

Moore's Conquer.

CONTENTMENT.

'Twas in the lonely midnight hour,
When by slumber's magic power
I was held a captive willing,
Visions bright my soul were filling,
And other worlds with cloudless skies
Ope'd to my admiring eyes—
Worlds where winter's storms came never—
Worlds where summer lingered ever—
Where the sun was ever beaming
In the pleasant hours of day—
Where at eve the light came streaming
From the moonbeam's mellow ray—
Where the bees and blossoming flowers
Quitted not the sunny bowers—
Where the dripping fountains played
(Neath the palm-tree's grateful shade)
With the soft, low evening breeze,
Stealing fragrance from the trees,
And with music's sweetest strains
Floating o'er the fertile plains;
And where the sheep bells ringing
And the lowing of the herds
Were blended with the singing
Of a thousand happy birds.
And I stood and gazed enchanted
On that world by fairies haunted,
'Till the sun with warning light
Rose from out the realms of night,
And woke me from my dream of bliss
To a common world like this,
Then a weight of discontent
To my heart its troubles lent,
'Till a voice within me spake
"Be contented where thou art,
Never seek God's will to break,
But with faith sustain thy heart;
For the soul that murmuring goeth
Seldom aught of pleasure knoweth
In a world where care and sorrow
Spring to light with every morrow.
But let contentment welcome find
In your heart and in your mind.
Make not life, so void of pleasure,
Your sole care, or your sole treasure.
Pray to God that he may clothe you
In the garments angels wear,
And He'll ever love, not loathe you
While your heart is pure and fair.
And when life is ebbing fast
From its earthly ties at last,
Then your spirit, pure and freed,
Quickly heavenward will speed
To the world above so bright,
To the radiant throne of light,
Where the angels, ever praising,
Songs of love to God are raising."
As that sweet voice from above
Sought my spirit to console
With its words of hope and love,
A light broke o'er my troubled soul.
And softly to my wakened mind,
As the summer's gentle wind,
Came the lesson God to man
Taught when first his woes began—
That this world, so full of sin,
Was not made to revel in,
But to strive and win the goal
For which His wisdom made each soul.

MINNIE.

Bathurst, October, 1874.

THE DISINHERITED SON.

A LEGEND OF FURNESS ABBEY.

CHAPTER I.

AN OCTOBER NIGHT.

GORGEOUS tints of an October sunset melted among the deep woods that sheltered Furness Abbey, tinting with saffron the varied foliage of the oak and beech, and casting a dull red glow on the more sombre boughs of the mighty planes that still grace the vale of the "Deadly Nightshade," or Bekansgill, as the spot is called, where the broken shafts and mouldering arches of the once famous Abbey of Furness, still attest the piety and munificence of its Norman founder, King Stephen.

The day had been unusually fine—one of those days which in the varied climate of England sometimes recall the heat and brilliancy of July in the waning autumn months.

The air had been so heavy and still that scarce a leaf had rustled down throughout the day, save when brushed by the wing of the swallow as she plumed her wings to exercise for her autumn flight to a more southern shore.

The broad sands of Morecambe Bay had lain searhing and glittering like gold dust while the tide was out, and the moss that clothes the outlying rocks that surround the little isle of Walney was bright

as an emerald in the fervid rays of noon. With the gorgeous sunset, however, the beauty of the day died out.

The clouds in the west deepened from their topaz hue till they glared like the red heart of the ruby.

Then they mellowed into darkness, and while the light that still touched the ocean grew lurid, a sombre shadow fell upon the dense woods and wild fells of that celebrated district in Lancashire called High and Low Furness. The air, which had been so still, suddenly strengthened; a white foam begins to crest the waves which had weltered so sluggishly all day; and in the Abbey woods showers of leaves were torn from the oak and beech, and even the massive downward drooping fan-like boughs of the plane trees were ruffled in the blast that uplifted them.

Darker grew the shadows on the earth, the blue-green of the planes became purple, while the half-stripped boughs of the tall elms waved like the arms of threatening spectres in the last lurid ray that glinted athwart them.

The shepherd, whose flock was browsing on the fells, drove homeward his charge; the wild deer and the roe sought their haunts in the deep woods.

The sea-mew scudded athwart the blackening wave, beast and bird alike recognised the signs of the coming tempest. The long reach of sand betwixt Walney isle and the main land is dangerous to travel now. The tide is rising, the moss-covered rocks are all submerged.

Lashed by the wind, the heavy billows rolling in are defied against the black surges by the gleam of the white feathery foam that crests them.

Unheeding the signs which warned the curlew and the roe, unheeding the fury of the gale, the roars of the vexed ocean, a youth, whose rich attire glistened in the fitful light, paced with disordered steps and frantic gestures the sands of Morecambe Bay. His head was bare, and as a gleam of blue lightning flashed athwart the sky, it shed a ghastly radiance on his upturned face.

Convulsed with rage though they were, his features had something almost fearful in their beauty.

The dilated nostril, the black eye blazing with fury, the curved lips speckled with foam, the thick locks streaming wide upon the wind, the knitted brow, would have told without a tongue the tale of fierce and malignant passion.

But, alas! words did not fail that wrathful youth.

Terrible imprecations, dire vows of vengeance, broke from those quivering lips.

Suddenly the young man paused in his frantic hurrying to and fro upon the sands, a wave of the incoming tide dashed so rudely against him as almost to take him off his feet.

He looked round, and was suddenly awakened to the dangers of his position.

Roaring, raging, raving; the sea, like a hungry monster, advanced with giant strides.

A boulder of rock that at low tide stood up like a pyramid betwixt Walney and the mainland, had the waves now breast high.

They were sheeted in foam, and bare and black stood up one pinnacle of the rock, and as the ruddy glow of the evening sunset died upon it, it took a blue sulphuric tinge from the flashing lightning.

The grand tumult of nature, the whistling winds, the roaring waves, the sable masses of clouds, that opened but to pour out the scathing fires from their rifts, had an awe and a majesty that rebuked the fiery tempest of one rebellious human heart.

"Oh heaven!" said the miserable youth, "unhappy wretch that I am, what boots it for me to vow revenge. All the fiends that rage and blaspheme in the region of the outer darkness, are not more helpless and hapless than I! Oh I could have borne it all, his triumph, and her scorn, and my father's wrath, if I could but have revenge, that sweet, that best of morsels!"

Then the youth cast around him a wild despairing glance. "But I; what am I?" he moaned. "Whilom, indeed, my father's favorite son. Aye, while I did not cross the path of his heir—while I foiled not his scheme for uniting the rich lands of Evelina of Egremont to the revenue of Thurston.

"Ah! if she had loved me—as, false woman, she beguiled me to believe she did—their fine scheme had fallen to the ground. I talk of revenge. Ah! in their happiness and their high place they can mock at my anguish, laugh at my wrath." Again the bitter meditations of the wild youth were interrupted by the foaming waves, one of which almost washed over him.

With that instinct of self-preservation which rarely abandons even the most wretched, he staggered towards the perpendicular rock before named, and climbing to its summit, stood for a brief space safe from the encroaching waters. He cast his eyes around him. The low-lying isle of Walney scarce appeared,—a dark undulating line above the western horizon, where still lingered a few streaks of ruddy cloud.

Landward were dimly seen the towers of the great monastery of Furness, and bounding the far distance, the mountains of High Furness and Coniston, that overlook the verdant and romantic shores of the lake of Thurston.

In the fast-gathering gloom of that stormy night, the keen eye of the youth sought in vain for the towers of a castle which in those times stood on the brow of a hill that immediately overlooked the lake.

But he shook his clenched hand in impotent rage, and turning his eyes from the land to the sea, he exclaimed—

"Since vengeance is denied me, may I not have rest? Oh thou wild and bounding sea, whose green waters I have so often buffeted in sport, fold me in thy embrace. Give peace to me, and remorse to them. Let mourning mingle with their joy, and Death show his grim face at the bridal feast.

"The hypocrites whose pity was the worst of all my wrongs, they must needs feign a sorrow if they do not feel it, and change bridal songs for the lyre-wake dirge when I am dead!"

With grim exultation the youth now stood watching the tide as