth ;

Many who never left their lowly hearth ;

Infants just called away

Fresh from the font, pure as morn's dewy flowers ;

And those who through the day

Bore all the burden of its toilsome hours ;

Some to whom life was joy ; some offering up

Their patient souls, when drained its bitterest cup ;

Watchers by dying beds—

The angel ministrants to sorrow sent—

Uplifting drooping heads,

And scattering blessings round them as they went ;

Some who wore meekly wealth, and power, and state ;

And some who perished at the rich man's gate ;

And some—ah ! some who dwelt

Within our homes but a brief space gone by—

Dear ones, with whom at morn and eve we knelt,

When prayer went up and praise was heard on high,

Who shared life's daily round, earth's common things,

Angels amidst us, but with folded wings,—

All saints ! a countless host !

Oh, glorious day ! when the most desolate heart

In all Christ's flock, though earthly friends be lost,

May claim in *these* a part—

See some faint shadow of that white-robed throng,

And dream at least of that immortal song !

E. E. W.

TO THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

WEEP not! fond mother, for your child,
 But dry your tearful eyes;
 Angelic hands, with touch so mild,
 Have borne him to the skies.

His little face so loved below,
 So doted on by thee,
 Beams now with such a radiant glow,
 Thou couldst not live, and see.

E'en here his Maker's form he bore,
 Though moulded out of clay;
 But now he stands his God before,
 In brightest realms of day.

Weep not! dear mother, for your boy
 Who's left this sinful earth,
 To dwell for evermore in joy,
 While Seraphs hail his birth:

He is not dead, but born again
 By his Redeemer's love,
 Sorrow he ne'er will know, or pain,
 In his new home above.

Then dry thy tears! and raise thy voice
 To God, in thankful strain;
 Up! mournful heart, and loud rejoice!
 Thy child is born again!

'Tis but his earthly form is dead,
His little soul still lives,
To shower blessings o'er thy head ;
For God the power gives

Perchance thy footsteps straight to guide
Along this life's rough way,
Prevent thy thoughts from wand'ring wide,
And light thee with its ray ;

That when thy own dread hour draws nigh,
That little soul may come,
To aid thee draw life's latest sigh,
And lead thee to thy home.

J. E. D.

WHY SLEEP YE?

Luke xxii. 46.

WHY sleep ye?

The dewy mist, like a golden sea,
 With gossamer veils each flower and tree;
 And the spirit of morn the landscape bathes
 In rosy tints and amber waves.

Why sleep ye, Christian? Arise, and see
 The strength of the morning was made for thee.

Why sleep ye?

The noontide sun is radiant and bright,
 Diffusing o'er earth its glorious light;
 The flow'ry tints are as jewels rare,
 Adorning the brow of nature fair.

Why sleep ye, Christian? The morn is pass'd,
 And this day's noon may be thy last.

Why sleep ye?

Birds chant the requiem to parting day,
 As the sunlight fades to twilight grey;
 The ocean's dirge in the moaning waves
 Echoes the knell o'er the sailors' graves.

Why sleep ye, Christian? Arise and pray,
 For evening thy failing powers portray.

Why sleep ye?

The darkness of night is gathering fast,
Enwrapping nature within its grasp,
Chaining the day in mysterious gloom,
Engulphing light in a daily tomb.

Why sleep ye, Christian? The night is come,
And the angels wait to bear you home.

Why sleep ye?

For through the darkness of night you'll see
The stars of heaven shine brightly on thee!
Arise, and buckle your armour on,
Fight till the battle of life is won.

Why sleep ye, Christian? No night is thine
If thou in Jesus' bright glory shine!

ALPHA.

HYMN FROM THE WELSH.

BY MRS. PENDEREL LLEWELYN.

ARISE! Jehovah's hosts, arise!
Before you see the victor's prize;
The day will come, with palms in hand,
And wearing crowns, a glorious band
Before your Saviour's throne to stand,
In triumph all.

Though fiercely may the warfare rage,
Still bravely, all your foes engage;
God's arm his legions shall protect,
No ill o'ercome the Lord's elect;
Then onward press, with front erect,
At Jesu's call.

THE SYRO-PHŒNICIAN MOTHER.

Matt. xv. 21 ; Mark vii. 24.

WHERE erst Phœnicia's giant race
 The border land maintained
 Of Palestina, sworn t'efface
 The name that Israel gained,

Till Jesse's son arose to quell
 Their far-famed, boasted might,
 And faith restored to Israel
 In many a bloody fight ;

Where the last flying phalanx turned
 To seek the western coast,
 And shame and bitter anguish burned
 To leave a country lost,

There dwelled a miserable child—
 A mystery on earth to be—
 Furious or sad, depressed or wild,
 The sport of varied fantasy.

And there a mother pondered,
 That frantic girl beside,
 And, at the rumour, wondered—
 From Galilee spread wide—

How one, descended from the line
Of him who chased away
Th' indomitable Philistine,
Did healing power display ;

How to her country, now full near,
Advanced King David's son :
That mother shed a joyful tear—
Faith had its work begun.

Faith urged her steps an unknown way,
Where tarried, unobserved,
He whom she sought with early day,
Nor from her purpose swerved.

But he could not be hid, for she
Unceasingly inquired—
While eager crowds came forth to see
And learn what she desired.

They see—they hear—she asks again
The mercies meant for all ;
Nor, if confined, will she complain
To pick the crumbs that fall

From tables for the children spread,
As dogs contented lie,
And from the floor lift up the head,
Looking expectingly.

Thy prayers are heard—both which among
Thy early thoughts 'gan rise,
And these from brighter musings sprung,
More generous ecstasies.

Poor heathen ! many dost thou teach
Their work of praise to send,
Know to what summits Faith can reach,
And find the vexed one's friend.

Thou teachest us to spare no pains
In finding help for those
Whose loss may prove our richest gains,
And God to us disclose.

G. B. H.

1857.

SONNET.

St. John, chap. iv.

OH ! Thou, who by the Patriarch's well, of old
In the fierce noontide of the Eastern day
Didst rest, o'er-wearied with thy toilsome way,
And there, the mysteries of Heaven unfold,
Almighty Saviour ! thus so meekly learning
All forms of human sorrow to endure,
Made like to us—only that Thou wert pure
From sin's least stain, though pierc'd with all its woe—
Oh ! when *we* faint beneath the noontide glow ;
When for repose our weary hearts are yearning ;
When all the streams that round our earlier way
Music and freshness shed, have died away,—
Give *us* full draughts of that celestial river,
Which from the throne of God flows on for ever !

E. E. W.

SHALL NOT.

Deut. viii. 3 ; Luke iv. 4.

MAN fain would live by bread alone,
 By many a weary weight oppress'd ;
 Heaviest of all, the heart of stone
 Chills, while it sinks his joyless breast.

While sever'd from the source of life,
 And all that angels seek to know,
 We spend our days in fearful strife,
 And tread the paths of death and woe.

Who hungers but for earthly mire,
 And thirsts for sin's ensnaring bowl,
 God grants in anger his desire ;
 Despair and leanness seize his soul.

Nor hunger he, nor thirst, sustains,
 Nor reverence for the bread of Heaven.
 The dead in trespasses and sins
 Groan not, nor seek to be forgiven.

Man SHALL NOT live by bread alone !
 Brighter and fairer let him rise,
 Than when seduced and overthrown,
 He fell by Satan's artifice !

Evil brings good, and loss brings gain,
 Good will to men, and peace on earth.
 They find in God the second man,
 A new, unforfeitable birth.

In ways of pleasantness and peace
They follow the celestial guide ;
Hunger and thirst for righteousness,
And find their hunger well supplied.

By thirsting and by hungering so,
They show th' effects of life and health.
Born from above, they learn to know
The unseen source of endless wealth.

The life that steeled Elijah's frame,
Fasting, to run his arduous race,
And burned in Moses like a flame,
Diffusing lustre through his face ;

And nerved them both while pilgrims here,
And, wondrously disclos'd to view,
When they in glory 'gan to appear,
And witness'd by a favoured few,—

The bright and morning star that gleams
Even in the midst of mortal clay,
Chasing its darkness and its dreams,
And bringing forth eternal day,

Jesu, the quick'ner of the dead,
Thou that redeem'st both body and soul,
Be thou our everlasting bread,
While sun and stars their course shall roll !

Revolting much and wandering long,
Thou seek'st and sav'st the rebel race,
That every knee and every tongue
May hail, in order due, thy government's increase.

H. ERSKINE HEAD.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE IDIOTS' ASYLUM.

THERE is not in GOD's creation
 Aught so hopeless in its state,
 Not to find amelioration
 If we watch, and pray, and wait.

If we weary Earth with knocking,
 If we weary Heav'n with cries,
 We shall see, though sad and shocking,
 Idiots in the scale arise.

In the scale of moral feeling,
 In the scale of mental power,
 And the blessed art of kneeling,
 In devotion's quiet hour.—

Gleams and glimpses of the beauty
 Of the fields and flowers around,
 If we do our patient duty,
 May, by slow degrees, be found!

Sights and snatches of "the glory
 Of the Lord" they may behold;
 In Redemption's simple story,
 If 'tis well and wisely told!

Men of talent, men of station,
 Scattering intellectual light,
 Strength and glory of our nation,
 Ever scheming, ever bright,—

Look upon the mindless features,
Look upon the soul within,
Of your suffering fellow-creatures,
And essay that soul to win.

Daughters of transcendent beauty—
England's love, and England's pride—
Shrink not from your painful duty,
Let not sufferers be denied !

Give subscriptions, make collections,
Answer pity's urgent call,
By the noblest of reflections :
“ One Creator made us all.”

JOSEPH PAYNE.

Temple, May, 1857.

HYMN.

To whom, O Father—whom but Thee
 May thine afflicted children flee?
 Bright reason dimmed—all gloom within:
 Dire, leprous fruit of Adam's sin!

Contemned, despised, by all but Thee,
 Thy everlasting arms we see,
 We feel them, too, beneath, around,
 No more by Satan's fetters bound.

Thy path is in the deep, O Lord,
 Not to be scanned by mortal man,
 Till pity and infinite love
 By faith reveal the wondrous plan.

Stern Sinai's holy law upheld,
 Fall'n man regains his lost estate,
 Despite th' embattled powers of hell
 Driv'n on by Satan's fiendish hate.

Ourselves to Thee we would commit
 For time and for eternity,
 Despise the pain, and hail the Cross,
 Which brings us, Father, nigh to Thee.

O God! to whom all flesh is known,
 Accept those poor ones for thine own;
 Surround them by a Father's love
 That fills all earth and heaven above!

THE RING'S PETITION.

THE pledge of Friendship, not of Love,
 Let me upon thy finger shine,
 May Hymen's bonds as lasting prove,
 Yet be the links as light as mine.

And when I clasp thy taper finger
 (Which gayer rivals oft must share),
 One moment let thy mem'ry linger
 Upon the friend who placed me there!

ANON.

THE CUCKOO'S NEST.

"DEAR, brainless child, spoil not the cuckoo's nest."
 Alas! he heeds me not, and little knows
 How like his own sad lot is that poor bird's—
 A parent's love unfelt, her care unknown:
 And yet the hand that made him doth ensure
 To every living soul a parent's love.
 Is this poor boy God's image, on whose head
 Was placed the crown of knowledge? To whose hand
 The helm of all dominion was consigned?
 Alas! is God then frustrated, and shall his work,
 His mighty handiwork, which He hath bless'd
 With blessing unalloy'd, unchangeable,
 Sink downward to the level of the brute?
 Forbid it, heavenly Father of our race!
 Forbid it, Christian love! which will not faint;
 Forbid it, human sympathy! which glows
 Where'er the heart and brain of man are sound.
 "My little Idiot Child (whose *only* words
 Are like the cuckoo's cry, 'Mamma! Mamma!')
 Is heard and lov'd, and tended night and day,
 And why? Because he is *my own*, my helpless boy."
 And is she better than the only Good?
 Is the stream fuller than the living fount?
 Ah, no! but from his fulness she receives
 And proves herself the channel of his love.
 Where now are they whose hearts this love has touched?

Who from this heavenly fount have fill'd their urns ?
Who humbly bow before his dark displays
Of contrast, to the blessing yet in store ?
" All evil is the shadow of God's light."
Let those who know the beauty of this truth
" Walk in the light," the bright side of his love.
The loving bird who rears the cuckoo's young
Is happy in fulfilment of her care ;
And though no mimic voice learns her own song,
Yet still she loves, and hopes that in due time
Her nursling will exchange his uncouth tone
Of stunted thought, for glorious hymns of praise
To Him whose plans and works are " very good."
Ay, and it shall be so, the Idiot's tongue
Shall quicken at the voice of Him who died
And rose again, that He might live to God.
And you, his nursing Church, whose call it is
To rear up such for Him, thereto elect,
Believe and prosper in your pious work ;
And when the full-ton'd music of earth's groves
Fills the round world with harmony divine,
When all the new creation is attun'd,
The cuckoo's throat, like Echo to the strain,
Will shout his gladsome note, " Amen, Amen."

J. W. HOBBS.

Meurath House.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE CLOSING OF THE
YEAR 1838.

BY A LADY IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

THE year is gone : its care and crime,
Its joys and sorrows, all are fled.
I may not turn the wings of Time :
The past is as the changeless dead.

The year is gone, and borne away
Sad records of our wasted powers—
Of misused talents—sad decay—
Of blighted hopes, and withered flowers.

Ah ! heavy falls that awful sound—
The farewell of the dying year—
And fearful shadows flit around
Of memories rising from their bier.

What tell they of departed years
That does not wake some painful thought,
And bids the fountain of our tears
Flow o'er the ruin Time has wrought ?

They tell of friends—the lov'd and lost—
Of broken vows, and faithless trust ;
Of hearts by human passions tost,
And now all silent in the dust.

And who can look with steadfast eye
Back on the path of life he trod,
Nor feel the rising contrite sigh
That wafts the humbled heart to God ?

The year is gone, but other hours
God, in his mercy, kindly sends :
The grave is his—the work is ours
To sanctify the time He lends.

H. W.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Oh, could I check the flight of Time,
Stop hours that speed away,
Bid moments linger, ere they haste
To close the fleeting day !

Ah ! dost thou think my grief were less—
My sorrow then subdued ?
That loit'ring minutes, slow of foot,
Would cheer my pensive mood ?

Oh, no ; my mind it's tone would crave
Some active, due employ,
To lift the spirit, sad, depress'd,
Too much by sloth's alloy.

One cuckoo-note my life throws forth,
With which no sound can chime,
One wearied dirge, lament, I chant—
The waste, the flight of Time.

For nobler purpose sure 'twas meant
That gifted man should live,
Than but to eat and drink what earth
And all her fulness give.

'Tis sad, when fortune's change, or choice,
The fond desire to act defy,
For want of space or sphere, inert,
That talents unused lie.

Yet, far more sad the heart that notes
(At curfew's gloomy chime)
Each fleeting moment but to mark
The waste, the flight of Time.

IZABEL OWEN.

ACROSTIC.

A DESCRIPTION OF IDIOTS, OF THEIR REQUISITES, AND OF OUR RELATIVE POSITION WITH THEM.

Imperfect in their minds, from birth,
 Devoid of intellectual pow'rs,
 In helplessness they dwell on earth.
 Oh, let the will to aid, be ours!
 To bid a ray of Christian love
 Shine forth to cheer the saints above !

IDIOTS are fellow-creatures, born with some physical *deficiency* or imperfection in the brain, or in the ordinary functions of that organ; some of them being quiet, docile, and harmless, whilst others are excitable, intractable, and mischievous.

Much skill and vigilance, combined with great forbearance and indefatigable perseverance, are requisite on the part of parents for ascertaining the mental failings and morbid propensities of such subjects, as well as for observing the good or bad qualities which from time to time develop themselves.

Kindness of manner, combined with firmness of purpose, are essential for the proper training and management of such children; and when they have lost their parents they require the especial regard of trustees, or of the guardians of the poor (as their circumstances may

indicate); and at all times they require from every one friendly interest and solicitude.

The dealings of the Creator with His creatures are "inscrutable ;" but, whilst producing such weaker beings, He may have had many objects in view, and, amongst others, the salvation of their souls, which, with the possession of ordinary faculties, might have been lost ; visitations of arduous duties, as trials, for parents ; tests for the kindness and benevolence of those persons under whose care idiots are placed ; as well as for the liberality of all those (having the means in their power) who are solicited to contribute to the improvement and well-being of such helpless objects of charity.

At "the great Day of Judgment" they may be nearer Heaven than we shall be, not only because "little may be required where little has been given," but also because they may not be held proportionately accountable for negligences and offences with us, who have had the full use of mental faculties, and who have had, or might have obtained, a more perfect knowledge of religion and of the plan of salvation.

It is to be feared that many of us are too much occupied in the enjoyment of such blessings as we possess to remember the Giver of them, or gratefully to perform our relative duties in life ; though, perhaps, a short time spent in the presence of an idiot is calculated to bring us to a contemplation of the proportionate responsibilities of different mortals, according to their respective mental abilities, opportunities, and worldly circumstances ; to arouse us from a torpid and heedless state of apathy, or

from a comfortable illusion of security ; to awaken our consciences to a sense of danger, and to lead us to reflect upon *our own deficiencies* in the practice of our professed Christianity—in the faithful performance of our duties as stewards for the worldly possessions which have been placed under our control by, and for which we shall have to render an account to, a superintending Providence, so that whilst idiots cannot practise upon us any imposture, they may prove a benefit to us by having been (unconsciously) a means of occasioning our self-examination, and, thereby, of promoting *our own welfare and happiness*.

“THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.”

A PROFOUND stillness held the air ; the trees in the forest threw up their leafless dark arms, as if in mute prayer to Heaven ; the river slept under its dark green roof of ice ; the steps of the few passers-by fell soundless on the snow-carpeted earth ; the moon and stars shone coldly, tier above tier, in the purple abyss of heaven ; a weight of oppressive expectation fell on the heart of the gazer. So at least felt Aylwin, as for some hours of the closing evening and early night he journeyed along the road that led to the town of S——. When he had passed the gates and entered the more frequented parts of the town, his mood changed. Late as it was, the streets were thronged with people. Knights in armour, torch-bearers, mummers and maskers with groups of gaping peasants round them, passed and repassed, or stood in groups in the shelter of every deep arched door or gateway. Friends met and saluted each other with more than usually warm greeting, while the hundred bells of the churches and convents were ringing out the passing away of the old year and heralding the approaching birth of the new. Aylwin stood for a minute on the threshold of his dark house ; he bent his head forward, as if his ears were drinking in the sounds of laughter and music, and then raised his eyes with an earnest questioning gaze on one particularly bright star which seemed to stand above his house. Two knights passed

by as he looked, and the sound of their voices roused him from his reverie.

"That is he," said one; "I have told you of him before —Aylwin the Alchemist. It would be worth the sack of ten cities if we could possess ourselves of what lies behind that wormeaten door."

"The saints defend us from such a purpose!" said his companion. "An ounce of gold, won by a knight's sword, is better than a hundredweight gained by——"

The speaker was now too far off for the conclusion of his sentence to reach Aylwin's ears, but a smile, half sad, half scornful, had dawned on his face as he listened, and with a sudden movement he pushed open the door of his house and entered. No one greeted him, for he lived alone, and the awe in which his dwelling was held secured it from intrusion. He closed the door behind him and mounted several flights of stairs till he reached a large room, lighted by several windows, which occupied the whole upper story of the house. It was much in the same order in which he had left it a month ago. There were the marks of a fire on the hearth; the table was covered with dusty volumes, stones of various colours, and bundles of dried herbs. A mirror of a strange shape covered one wall, on the opposite hung the rusty and well-worn armour of a knight. Aylwin glanced eagerly round the room, and an expression of disappointment passed over his face.

"For once," said he, aloud, "I have mis-read the message of the stars; there is no guest awaiting me here, and my hasty journey has been in vain." He moved to the window in silence, and looked long and stedfastly at the

sky; then he turned to the table, took up a book, unclasped it, and, seating himself, laid it open on his knee. For some time his eye glanced listlessly down the pages, but soon an absorbed, intense expression stole over his face; he looked up ponderingly as he passed his finger under the parchment to turn a fresh leaf; there was a moment of stillness in the town without, the great cathedral clock was striking the last hour, and musicians and revellers paused to catch the stroke and to be ready to greet the first moment of the new year with joyful acclamations. Aylwin struck his head with impatience as the noise broke out and disturbed the current of his thoughts. It had died away, and he had already turned the leaf and cast his eye on the first word, when the sound of a low deep voice speaking near him fell on his ear.

"Fool!" was the word, uttered in a tone half grave, half jeering.

Aylwin turned; there was no one. He resumed his reading.

"Fool!" said the voice again.

"Leave me," said Aylwin, without looking up. "Mortals can tell me that I hold not communication with such as you but for some great purpose; if you have no newer word to tell, be silent. This moment I am about to seize the knowledge for which I have all my life long been in search; interrupt me no further."

"Madman or fool," said the voice, "is he who slays his only friend, and rivets with his own hands the chain in which his enemy binds him."

"That do not I," said Aylwin. "In this page I have found a clue to knowledge which will help me to defy the

great enemy of men, Death, and to give to my fellow-mortals the boon of never-ending life."

As Aylwyn ceased speaking, the light of the lamp which he had kindled, and which stood burning on the table, suddenly flamed up to a brightness that equalled the light of day. The curtains, which partly veiled the mirror on the wall, were slowly drawn back, and Aylwyn, by some irresistible influence, found himself obliged to look into it. Its surface seemed to sway backwards and forwards, like the waves of the sea; colours and lights flickered across it, and from the depth of the glass a living picture rose up before him; figures floated by, and each one as it passed turned a terror-stricken and beseeching face on Aylwyn. He seemed to have the power not only of looking into their faces, but of reading every feeling of their hearts, and of knowing, as by one sudden flash of consciousness, the history of their lives. There were prisoners among them, wearing out their years in dungeons—poverty-stricken men and women, whose hours were one weight of toil—lonely wretches, who had outlived all they cared for on earth—oppressed wives—betrayed friends and lovers. "The boon of never-ending life," whispered the voice, as each figure floated by. Again the colours in the mirror became confused; the light sank down, waning into a tiny blue flame, and expired in the socket. Aylwyn let the book fall from his hand, and found himself in darkness and alone. He shivered as if some unearthly dream were passing away from him. With a great effort he rose slowly from his chair, and paced up and down the room. "It is true," he said, at length; "the discovery I was about to make is not

enough. Before I trust myself to prepare an elixir of life, I must discover some still more subtle and wonderful essence, which shall secure the happiness of the never-ending life. I grant that not books, or herbs, or stones can disclose this wonderful secret. I will go out once more among my fellow-mortals; I will listen to every tale of woe; I will treasure every tear; I will muse over every cause of sorrow; and from thence, like a skilful physician, I will discover the sure remedy, and then return."

When Aylwin ceased speaking, an answer was borne once more to his ear. This time it appeared to come from a great distance, and to fill the whole chamber with an indescribably sweet sound. "You shall return," it said; "the disappointment of to-night shall be atoned for, the secret shall be made clear, and the guest shall not fail to come."

The rest of the night was spent by Aylwin in burnishing and repairing the armour which he had worn in bygone years, when he had taken an active part in the strifes and ambitions of men. At the first dawn of morning he resumed the dress he had so long laid aside, crossed the threshold of his house, and retraced his steps down the now almost deserted streets to the winter-bound country beyond.

Ten years passed away—Aylwin the Sorcerer was forgotten; but there was another, whose name was on every tongue—Aylwin the Knight. Wherever sorrow was—wherever any sudden or strange misfortune fell—there the dark, stern figure of the knight was sure to be present, watching, listening, observing. He was, it is true, ever ready with offers of help and words of deep, strange

warning, which always proved themselves true; but his remedies and his advice were so far beyond the comprehension of his hearers, that few were willing to listen to them, and by degrees his presence became so connected with sorrow, that to catch a distant glimpse of his dark armour was considered an omen of ill. Ten years elapsed, and Aylwin still searched and pondered, but every year his face grew sadder and his step slower. The last day of the tenth year found him once more on the threshold of his long-deserted house. He had been drawn there by a strong presentiment that here at last his life-long search was to end, and that the secret which he had long believed himself destined to solve would here at last be revealed to him. "If this time, too," he said to himself, as he mounted the stairs, "my knowledge of the future fails me, I renounce the search. I will destroy the mystic page to whose secret meaning I had so nearly attained, and put it out of the power of any other man to obtain a gift which I now dimly see would be rather a curse than a blessing."

Aylwin was now at the door of his laboratory; he pushed it open. Although it was dark without, a clear light shone through the room, brighter than the moonlight, but as soft. Aylwin was not long in seeing that it rose from the surface of a white crystal cup that stood on the table. He approached, and looked into it; it was filled with clear transparent fluid, over which a light played. At the bottom of the cup, which seemed to Aylwin of inconceivable depth, fiery letters formed themselves into words, and he read—"The Elixir of Life!" A burning thirst, and uncontrollable longing seized him as he looked in; he stretched out his hand, but the

instant his finger touched the cup the light sank down into it, the fluid became troubled and changed its colour, and an overpowering odour rose from it, which so affected Aylwin that it was only by a great effort that he was able to raise his head again, and to throw himself into the seat which still stood by the table. "I was rash," he said to himself; "but half the promise is fulfilled. The elixir of life is vain without the gift of happiness, which the strange guest whose coming I expect to-night is to reveal to me." Then he resolutely turned his eyes from the tempting cup, and sat still watching. As he waited, he fell into a state of half dream, half vision. It seemed to him as if he were obliged to gaze into the mirror in which magic sights had been so often revealed to him. Far away in its inmost depth a deep curtain hung, and Aylwin knew that behind that curtain lay the object of his ten years' search—the wonderful cup containing the essence of happiness, which could alone make the cup of the elixir of life worth quaffing. As he looked, figures rose from the surface of the glass, and one by one approached the curtain, and tried to draw it aside.

"I am Fame!" said one; "I am Power!" said another; "I am Wealth!" "I am Learning!" "I am Pleasure!" "I am Love!"—each figure told his name, with a look of confident hope at Aylwin. Each tried to draw the curtain, and each found it too heavy to raise a pin's point from the ground.

"Is there none other? No one who is strong enough?" asked Aylwin.

"There is One," said the retreating figures—"one who follows us all—who treads in our steps—in whose presence we dare not stay."

Aylwin sat upright : the mirror was dark, curtained as it had always been. The room was again lighted by the mild lustre from the cup, and Aylwin distinctly heard the sound of steps slowly ascending the stairs.

"My guest!" he said to himself.

But a strange feeling of weakness prevented his rising to receive him. The door slowly opened ; a figure entered, and stood a few paces before Aylwin's chair.

"Who are you?" said Aylwin ; "and why have you kept me waiting so long?"

"I am Death!" said the figure ; and he unclasped the visor, and Aylwin looked on the face seen once by every man.

"Spare me a moment," said Aylwin, when he had looked. "Ere I give you my hand, I must destroy the page which none who had seen you could ever wish to study."

"Thy care is needless," said the stranger ; "others, like you, shall try and snatch the cup which can only be safely taken from my hands, but, like you, the search shall be in vain. The Elixir of Life is no mystic secret revealed to the learned only ; each poorest life is spent in preparing it, and in less than a lifetime it can never be mingled. The tears you shed, the pains, the sorrows, the sighs, the weary years, are the ingredients of the mixture. One by one they fall into the cup, and deepen and swell the draught ; at length the last drop enters, and I am sent to lift the cup to the lip that has so long thirsted for it. Drink then, and gain at last the knowledge which you vainly sought before ; for the secret of happiness Death only can reveal, and it alone has power to raise the cup of Life."

ON VISITING FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

I stood within that Temple of the Sea,
 The pillars lengthening on either hand
 In an unbroken vista, vast and grand,
 Shaming the structures raised by man's decree.
 From where the mighty portal opened free,
 In slow, majestic march, the dark green wave
 Rolled on; till, 'gainst the boundary of the cave,
 It thundered forth a solemn harmony!
 Yet, as compared with what full many a time
 Fancy had pictured in my musing hours,
 Reality fell short of the Sublime,—
 Th' Ideal's spell the Actual o'erpowers.
 Yet bright in Memory will that day remain
 I trod Iona's isle, viewed Fingal's stately fane.

W. E. J.

A SIMILE.

Psalm xcii.

No carpet of verdure invites you to rest,
 Or preserves from destruction the famishing breast;
 Unknown are the uses of sickle and plough,
 The desert brings nothing to reap or to sow.

But there's the marauder, and murderer, and there
 The sand shall appal you with merciless glare,
 Or strike you with blindness, or bring you a tomb
 In the high rising surge of the ghastly Simoom.

The palms of the desert, they flourish and smile
In the midst and in spite of the pestilent soil,
Nor receiving nor needing support from a land
Overwhelmed with a deluge of profitless sand.

The tide runs in calmness and freshness unseen,
Which bedews the firm bark and the bright living green,
And the palm of the desert still prospers and lives
Unadorned and oppressed by the soil where it thrives.

So Immanuel stood fast in this desert of Sin,
Sustained by the fulness of Godhead within ;
And the unction which strengthened the Plant of Renown
Was as hidden as the manna he gives to his own.

Wayfarers exult and the Wilderness laughs
When from far are discovered the green telegraphs
Of water, of shelter from every alarm,
And of pastures proclaimed by the Evangelist Palm.

The Prince of Evangelists sends us to tell
Of the wide-spreading palm, of the deep-springing Well ;
Through the dreariest of deserts his fragrance he flings,
And invites all who need them to come to the Springs.

Then if any man thirst let him come to the Lord,
Believe in his Spirit, and trust in his word,
And live by the water which strengthens the Soul,
Baptises the Conscience, and bids us be whole.

And the righteous one, he of the unwithering leaf,
Shall shade him in danger, temptation, and grief,
And crown him at length, and invest him on high
With the symbols of Victory, dominion and joy.

H. ERSKINE HEAD.

ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

FRESH from his golden mine the sunbeam danced around,
 Studding with jewelled rays each nook and fairy mound,
 On beetling crags above, on verdant vales below,
 On foaming cataract's crest, on banks where violets blow ;
 Through ruined castle's tower and chapel's traceried nave ;
 Through forest's arched dome, on ocean's rolling wave ;
 On lichen's stony bed, on mossy couch of fern,
 Where strawberry tendrils clasp the creeping ivy's arm ;
 On clustering ringlets brown, on cheeks of rosy hue,
 On lawns of richest turf, and flowrets bathed in dew ;
 On golden kingcup crowns and fragrant lily's breast,
 The sunbeam lighted all, but found no place for rest.
 On memory's mirage disc alone the sunbeam traced
 These beauteous gems of earth, to be by time effaced.
 Daily to earth's sweet spots the sunbeam homage paid,
 Daily to be submerged in twilight's gathering shade ;
 Till her impulsive portrait Nature drew with care,
 And fixed it with a sunbeam darting through the air ;
 A lasting record stamped on lovely Nature's page,
 Memorial sublime of this artistic age,
 Painting with living truth loved mem'ries of the heart,
 The glorious reflex of proud man's creative art.
 Scenes that are dearest henceforth fade not from our sight,
 But stand triumphantly as monuments to light.
 The snow-bound Alpine home—the glittering Mer de
 Glace—
 Volcanoes belching fire—the rocky mountain pass—

The heathen's temple walls—the Druid's mystic fane—
The classic soil of Greece, where poets live again—
The richly-sculptured tombs, where ancient warriors
sleep—

The battlemented walls—the donjon and the keep.
Yet not on earth alone the sunbeam set his spell,
But with his ranging power dipped in the ocean's swell,
And gathered from the rocky caverns of the sea
The lineaments of its deep-hidden mystery.
O'er earth, o'er sea, o'er air, the sunbeam's magic ray
Holds with a giant's power indisputable sway.

ALPHA.

THE DAUPHIN :

A PICTURE BELONGING TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS.

IN a lone cell's grey gloom, obscurely caught,
Like some faint star, in shadowy twilight pale,
A boyish face sits fixed in brooding thought,
And stamped with sorrows prematurely wrought—
The tragic index to some fearful tale!

The saddest chapter in the book of Time
Tells that dire tale, of deadly woes and keen—
How Ruin's billow swept his home serene,
Even as an earthquake in some summer clime
Spreads desolation where glad life hath been.

No tear is in that young eye's humid light,
Straining through darkness for bright things that were.
Alas! those scenes, some brief moons since, so bright,
Like phantoms of the slain, on memory's night,

Rise red and ghastly through that dungeon air.
He weeps not—he hath known that fell extreme
Of bosom agony, too deep for tears !
Still on his aching sense a scene appears
Of cries and slaughters—wet with the life stream
From hearts that loved him—he hath left no fears !

His young life hath already reached that goal
Of labour and sorrow, by the Psalmist spoken.
For seldom fourscore winters as they roll
Lay such a weight of sorrows on the soul,
As on his entrance at life's gate hath broken.
Alas ! it little needs Heav'n's bolt to blast
The soaring warbler in his matin flight :
For so, poor youth, a nation's crime did blight
Thy youthful heart and life—plunged down the vast
Abyss of revolution, from a height

Of princely honour : to lie shattered there,
The victim of a kingly creed, and past
Deeds, which for vengeance, slowly ripening, were
The baleful fruits which sins of fathers bear—
The retribution Time brings round at last.
Poor atom ! tossed upon that stormy tide,
Which onward bears earth's empires on its wave,
'Tis best for thee to die, as all have died
Who loved thee. O'er this cold world far and wide
No friend is thine but Death—thy home is in the grave.

JAMES WILLS, D.D., M.R.I.A.

ADDRESS TO THE IDIOTS.

SAD and solitary band,
 Aliens in your native land,
 Wearing but the form of man,
 Mysteries in Nature's plan ;
 With lot so hopeless and so dread,
 Joining the living with the dead,
 The living body and *dead* mind,
 The blot and blemish of mankind.
 Yet, deem not these exist in vain,
 The sport of chance—a broken chain
 Snapp'd from the common links which bind
 The sentient form with living mind.
 He, who within the unsightly root
 Conceals the latent flower and fruit,
 To shield them from the biting blast
 Until the wintry hour be past,
 Coils up those intellects within,
 And shields them from the blight of sin.
 Ye sleeping germs of deathless mind,
 Death himself shall soon unbind
 Those outward cerements of the earth ;
 Ye shall have a second birth ;
 While those slumbering powers which lie
 Bound up in dull vacuity,
 Springing to life in deathless bloom,
 Shall burst the chambers of the tomb ;
 And, when this troubled life is o'er,
 Sin's gifted votaries shall deplore,
 While among the lost they stand,
 That they were not of thy band.

K. E. WILLS.

SONG BY MAWTĀNĀ JALĀLUDDĪN RŪMĪ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN, IN THE ORIGINAL METRE,

BY JOHN GUNNING SEYMER, AUTHOR OF THE "FALL OF SAUL,"
 "ROMANCE OF ANCIENT EGYPT," &c. &c.

WHENE'ER this form borne in sadness in death's array
 shall be,

Ah ! deem not then aught of earth's pain with me that
 day shall be.

Oh ! weep not then, me deploring, nor cry, "Woe ! woe !"
 for me ;

Oh ! grieve for them who, perchance, yet to fiends a
 prey shall be.

When I am cold, bending o'er me, raise not thy wail for
 me ;

This pulseless form !—there of sweet thought what echo-
 ing play shall be ?

Thine eye, which viewed my declining, upon my rise shall
 gaze ;

Though fade the spheres westward sinking, unquenched
 their ray shall be.

They downward plunge while thou gazest, yet only set to
 rise ;

The tomb my form chilly folding, escaped from clay shall
 be.

Unnumbered seeds earthward falling, but spring to life
 more fair ;

Then deem not man, dustward sinking, less blest than
 they shall be.

For Joseph's form—oh, lament not! it left the pit unscathed ;

The pendent bowl seeks the well-spring, but there no stay shall be.

E'en while thou deemest in the dark dust my form must mouldering lie,

E'en then, perchance, o'er the seventh sphere my rapturous way shall be.

St. Thomé, Madras.

DRINK, AND AWAY.

THERE's a well in the land of the date-tree and palm,
Where the Arab pursues his wild war of alarm,
Where the Bedouin wanders in search of his prey—
And the name of that fountain is, "Drink, and Away."

On, weary-foot traveller—onward in haste !
Nor stay by the brink of that fount but to taste ;
To rest thee awhile—nay, one moment's delay—
May be death to the pilgrim,—then drink, and away.

'Tis a spot like an island of verdure and bloom—
A rose in the desert—a light in the gloom.
He leads to the fount ; and its waves seem to say,
In musical murmurs, "Haste ! drink, and away."

The horizon is clear—the sun mounts on high—
No foe can the traveller round him descry ;
But he thinks of the Arab—nor dares he to stay—
But stoops at the fountain to drink, and away.

E. A. S.

DRINK, AND ABIDE.

THERE'S a well in the country of suff'ring and grief,
To the parched and the weary its waves bring relief;
Unceasingly flows its pure crystalline tide—
And the name of this fountain is, "Drink, and Abide."

Oh, wanderer o'er mountain, o'er valley, and moor,
Neglected and friendless, unhappy and poor—
Here's elixir, indeed! then turn thee aside,
And drink at the fountain—yea, drink, and abide.

Think not to exhaust this perennial spring—
Think not, as a payment, your treasures to bring;
For the King who has spoken, his words ne'er belied—
Freely drink of this fountain—yea, drink, and abide.

Round the fountains of earth there is danger and death—
Their sources may fail, like thine own fleeting breath;
But exhaustless *this* water, whate'er may betide:
Ye may drink of this fountain—yea, drink, and abide.

E. A. S.

THE POOR INCUMBENT AND HIS NEW BISHOP.

[BY MRS. ALFRED GATTY.]

"O THE long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!"

sings the song of Hiawatha of the snow-season in the savage wilds and among the savage tribes of North America. But

"O the long and dreary winter!
O the cold and cruel winter!"

is the heart's-cry from many a pinched and poverty-stricken hearth in glorious, civilised, Christian England.

To those, indeed, who have been brought up to labour for daily bread, in cottages with open doors, stone floors, and unintenerating costume, there comes, by the mercy of God, a *certain* amount of compensation (provided hardship be not carried to extremity) in the braced condition of both body and mind, which is the consequence of a hardy life.

I say a *certain* amount of compensation only; because the amount is so very often apt to be overcalculated by that "world in general" who takes its neighbours' distresses so very coolly. Few human frames will bear with impunity, in an English climate, four or five months of bitterly-cold nights without blanket-covering; and yet, in numerous villages in those unlucky parts of England

where there is no great Lord of the Manor, with my Lady Bountiful, his wife, pouring in supplies, as a matter of course, at the due season, because the poor are their tenantry, I suspect that cottages could be found by the dozen, in which, if you enter and make the inquiry, "Have you any blankets?" you will get the answer, "No, we haven't a bit, I'm sure;" or, "No, except an old thin one we put in to the blanket-club for, some eight years since."

Not a bit of blanket, or one eight years old; and here is February! The Lord have mercy upon his poor! What they must have suffered the last three or four months—that thin-cheeked mother, those five children all under eight years old, and the poor, tender little baby—who shall say?

The poor little baby and the poor dirty-faced children have all the delicately-fine skins of infancy and childhood (the cuticle varies but little, originally, in rich and poor, I suspect); and as to the faces *being* dirty where there is (as people of better condition say) "always soap and water to be had, even when there is nothing else," do not be too hasty, you madam of better condition, in finding fault. Don't you hear how the little baby is crying? Don't you see how the mother is hushing it, and soothing it, and nursing it, in the best way she can? Don't you know—no, you don't; but you would, if you looked, know—that it has no flannel petticoat on, and that the poor woman is trying to keep it warm against her bosom? So, if the older children *do* run out into the street and get dirty over their mud-pie play, or with the piece of bread-and-treacle she has given them to keep them quiet,

do not, for the love of pity, say too much about her not washing them clean again directly.

Think of the two nurses up in your own nursery establishment, and remember that if Master Johnny soils his fingers, there is one young woman to hold the baby, and another to wash the fingers. Nobody finds fault with this, mind. Nobody finds fault with your comforts. It is God's doing that you possess them and the poor woman does not. It is for good to you both that He both gives and withholds. Enjoy your blessings, by all means; but be merciful to the poor woman's difficulties, and, at least, do not find fault. She does not come to your door, grumbling about your luxuries; do not you come to hers, grumbling about her deficiencies.

But *come*—aye, come—for how, unless you *do* come, can you learn to know what a cup overflowing with earthly blessings yours is in comparison with hers? Come; and as it has been measured to you, so measure out to her. Those shillings—those half-crowns, even—which you give away, during the year, to such of the poor as are speculative enough to perform a begging journey—how many *blankets* come out of them, do you think? Your account-book will tell you best the number they would purchase. At all events, they have *not* purchased even the one solitary one that should have covered this poor family under its shelter.

Do not tell me that it is the clergyman's business to look after the poor people in his village. It is his business to look after their *spiritual* wants, there is no doubt, for to that he has devoted his life; but what call is there on him to relieve their *temporal* wants more than on me,

and you, and every one? The call is imperative on ALL to give to their poorer neighbours according to their own abundance: that is the rule. Ask yourself, then, what proportion the clergyman's gifts should bear to yours; or rather come with me, and see; for I will take you to look in at the clergyman's house, and then you shall tell me who is to take care of the clergyman himself!

Look at him—a member of one of the learned professions—digging over the whole of his garden and potato-ground, because he can no longer afford to pay the man who used formerly to come and do the more laborious part for him.

Look at him, trailing on foot to distances of nine and ten miles, to baptise a sick child, or visit a dying person, or collect candidates for confirmation. Look at him at the meagre dinner to which, on his return, he sits down with his wife and nine children—yes, nine; for the tenth died a few weeks ago. And there sits the heart-broken mother, ill of grief, ill of straitened means; troubled about how to provide for those that are there, troubled because of the one that “is not.” And yet, poor little infant! if it be ever permitted to the spirits of the departed to hover over the scenes of their earthly sojourn, with what strange emotions must the child of distressed parents like those look down from its abode of joy and felicity upon father and mother weeping because it is no longer with *them*, in the midst of *their* privations, sharing *their* sorrows, and subject to *their* cares and heart-breakings.

So, then, there are other hearth-stones, besides those of the village poor, from whence the cry against the “cold

and cruel winter" arises. And the poor have that compensation of which I spoke before. But if, in saying that, I seemed to imply that there was no compensation to be found for the hardships of this other set of sufferers, I did wrong.

There certainly is not, in these other cases, the compensation of hardness of body from the habits of life; but the Almighty has always a blessing in one hand for the sorrow he deals out with the other, sometimes even a temporal good to counterbalance a temporal evil: but, at all events, and even when temporal comforts seem altogether withdrawn, there may be a spiritual benefit left worth more than life can give—I mean the being loosened from the love of it—a state of mind more fitted than any other to prepare the immortal soul for its coming state of immortal felicity.

Let us hope that it was thus in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

When he first entered upon the small incumbency at Thornhill, he was sorry to find that, though the emolument was below 200*l.* a year, there was under his charge a large, overgrown, straggling, manufacturing village, and five hamlets besides; a population amounting then to about three thousand souls, and increasing yearly.

But he was young and strong, just married, too, and as happy as a prince, and set to work at his parochial duties as zealously as a disciple of old. And for a year or two all went on pretty well, although he found himself every now and then obliged, sorely against his will, to refuse some of the numerous claims on his bounty which were constantly coming before him.

The parish contained, it is true, some families of wealth ; but they were people who, having themselves risen by prosperous business, were still a good deal engrossed in it, and too much considered that with the punctual payment of wages to those whom they employed, all obligation to their poorer neighbours ceased. The consequence was that but little personal investigation, on their part, of the condition of the village poor took place ; the consequence was, that they took it for granted that it was only those that called on them to beg a shilling now and then who were really in distress ; the consequence was, that the parson never went out without seeing a great deal more misery than it was in his power even to alleviate, and the parson's wife came home from her rounds, and cried (she could do nothing else) over her new-born baby as she nursed it, because she had not sufficient means wherewith to heal up the broken sores of her sisters in the village.

However, Mr. Williams and his wife loved each other, and they were like one in heart and spirit ; and they made the best of it for many, many years. They gave all they could, and comfort and advice besides ; and on one or two occasions, where an excuse could be found, such as a failing in the trade of the neighbourhood, or unusual severity of weather, they collected for the poor a few pounds from the half-dozen rich landholders around.

But nobody had any interest in the place : that was the constant difficulty. The houses belonged to various petty proprietors, and, in some cases, to the petty inhabitants themselves. Everybody was independent, as it were, and, as a necessary consequence, self-sufficient

and repulsive. A more ungenial soil could scarcely be found.

Meanwhile, crying over a new-born baby is a very unwholesome proceeding, and so Mrs. Williams found it; and when there came to be another new-born baby, and another, and another, Mrs. Williams began to find that she scarcely dared to go into the village at all. She had no tears to spare for the sorrows and cares of her sisters there.

And the years came and went, and went and came, and Mr. Williams's family increased, though his means did not. However zealously he did his ministerial work, there was no one, on earth below, at any rate, to say, "God bless you!" for the doing of it.

He trailed the young members of his flock every third year four miles off, to the nearest large church at which confirmations were held. He trailed himself once a year to the Archidiaconal Visitation; but each year he shrank more and more from notice and observation. His summer coat was rusty, and his winter coat was insufficiently warm. He dismissed the man who gardened for him, and did all the gardening-work himself, as has been alluded to in the description of the poor parson's home. It was a reduction of expense that pleased him much for a time, and he used to laugh as he threw off his rough working costume in the evening, and sat down to read to his wife, as he had been used to do in earlier days, lest he should, as he said, forget literature and scholarship altogether. Literature and scholarship, indeed! How much more useful Saint Paul's tent-making would have been in such a case, had it but been permitted.

It cannot be denied, too, that the gardening-work prevented Mr. Williams from being quite as much among his people as before ; but there was a text in favour of his providing for his own household, and who shall blame him for acting upon it ? He did the best he could, and no one could do more. Nay, after a heavy season of sickness one year, he, in despair, turned off the farming man who managed the bit of glebe, and took it into his own hands, trying to get on with only the assistance now and then of a lad in the village. But that would not do. The experiment was a foolish one, and he had to give it up. It broke down his health and spirits, and, by keeping him still more away from his parishioners, disturbed his conscience. So he gave it up, let the glebe to the old farming man, bought the milk for the children, and did not buy butter at all.

There was compensation coming out of all this to be sure—the compensation of a good conscience.

There could be no other, because nobody knew anything about it. Certainly not, however, any of his official superiors. The then bishop of the diocese was an infirm and disabled man, and although the routine ecclesiastical ceremonies were punctually conducted, as usual, by an assistant prelate, that was all. Nobody, therefore, knew what Mr. Williams was doing and suffering : nobody even inquired, and that was the worst of all.

A letter came once a year, it is true, from the bishop with a set of printed questions about the parish, which Mr. Williams filled up for years with full and minute particulars in answer, and took to the post himself with pride and pleasure at the thought that he had been able to show

to his ecclesiastical chief that he had, to the uttermost of his power, done his duty.

Poor Mr. Williams! The year when the season of heavy sickness came, the letter remained unnoticed by accident, till it was too late to send it. Williams was sorry, but thought he could easily explain at the ensuing visitation. When he began to explain, however, he discovered that he was getting into a mess, for his omission had been unnoticed, and was clearly unknown.

The man was not a fool; he shrank back into himself as if he had been stung, and said no more. But the next year he omitted returning the letter again—not by accident, but on purpose—and no expostulation was made. On examining the episcopal signature he felt sure that it was merely a clever imitation.

“The clerk sends the papers, and the clerk receives them back, and the clerk puts them behind the fire, I presume,” was Williams’s bitter exclamation, when the truth dawned upon him that the whole transaction was a mere official form. What bishop has leisure to study up the details of the management of each separate parish? and if in this case the duty was referred to the officials, it was clear they had not executed it.

From that day forward Williams never returned the letters at all; but took the queen’s head off the reversed address by means of the steam of the teakettle, and tossed the paper itself to his children to play with.

It was, therefore, neither the hope of ecclesiastical approbation nor the fear of ecclesiastical censure which caused Mr. Williams to give up the glebe experiment. It was from conscientious motives only that he acted,

and, if he suffered in some ways, he had his reward in others.

But things pressed very heavily at times. The children sickened for measles during the winter of the present year, and the youngest, the cherished infant, died. Poor Mrs. Williams (scarcely recovered from a confinement) nursed them all through their sickness, and had barely strength to keep up through so much labour and sorrow. But the other children all struggled over the complaint, after much suffering during the worst of the cold weather (their defences against which were far too insufficient), and at last elastic youth triumphed, and restored health began to return to them.

The mother did not recover so easily. The vigour of youth was wanting, and she was held back in the body by being in the mind "careful and troubled about many things." Reasoning and arguing were of no use, but the old village women even reproved her for fretting so about the little one taken so early away from grief.

It was a curious spectacle to see them all assembled together at dinner. The tall, gaunt, grave father at one end — the pale, thin-cheeked, but still sweet-looking mother at the other—two beings on whom sorrow and care had dealt those friendly blows which lead (as I said before) to the loosening of earthly ties—while on each side of them sat young creatures full of life and spirit, smiling, all unconscious of the trials they were born to, and of the probable hardships of their future fate.

One day they had sat down as I have described, and Mrs. Williams being rather more ill than usual, was lite-

rally "eating her bread with weeping;" for as she strove to swallow, the big grief rose in her throat at the thought of her baby cold in its churchyard grave—at the sight of her tired husband and the poor dinner before him—at the sense of their dreary struggles against ever-increasing poverty, when suddenly the door-bell rang.

The slight shock of an event a little unusual in their monotonous life caused the trembling cup of Mrs. Williams's grief to overflow, and bursting into hysterical sobs, and declaring that she could see no one, she hastily left the room.

But the entrance-door having been accidentally left open, the stranger, whoever he was, had come into the hall before Mrs. Williams had left it, saw her passing swiftly up the stairs, and heard the bitter cries which burst from her, and seemed to rise out of the depths of an afflicted heart.

When the visitor was announced to Mr. Williams, Mr. Williams rose slowly and amazed from the dinner-table, and when the visitor stood face to face with him near the dining-room door, there was not a ray of colour to be seen on Mr. Williams's face.

The stranger held out his hand, and Mr. Williams took it, and if, when the stranger addressed him, Mr. Williams made some answer ending with an obscure "my lord," what he said was as little known to himself as to any one else present.

But the visitor, who was Dr. Courtenay, the newly-appointed bishop of the diocese, smiled kindly as he looked round at the children, and said,

"Your olive-branches exceed mine in number, Mr.

Williams;" and then, going up to one rosy-looking boy of five or six years old, patted him on the head, and asked him some pleasant little question, which, while it amused him, gave his father the opportunity of recovering from his surprise.

The bishop seemed so much occupied with the little boy, that Mr. Williams involuntarily pushed a chair close to where he was standing, and in this manner he sat down at the corner of the table, between Mr. Williams and the child.

"I am very sorry, my lord," began Mr. Williams, at last, but in a tone in which there was quite as much dignity as regret—"I am very sorry, but I am afraid there is nothing here that I can offer to your lordship;" and Mr. Williams glanced over the table at the rough fare upon it.

"Nay, Mr. Williams," said the bishop, turning to his host with a good-natured look, "you do me injustice in supposing I am not hungry after a long ride; and you are not aware either, I dare say, that I have been a colonist nearly all my clerical life, and have been in situations when such a dinner as I see before me here would be considered princely fare. So," continued he, leaning down again to the child, "if my little friend here is not going to eat up *all* the eggs and bacon on the dish, I shall beg him to spare me a bit."

Mr. Williams looked at the bishop, but did not speak. He watched the child help him, as requested, heard the little joking laugh pass between them, but still did not speak.

To say that he had recovered from his surprise would

be a mistake. He was only now awaking to a full sense of it. Fifteen years had he lived at that small incumbency, "forgotten, like a dead man, out of mind," as he was wont, somewhat morbidly, to express it. Yet, for the apostolical institution of Episcopacy, as illustrated by St. Paul, he possessed unbounded respect; but the practical working of it (except ceremonially, in the triennial laying on of hands and reading of charges) had been to him a blank.

If, therefore, he had, in melancholy moments, been visited by misgivings as to the soundness of the system under which he worked, he must be forgiven; and if he was startled at the sudden revulsion of all preconceived ideas, caused by the appearance of the bishop, it was no great wonder.

His first dismal sensation had been, "What have I done—what dereliction of duty have I been guilty of—to bring the bishop to my house?" but that sensation had, it is true, quite abated. Still, however, he could not bring himself for a moment to suppose that his diocesan had ridden eight miles merely to pay him a friendly visit, and ask how he was going on. He concluded, therefore, that he must have come for some purpose on some business or other; and the development of what that might happen to be he awaited coldly and patiently.

So, as they sat together over the brief, frugal meal, but little conversation took place. The bishop and the little boy talked most perhaps.

Presently, however, Mr. Williams got up, saying, "Your lordship will allow me to offer you a glass of wine?"

The bishop declined, but of this Mr. Williams took no notice, but fetched it, and placed it on the table, saying,

“You need have no fear of the wine, my lord. It comes from Mr. Grey, the wine-merchant in your town of ——. It is a present of his to my wife, who has, unfortunately, been for some time in delicate health. Nay, my lord, I must insist——”

And Mr. Williams poured out the wine. But after he had done so, the bishop laid his hand on Mr. Williams’s arm, and said,

“Now, Mr. Williams, you must let *me* insist on something too. As I entered your house I saw a lady, whom I feel sure was Mrs. Williams, going up-stairs in distress; and having heard from *your* friend and *my* friend, Mr. Grey, of the sorrow you had in your family during the winter, I quite understand the cause. Will you go to her from me? Will you tell her that I have come over here to-day to assure her and yourself of my sympathy and friendship? It is my earnest wish, Mr. Williams, to be the friend and father of my clergy. In my own days of struggle and difficulty, in the distant land where I served, I knew hardships and trials like yourself; but I never sought either advice or consolation of my diocesan in vain; and I desire that my clergy may be able, when I am dead and gone, to say the same of me.”

The bishop paused. Mr. Williams’s surprise had now culminated to its highest point. Astonishment could not go beyond, and he stood passive, while Dr. Courtenay added in a gentle voice, as he rose from his chair,

“Do you not think, Mr. Williams, that it might do your wife good to be told this? The day never comes to any of us when sympathy cannot soothe. Mrs. Courtenay

will come over and see her ere long ; but I had a wish to visit you myself without delay."

"I am so utterly overpowered, my lord," exclaimed poor Williams, labouring with a deep sigh, "that I am unable to answer you. Such a sunshine of hope has not gleamed upon us for years. A man can do much and suffer much—*any* thing almost—if he is but recognised and acknowledged. It supports the frail human heart——"

Williams added no more. That frail human heart of his, which had borne up so long against the inroads of sorrow, was intenerated, and gave way at once, at kindness so unexpected and so deeply needed ; and as he left the room and hurried up-stairs to his wife, his tears flowed as fast as hers had done, though from a very different cause.

How strange it was that, half an hour afterwards, the arrival of the good bishop among them appeared to Mr. and Mrs. Williams one of the most natural events that had ever occurred in their lives ! Even when they first came down together, and found him sitting in the drawing-room with that same rosy little boy of theirs standing at his knee, and resting upon the episcopal apron a large paper boat which he was exhibiting, while a parcel of the children were laughing in a corner, the sight seemed scarcely to surprise them.

The bishop got up as they entered, with the paper boat in one hand, and held out the other cordially to Mrs. Williams ; and Mr. Williams saw that the bishop had been laughing as well as the children, and was very much inclined to do so still.

It was all explained the next minute. The rosy young gentleman, to whom the boat belonged, pointed to it triumphantly in the bishop's hand, and called out to his father,

"Papa, papa! we've been showing the bishop his own boat! The bishop's boat! the bishop's boat!"—(suppressed shouts from the party in the corner)—"and he says he'll take it home and give it to one of his own little boys. It is his own, isn't it?"

Mr. Williams glanced at the printed paper out of which the boat was constructed, and saw how it was in a moment. He might, perhaps, have felt embarrassed but that the bishop's kind face looked as if he too had seen and forgiven.

"It is of no use, my lord," began Williams, "to offer excuses. That is, as you have I dare say seen, the printed form of inquiries for last year. I am sorry to say it is many years since I have returned those papers," added he: and then he proceeded to relate *why*—and how that, hopeless of their being attended to, or even looked at, he had given them to his children to play with. He recollected, too, that the first time a boat was manufactured out of one of them and shown to him, he had himself said, "There, there, take it away, it's the bishop's boat!" and "bishop's boats" they had been called ever since. "I trust you will forgive me, my lord," concluded Williams. "Here, Harry, take the boat away. I am half ashamed now to look at it."

But the new bishop was so good-natured, and took the thing so well, and insisted so strongly on taking Harry Williams's "bishop's boat" to the Harry at the palace, that even poor Mrs. Williams was amused.

During the course of the afternoon, Dr. Courtenay accompanied Mr. Williams through the village—saw the church and schools—saw the nature of the population, and inquired into the circumstances of the other hamlets in the parish.

The dingy, straggling, manufacturing village, with its huge, unmanageable, independent population, was a thing Dr. Courtenay had had but an imperfect knowledge of before, and he was rather painfully interested in it.

As they came up again to the vicarage-gates, he stopped short, and said, suddenly, “I scarcely dare to think of what I shall find in some of the manufacturing towns—your manufacturing village even has half overpowered me. How to get at the hearts of a population of this sort it is indeed difficult to say!”

“For the wealthier inhabitants,” said Mr. Williams, “we want the humanising influences of gardens, mechanics’ institutes, out-of-door dancing, and every rational amusement; for the poor and debased the same rule holds good, but little can be done for them till they have better homes, more comforts, and more abundant food. In short, my lord, for all classes we want the money, which, alas! I have not to give!”

“What do you think, Mr. Williams,” continued the bishop, “of my coming over here some Sunday, and preaching for you on the subject of the amelioration of the condition of the working classes? I could introduce both the objects you have just spoken of, and there might be a collection afterwards for the benefit of the poor. Do you think it would answer?”

Could there be a doubt about it—could there be a doubt but that the five or six wealthy families of the

neighbourhood would pour in willingly to Mr. Williams's church to hear a bishop preach? The novelty of the thing alone would cause it to what the theatres call "*draw*." Besides that, the countenance given to Mr. Williams's labours by the bishop's friendly co-operation was in itself invaluable, as raising him in the respect of the many who judge by the opinions of others rather than their own. That, therefore, was settled.

When they returned from their walk and went into the drawing-room again, poor Williams was sensible of some change for the better effected already. It is true the room wanted papering quite as much as it had done before, and the carpet was just as old and threadbare, and the furniture had the same cold and half-worn-out look; but the fire was bright, and there were more lights than usual, and Mrs. Williams's face, however delicate and sad in its general tone, looked almost bright again with the newly-awakened energy of hope. The tea-table, too, had a comfortable air, with the little coffee-service ready for the visitor, before he set out on his homeward ride; and close beside it—with a coloured paper mast and flag, which one of the children had painted before she went to bed that evening—stood the "bishop's boat," ready for the bishop to take away.

Half an hour longer Dr. Courtenay lingered with Mr. and Mrs. Williams—spoke to her of her health and trials—spoke to her cheering words of hope and comfort—and finally told them both, that having now judged for himself of their position in that large place, he was satisfied that the income was most inadequate to the requirements of the incumbent. "My plans are not yet, of course, matured," added the bishop, "and I hope to do

more than is at present in my power. But from the date of my appointment, Mr. Williams, you will be so good as to consider that your income has 50*l.* a year added to it. In a short time I hope to do more. Nay, do not look or feel surprised," continued he, with a smile. "Did I not tell you I had been a colonist nearly all my clerical life? Perhaps I find it impossible to shake off a colonist's ideas and habits. Perhaps I find the income of the diocese *very* far beyond what I even *care* to expend upon my own family, and there is more accruing to the bishopric than even my nominal income. We will speak further together of the best plans for transferring sums of money to the incomes of incumbencies circumstanced like yours. Meanwhile, farewell to you both."

The bishop took his leave at last; but before doing so he wrote a cheque for the first half-year's payment of the additional income, and added 5*l.* of his own for the use of the poor of the place; told Mr. Williams to call and see him when he came to the cathedral town, and departed along the dark, coaly roads of Thornhill village, followed by the prayers and blessings of two grateful hearts.

But while the light of new-born hope was shining on the faces he left behind, a shadow had fallen over his own. Even by practically devoting his whole lifetime to the conscientious overseership of his appointed flock—even by resigning far more than a called-for share of the luxuries of Dives, to provide comforts for these Lazaruses,—how much must be left neglected and undone!

"*My* trials are yet to come!" exclaimed the new bishop aloud, as he rode along, and pressed his hand on his brow as if to calm down its rising anxiety. "May the Almighty give me strength to bear them as I ought!"

L I F E.

WHEN, through the breaking mist, the bright-eyed morn
 Looks, with soft blushes, on the slumbering dew ;
 To beauty wake, on streamlet, hill, and lawn,
 Aërial shapes of every varied hue !

So, as the rosy beam of life's young prime
 Comes smiling on the freshness of the heart,
 Fond hopes and fancies, unsubdued by time,
 A glowing charm of joyousness impart !

'Tis but the airy pageant of an hour ;
 For dews, which deck the morn, are clouds at noon ;
 Soon will the sky with deepening shadows lower ;
 Fierce and contending storms will gather soon !

Youth is a dream of pleasure, brief and vain ;
 But manhood's life's a battle real and stern !
 Soon the gay smiles, o'ercast by guilt or pain,
 To tears of passion or of sadness turn !

Throned on the burning wave, the western sun,
 A flood of glory pours upon the sight ;
 While all the clouds, at noon so sad and dim,
 Wreathe the descending orb with amber light !

Then cheer thee, drooping heart ! in love and truth
 Thy work renew, with silent manfulness ;
 Brighter than all the visions of thy youth,
 Unfading hopes thy setting life shall bless !

G. B.

THOUGHTS IN A FLOWER-GARDEN.

IN this fair spot I love to stray,
 Where flowrets rich in beauty spring,
 And, as I bend my peaceful way,
 To soar on Meditation's wing,

Whene'er I press the velvet rose,
 And find a thorn my touch assail,
 I learn that unalloyed repose
 Has fled to dwell beyond the veil.

Alas! the blast of sin and shame
 Which swept o'er Eden's happy grove,
 Has left of Bliss alone the name
 To all we here so fondly love.

And yet, amid this wreck of joy,
 Methinks a lovely spot I see,
 Where faith and hope may find employ,
 The Garden of Gethsemane.

There Gilead's balm hath found a place,
 The Rose of Sharon, too, it bears;
 The Lily of the Vale I trace,
 And there the Tree of Life appears.

Embracing once this sacred ground,
 A Saviour torn with agony,
 Amazement, grief, and sorrow found
 Had strewed his way to Calvary.

Ah! here I see how richest Grace,
 O'er Eden's sin and misery,
 Reigns through the Lord our Righteousness,
 Who loved us in Gethsemane.

W. S. PLUMBE

THE BENEFICENCE OF DEITY.

BY THE REV. C. RAWLINGS, B.A.

THE varied bounties of Jehovah's hand
 The tribute of adoring praise demand ;
 Gaze where we will, the goodness of the skies
 In rich luxuriance bursts upon our eyes,
 Convincing proof that in the wondrous plan
 'Twas God's design to bless his creature Man,
 To make him taste the riches of his love,
 And own the wonderful, the great above.
 He clothes the meadow in its softest green,
 And sheds a smiling beauty o'er the scene ;
 He makes the hills arise, the rivers flow
 To fertilise the plains that spread below.
 On all the treasures of the circling year
 We read impress'd the truth that God is here !
 From God our mercies come, to Him we owe
 Our health and strength, and all our joys below ;
 'Tis He supplies us with our daily food,
 To make us feel Jehovah still is good ;
 'Tis He who lights within us Reason's ray,
 To be our guide in life's perplexing way ;
 To make us shun the false, embrace the true,
 To rule ourselves, and passion's force subdue.
 Oh ! glorious Reason ! who can fitly prize
 That mightiest gift and blessing of the skies ?

Without that crowning blessing, all would seem
A weary waste, a wild, distemper'd dream !
And does the gift of Reason cheer our way
To us vouchsafed an intellectual day ?
Let gratitude within our bosom glow,
To God the faculty divine we owe ;
And let us pity in their darksome hour
The smitten ones by God's mysterious power ;
Contribute to their comfort all we may,
Remembering still we might have been as they !
Our God is love ! 'twas God's redeeming love
That brought the Saviour from the realms above,
To ransom us from guilt, and wrath to come,
And purchase endless bliss beyond the tomb
For all who should believe the Gospel Word
Of life and peace, the message of the Lord :
God's love shall be the theme of rapt'rous praise
Among the blest throughout eternal days ;
Still may we swell the note that " God is love,"
Sweet prelude of the melody above !

Bath, 1857.

THE DOG-WHIPPER.

BY GEORGE ROBERTS, AUTHOR OF THE "SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND,"
LIFE OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH," &c.

BEING engaged to contribute some brief article to the "Hive," it was fated that I should offer a jocose friend to select a subject. He happens to have his attention called to REUBEN DUEMAN, a worthy who fills at our old parish church the special office of DOG-WHIPPER, by solemn appointment of the vestry.

My friend thus makes trial of me, after having read an anecdote of a French cook who was to try his culinary skill upon a leather slipper. The artist, however, succeeded by dint of a skilful use of sauces, and I must try to make the most of a subject not at first view prepossessing.

Reuben Dueman may be called elderly; his expression is somewhat stern; you might readily interpret from his countenance and bearing that he is no supernumerary, hired for an occasion, but a regular official. The physiognomist can discern faint but clear indications of pride. This arises from holding an office so old that Shakspeare mentions it; and is this not enough to inspire feelings which the features readily express? Is it not legitimate for him to exhibit a play of satisfaction upon his features expressive of exaltation at coming after a series of time-honoured predecessors? What good ever came from one

who has no pride in such fond retrospections? A man who is a mere moving machine, without a soul and human affections and even weaknesses, is a poor creature.

Reuben belongs to a large class in these latter times whose original "occupation" in a strict sense "is gone." Unlike many others less fortunate, his new calling is blended with the old office which the march of events and civilisation has rendered all but obsolete. It was once glorious, but has become a mere name. I rejoice to see those exist and flourish whose line of life has been taken from them by the recent introductions. Some have not sunk, but, buoyant, have caught at other occupations, and in which calling a kind Providence has prospered their labours. As dog-whipper there can be little to do. A neighbour who keeps his church regularly, has only heard three dogs disturb the congregation in the course of many years. Reuben will be found to have another line of duty, to which reference will be duly made.

In former times the kings of England and great nobles thought of little but war and hunting. The forests and wild tracts were the breeding places of game, and many of the population lived upon the wild animals, in spite of severe laws against deer-stealers and poachers. As the common people could not be trusted, they were not allowed to keep dogs at all, unless these were *expeditated*—a cruel process of mutilation in the fore-claws and balls of each foot. This was the law in the reign of Henry III., which yielded to the march of events. As there was no tax, the multitude of dogs kept by the population was very great. Whole packs were to be seen about, like in Eastern cities, with this distinction, that there the dogs are

pariahs, or outcasts, here they had owners. So great an inconvenience had this become, that it was forbidden to keep dogs at Court, except a few spaniels for the ladies. No sooner was the Plague declared or suspected, and the authorities proceeded to take steps for the safety of the community, than a decree went forth against dogs. Hundreds of those faithful animals perished, that they might not be the means of communicating the disease, which they were supposed to do. A man named Wells charged in one account for killing and burying 422 dogs in Westminster, at a penny a dog. A healthy season succeeding, dogs were allowed to increase again apace. When divine service was being performed in our churches many dogs followed their masters, and a multitude of the canine race, great and small, entered at the open doors. The official whom Shakspeare calls "the fellow that whips the dogs," if dispensed with, must have been again hired, else the pious could have benefited little from the preacher's sermon. In churchwardens' accounts we discover proofs how order had been vindicated to the wearing away of the official's weapon. "A korde for the whipe, 1d.," "A new thong," and nearly similar entries are of frequent occurrence. Sometimes a bell is mentioned as belonging to this useful public character.

The dog-whipper held no sinecure office. When a master of handsome dogs brought them to church, his dogs had, perhaps, to be tolerated. At a time when the service could not be heard amidst the confusion of a dog-fight, with a host of the canine race all barking together, some were offended at the blows dealt to their dog, an

animal quiet by nature, and that had not in their opinion begun the fight.

Preachers were roused to descant upon the growing and intolerable evil. In order to convey a true picture of the same, let us hear the words of a minister silenced on too many occasions by dogs:

“Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, and carefully attend the worship of God! But bring no dogs with you to church; those Christians surely don't consider where they are going when they bring dogs with them to the assembly of divine worship, disturbing the congregation by their noise and clamour. Be then careful, I say, of this scandalous thing, which all ought to be advised against as indecent.”*

The worthy minister excites our pity by his fervent address. The parish priests of Queen Elizabeth's reign had to put up with worse evils—the fights of human beings who selected an arena which to them had the greatest attraction—the CHURCH. Before pews covered, and too often disfigured, the interiors of our churches, a gallant would go there—of course armed, as all wore weapons—to seek out his rival, to insult him, and to draw upon him there to fight with deadly weapons as in any tilting-ground. The church and churchyard were the scenes which intentional brawls of these bravos and swash-bucklers polluted. Surely, when we read these things, we must conclude that our sense of gratitude should be great at the improved state of our social man-

* A Choice Drop of Seraphic Love. 1734.

ners, and immensely greater perception of what is decent in regard to sacred places.

The fighting men and barking dogs having been delegated to other scenes of action, the dog-whipper is retained, for in some parishes pious souls left money to promote quiet worship by the employment of the predecessors of Reuben with "thong and whipcord." The dog-whipper of Exeter Cathedral lately deceased: in his place a successor has been duly elected. Reuben Dueman's original occupation is virtually gone. Nevertheless, he rejoices in his title of *Dog-whipper*. He is armed with authority, and once whipped a lady's pug dog—a kind now rarely seen. Why should not a minor church official feel a pride that he did his duty without respect of the persons of the owners of the canine treasures? When the service is proceeding, and during the sermon, Reuben perambulates the whole of the aisles. Philosophically accommodating himself to the altered condition of life's problem, he carries a long peeled wand, which for years past has been a terror to the old and young. In his stealthy career he can reach over to some distance. Every snorer is heard, though hid in the recesses of the deepest pew. Woe to the charity child whom he catches napping! He deals out sharp blows, which reverberate through the church. The drowsy are warned by taps upon the head, while the sleeping rustic who has sunk down in the afternoon, after a two miles' walk in the heat of the day, finds, unpleasantly enough, in his visions of Dorothy and a household of children, the end of the wand revolving in his ear, which Reuben is turning round like a wimble-but. The shriek caused by real pain, and an ex-

clamation hastily called forth in the anguish of the moment, in broad Doric, and not sanctioned by the canons, created a smile in the countenances of most of the congregation, and furnished a topic when the rustics gathered round the porch before dispersing to their homes. You may think, perhaps, Reuben stood in danger of being molested. No, he fears nothing, as he is a church officer. His mission is defined most clearly : his actions lie with those who nod, sleep, and snore.

He believes that though his title, as by the entry in the books, implies no mission for high purposes, notwithstanding that, his absence would be fatal to the completeness of the performance of the service. The learning of the rector Reuben believes to be perfect, the music unequalled ; but all would not go right were he not present to enforce attention. The church would, he concludes, be either a Babel or a sleeping-place. Like the organ-blower, Reuben, when speaking of the service, uses the plural pronoun *WE*.

Space disallows the enlarging more upon the qualities and position that Reuben occupies. Among other subjects for admiration, let us not fail to recommend the devotion and earnestness with which he discharges every minute duty of his office.

Wortley House School, Worthing.

FROM A GRATEFUL HEART TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

"THE service of interest" our gold may repay,
 But "the service of love" we can never defray;
 'Tis a beam from the sun which enlivens above,
 Which Jesus sheds forth through the child of His love,
 To gladden a pilgrim, who oftentimes oppress'd
 By her cares and her sins, longs for Heavenly rest,
 And receives, as a "token of good," from her Lord,
 That help which through others he deigns to afford.
 And though my first praise and my thanks are to Him
 From whose loving pity my mercies first spring,
 Yet still, dearest friend, I cannot refrain
 From loving the channel through which His love came;
 And therefore it is that my heart draws to thee,
 Who hath been such a channel of mercy to me.

A. C. W.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD GRANDMOTHER.

DEAR LORD!

When all the beams of Thy bright love shine forth
 On the dark foreground of my thankless heart,
 Humbling and sad the view!—myself I loathe,
 As warmth from Thy bright beams new life impart.

'Tis then I call to mind Thy mercies past,
 And the long landscape of my life review;
 Beam after beam has shone upon each path,
 And thy unceasing mercy led me through.

A healthy, happy family bestowed,
 Sound in their reason—oh, what gifts were these!
 And many led into the narrow road,
 Thy spirit taught to seek their Lord to please.

And now I'm spared to see their children too—
 A healthy, happy, highly-favoured band,
 Whose mental faculties, all sound and true,
 Are trained for Thee—oh, may they faithful stand!

And now, while reason lasts, may each past gift
 Draw my heart nearer—nearer, Lord, to Thee!
 Years past reviewed can cause me praise to lift,
 E'en to the last—till death shall set me free.

And if permitted while we wander here
 To trace Thy leading love, what will it be
 When life is ended—sin, and pain, and fear—
 We, "face to face," Thy love, Thy glory see?

Jesus! to Thee, to Thee alone I owe
 Pardon for past, and all my hope of Heaven;
 Plead on for me, and may I surely know
 My Father's love, and all my sins forgiven!

A. C. W.

THE ITALIAN BOY.

FROM Italy's sweet sunny clime,
 Fair lady, I am come,
 Oh! will you not compassionate
 A wanderer far from home?
 I've left a tender mother's care,
 And many a friend beside,
 They told me that I ought to go,
 Soon as my father died.

And so with many a sigh and tear
 I left my native cot,
 Ah! lady, on this pleasant earth
 There's no such lovely spot;
 Each dell, and grove, and shady nook,
 In fancy's eye I see,
 Where my first early years I pass'd
 With more than childlike glee!

And often in my dreams at night
 I think I see them still,
 And scent the perfume of the flowers,
 And hear the gushing rill;
 No gold could e'er have tempted me
 To leave a place so fair,
 Could I have gained by hardest toil
 A scanty pittance there.

Lady, the tear is on thy cheek,
 And pity in thine eye,
 'Tis like a sunbeam through the cloud
 Of my sad destiny.
 Blessings upon thy gentle head !
 Whene'er a shrine I see,
 I'll pause upon my pilgrimage
 To breathe a prayer for thee !

E. S. F.

FATHERLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THOU askest what I long for, when my home is far away,
 And from my loved fatherland still my wand'ring foot-
 steps stray ;
 Sad fearfulness and trembling yet surround the path I
 tread,
 Encompassing each feeling with a sigh and anxious dread.
 Bright and marvellous the gems that bedeck this world
 of ours,
 Encircling thorn and brier with the beauty of the flowers ;
 Yet still the wish I murmur, to inhale their sweet per-
 fume,
 In that glorious land of light which exists beyond the
 tomb.

And when I look above me, on yon silvery-spangled sky,
 The many-mansioned region lies unveiled before my eye ;
 Cold and desolate the world, oh ! I long to be away,
 In my gracious Father's home, where flowers blossom day
 by day.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

FAR from thy dear side, Mary,
Shall I draw my latest breath,
And in a foreign grave must sleep
The dreamless sleep of death.

It grieves my heart to leave thee,
We've lov'd so long and true;
But, Mary, in the better world
That I am going to,

I'll wait in joy thy coming,
When life's pilgrimage is o'er,—
Oh! blissful thought, that we again,
Shall meet to part no more.

Thou must not go too mournfully
Along the path of life,
Nor think it would have been all smooth
Couldst thou have been my wife.

I might have shared thy trials,
But there is one above,
To guard thee with a stronger arm,
A greater, better love.

Thou couldst not love the memory
Of one who'd ever been
A coward to his country,
A traitor to his Queen.

And 'twill soothe thy spirit, Mary,
When I have pass'd away,
To know thy Soldier shrank not
From the fiercest of the fray.

Life now is ebbing rapidly,
Each pulse more faint and weak,
But I have found the peace of mind
Thou led'st me first to seek.

Pray for the peace of nations,
That war and carnage cease,
That the sword no more may separate,—
Pray fervently for peace.

Farewell, my own poor Mary,
Our earthly love is o'er,
But in a happier world we soon
Shall meet to part no more.

E. G.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

DID thy voice mingle in the joyous cry
 That o'er the cedar-crowned hills arose,
 Mother of Nain! when to the darkened eye,
 Which thou hadst watched in anguish fade and close,
 The light of life returned, and one glad sound—
 "Glory to God!"—went up from crowds around?

There is no record of thy joy. A veil
 Lies on the rapture of that wondrous hour;
 But as we read with thrilling hearts the tale
 Of human sorrow and Almighty power,
 We image faintly, from the grief we know,
 The bliss that dawned upon thy night of woe.

HADST thou shrunk trembling from the years to come—
 The lonely hearth—the uncompanioned prayer—
 And pictured to thyself the desolate home
 When he, its light, should be no longer there—
 And closed thine eyes, with tears and watching dim,
 Shunning the day that dawned no more for him?

Our thoughts go with thee to thy lowly dwelling,
 Death's shadow on the threshold lingers yet;
 But who shall tell the joy thy full heart swelling
 As there, where late the mourners' feet were met,
 Where thou didst weep when love's last task was done,
 He stands beside thee now, thy living son!

Was it all joy to him? Did glorious things,
Dimly remembered, haunt his midnight rest?
Or music, wafted from celestial strings
By angel hands, wake yearnings in his breast?
Was it all joy to leave the far-off shore,
And turn to tread earth's common track once more?

Vain questions all! and vainer still the sigh
With which we linger o'er that mother's lot.
We lose our precious things, our loved ones die,
Our last hope withers—God restores it not;
We lay our dead beneath the funeral stone,
And in our desolate homes we weep alone.

And yet, unseen, beside the holy dead,
Christ standeth still as when he dwelt with men,
Counting the tears His sorrowing people shed;
And though He dry them not, as once at Nain,
Doth not His voice still speak to those who weep—
“Mourn not as without hope: they are not dead, but
sleep.”

E. E. W.

ANNIVERSARY REFLECTIONS.

THE shadows lengthen. Time's fast-moving finger
 Points to another year
 On our life's dial-plate. We may not linger :
 Our rest we find not here.

For aye, with busy fingers we are sowing
 Seed which no blight decays ;
 Surely to bear—though none may mark its growing—
 Fruit "after many days."

Let us take heed ! for in our daily doing—
 In word and thought—doth lie
 That seed, which, oft unconscious, we are strewing,
 Of future destiny.

What will our future be ? Alone He knoweth
 Who doth its record keep ;
 But this we know, " Whate'er our hand now soweth,
That shall we also reap."

If we would reap a glory never ending,
 The seed must now be sown,
 By mastery of self—that love-commending
 Which " seeketh not her own."

If we would win a victory so glorious,
 As earth's proud list of fame
 Never recorded of her most victorious
 And loudest-spoken name,

“ One thing is needful ”—that our souls be grafted
Into the living “ Vine ; ”
So that where’er our life-seed may be wafted,
Its springing bloom shall twine

Around our brows a wreath of joy unfading,
And radiant hope to cheer,
When our life’s day puts on its twilight shading,
And night is drawing near.

Oh, that its shades may find our work completed—
The battle fought and won !
So shall our souls in Heaven’s bright dawn be greeted
With welcome words, “ Well done ! ”

M. K.

SORROW.

NAY, start not thus appalled! I speak of grief,
 And thou dost shake in every loosened joint,
 And, cowering as a timid dove, dost shade
 With trembling hand thy fear-surprised eyes,
 As though some horrible phantom were let loose
 From regions of despair to blast thy sight!
 Be bold, and look upon the thing thou dread'st!
 Confront it, like a man! There, fearless, clasp
 The monster to thy breast: so shalt thou find
 An angel slumb'ring there. Hers is no form
 To scare the soul and curdle the warm blood:
 See! she can smile! and though her liquid orbs
 Drop rain upon her beauteous cheeks, how bright
 In their intensity of faith they shine!
 Make her thine own, and she shall cherish thee,
 Feed thee with holy thoughts, shall fill thy heart
 With reverend love; and those immortal flowers,
 Whose leaves are watered with the dews of Heaven,
 Shall strew about thy path.

Who sorrows not

Knows not the sum of human destiny;
 And he who would ascend the topmost hill
 Which skirts the city of our God, whose light
 Is the meridian blaze of seven full suns,"

Must toil through many a wild and rugged pass,
With weary and entangled steps, ere he
Can hope to gaze upon the blissful scene.
Therefore, each drop of sorrow in thy cup,
If thou recoil not, is some craggy point
Surmounted, whence the jasper pavement glows
With yet intenser radiance, till thou rest
In the full sunshine of the glorious land!
And wouldst thou, shrinking mortal, rather spend
Thy hopes upon the few slight flowers that bloom
With sickly lustre in the flattering plains
Of ease and dalliance, than gird thee well
To mount, and, with enduring purpose, win
The pass to thy sublime inheritance?
Oh, coward-hearted, little canst thou know
What depths of blessedness there are in grief
When patiently endured!

Oh, there be men
Upon whose hearts there never fell the dew
Of tears wrung forth in woe and dreariness!
And these are barren of those kindlier fruits
Which give our life its excellence. The love
Which pours itself on all things, great and small,
That throng this teeming universe of God,
The patient spirit to endure all ill,
The constant faith to weary every cross,
The mind still seeking to discover good
In others' evil—grieving to believe
When gross and palpable—the ready hand
For charity, the eye for sympathy,

The tongue for comfort, and the heart for all,—
These are not born amid the garish blaze
Of one long, cloudless day of happiness!
Like those fair nurslings of the vale, which bloom
Most joyously beneath the cooling shade
Of overarching boughs, through which the sun
Falls with a milder beam, and parches not
The damp earth softened with the tears of night :
So these sweet flowers, which crown our truest life,
Are nurtured in the shades of suffering.
Fed by the solitary tears which flow
From hearts subdued to patience while they weep,
And brought to perfect blossom by the rays
Of gentle mercy streaming on the soul ;
Then take each sorrow to thy heart of hearts,
Nor put with wilful hand the cross aside :
The cup which pity to our life commends
Is bitter to the taste ; but 'tis our life !

G. B.

THE RAINBOW.

I MARK the bright-hued arch of heaven,
 As high its radiant bend,
 Resplendent with the mystic Seven,
 Shoots clear from end to end.

Beyond, the sombre vapours lie
 Heaped in a gloomy mass,
 And seem to mutter from the sky
 Defiance as they pass.

But, to the left, the sun falls bright
 On landscape more serene ;
 And bathes in mellow, golden light,
 Tree, copse, and meadow green.

And see—as break the shrouding mists—
 How gaily sparkles through,
 In broadening patches, where it lists,
 The calm, ethereal blue.

True type art thou, bright arch of heaven,
 Of that sweet spirit-guest,
 To us, in pitying mercy, given,
 To cheer each anguished breast.

When grim Despair has trod us down,
 And Grief salt tears has drawn,
 We see, beneath their very frown,
 Thy angel-presence dawn.

Streams from above the Eternal Ray
 (God's smile of gracious care),
Far in the distance, roll away
 The dun clouds of Despair.

The heart, but late parched-up and dry
 With care, and toil, and pain,
Balmed by the blessing from on high,
 In joy revives again.

Hope!—thou immortal fountain-spring
 Of strength and power divine—
By thee the soul on mounting wing,
 Sees fairer prospects shine.

By thee the sad sick-bed is smoothed,
 And gravesome Death defied ;
The pangs of mortal suffering soothed,
 And Faith refortified.

The rainbow's gorgeous tints decay,
 A moment—they are gone !
But thou—till Doom's portentous day,
 Art nigh to cheer man on.

W. E. J.

INSANIENTIS SAPIENTIA.

IF we listen with interest when the lips of an infant proclaim the praises of God and put to silence the ignorance of foolish men, we cannot but be touched when the idiot and the madman become our instructors in Christian duty. The following incident will illustrate the truth of Scripture that God does indeed "choose the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and base things of the world, yea, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are."

A lunatic, who had by some means eluded the vigilance of his keeper, contrived to escape from his gloomy prison-house, and made his way into the open street. Rushing through the crowd, he ran up to a gentleman whom he singled out as the object of his salutation, and addressed him with earnestness in these words :

"Sir, did you ever in all your life thank God for giving you the use of reason? *If not, do so now.*"

However careless or godless the individual addressed might be, he could scarcely avoid being struck by such an inquiry. This may have been the opening up of a new train of thought which changed the whole course of his future life. His conversion may have been the result of a question of a lunatic escaped from Bedlam. But however this may be, it will not have been put in vain, if, being recorded in these pages, it leads one person to add to his daily thanksgivings a special one for the endowment of reason, which enhances the value of every other, and without which life is but a burden and a blank.

THE SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

WE are a little Pilgrim band,
Journeying on the narrow way,
Until we reach a better land—
A bright land far away.

We have a cross upon our brow
For Jesus Christ's dear sake,
In token of our solemn vow,
His will our will to make.

He loves and blesses us alway,
And guides us on the heavenly road,
He keeps our footsteps, lest they stray
From following where His own have trod.

Then stay us not, we may not linger,
The sun is risen in the sky,
And soon the evening's golden finger
Will point to nightfall drawing nigh.

When doubt or fear our spirit fills,
And dark and chilly grows the air,
We lift our eyes to Zion's hills,
The sun is always shining there.

Then onward, brothers, side by side,
Join heart with heart and hand by hand,
Sing praises loud to Christ who died
To save and crown the Pilgrim band.

L. A. B.

“THE WAVES OF THIS TROUBLESOME
WORLD.”

I stood on the deep blue ocean's shore,
And watched the wild sea-bird lave,
While murmuring low, fell sweet on my ear,
The flow of the passing wave.

When dancing so light in the morning bright,
A fair little bark came by,
Its tiny white sail so joyously shone,
With a gleam from the sunny sky.

And I thought of youth—of its early morn,
Fresh launched on life's restless wave,
When each gale that blows with rich odour is fraught,
To the young heart so gladsome and brave.

But that gleam vanished soon, the sky was o'ercast,
In terror each sail was furled,
I thought of the Christian mariner tossed
On the waves of this troublesome world.

On the billow's rough foam the little bark
Was tossing from side to side,
I marvelled it sank not, but One was there—
Jesus, the “Ruler and Guide.”

No empty shells had that mariner sought
 From the barren and sandy ground,
 Deep treasured within his bosom there lay
 The pearl of great price he had found.

The darkness came on, the tempest rose high,
 And I heard the breakers' roar,
 But the little vessel bore bravely on,
 Fast nearing a glorious shore.

The morning broke on that night of sorrow—
 A morning serene and still :
 I looked for the bark, it was safely moored
 In the haven under the hill.

The white sail was furled, the anchor dropped,
 The winds were hushed to a sleep,
 And gently the bark wafted to and fro
 On the face of the glassy deep.

Oh ! blest the repose and eternal the peace
 Of the ransomed soul shall be ;
 No toiling in rowing, "no fear of storm,
 For there shall be no more sea."

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

(From the Latin.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARTYRS OF VIENNE AND LYONS."

COME, source of Life and spirit of Love,
 From Heaven's bright sapphire throne above,
 Let undimmed radiance rest ;
 Come thou, Father of the poor,
 Rich blessings which endure,
 Diffuse through every heart !

For Thou'rt of all consolers best,
 Cheering oft the troubled breast,
 So let us know thy peace ;
 Rest give us for our toiling feet,
 And coolness in the burning heat,
 Bid our keen anguish cease.

O true, undying, glorious light,
 The faithful with thy spirit bright
 Replenish Thou and fill ;
 Without thy radiance divine
 Nought in the heart of man can shine,
 And good becometh ill.

Bind up each wound, our powers renew,
Shed o'er us thy refreshing dew,
And wash our sins away ;
Bend Thou the proud and carnal will,
Melt Thou the frozen, warm the chill,
And guide those going astray.

On all who love Thee and adore,
In humble trust for evermore,
Thy sevenfold gifts shower down ;
Give consolation at the last,
Eternal life when death is past,
And then—a fadeless crown.

F. G. L.

ADVENTURES OF A SUNBEAM.

A STORY FOR THE NURSERY.

(From Harry's Book of Poetry, by Permission of the Publisher.)

A MERRY little sunbeam,
One chilly autumn day,
Stepped lightly from a heavy cloud,
To journey on its way.

A happy little beam it was—
So beautiful and bright—
Whose only errand was to cheer
With its warm and welcome light.

It rested first at a lowly cot,
And through the window peeping,
Saw in a cradle, all alone,
A little infant weeping.

Its mother to the well was gone,
To fetch a pail of water,
And had no one to leave at home,
To watch her little daughter.

But she rocked it gently off to sleep,
And where she left it lying,
The little sunbeam, peeping in,
Found it alone and crying.

So it lightly played round the baby's bed,
Its loneliness beguiling,
And when the mother came again,
She found her infant smiling.

The sunbeam gave her a sportive kiss,
Another, and another ;
And smiling on her pretty face,
Left baby to her mother.

Again the little sunbeam
Went merrily on its way,
For it had so many things to do,
It could no longer stay.

It hastened to the village school,
To take a passing look,
And saw sad tears fall heavily
On an old and tattered book.

Oh ! this was not a pleasant sight,
But the beam kept smiling on ;
For it knew that by kindness and that alone,
Could any good be done.

So on it gazed till the boy looked up,
Then smiled upon his face,
So hopefully that the cloud of care
To a smile at once gave place.

Oh! the sunbeam was so very glad
To win the happier look,
That it danced for very joy upon
The old and tattered book.

The warmth of its little sunny feet
Soon dried the tear-wet page,
And then it sought the attention of
The mourner to engage.

Cheerfully up in his wond'ring face
Again would the sunbeam look,
Then playfully dart a little ray
Down on the spelling-book.

It chased the tear from his weeping eye,
The mist from off his brain,
And made the letters of that old book
Seem larger and more plain.

The sunbeam stayed till it saw the boy
Approach the master's chair,
And heard the lesson said, and saw
Looks of approval there.

And feeling that its work of love
In the schoolroom now was done,
Glided again through the window-pane,
And gaily travelled on.

It entered next a garden,
Not very large or fair,
And looked about, peeped in and out,
Still seeking something there.

At last it found some little buds,
Half hidden in the grass,
It coaxed them from their hiding-place,
And so it came to pass

That they gently raised their pretty heads,
Unfolding to the view
A rich display of lovely flowers
Of every shade and hue.

Then the sunbeam watched for a little girl,
And soon it saw her there,
Gathering all the brightest flowers,
Herself as bright and fair.

It followed her back to the cottage door,
And entered with eager glee,
For it knew her pleasure would be shared,
And wished the sight to see.

A pleasant sight it was indeed ;
An ancient dame was there,
And the little girl, all bright with joy,
Standing beside her chair.

The knitting-pins forgot to ply,
While the good old lady smiled—
Such a smile of loving tenderness—
Upon that happy child,

As she gaily said, "Oh! Granny dear,
Would you believe it true,
These pretty flowers I have brought
All in our garden grew?"

"I saw the sun was shining there,
Though it had not reached your room,
So I just ran out to peep about,
And found them all in bloom."

Then the little girl her granny kissed,
And granny kissed the child,
And the little sunbeam kissed them both,
And having fondly smiled

On all within that happy home,
Bade them a bright good day,
And from the door it sped once more,
To travel on its way.

But stay, I must not write long tales
Of every act and deed,
For that would make a bigger book
Than you'd have time to read.

So I'll merely tell that good befel
Wherever the sunbeam smiled,
That even bliss was more sweet from its kiss,
And sorrow itself beguiled.

Wherever the sunbeam went it left
Some token of its love ;
Earth by its ray was made more gay,
The sky more bright above.

But at last the beam grew weary,
And drooped its little head,
And its gentle eye gleamed fitfully
While sinking on its bed.

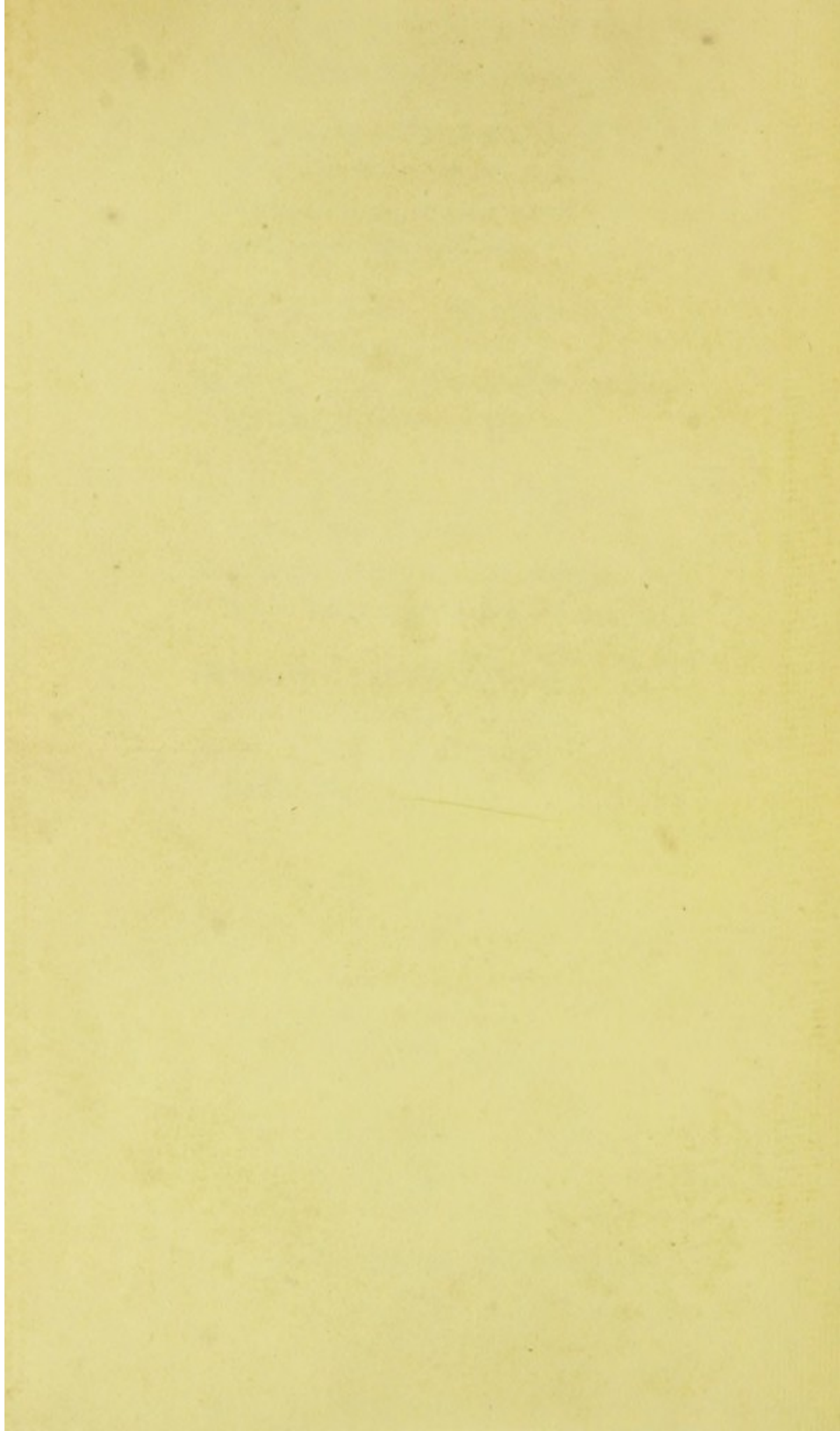
Happy from making others so,
It sought the tranquil west,
And on a little downy cloud
Smiled itself off to rest.

ELIZA GROVE.

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

THE
POET
TO THE
LORD
OF THE
TREASURY
IN
THE
YEAR
OF OUR
LORD
1601
BY
JAMES
MONTAGUE
ESQ.
OF
THE
MIDDLE
TEMPLE
IN
LAW
AND
OF
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