

Mothers' Coronation.

CHILD ANGELS.

BY ADELAIDE A. E. PROCTOR.

Our God in heaven, from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace,
For they give angels to their God and heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,
Knowing her dearer self, safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside?—

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love. We all
Are blind and weak; yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in heaven, fail or fall.

She knows, that, when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever; that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor;
But all the angels, flitting to and fro,
Pause smiling as they pass; they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know.

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Ah! saints in heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers;
Yet there is prayer in heaven more tender still—
The little children pleading for their mothers.

IN A CATHEDRAL.

Here comes the whistle of the engine: here
The factory's hum is heard, the news-boy's cry;
And while the busy streets their traffic ply,
All sounds of progress smite the unwilling ear.

Yet ling'ring here the ages flown appear,
In dead tongues spok'n, in rites that can not die,
Seen, as beheld of centuries gone by
In gorgeous shrines, or secret caverns drear.

Here well are met the present and the past,
For here we learn the meaning of each age—
Or modern glare, or old's mysterious hue—
How'er men separate them, shadows cast
Are both alike on time's unreal page.
Eternity alone contains the true.

HAWTHORNEAN.

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN MARTEN COMES HOME, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

THE after-reflections of Rosine were not pleasant; they were a mingling of relief that a duty was done, and sore grief at the way in which it was accomplished. The consciousness of the wrong she had done both herself and Laura, in being the repository of her secret, deepened when she felt herself relieved of the obligation, and she determined no long time should elapse before she would unburden her mind to Dr. Hartland or the Colonel. She sat in the drawing-room alone the evening after Laura's departure. Colonel Hartland and his lady were out, and the Doctor, who since her convalescence had never sought her society, had gone to the library. The impression came upon her that now was her time, and coming where Dr. Hartland was smoking, his head thrown back, his feet in a chair, and his eyes shut, she said in her sweetest tones, a little tremulous, "Brother Ned, may I speak with you?"

He raised himself and turned upon her one of his penetrating glances.

"I have waited for you many days, Rosa," was his reply.

"But you did not give me an opportunity," she said, seating herself on a footstool by his side. "You have been offended with me, and never told me why."

"Rosine," he replied, sharply, turning away from her as he spoke, "you know very well the cause of my displeasure—I should say my disappointment. I thought when I met you, there was one of your sex who would not and could not deceive; but when you lent yourself a tool to Laura Marten's machinations, my confidence in you was shaken."

"Edward," she said, hiding her face in her hands, "I have done very wrong, but you are unjust to me. If I was a tool to Laura, it was an unwilling one, and I have thrown off the yoke. I hope it may be a lesson to me."

The Doctor laid by his cigar, and turning about again, he asked, "Rosa, do Laura Marten and Aleck correspond through you?"

"Yes. I knew I ought not to make a secret of it; his letters came enclosed in mine, but they arranged it without my consent, or even knowledge. But that is not all," she continued, mustering courage from his kindly manner, "there is a greater secret which I obtained and kept very unwillingly; it has burnt in my heart ever since it rested there; they are engaged to be married."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the brother, starting to his feet;

almost overturning Rosine in his excitement. "Engaged! Laura Marten engaged to Aleck! Her heart is blacker than I thought. But on the whole, it was fortunate perhaps that it was not a public engagement; after her course with Le Compte all other promises must be at an end, unless a man's a fool! but now I think of it, Rosa, Aleck assured me only a day or two before he sailed that he had no intention of marrying this woman."

"She wears a betrothal ring with their initials, and the motto, 'Omnia vincit amor.'"

"Fools!" cried he, impatiently, "Aleck will be charmed with my last epistle, in which I described the campaign of his affianced with this scape-grace Le Compte. It will be a bitter pill if he cares for the worthless girl; but I'll risk their hearts," he added, lighting a fresh cigar, "such hearts as Laura's might love on continually, the object still changing, the sympathy one, to the end of the chapter, without fear of cracking, much less of breaking. Do you call that love, Rosa?"

"It don't seem like it to me," she replied timidly.

"I hope it never will, but at your age you can hardly be expected to know much about it. But never have a secret of this kind," he added, laying his hand on her head; "young as you are, you are old enough to know that if this engagement had been made public in the beginning, Laura could not have gone on as she has; and I believe it was her plan to keep it secret, that she might flirt to heart's content during Aleck's absence. Don't you see, my little one, that she was acting a lie?"

"I do, I did see it," she replied earnestly, "it made me wretched, and I expostulated with her; indeed, I have hardly had a light heart since I have known it; her conduct seemed so wicked, it troubled me to know, that I was a party, in a way, to her untruthfulness."

"This trouble helped to make you ill, and retarded your recovery. Rosa, you will be better now you have told it. Never bear such another burden [while I am in the land of the living. I shall tell Captain Marten of this, that he may keep a strict watch over his dutiful daughter, unless she finishes the plot by running off with Le Compte.]"

Captain Marten was [exasperated beyond measure when Dr. Hartland made known to him the secret of Laura's engagement. He cursed and swore roundly in true sailor fashion; said, "if she hadn't more sense than to quit a nice young naval officer for this upstart adventurer, she deserved to be shut up in a convent for the rest of her natural life," and laid his commands with more force than ever upon the sister under whose care he had placed his daughter, not to suffer the girl to go out without herself for company.]

In this home of her aunt's Laura had only a few months before been wooed by Lieutenant Hartland, and the associations of the present with the past made her reflections anything but agreeable. She was completely caught in her own net—she said repeatedly to herself that she did not care for Le Compte, and she said truly, and yet she could not rid herself of him. She had never believed him more serious in the flirtation than herself; he knew of her engagement and correspondence, but he still pursued her with his attentions in a way that seemed to take it for granted that she was ready for his company, and after the first feeling of vexation with his presumption, scattered by his honeyed flattery, she found herself powerless to resist his will. She remembered how Dr. Hartland had spoken of this will, which she found so powerful, so irresistible—and she was rather relieved when a third, in the person of her father, ordered her away from her enchanter.

Mrs. Norris, the mistress of the fine estate to which Laura was banished, was a weakly-minded person, unfitted to control and scarcely able to influence one with Laura's strong points of character. She had been delighted with the little episode in her usually monotonous life, which had brought her niece and the Lieutenant to her house, and though she scolded her for her imprudence, when the captain entered into the details of her conduct with Le Compte, her eager questioning about the affair, when Laura was alone with her, manifested the truth that she, after all, did not see wherein her niece was so very much to blame.

Captain Marten was called away by the duties of his ship, but he reiterated again and again his charges both to his sister and daughter. It was not long before Laura, with her attractive exterior, drew about her the young people of the neighbourhood, and before many weeks she was engaged in a round of pic-nics, fishing parties, and moonlight rides, which drove Le Compte quite out of her mind. A set of tableaux were to come off, in which she was much interested, expecting to take part in these living pictures; but a sudden and severe cold, for which she was obliged to lay by for a week, prevented her assisting, except as a spectator; even that was imprudent, as the physician had forbidden her leaving the house. Many young people from town were to assist in the exhibition, and she did not resist the temptation to be present.

"Ah, dear," said Mrs. Norris, in the second rising of the curtain for the striking piece, the Sultan and Sultana, "if you were only in the place of that fair-haired, petite girl!"

"But, Aunt," Laura replied, "we will imagine her to have been a Circassian slave; they are small and white."

As she spoke, the next scene was announced, "The Game of Life." Laura turned a look towards the stage, and uttered a faint cry, for in the person of the arch-adversary represented therein she recognised Le Compte. She pleaded faintness to her aunt, and almost unobserved she left the company and stepped to the verandah. Fear, dread, attraction, interest, and repulsion, mingled in Laura's mind as she wandered down the pine walk to the broad river, which lay in the clear moonlight like a thing of life. She forgot her indisposition, her position, everything but the dreaded presence. At the last terrace, before reaching the stream, she paused; her quick ear caught the sound of a step behind her, her frame became agitated, the powerful unseen influence was near, she could not stir. But in that moment she did resolve—yes, her