

Moeta's Coronet.

ST. DOMINIC.

BY MARIE.

Dost thou sing the fame of the ages past,
And tell proud tales of the days of yore?
Ah! pageant glory, too bright to last!
Ah! hero days, that return no more!
Dost thou vaunt the skill of the knightly lance,
And paint the pride of the war array?
'Tis the boastful dream of a dead romance—
'Tis a lance long sheathed in the rust's decay.

Thy heroes fought for an earthly fame—
For the lurid flash and the lightning's glow,
And the trumpet's vaunt of the victor's name
Is lost in the wail of his battle's woe;
But I sing of a fame that shall ne'er decay,
Though its dawn-light rose in the gray old Past,
But its source was the light of an endless day—
Through the "vast forever" its beams shall last.

Dost thou show the castles of stately stone—
The turrets proud and the bannered height?
Dost thou boast of the conqueror's lofty throne,
Of his boundless realm and his kingly might?
But the ivy hangs on the ruined wall,
And the moss is green on the mould'ring tower,
And years have fled since the kingdom's fall,
And earth is throng'd with the tombs of power.

I paint the pride of a conflict blest—
'Tis an olden strife, but it rageth yet;
I sing of a bright lance still in rest,
But its edge was ne'er by a blood-drop wet.
My stately tower was builded fair,
In the golden days of "the long ago."
But the banners wave in their beauty there,
And the walls are white in their first fresh glow.

I sing of a kingdom grand and vast;
It lies at the foot of a rock-built throne.
That realm first rose in the far-off Past,
And its strength is great as in ages flown;
And I tell of a founder brave and strong—
A hero arm and a lance well-tried;
The fearless foe of the hydra Wrong—
The mighty slayer of the serpent Pride.

His field of fame is the lowly cell,
His coat of mail is a monk's robe white,
And the magic arms he hath used so well
Are the Word of Truth and the voice of Right.
An Order noble and brave and true—
This is the realm he hath founded fair;
The stately tower, so old, yet new,
That gleams in its earliest freshness rare.

The saving Cross is its banner bright,
Where the face of a conquering victim pleads,
And the hosts are linked with a chain of might—
'Tis the rosy wreath of the mystic beads.
O wondrous Dominie! leader strong;
O king of a glorious subject-train!
The future's centuries, bright and long,
Shall see no end of thine ancient reign—
Shall see no pause in thy olden strife,
The hero-work by thy hand begun,
Till thy hosts are crowned with eternal life,
The guerdon fair of the deeds well done.

—San Francisco Monitor and Guardian.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REMINISCENCES.

DURING the Christmas holidays, when Rosine had nearly given up hope that she might renew her acquaintance with Miss Greenwood, there came a vote, wondering if Rosine had entirely forgotten her, accompanied with a pretty souvenir in the shape of a *bénitier*, beautifully carved in Parian marble, representing an angel holding the font, on one side of which a grape-vine trailed its fruits and leaves; while on the other, beads of wheat were carved in delicate tracery. The note urged in warm tones Rosine's promise that she would make an effort to come to the Commodore's house for the sake of her friend.

Dr. Hartland pressed upon his father the propriety of making the first call with Rosine, which was forthwith accomplished, and matters were put on such a friendly footing, that the omnibus which passed the Navy Yard stopped quite often, to drop or take up our young friend, on her visits to Miss Greenwood.

The Colonel, who was somewhat old-fashioned in his notions, questioned once or twice the propriety of so young a miss taking so long a drive alone in an omnibus; but the Doctor reminded him that times and customs had changed since he was young, and women were considered quite competent to traverse the round globe without other protection than their own innocence, and it was well for Rosa to take her first lesson of "the rough and tumble" in a route of six miles or so, in an omnibus by broad daylight. These meetings were a source of much pleasure, as well as profit, to Rosine. She found herself always welcomed, pressed to stay, urged to come again, but her visits were never returned. She saw no one in her calls but her friend, the grandfather having been taken to his rest, and the Commodore never

appearing. Miss Dora's parlor, to which she soon found her way without a servant, overlooked on one side the Navy Yard with its groups of tasteful buildings, the parade ground, and the busy life of the shipbuilders. The sunny side of the room hung as it were over the ocean; and the neighboring city, with the constantly passing and repassing white-sailed ships and majestic steam vessels, was in full view. The interior was suggestive of comfort, but not of luxury; though taste and refinement were visible everywhere, they were displayed at small expense. A deep alcove, well stored with books, occupied the side of the room between two doors leading to other apartments, which Rosine had never entered. The windows were filled with choice exotics, and the sunlight streamed in during the winter's day. This with the well filled and well ignited grate, gave the apartment a cosy, homelike look, which won Rosine's admiration always. An unexpected holiday occurring in midwinter she remembered her promise to her friend for a whole day, and eager for the pleasure, she forgot to consult the time, till she was safely deposited by the faithful 'bus at the gate of the Navy Yard. A sight of the large church clock not far off, made her pause and ask herself if it would be an intrusion to have come so early, but it was too late for that consideration, and she made her way, as usual, to the pleasant parlor.

Rosine entered after her light tap, but found no one within; though the door to one of the inner rooms was ajar, and she was startled by the sound of sobs and bitter weeping coming from within; at a loss what to do, her instinctive delicacy led her to take a position at the farthest window and gaze intently across the waters. The sounds continued many minutes, mingled with faint ejaculations, as if of prayer; presently all was quiet, and after a moment, Dora came forth, evidently not expecting to meet any one, the tears still on her cheek. A faint flush overspread her features as her young friend came forward to greet her, and as she clasped her in her arms, Rosine could feel the quick throbbing of her heart.

"My sweet child," she said, "I am glad of your happy face to-day. I have been at my prayers; it is the golden hour, as the Italians call it, but I see I have lengthened it," she added, looking at her watch.

Rosine apologized for her early appearance, with a glance toward the half-open door through which Miss Greenwood had come.

"Ah, my sweet confidant, I will show you what is very sacred to me," said Dora, and taking her hand, she led the way towards the oratory.

The tiny room was oval in form, lighted by a dome of diamond panes colored with dark rich shades; in the very apex of the dome was a dove with spread wings pictured in the glass. The floor was inlaid with wood of different colors and shape, forming figures and anagrams; at the end of the room opposite the door was a large marble crucifix, on a broad pedestal of the same material. Against the wall above the cross hung a Madonna and child, a very ancient painting, evidently by the hand of a master. The stations of the cross were represented around the deep blue walls in fourteen cameo-like pictures. Rosine knelt with her friend as she entered this place made sacred by prayers and tears; no word was spoken as they paused before each representation.

When they returned to the parlor a heavy sigh escaped the young girl's lips. "I have made you sigh," said her friend, kissing her, and drawing her towards a couch opposite the windows looking down the bay. "It is but right I should tell you why you find me so sad. To-day is my lost brother's birthday, and I cannot forget him, especially there," she added, pointing to the oratory. "I mean to talk with you of him, if it will not pain you."

"O, thank you," said Rosine, slipping her hand into her friend's; "I should love to hear more of him; the Doctor once spoke of him in the most affectionate terms, but I never dared to ask any more than he chose to tell."

"Ah, yes," replied Dora, "Edward Hartland could speak of him from the heart as I can, for he loved him well." She paused a moment to recover herself from the agitation some memory had produced. "You have found me, Rosa," she resumed, "when the old grief is aggravated by a new; this must be my apology for my want of self-control. My brother Harry's ship is in the offing; we expect him soon, perhaps to-day. You have heard of his resignation; my father is incensed against him, and against me also, because I cannot think he has done otherwise than nobly, to renounce all worldly advancement for the right. You do not know what it is to have known duty clash with parental commands; God, in mercy, spare you this trial. Harry returns true, noble-hearted boy, to a home where he is unwelcome, and to companions who will throw cowardice in his teeth, because he will have nothing to do with this unjustifiable movement towards Mexico. If his resignation is accepted, he stands at the age of twenty-three without a profession and almost without means, except what firm health and a stout heart give him. But he will only grieve to have brought upon himself the continual frown of his father; upbraiding will be dreadful to one of his affectionate home-loving nature. I don't know why it is," she continued, turning her face to Rosine, "but somehow, though you are many years younger than I, it is good to speak to you of what I mention to one else; and I can talk to you of Earnest and my early days. Since our first meeting at the beach, before I knew who you were, I had this same wonderful heart-drawing towards you, like an elder sister's confiding love."

Rosine pressed the hand she held in hers, she could not speak, but she looked with her tearful eyes into the face of her friend, with a look that told at once how fully she reciprocated her warm affection.

"Dear Rosita, I wish you to know that I did not always live as I do now. My childhood's home, for which I sometimes have such a longing as I cannot describe, was in a lovely country town, among the birds and bees, and I was gay and happy as they. My father's pay as Lieutenant was small, and his long absences left my mother to manage the affairs of the family as she chose. Colonel Hartland's sons were at school in the town where we lived for some years, and boarded with us; I may say we grew up together. It was then and there the friendship, the like of which I have never seen, was formed between my brother Earnest and Edward Hartland. They were perfectly in-