

Poets' Conquer.

A MORNING SONG.

Come let us up, arise, arise!
Night's course is fully run.
The flow'rets with their painted eyes.
Look up to greet the sun.

The dew upon the meads doth lie,
From crystal skies let fall,
A diamond drop in every eye,
But not one tear in all.

Now lift we up our hearts to Heaven,
Lift up your hearts on high;
To God let morning thoughts be given
That days may well go by.

From many a darksome pool and slough
The dews were gathered up,
That brightly on the meadows show
And deck the flow'rets cup.

They rose from marsh and stagnant well,
Forsaking slime and stain,
Then purified to earth they fell
And gladdened all the plain.

So be our thoughts uplift on high,
That cleansed from earthly strife
Their brightness on our path may lie
And glad our daily life.

Come let us up, arise, arise!
Night's course is fully run,
The warbling lark ascends the skies,
All nature greets the sun.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XVII. REVELATIONS.

THE first breach of the silence with respect to Miss Marten took place one evening just after the family had comfortably arranged themselves, each intent upon their own business; the Doctor, with pipe and last Medical Journal, seated near Rosine, who would occasionally apply to him for the solution of some difficult problem; the Colonel with his daily paper, and Mrs. Hartland with the last number of Harper, and her knitting, without which she would have felt that she was idle, when a servant came in with a note for Colonel Hartland, containing a request from Sister Agnes, that he would call at the House of the Infant Jesus as soon as convenient.

"I wonder what's the matter there!" he exclaimed, reading the note aloud.

"Don't go, sir," replied his son. "Laura Marten is there, and you may depend this is some of her management; don't go."

"A very gentlemanly response to the good Sister's polite request!" he said, turning upon his son. "What on earth could Laura Marten want of me? I don't believe in this senseless talk of an engagement between her and Aleck, though Rosine here tries to convince me."

Rosine, who had sat with both hands pressed against her ears pouring over a proposition she was to learn by heart, looked around at the sound of her name, which came to her dimly.

"What is it?" she inquired, the conversation having been lost on her.

"Here it is," replied the Colonel, giving her the note.

"O, do go," she said, rising and coming towards him as she took in the contents of the note. "You will go?"

He drew her down upon his knee and replied, "Yes, my blessed little daughter. Did you ever know me to refuse the request of a lady? I leave that for Ned."

"I really wish you would go, husband," said Mrs. Hartland, energetically, and with a sharp glance at Rosine; "I wish this matter settled, and Laura Marten made to understand that we do not, and will not acknowledge the engagement."

"If you would delegate me, sir, in your stead," spoke the Doctor, rising in his excitement, "I'd soon nail Laura Marten's pretensions to the mast. The unprincipled, impertinent—"

"Stop, Ned," said the father, bringing his hand forcibly down upon the table; "Laura ought to have an opportunity to speak for herself; I'll go at once; it may prevent you, my boy, from saying many things you may wish unsaid."

Mrs. Hartland, taking this opportunity to call on a friend with whom she would remain till the Colonel returned, Rosine was left alone with the Doctor. She was gaining in decision of character and force; the timidity of her childhood was beginning to wear off, though she could not yet control her color.

"Ned," she said, as she took her seat again for her lessons, "you are very revengeful toward Laura."

"You don't know anything about it," he replied; "she has done wickedly."

"We all come under that condemnation," she replied, timidly. "Don't say that, child," he retorted. "I hate cant. Don't put yourself on a level with Laura Marten."

"She has had no mother," continued Rosine, turning about towards him, and speaking earnestly, "no brother to tell her what was wrong. I have had both," she added, with tears in her eyes. "If she has erred more than I, it is because I have been kept by friends and home influences from the temptations she has met; be-

sides, 'if thy brother offend against thee seven times, and seven times turn again, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him,' and Sister Agnes says she is so penitent."

This was unanswerable. Dr. Hartland wanted to say "stuff," but he had too much respect for Rosine's religious principles, so he puffed away without a reply, while she turned again to her books, and was soon absorbed in her studies.

"Rosita, Sister Rosita," he commenced, after a half hour's silence, "come, leave those dull books, I wish to speak to you. Wouldn't it be more profitable to be looking after Dora Greenwood than seeking Laura Marten?"

"O, dear Miss Dora!" she exclaimed, without turning from her books, "I long to see her; but how can I? She has never called here."

"And probably never will," he interrupted, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The Colonel might put you in the way of seeing her, if it wasn't for the Commodore."

"Are not they friends?" exclaimed Rosine. "I always thought the Colonel was friendly with every one."

"It is an old story," replied the Doctor, "and is not worth the ashes," he added, knocking the ashes from his meerschaum. "The old story! Ill blood between the army and the navy. Mrs. Army looks down on Mrs. Navy, and Mrs. Navy snaps her fingers in the face of Mrs. Army. Besides, he suspects the Commodore of preventing Aleck's promotion, and the Commodore hates the Colonel for telling him plainly he was a fool to force Harry into the naval service against his inclination; so they go. I'm glad I am not in the mess."

Colonel Hartland found Sister Agnes alone in the little parlor of the Orphan's Home. "I have sent for you," she said, after the first kindly salutation, "to see Miss Marten; she has something of importance to communicate. You and I both know that her conduct has been very indiscreet—nay, I must speak the truth, very wicked; but if it is any satisfaction to you, I can truly say she gives evidence of her deep, earnest penitence for her folly, she is entirely willing to leave the matter with you; she would have seen you before this, but that her delicate health required that she should be kept free from excitement."

The Colonel bowed, thanked sister Agnes for her communication, and followed her to another room. She left him at the door, where he rapped and entered as Laura rising from her seat, neither putting out her hand nor advancing, till he stepped forward and greeted her with his usual courtesy. Traces of weeping were on her cheeks, and there were lines of sorrow in her young face; her short hair hung in tight curls to her head, giving her an exceedingly youthful look, but the brilliant bloom of former days was wanting.

Laura had planned how she should meet this interview, and what she should say, for many weary sleepless nights, but the words choked her, or fled from her memory when she attempted to utter them. "I don't deserve anything," she said at length, in a low husky voice, her eyes cast down and her hands clasped—"any thing from you or your family, but contempt." She had begun where she intended to end her speech. "But," she continued, "I will endure any punishment, even separation from all of you, but I must tell you—"

She paused and trembled, and her face became deadly pale; the Colonel sprang forward. "No, I shall not faint," she said recovering herself and stepping back, she gave into his hand a paper she held, the same she had shown sister Agnes in her sick room; it was worn and blistered with tears. She turned away from the Colonel as he opened it, and hid her face in the folds of the curtain. The Colonel put up his eye-glass and read:—

"This certifies that Lieut. Alexander Hartland and Laura Marten were united by me in the bonds of marriage in — Church, P—, April 20, 18—, according to the laws of the State of —."

ABIEL STEPHENS, Rector.

MARY A. STEPHENS, } Witnesses.
HELEN STEPHENS, }

The Colonel dropped his eye-glass and looked fixedly at Laura. "Married!" he exclaimed, "you and Aleck married!" He glanced again at the paper, took a memorandum book from his pocket and copied it.

"Laura, does your father know of this?" he said at length.

"Yes, sir, I told him this morning."

"Where are his lodgings? I will see him at once."

He found the stout old Captain wholly unprepared to compromise or hush up matters, but boldly declared his intention to publish the marriage in the morning papers.

The Colonel wished to investigate, to be sure there was no mistake, to hear from Aleck before the thing was made public. "Laura had behaved very improperly, and there could be no harm in waiting awhile longer;" but the Captain swore roundly that "Laura had done no more than forty respectable married women he could name; she promised well for the future, and indeed he believed in letting bygones be bygones; as to mistake, there was the marriage certificate, which could be easily proved valid, if that was what the Colonel wanted." They parted much excited, Colonel Hartland hurrying home, forgetting his wife; but she, wearied with waiting, had taken a carriage and reached home before him. Unlike his usual light hearted cheerful comings, he went to his own private parlor instead of joining the family circle, or even looking in upon them.

"Father's in trouble! waterlogged!" said the Doctor, shaking his head as he heard the door close after him; "something goes against the grain. You never find father going into such close quarters without a *dénouement*. As a youngster, I always trembled when the Colonel took to his private room, for I expected something serious after it. I was sure he had heard of my youthful delinquencies, and was prepared to give me what I deserved."

As he spoke, a servant entered with a summons from the Colonel to his son. Rosine smiled, and the Doctor putting on a distressed look, went out of the room humming,

"O, would I were a boy again."

"It is worse than I thought, Edward," (he never called him Edward except upon very serious occasions), "it was worse than I