

Poets' Convey.

THE WEE PAIR O' SHOON.

(From the 'Scotsman'.)

Oh, lay them cannie doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sicht—
They mind me o' her sweet face,
An' sparklin' e'e sae bricht.
Oh, lay them safely doon beside
The lock o' silken hair,
For the darlin' o' thy heart and mine
Will never wear them mair!

But oh! ye canna hide, Jamie,
The voice that lisped yer name;
An' the wee bit hands sae aft held oot
Wi' joy when ye came hame!
Ye canna tak' awa' the smile
That shone like simmer morn;
An' the rosy mou' that socht a kiss
When ye were weary worn!

The eastlin' wind blows cauld, Jamie—
The snaw's on hill an' plain—
The flowers that decked my lammie's grave
Are faded noo, an' gane!
Oh, dinna speak! I ken she dwells
In yon fair land aboon;
But sair's the sicht that blin's my e'e,
That wee, wee pair o' shoon!

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XV.

INGLEWOOD.

THE night before the Colonel was to return to the east the conversation between him and his friend was prolonged far into the small hours, although Mrs. Benton from the inner room assured her husband he would make himself ill again; the two friends seemed like lovers loath to part.

"I cannot but hope, Philip," said the Colonel, as he rose for the third time to say "good night," "that the time may come when you and your family may live in the east again; it is too bad to throw them away here."

"East!" replied the other with almost a groan; "for them I wish they might, but for me, never. I hoped it would please the good Lord to take me to himself in this illness. O, Aleck, it is a dreadful thing for a man to come to feel that his family would be better off without him."

"Don't name it, Phil," said the Colonel, seating himself again; "think of Lucy, how desolate she would be without you. Better off! Why I tell you she would not survive you long. What a woman she is!"

"You may well say that, but you don't know half she has been to me; but, my noble, my generous friend, when that time comes, as I hope it will, then may she look to you as I have, Aleck?"

Colonel Hartland did not trust himself to reply, but he gave his hand to his friend in token of hearty assent. He wished to stay to see them out of that "lonesome, windy, grassy place," into the snug haven in the woods, but not being his own man his time was limited; he kissed Marion in parting, and told her that he should have her to pass a winter with her sister before long, and went away leaving light and good cheer in the Prairie Home.

Rice came over to assist in packing and removing, which was to be done immediately. He had been constant in his kindness to the family during the illness of Mr. Benton, and had at length won his respect for his sterling worth, so that now, when they met there was a kindly recognition of obligation on the part of the once proud Philip Benton, for the services of his rough-hewn neighbor.

Mr. Benton was still too feeble to make any arrangements for leaving the one place, and occupying the other; and Colonel Hartland, who had taken a special fancy to young Leighton, had engaged him to attend to everything, particularly the broad ploughing around the farm, which was necessary in those days to save it from the devastations of the usual autumn fires. The men employed had finished the work only the day before they were to move, the last thing was packed, and Marion was playing a tune preparatory to boxing the piano; Horatio Leighton standing on one side, Mr. Rice with hammer and nails and eager listening ear on the other, when Sobriety rushed into the house, her eyes fairly snapping with light; "Uncle Sam's farm's afire!" she exclaimed.

There was a general rush to the door, to witness that grand and awful sight so wonderfully set forth to the life, by our own able countryman in his description of prairie scenes.

"Pears it's like that day Miss Marion read me about in the book," soliloquized Sobriety.

"How very fortunate," said Marion, turning to her father, "that the ploughing was finished around the fence."

"Providential, my dear," replied he gravely, "but for it, we should have been beggared, to say the least."

"It come near makin' a mess on yer," exclaimed Rice, who had gone out, and now came running round the corner of the house. "Here, you youngster," he added, addressing Leighton, "there's work for us." The young man did not answer the call at once, and it was repeated. "I say, youngster, stir your stumps or you may burn up, pretty gal and all, don't you see the fencin is took." Leighton rushed to the door at this announcement, "Here," added Rice, "get up behind and give us a lift at stin fire." But Sobriety was before him and had jumped upon the horse behind Rice, and away the

two went, careering over the fields to where the fence was beginning to burn. Indeed there was need of haste; the clouds of flame and smoke, were coming down upon them like an army with banners, leaping over the furrows, and with their forked tongues catching here and there the spires of long rank grass between the sods that had been ploughed, curling about the dry fencing, and bounding through it to reach the stubble within. The dull lurid light spread over earth and sky, giving to the faces that gazed on this wonderful sight its own terrible hue. In a moment Leighton was mounted and going in another direction where the danger was equally threatening. The three worked rapidly, pulling down the fence and covering the already ignited rails with fresh ploughed earth, beating and literally fighting fire till the flames swayed in a different direction, when they returned, much wearied and blackened by their exertions.

"But for your timely help, my kind friends," said Mr. Benton, giving a hand to each of the men, "everything must have gone before this 'destruction that wasteth at noonday.'"

In a few days the family were settled at Inglewood, the name which Marion had given to their new home. Mrs. Benton's heart leaped with thankfulness as she strolled under the protecting arms of the broad centennial oaks and familiar maples, and in their friendly shelter she rejoiced continually. Marion, too, was happy, gladdened by her proximity to Alice Leighton. They were near neighbors, and that day must be indeed dark and stormy that did not bring a meeting between some members of each family. The remove brought them near the physician who had so skilfully carried Mr. Benton through his dangerous illness, and whose advice had brought them to their present home. A promising, cultivated gentleman, brought to Athlaca by his attachment to the Catholic Church, could not fail to be an object of interest to both Mr. and Mrs. Benton, and with him had arrived the faithful pioneer missionary, who was earnestly spending himself for that object to which he had consecrated his life. A church had sprung up as if by magic, and Mrs. Benton no longer mourned the absence of the Holy Sacrifice.

Between Dr. Nelson and Mr. Benton had grown a wonderful intimacy, commencing with the confidential intercourse of the sick-room. The sensitive shrinking from strangers which had marked Mr. Benton since his sojourn in the west, had given way before the modest worth of Dr. Nelson. It was a study, a most pleasant study, for the wife to note the progress of this friendship between her once proud, cold, haughty husband, and such a manly, Christian heart. The physician was one of those rare spirits who have no rough corners, or rather whose rough corners have been rounded by the discipline of a hard life. With great natural reserve and a quiet, unobtrusive nature, he had a soul that was always prompt to do right—sensitive and sympathetic as a woman, without any touch of weakness. His inner life flowed on like a noiseless stream hidden from view, and betraying its existence only by the fresher verdure springing up in its course.

Though a young man, for he had not reached thirty, his experience gave him the wisdom of added years; born to wealth and worldly hopes, his life had, since his orphanage at the age of fourteen, been one continued struggle with adverse circumstances; his father's riches faded before the wind of a terrible financial crisis, and he died leaving his wife and two children with a very small pittance for their support. The wife had soon followed her husband, and now Dr. Nelson stood in the world without the claim of kindred with any person save his sister, Philomena, whom, out of his own earning, he supported at the Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

Mrs. Benton felt a motherly care for the young man, and longed to help him when he made light of the serious inconveniences of a life among a rude people, like the population of Athlaca. He had built his small cabin not far from Inglewood, and the grateful heart of Mrs. Benton could not resist the temptation of bringing many little comforts to his bachelor's hall, which only a woman knows how to provide. After the removal, all his leisure was spent with his friend, Mr. Benton, who never seemed to tire of his young companion. His extensive knowledge of men and things, aided the young man in his profession; while Dr. Nelson's guileless devotion to his faith, and his cheerful, contented waiting on God, afforded to Mr. Benton the example he most needed, that of a manly Christian.

Marion was fast becoming identified with Athlaca society, she was the leading mind, and she at once took her position as the first young lady in the growing town. In Sunday-school, in works of charity, in decorations of the new church and the altar, she was conspicuous everywhere. She had great success in removing prejudice against the Catholic Church, and she was equally successful in impressing upon her friends her importance in more worldly matters. Good Father Sheridan, the faithful pioneer priest, called her his right-hand man. Emigrants of the better class came flocking into the town, and houses began to dot the prairie in all directions. A new brick court-house to mark the county town, sprung up near the church, the law and the gospel working side by side.

Alice Leighton appeared to be regaining her health slowly but steadily, perhaps from the skill of Dr. Nelson, who had been consulted by her mother, perhaps through the constant motherly advice of Mrs. Benton, perhaps from a new interest which seemed to have sprung up in her heart for the temporalities of the new parish of St. Monica, in which she saw her young friend so interested; whichever it may be, something had brought out the before undeveloped resources of her character, in a way to astonish her friends. The long winter, the dread heretofore of Marion and Alice, came laden with joys congenial to the mind. The families made a point of meeting when evening "drew her crimson curtains round" for social enjoyment. Mrs. Benton proposed historical research, and as Father Sheridan had a good library, and Mr. Benton's books were choice, they had great success in that direction, the gentlemen reading aloud, while the ladies plied the busy shaft of industry.

It is an interesting study to note in such a group as our friends formed, gathered round the cheerful hearth, the different impressions received from the same volumes. Mr. Benton with his strong powerful will, deep thought and experience of life; Dr. Nelson with his calm, quiet aspirations after right and truth; Horatio Leighton with