

## Poets' Corner.

## THE PATIENT CHURCH.

(From the 'Catholic World' for February.)

Bide thou thy time!  
 Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime,  
 Sit in the gate, and be the heathen's jest,  
 Smiling and self-possessed.  
 O thou, to whom is pledged a victor's sway,  
 Bide thou the victor's day.  
 Think on the sin  
 That reap'd the unripe seed, and toiled to win  
 Foul history-marks at Bethel and at Dan—  
 No blessing, but a ban;  
 Whilst the wise Shepherd hid his heaven-told fate,  
 Nor reck'd a tyrant's hate.  
 Such loss is gain;  
 Wait the bright Advent that shall loose thy chain!  
 E'en now the shadows break, and gleams divine  
 Edge the dim, distant line.  
 When thrones are trembling, and earth's fat ones quail,  
 True seed! thou shalt prevail.

—NEWMAN.

## HAWTHORNDEN.

## CHAPTER III.

## NEW HOMES.

Now youngster, here comes a regular old *he* one;" said Rice, as they entered a broad uncertain looking morass, covered with long rank grass which had refused to burn when the fire had swept over the adjoining ground. The man rose up, gave his horses several quick cuts with the long whip, at the same time yelling at the top of his voice, "Up Zeb! hi Job! out with it Pete! stir up Fan!"

The faithful creatures plunged into the mud, scrambled through in a manner frightful to behold, and aided by the encouraging screeching of the driver, and the frequent application of the goad, even this difficulty was overcome, and the waggon with its precious freight was drawn out on the other side. "I reckon they're up to the scratch," said Rice proudly, as the wearied horses stood panting after the fatiguing plunge. "Neighbor Hendig spilled one beast here last wheat harvest, now mine you see is as piend as ever."

"It is a shame to use them so?" said Harold, coloring with indignation.

"Well, stranger," replied Rice, coolly spitting a stream of tobacco which shot as directly between the ears of his off forward horse as if it had been aimed from a pistol, "if you don't like it, next time you may unlight and try your own pegs."

It was sunset on a raw November day, when the family reached the small frame house in the middle of the farm, that was now the only spot they could call home. Colonel Hartland had dispatched a message to the tenants, to prepare for the reception of the family, and the coast was clear. The house consisted of four rooms, a kitchen, two bed-rooms, and a large unfinished attic over all. A barn and stable were on the premises, beside many New England conveniences, which Mr. Rice summed up as "cute traps." The house he considered quite spacious, indeed he said, "it might be taken for a meetin' us, as it was so grand." After he had run through all the buildings with Harold, he took leave of the family, extending his hand for a parting shake with Mr. Benton, and saying, "Well, neighbor, I shall draw Smith's wheat to Chicarger, and if you want any fixins, I'm your man."

Mrs. Benton's more delicate nature appreciated the true kindness of this neighbor under his very rough exterior, and taking the offered hand that Mr. Benton had met by a cold bow, she took leave of her rustic friend, urging him to come and see them again. Indeed, to her he seemed in a way the last link that bound them to the world they had left, a link which she was reluctant to sunder.

## CHAPTER IV.

## PRAIRIE LIFE.

We shall pass over the first trials of the strange new home on the prairie; the dreary heart-aching for absent ones, and the oppressive home-sickness. The season of the year was unfavorable to contentment in a region so far removed from society, and from all external privileges, both social and religious. It required all Mrs. Benton's unwearied love and single heartedness, kept alive by her firm faith, to make the trial endurable; but

"Come what may come,  
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

A streak of light came with the dear home furniture, from which, in the breaking up, Colonel Hartland, with true tact and refinement, had selected such articles as he knew would be most prized, and forwarded them to the prairie home. The precious books, which they had never hoped to see, one or two of the most beautiful and familiar pictures that had adorned their city home, and strangest of all, the piano. "It was kind of the Colonel, but where were they to put it?" was Mr. Benton's inquiry. Marion gave her first smile as she ran her fingers over the keys, and soon found a place for it. But more precious than all, were the long letters from dear home friends. None can give thanks more heartily for the blessing of the mail, than they who are fixed in some far off land, away from all that has hitherto made life's comfort and hope.

The new home was in the midst of a vast rolling prairie, known in Illinois as the "Grand Prairie," from its superiority over all others in extent of surface. Away to the north-east, at the time of which we speak, the vast wilderness of grass stretched itself for more than a hundred miles without a settlement. On the south, at the distance of

three miles, was a narrow strip of timber, the tops of the huge trees visible on the horizon from the door of Mr. Benton's cottage. Three miles to the west was the village of Athlaca, in whose territorial boundaries they were included, and which boasted two stores and eleven houses, besides a long building once used as a warehouse, but which had risen to the dignity of a court-house; Athlaca by a change of county lines, having become shiretown of the county of W—. About the village, log cabins were scattered on the prairie, and through the adjoining timber land, so that in the town proper there were perhaps three hundred inhabitants. There was neither school-house nor house of religious worship of any kind in the region, though the Campbellites, the prevailing sect, held forth occasionally in the court-house. Unused to manual labor, Mr. Benton passed the winter in what was to him hard work, making preparations for the coming spring. He had no assistant but Harold, who worked most unwillingly for he had a strong distaste to farming; but work he did, early and late, his evenings and an occasional excursion with his gun being his only recreations. Letters came from Rosine regularly at first, and written with all the affectionate freedom of her nature, but gradually the mother's eye could detect a more formal wording, less of sentiment and warm outgushing feeling, and more of fact and circumstance. Father Roberts, the friend and pastor, did not forget his absent children, but sent them many an encouraging word and expression of Christian sympathy. Sister Agnes too, with her blithe, happy nature—a nature made more sympathetic by her own sorrows—cheered many a lonely hour for Mrs. Benton with news from the House of the Infant Jesus, and now and then a bit of intelligence from Rosine or Willie. Mrs. Benton wrote more freely to her than to any other person, but for this vent to her over-charged heart, she must have sunk under the burden of her cares and trials. Marion was wretched, and wandered about the house while she assisted her mother in their household duties, with an air of sullen discontent. She continually mourned over the contrast between her position and that of her sister Rosine, and wondered what was the use of living, if they must live thus. Harold, proud and high spirited, hated nothing in his situation but the manual labor which his father exacted from him. He did not mind being out of the world; to wander over the prairie with his horse and gun was pleasure enough, but to bend his neck to toil as a farmer, was utterly distasteful to him. Mr. Benton was all tender deference to his wife; there was even an awe and reverence in his demeanor towards her, a contrast to his former self-reliant assurance of being obeyed; he was also gentle and forbearing with Marion, but stern and sometimes harsh with his boy. The memory of his own unrestrained self-will and pride rankled in his bosom, and when he saw the same spirit in his child, he felt that it was in his power, and right that he should crush it. He failed to sympathize with the wound he had himself made in the breast of his son. This misunderstanding between father and child was a constant source of anxiety to the mother, who saw the noble nature of her boy in danger of being turned into gall and bitterness. It was after an outbreak between them, when Harold had declared he would serve in this way no longer, and the father had threatened severe measures, that Mrs. Benton, not daring to go between them, had retired to her bedroom, when the following letter from Sister Agnes was brought to her. It was like the voice of an angel.

"House of the Infant Jesus, Feb. 18—.

"My dear Lucy:

"Thank you for writing me freely. No, it cannot be wrong that you should have the sympathy of one who has known and loved you so many years. I am concerned with you about the dear children. What you told me of Marion made me a little indignant; what you wrote of Harold grieved me. As you say, a mother should never come between father and son to interfere; but is not Mr. Benton's a mistaken idea of duty? If Harold could be sent away to some business or trade, would it not be to his advantage? and yet he is so young to leave you. Good Father Coté is in St. Louis, and that is not so far from you but he might help you. You remember how grateful he was for the kind hand you extended to his orphans in cholera times. If I were you I would write to him, or see him, which would be better. I am confident he would rejoice in an opportunity to do you a kindness; and if Harold were at St. Louis, under his care, your anxieties would be lessened. A few years will change both father and son, and they will come together again with different feelings. I can understand that the two natures must chafe and irritate each other continually, thrown together so entirely. With regard to Marion, I find it difficult to speak as I wish, because I am a little angry with her, that at her age she should not better appreciate her mother's trials, and manifest less self-absorption. Dear child! a little sternness on the part of her father would be a real blessing to her. Anything like a cross is so new, but she is young, and will be wiser by-and-by. It was well you kept her with you, for her nature would hardly bear the petting that dear Rosine meets, without becoming utterly selfish. Perhaps if you could, for her sake, overcome the repugnance you feel to making the acquaintance of the people about you, she might find something to interest her. Your plan for a Sunday-school for the Catholic children is admirable; it would be such a blessing for them, and a source of comfort to you. Marion would be a help to you there, and be doing herself good by teaching others. You will all be happier when your good Bishop sends you a priest; God grant that time may not be far distant. Rosine I see occasionally; the family of Colonel Hartland occupy most of her spare moments. I am not afraid of their turning the child's head with worldly amusements, for she comes to me with the same sweet loving way she always had toward you, with her little troubles. She is very prudent, but I gather from what she tells me, that Mrs. Hartland overlooks all her letters; this may account for the slight reserve and formality you noticed in them. When she mourns for you, as she does sometimes inordinately, I try to teach her to live in the present hour by the performance of every duty, and to trust for the future in the tender care of the Good Shepherd, commending her earnest wish to be restored to you, to the prayers of our Blessed Mother.

"Your father and Willie called here this week for the last news