

X.

And yet their empire is not absolute.
The love of gold and woman share with thee
The human breast, and thy command dispute—
The latter thou canst conquer frequently;
Thy fiery voice can overcome the mute
And gentle eloquence of woman's plea,
And led by thee, the warrior leaves his bride,
In hope to be by glory deified.

XI.

The former is, alas! too staunch a foe,
And where it enters in, thy reign is over:
But I, nor love of gold or woman know—
Homeless and hopeless, doomed to be a rover—
No spring of love around my heart may flow;
What I have been oblivion must cover;
Although 'tis hard to learn, the task *forget*—
The memory of pleasure tortures yet.

XII.

But still there is a passion in the breast,
A grasping after thee and thine, oh, Fame!
The last sad flashes from the dim unrest
Of the phosphoric cup, now nearly tame—
The last lone gaspings of the heart oppress
With woe—the last brief quivering of its flame!
Open my heart, when death has stiffened it,
And there, within its core, you'll find *Fame* writ.

XIII.

And yet I'm conscious this will prove a vision—
This hope of winning from the world renown;
'Twill prove like those delusive-dreams, Elysian,
Of love and joy which did my boyhood crown.
Methinks I see the world smile, with derision,
More cutting even than its fiercest frown—
Yet still the heart with fate and fortune copes,
Pierced with the breaking of these fragile hopes.

XIV.

Onward, again! My words of grief are spoken,
And thought is driven to her ruined nook:
Let's laugh again! The heart that hath been broken,
Wears often to the world a careless look,
And showeth not, by any outward token,
The desolations that no utterance brook:
So I shall doff, again, Care's sombre casque,
And mingle in the great world's glit'ring masque.

XV.

Behold the characters that cross our way!
Turband and caftan, toga, domino!
Here beauty and delight around us play.
As, on a night of June, the fire flies glow—
Here, from the youngster to the sere and grey,
Mankind is eddying, in its whirl and flow—
All guided by that argument so old
And so convincing to the many—gold!

THE DYING BOY,

AND THE GOOD CHEVERUS.

BY MRS. SERA SMITH.

YOUNG Edward Stevens laid down the life of the good Bishop Cheverus, and pressed his thin, pale hand to his eyes, for the tears were swelling thickly from beneath it. He was a child yet, scarcely thirteen, bright, good, and learned, for his years, but sickness lay with a heavy hand upon him, and the boy knew, that ere the autumn should have passed away, the dry leaf would rustle upon his grave.

His mother was by, and she gently removed his hand, wiped the tears from his eyes, and laid her cheek to his high, pale forehead.

"You go to a more beautiful world than this, my son, where is wisdom and knowledge and love. You do not shrink from suffering, my noble-minded child, for that appeals only to the body—tell me all that you fear—all that you feel."

Edward put his arms about her neck, and wept freely.

"I was thinking of how much the good can do in the world—and I shall do nothing—the world will be no better that I have lived in it, dear mother."

"Say not so, my own son. You have done much, very much good, already. Have you not trained your own spirit to gentleness, and goodness—to faith in God, and submission to His holy will? This is a great work, my child—the greatest the human mind, even in long life, can achieve. Then (and she pressed him closer to her bosom) you have accomplished a great mission besides. You have called into exercise the sweetest and purest affections of your mother. You have taught me to pray as I never could have prayed but for you, Edward, and while talking with thee upon those exalted hopes that have not earth for their object, I have found my own faith deepened, my hopes purified, and a power imparted, of which once I could scarcely have dreamed. Say not you have lived in vain, my beloved, when so much has been done through your agency."

The eye of the young sufferer was meekly raised, he clasped his thin hands, and an unearthly smile dwelt upon his lips. "Father, I thank thee," he articulated. Then reverting to the first object of thought, he said, "Let us talk, my dear mother; I am weary, and cannot read. The good pass from the earth, but not so the good they have done."

"No, my son, and though the great and powerful, with their deeds, fade from the records of man, a perpetual halo lingers about the memory of the good. The despised Nazarene, wandering about the mountains of Judea, his locks wet with the dew of the night, scoffed at, perverted and forsaken, seemed little likely to survive the ignominy of the great tragedy of Calvary. But think of the thousands who have since died, relying upon his promises, reposing upon his love, and think how the affections of the good, through all ages, centre about his name. So in a more limited sense it is with all the excellent that have lived. They form a nucleus, gathering about them the sympathies of all the good

that succeeded them. The humblest child with a pure and loving heart, may away the feelings of a thousand.

Edward smiled gently: a flush passed over his pale forehead, and the blue veins dilated, as if stirred by exalted thoughts, and he whispered gently, "Go on, dear mother."

The mother brushed the tears from her eyes, but she was no weak and ordinary woman, to weep when good could be done, and she pressed the pale boy to her bosom and continued,

"Yes, the glitter that surrounds the conqueror, the great of the earth, merely, must pass away, but goodness is eternal. In the eyes of Him who seeth not as man seeth, the gentle, the prayerful and submissive child may have better fulfilled his destiny than the sage or the philosopher. It is the good, only that win the affections; and we love them even as if present with them, ages after they may have passed away; and we love them because the elements of goodness are in our own hearts. You, my son, have thrilled with admiration in reading of the all but Christian philosophers, Socrates and Plato; and it is so, and will always be so, with every generous-hearted school-boy. This is why we love to read of such men as Rahmuan Roy, and Oberlin, and Felix Noff, who were ready to sacrifice every thing in life, to truth and virtue. All, that will, can make the same sacrifices. You, my son, I am quite sure, would have been ready to do as much as any of these, or as much as your favorite Cheverus, had it been the will of our father to continue here. But he graciously accepts the desire, for the performance of the work."

The mother's voice trembled, and tears came to her eyes. "Be comforted, my dear mother," said the sick boy, "all is for the best."

"Many talk of the sufferings, the trials, and privations to which the good are subjected in this life. But with men of such exalted virtue, these cease to be trials, for their glorious conceptions are fixed upon things too lofty to be moved by the petty vexations of this world. What are poverty and the contempt of little men, to him who is absorbed in the majesty of virtue—who regards the loftiness of goodness, rather than the tinsel of wealth? When the good Bishop Cheverus carried the *wood, split with his own hands*, into the chamber of the sick wife of the sailor, did he feel degraded by the meanness of the service? No, for it was conduced by the principle of benevolence. So when he broke his last crust amongst the poor of his flock, who came to him as to a common father, did he feel the pressure of poverty? No, for he gloried to be like his Divine Master in humility and poverty.

The records of man can afford nothing more truly noble, than the good Bishop, domesticated with the poor Indians, partaking of their ill-prepared fare, sleeping upon their rude skins, and visiting their wild wigwams in the midst of storms and cold, that he might reveal to them the hopes of a better faith, and win them to the knowledge of the true God. I can realize the whole merit of the sacrifices he must have made, for I once visited the very tribe where he labored so long and faithfully. I witnessed their ill-constructed dwellings, their

filthy apartments, and the poverty to be seen all around them, and was even paddled across the Penobscot in one of those frail canoes, that the weight of a finger might upset. It might have been the very one that conveyed the good Cheverus upon some of his errands of love. But in the midst of all their debasement and poverty, the influence of the good Bishop was plainly discernible. The only framed building on the island, at that time, was the church, surmounted by the cross, and it was kept neat and orderly. The dead body of a woman who had died seventy miles up the river, had been brought down to the common place of burial, and was reposing in a rude white coffin, with the crucifix at the head, waiting for the last rights of their religion.

When they went to the grave-yard to dig the grave, I observed that each was ornamented with a wooden cross. They spoke of their Priest, Bishop Cheverus, with the greatest reverence and love. His word was a law to them. Nothing could be undertaken, unless first sanctioned by him. Though of a different faith, we cannot but admire the devotion and Christian piety, which prompted such sacrifices and labors for the good of a poor and obscure tribe of men, at that time on the outskirts of civilization.

In poverty and trial, the good man is perpetually reminded "wherein his great strength lies," and he resorts constantly to God for support. But it is prosperity that tests the intrinsic excellence of character. So it was with the good Cheverus. He knew this, and shrunk from the honors ready to be heaped upon him. With a noble humility he feared to hazard the test, and chose the works of benevolence, the labors of love, under the privations of a poor and humble diocese, in America, to the honors that awaited him in his native country. But he needed not have shrunk from the trial, great as it undoubtedly was, to one pure and self-distracting, as was the good Bishop. His humility never forsook him. He still might be found in the cabins of the poor and the suffering, imparting relief, and speaking the language of hope and comfort. His sympathies were not with the great, the affluent, whose followers are many, but with the lowly, the outcast, the degraded, the suffering, to whom he might impart relief, countenance, and protection. The rich carpets of his palace were as often trod by the houseless beggar as the rich and powerful; for all knew that the good Cheverus had an ear for every tale of misery, and a heart and hand to afford relief.

Noble example of Christian love and lowliness of heart. Blessed follower of the meek and loving Jesus, would that more would follow in thy footsteps! Edward's eye kindled as his mother recited passages in the life of Cheverus.

"Oh, my dear mother, I will not weep that I cannot walk in the footsteps of the good Bishop, for God has been pleased to order otherwise. I shall pass from the earth only to live in Heaven. And yet, mother, dear mother, the suffocation, the agony of the last moment, I do, do shrink from it. The mystery of death—it is terrible," and the sick boy pressed his mother's neck with a convulsive tenderness.

The mother fell upon her knees beside the dying boy, and prayed fervently, that these fears might pass from the spirit of her noble-minded child—that the gloom, resting upon the valley of the shadow of Death, might be dispelled by the glorious light of immortality. Calmly, and most fervently did that widowed mother pray beside the bed of the dying boy. When she had finished, a sweet smile was resting upon the lips of Edward, his blue eyes were looking up with an expression of holy contemplation.

"Thy prayer is heard, dear mother," he whispered; "death is but the rending of the veil. At the death of Jesus, the 'Veil of the Temple was rent.' I see it now—the good, the beautiful are there."

His mother pressed his lips to hers; the blue eyes closed; young Edward had gone to his home.

A SCENE IN LIFE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Yes! thirty years have rolled away,
Since these sad eyes beheld the day;
My youth has passed, and there are now
Some manhood wrinkles on my brow—
Some lines of thought, and some of grief,
And frost has touched my summer leaf.
Oh, mournful lot! that cares and fears
Have made me older than my years—
That my swift sands of life have run,
Not jewel-sparkles in the sun,
But heavy, dark and moistened grains,
Discolored by misfortune's stains.

Once on a point of time I stood
With fair survey of land and flood,
Where every prospect smiled around,
And verdure covered all the ground,
And every stream was flashing bright,
As if its waves were made of light.
Across the sun, if vapors flew,
Their pinions wore a golden hue;
If clouds were in the distance piled,
From each white mass an angel smiled;
If breezes came, and rain-drops fell,
'T was but to freshen grove and dell.

Then, like a traveller who will lean
Upon his staff to view the scene
Where Quiet, Peace, and Beauty reign,
I looked along Life's happy plain.
How like a vision bright and rare,
The landscape melted into air!
The mist arose, the storm descended,
The stalwart trees were round me rended,
The rivers wild and turbid grow,
The hill-sides wore a deeper hue;
High on the sea-shore dashed the spray,
And Darkness sealed the dome of day!

NIGHT.

BY W. C. RICHARDS.

THE day hath closed its weary eye,
And on the breast of evening sunk to sleep;
Forth from their caves the spectre-shadows fly,
To wrap the earth in darkness deep.

Silence, o'er all, her robe has roll'd,
And many gentle eyes hath Slumber prest:
When angel-spirits their soft vigils hold,
How blessed is the sleeper's rest!

Lightly the lids of Infancy
The wand of Sleep hath touched, and they are closed;
And ne'er in Eden-bowers more tranquilly
Unsuited Innocence reposed.

The fair girl on her pillow breathes
In melody—while with angelic grace—
The smiles which Fancy, in the night-hour wreathes,
Play on her sweetly-dimpled face.

The good man sleeps, and on his brow
Is written peace; his daily life is fraught
With thoughts and deeds of good to man—and now,
Their own sweet recompense they've brought.

But there are weary eyes unsealed,
And many hearts are aching at this hour;
The feverish couch of sickness may not yield
Its victims to sweet Slumber's power.

Nor these alone the Angel Sleep
Leaves unrefreshed, and tossed with bitter pain;
Others there are, who, racked with conscience, weep
Beneath Remors's galling chain.

Thousands are sleepless—night, to them,
Is but an echo of the weary day,
Yet still more sad; in sorrow and in shame
They drag the heavy hours away.

Yet are there some, whose wakeful eyes,
Sweet slumber fain would kiss, and woo to rest;
But a strong spell upon their spirit lies,
A deep, calm feeling reigns within their breast.

The night, to them, is holy time!
Earth, with her vanities, may not intrude;
And 'wrapped in self-communion all sublime,
They bless the welcome solitude,

Or lifting their pure hearts above,
They soar away to God's eternal throne;
And from His holy presence drink in love—
Ineffable—to earth unknown.

Yes, night has voices soft and low,
Teaching sweet lessons to the thoughtful mind;
Bidding its best and purest feelings flow,
In sympathy for human-kind.