

Poets' Hoquey.

DEW DROP AND FLOWER.

Still rest in my chalice, bright diamond of morning,
Nor rise to be lost in the wide depths of air.
Still lend me thy brightness, my petals adorning,
My beauty and odours with thee will I share.

Nay, tempt me not floweret, now is he arising
That keepeth me pure from the earth's staining dross;
Should I linger with thee, his attraction despising,
Through thee should I suffer defilement and loss.

From thy cup's fragile hold by the zephyr outshaken—
By thy withering east at thy root on the clay
Defiled should I grieve o'er my duty forsaken,
And downward should sink from the face of the day.

Tho' beauteous to earth and by earth's beauty cherished,
Far better unnoticed towards Heaven to soar.
All who've clung to the earth by the earth have they perished;
In bliss who've sought Heaven shall live evermore.

HAWTHORND E A N.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.
EASTWARD, HO!

"Yes, Lucy, we are very happy here," he replied; "more of earthly happiness than I ought ever to have thought could last. I will say that it has been like a death-struggle to think of giving it up, but I have done it. Father Sheridan has helped me," he added; "without him I do not think I could have brought myself to the step, even for your sake, but he says it is plainly God's will. I have laid the whole matter before him from the beginning, like a map, and he has not decided without deep thought and earnest prayer. O, Lucy, can earth afford any comfort like the help of a judicious, pious director! I went to him at once after the first day and night of anguish—I have troubled him days and nights since—he has probed the matter to the very foundation, and this is his decision."

"And this is all for me, Philip?" said the wife, overcome with the thought of the terrible sacrifice he was making.

"Not altogether, dear," he replied; "let us hope it is to be the final blow to my terrible pride, which we can never be sure is conquered, till it can bear to meet those whom I have wronged."

"O, Philip," she exclaimed, clasping his hand in hers, "it would be so blessed to die among our own!" He did not reply; he could not meet the matter as yet, with any desire; it was a too fearful rending of the veil that hid him from the world. With the energy and determination of his character, he saw that the longer the matter was deferred the harder would be the end, and like a true man he went to work at once on the necessary preparations for their removal before the winter.

There were trials in parting, even to Mrs. Benton; the home which they had made in the wilderness had many dear and precious associations, but particularly her regard for Dr. Nelson and the Leighton family, with more than all, her affection for Father Sheridan, who had been such a heaven-sent friend, made her leaving Inglewood, even with the prospect of a home at Hawthorndean, a great trial; but Dr. Nelson had been led to aspirations for the priesthood, and was soon to make his preparations for the holy work at a Seminary of the Sulpicians; she had helped him in finding his vocation, and their friendship was cemented by the most enduring ties.

She had been obliged to consent very reluctantly to Sobriety's marriage; finding her determined, she had promised her an outfit if she would wait till after the Christmas holidays, when she would be sixteen; all this, however, could be arranged with Mrs. Leighton, who would take a motherly care of the girl for the sake of her friend, for Marion's faithless course had made no enmity between the two families. Horatio Leighton never cared to see Athlaccas again, and in the spring was to remove his mother's residence to the capital of the State, which for the future was to be his home. Dr. Nelson's sister, Philomena, had been his little housekeeper for some months, though scarcely in her teens, and Mrs. Benton's proposition to take her east for her education was most gladly accepted by the brother. As the day approached when Mr and Mrs Benton were to take leave of Inglewood, the faithful "Old Cap" seemed all at once to become ubiquitous. Through the days of their preparation, Mrs Benton met him everywhere, always with his mouth filled with tobacco ready to help.

"Wall, I vow," he exclaimed, as he saw the row of boxes packed and marked, "this beats the Dutch; taking track for the east—heaps of trucks to haul, let's see—one, two, three, four. I can't count a hundred, but I've got a brother as can; deary me," he said, looking at Mrs Benton, "what mischief these gals make! I'll be bound this movin has to do with that right pretty gal."

Mrs Benton assured him that Miss Marion had nothing whatever to do with their departure. He shook his head doubtfully. "Waal, she's clearing out Athlaccas any way—here's Leighton can't stand it, and mothers naturally foller thar sons; and she's spite the Doctor for all useful doins, and so they'll make a priest on him; and finally her poor pap and mam must pull up stakes and foller; wall, women do make a tarnal site of bother. Now here's my Lindy Ann's been down to Crow Crick to hear this seventh-day feller; her aunt sent for her to come and get religion; she staid in a week, and came home crank and piert enough, I tell yer—said she'd got religion, but I don't see it; talks like a spinnon-wheel

about the Pope and Nantechrist, sent all the Papists to the bad place you know. Then I put in, and tel'd her she'd full better tuk the chance of sum of them Papists than of Jim McKinsey, or any other seventh dayer. They used to have them fellers in York State; they kept my woman and all her sisters in a tarnal brile all the time. I thought we'd got clear of the whole scrape on um when we came here; deary me, if that's what they call the march of civilizashun, the less on't the better."

The poor man having relieved himself, stuffed a new quid into his mouth and went to work. Mrs Benton talked to him of the expected tenant at Inglewood, but Rice declared he never wished to know him, for the truth was, he no sooner made friends with one new-comer before he was gone, and another took his place.

Rosine was almost wild with delight when she heard of the removal of her parents; her joy seemed like the overflowing of waters long pent in by restraint; apparently she forgot Marion and her misdemeanor; took but little interest, Ned declared, in letters from abroad, and was absorbed in one thought that she was again to be near her mother, laying plans without number with Aleck and the Doctor, all associated with dear old Hawthorndean. As to Aleck, Rosine's plans were the only matters into which he entered with any interest; his health was utterly broken down, his wound refused to heal, and mental anxiety was sapping the very foundations of his life; through his lawyer he had settled an annuity upon his wife, which could be withdrawn at his pleasure, but his heart was evidently ill at ease. Laura had again found refuge with Sister Agnes in the new House, that, Phoenix-like, had risen on the ashes of the older establishment. The Captain heard of her removal from his mother, but he made no sign; the time was coming, he plainly foresaw, when he should be obliged to resign on half-pay; perhaps something might be given him by government, in consideration of his wound received in fighting his country's battles. In his father's house he always had a home, but his life, ere he had reached thirty years, was growing wearisome to him. He clung to Rosine for comfort, as did every member of the family, and he was delegated to accompany her to Hawthorndean, to greet her parents on their arrival there. It had been a matter of a little contention in the Colonel's household, which of the three representatives of the male sex should have this honor, but a patient on the borders of the grave settled the question with Dr. Hartland, and government business pressed upon the Colonel; thus, much to the discomfort of the two left behind, the Captain was escort. It was beautiful to behold the tenderness that had sprung up between these two; a deferential, respectful, gentle affection on his part, and a thoughtful, care-taking love with her. She was the only one upon whom he ever smiled with one of those sunny, bright smiles, out of his clear blue eyes, that had given him such attraction in his early youth; now those heart-glances were very rare, and given for her loving assiduity for his comfort.

"Perchance he saw and felt the sympathy

She had for him, whose soul had such a scar."

They reached Hawthorndean to find the grandfather prostrate with the infirmities of age, and as Rosine soon discovered, borne down with anxiety about the coming meeting. With womanly tact, and the soft lady-like ways of her mother, she did much to smooth the path for the reception of her father.

The hour came at length when Philip Benton and his wife had left the railroad station, and were on their way across the bleak and bare November hills of her native town. Ah, those dear old stone walls, those precious home enclosures, strangers in the land where she had dwelt, they came to her like long lost treasures, and filled her with unspoken joy. Her husband could not sympathise with her here; she knew that to him this hour was one of untold sorrow, and she hid her joy, as the shade grew deeper on his brow at every familiar object. He nearly broke down as they came suddenly upon the entrance to a quiet, grassy lane, ending in a dense wood, where many years ago he had breathed into her ear words of love. She did not trust herself to speak, to calm his agitation, but quietly let her hand slip into his, reassuring him and strengthening him by her touch.

Never till that evening had Rosine felt her father's tears on her cheek, never had he so clasped her to his heart, and looked down into her eyes with such inexpressible emotion. Mr Hawthorne was unable to rise even to meet his beloved daughter, and Philip Benton, who had nerved himself for this moment, waited only to embrace his children, when he sunk on his knees by the couch of the old man, exclaiming, "I have wronged you, sir, deeply wronged you, by the past; can you forgive me for Lucy's sake."

"Rise, my son," replied the trembling voice of the father; "I judged you harshly—come back to me, come as a favor, and establish yourself as the head of my house. Lucy and you are all I have; my days can be but few, let me spend them with my children."

Mrs Benton listened, and tears of gratitude bedewed her cheeks, for this dreaded scene ending in unity and peace.

Mrs Benton was soon as thoroughly domesticated as if she had never left her home, and her husband, without intruding in any way, gradually came to be acknowledged master of the establishment; while Rosine and Aleck lingered among those beloved hills long after their tops were covered with white snow-wreaths. The blind Willie had taken a sudden fancy to Captain Hartland, and was his companion night and day. He had procured for him an alphabet and books for the blind, and assiduously set himself to teach the child to read; he also roamed over the fields with him, told him tales of war, and life in various countries; in short, made himself so necessary to the boy, that a word about returning to the city grieved him to the heart. Letter after letter had come from the Colonel and Doctor, urging their return and threatening on the Doctor's part an immediate raid upon the premises if Rosine was not forthcoming. It was a hard wrench upon the maternal love of Mrs Benton to part with her daughter again; she had