

Poet's Conquest.

A RHYTHM OF ST. HILDEBERT OF TOURS.

Borne without the gate away, buried—basting to decay—
Spite of stone and swathing band he shall rise if Thou command :
Speak!—the stone shall roll aside: Speak!—the bands shall be
untied :
Forth he comes without decay when "Come forth!" he hears Thee
say.

In this sea my vessel frail pirates many do assail,
Waters rage and tempests blow, all around is death and woe :
But come Thou, O Pilot kind, calm the waves and still the wind,
Scatter all that pirate-band, bring my vessel safe to land.

There is not a fruit, I know, on my fig tree's barren bough.
Fall and burn I know it must if Thou givest sentence just :
But this year in pity spare, dig it—dung it—tend with care ;
If it give Thee no return, woe the day!—it then must burn.

On me Satan wreaks his ire, drowns and burns with flood and fire ;
Worn and spent I come to Thee, other hope is none for me.
That this foe may quit my soul, leaving me restored and whole,
Grant to me Thy saving might how to fast and pray aright :
Thus, so Christ has pledged His word, shall this fell disease be
cured.

Make me—from its torments free—Thy true penitent to be ;
Give me fear ; for I must be lost without it endlessly ;
Faith, hope, charity impart, prudence, piety of heart ;
Earthly things may I despise, heavenly things desire and prize.

In Thee all my hopes remain, from Thee all I seek to gain ;
Thou, my God, art all my health, Thou my All—my praise—my
wealth :

Thou in toil art solace calm, Thou in sickness sweetest Balm.
Thou dost charm my griefs away, angry passions dost allay.

Thou dost loose the captive thrall, Thou dost raise me when I fall ;
When too bold, Thou bidd'st me fear, grieved for sin, with hope
dost cheer ;

Thou requitest those who hurt, threatened ills Thou dost avert,
Doubtful things Thou makest plain, veiling what should dark
remain.

Never do Thou let me dwell in the dungeons drear of hell,
Where are bitter griefs and fears, stench appalling, hopeless tears,
Where all evil things are strewn, where the wicked writhe and
groan,

Where the anguish ceaseth never, where the worm devoureth ever,
Where these tortures are eternal in that living death infernal.

May my home in Sion be, city of tranquility,
David's city, fair and bright, made by Him Who made the light,
Where for gate the Cross we see, Peter's tongue its opening key.
Gladder they than words can tell in those jewelled walls that
dwell,

Where the Guardian of the place is the King Who gives its grace.

Solemn is the light and fair spring and peace are ceaseless there,
Heavenly odors breathe around, sweetest strains for ever sound ;
There is no defect nor taint, no corruption, no complaint,
All in form and stature due are to Christ confirmed anew.

Heavenly City, blest and sure, built upon the rock secure,
Harbored safe from storm and gale, from afar I bid thee hail !
Thee I greet—I sigh for thee—Thee I seek for longingly.
Who the festal mirth can tell of the just who in thee dwell,
Who can say what lustre falls on thy jewel studded walls,
Jacinth and chalcodon fair—who but they whose home is there ?
In that City of the skies ceaseless Alleluias rise—
Moses with Elias meets—saints by thousands throng the streets :
There may I, too, sing one day with Thy saints who sing away !
—The Month.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XX.

HARRY GREENWOOD IN SEARCH OF A PROFESSION.

DOCTOR HARTLAND at first set his face like a flint against this ball of brass buttons; he did not care to be one of a half-dozen civilians among a company of autocrats. More particularly did he sneer and scoff at the invitation to Laura. But he changed his mind, and engaged a carriage for himself and Rosine, when he found the Colonel determined, and his mother making preparations for her own and Rosine's costume. He went out and purchased a set of exquisite pearl ornaments for arms, neck, and hair, ordered the most perfect bouquet he could procure, and began to feel quite proud, being sure, he said, of the youngest and handsomest lady on the ship.

The large man-of-war was made ready from stem to stern with much labor of time and taste, and with great expense, for the grand fête. All obstructions were cleared from the main and quarter decks, and the ships' sides lined with the flags of all nations, the stars and stripes everywhere prominent.

Nothing was wanting that wealth could procure to make a gorgeous display. Lights of brilliant and varied colors, with highly polished reflectors, illuminated the festive scene, and an elegant tapestry of blue and gold, looped up here and there with knots of flowers and green wreaths, formed an awning over the dancing floor. It was indeed a radiant scene, and Rosine almost believed herself transported to fairyland. In the midst of the first dance Colonel Hartland appeared with Laura and his wife on either arm. Amber beads glittered in Laura's short black curls, amber ornaments graced her neck and arms, and an amber-colored grenadine

floated about her like a sunset cloud; there were no remains of the bold, bright glance that had so nearly been her ruin; her manner was subdued, and a downcast expression had imprinted itself upon her face. Miss Greenwood and her brother came forward and greeted her upon her entrance, but Ned, who stood near by with Rosine, bowed coldly, with a countenance stern and rigid, holding Rosine back by his influence, when she would have rushed forward to her friend. She felt a sense of meanness in being held back; but too timid to carry out her purpose, she was obliged to content herself with giving Laura one of her sweet, friendly smiles. It was not long before Mrs. Lieutenant Hartland, ushered in as she had been, and looking so beautifully sad, was besieged by gentleman friends of her husband, with pressing invitations to join in the dance, all of which she steadfastly declined; she was trembling inwardly lest she should lift her eyes and behold her enemy. Miss Greenwood watched her from a recess made by some of the ship's appointments, where she was half hidden, and pitying her most profoundly, despatched her brother to bring her to her side.

"I thank you most heartily," said Laura, as she took the Lieutenant's offered arm to go to his sister.

From this retired nook the two ladies could survey the whole dancing-floor, unobserved themselves, for green wreaths hung in festoons over them, and green branches sheltered them from observation. Miss Greenwood had been drawn to Laura by Sister Agnes, who had said, "Dora, make her your friend; you will find material wasting there for the want of some one to direct." She well knew how to make advances, and with her knowledge of Aleck's boyhood she soon found matter for conversation, but through much suffering to herself, for every memory of the early days of one brother was mingled with the remembrance of another, and brought back thoughts that she had striven for years to crush; nevertheless, she did her part well, and Laura did not once guess over what burning coals her companion was stepping, while she entertained her with little anecdotes of her husband.

Lieutenant Greenwood had passed over to Rosine, who was watching the company through the intricate frolic of a Virginia reel, which had been called for in honor of the Captain, who was from Virginia, and moreover, had expressed his old-fashioned notions about the round-dances, declaring "he had never been able to understand how these young heads stood so much whirling."

"I need not ask if you dance, Miss Benton?" said young Greenwood, as he observed her unaffected, eager interest in the diversion.

"O, yes, I love it dearly," she replied, blushing under his earnest gaze, "but I could not possibly dance here."

"And why not?" he inquired, smiling.

"O, there are too many people looking on, and somehow I don't fancy dancing with strangers. But you have not danced?" she said, inquiringly.

"No; I seldom dance except as a lay figure to make up a set. My brain must be very obtuse, for I could never see the ins and outs of the figures; and when my friends get me on the floor, they are generally glad to let me slip quietly away again. It seems a strange, sad way," he added, after a pause, "to celebrate the departure of this brave ship's company to the field of carnage."

"It does, indeed," she replied, her face gathering gravity from the reflection of his; "one would think they would rather go to church in a body, and pray for protection in battle."

"Yes," he said, slowly, "if one has a right to pray for protection in such an unjustifiable, aggressive warfare as this with Mexico, provoked by our own government, as some of the best men of our country do not hesitate to say. But do look at Ned in the corner there, he has been gazing at that statue of Psyche for a half-hour; she does not seem to inspire him with any mild sentiments. Let's go to him."

Rosine took his arm, and they moved to where Dr. Hartland stood, with his back to the assembly, and his eyes still rivetted on the statue.

"Ned," said Greenwood, "I am afraid you 'wander through the festive scene with soul but ill at ease.'"

"Pshaw!" replied the Doctor, impatiently, "I'm thinking what a pack of fools they are; chameleons fed on air; kicking up their heels over the guns that shall soon bring them a rich harvest of blood. I'm thankful you are like to be out of it, Harry; I respect you for it; but what are you to do for a living; you must have bread and butter, you know?"

"I can get on without the butter, Ned, if it is necessary, but I am coming to your office as soon as I get my discharge, for your advice."

"Humph! Advice!" said the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders; "that is what everybody wants, what everybody gives, what everybody asks, but which nobody follows."

"You are in a sad temper to-night, Ned, what is it? The brass buttons? If that's it, you may have your chance even now; the news has just come, that Surgeon Welsh of Aleck's ship, the X—, is dead. Don't you want the appointment?"

"No," replied Ned, almost savagely, "but I can recommend one—Le Compté!"

"Shame!" replied Greenwood, under his breath. "Come," he added, turning toward Rosine, "let us leave this crotchety man to his own pleasant temper, and Psyche for company."

"No, Rosa," said the Doctor, laying his hand on her arm, "I want you to dance with me when the waltz commences."

"O, don't ask me, there are so many people!"

"They shan't hurt you!" he replied, drawing her arm within his.

"Excuse me, Ned, but I would a great deal rather not," she said, entreatingly; "please don't urge me."

He dropped her hand abruptly, and turned again toward the statue.

While this conversation was going on, Miss Greenwood and Laura were fast learning to know each other. Impulsive and