

Poets' Conquy.

THE GREEK FATHERS.

(BY THE VERY REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.)

Let heathens sing thy heathen praise,
 Fallen Greece! the thought of holier days
 In my sad heart abides;
 For sons of thine in Truth's first hour
 Were tongues and weapons of His power,
 Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,
 Our fathers and our guides.
 All thine is Clement's varied page;
 And Dionysius, ruler sage
 In days of doubt and pain;
 And Origen with eagle eye;
 And saintly Basil's purpose high
 To smite Imperial heresy,
 And cleanse the Altar's stain.
 From thee the glorious preacher came,
 With soul of zeal and lips of flame,
 A court's stern martyr-guest;
 And thine, O inexhaustive race!
 Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught grace;
 And royal-hearted Athanasé,
 With Paul's own mantle blest.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XVIII. REMINISCENCES.

It was sung to a plaintive air, and when she had finished she found the Doctor resting his head against the mantel and looking forlornly into the fire.

"Did Dora ever speak of me to you?" he said, turning abruptly to Rosine as she came and stood near him.

She was confused for a moment by the suddenness of the query, but said with some hesitancy, "Yes, Ned, she has spoken of you to-day, and told me such a sweet, sad story about her dear lost brother; it is his birth-day, and I found her weeping, and wept with her."

"Well, you may weep with her, and with me too," he replied bitterly, "for never a friend lost a dearer. Why, Rosa, upon my return to life after that terrible voyage, and when I knew that he was sleeping down among the coral reefs, I begged them day and night to cast me where he was; he was dearer to me than all heaven and earth: and poor Dora weeps and prays, I'll be bound, for his precious soul!" he added with a half sneer.

"Yes," said Rosine, timidly, "but is not that better than not to care for one's soul or the soul of one's friend?"

"Did you mean that for me?" he replied, looking up into her face. "If you did, you may ease your mind on that point; I believe, but it is in a God of infinite love, yearning for our return, ready always to help us, not watching for our halting, as some good pious ones misrepresent Him. I do not believe in a God who could condemn such a soul as Earnest Greenwood to eternal damnation, simply because he was not baptised, or had not 'experienced religion,' as you good people tell of. He did nothing but experience religion all his life, if love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, temperance, go for any thing, and they are called the graces of the Spirit. He had them all; and he had trials in his bitter cup which few men knew, and yet he never let go his trust—his trust in God or man, and you and Dora condemn this noble soul—"

"Never, Ned, never," she replied earnestly, "else why should Dora pray for him? No; the Catholic Church holds that one strong earnest desire for baptised sin where it cannot be had, one perfect act of contrition for sin, one perfect act of love for God, saves the soul for whom Christ has died, in the hour of death—is, in fact, the gift of faith; and we don't know how often this may come to poor souls in their dying hour; at any rate, we do know and believe that God is infinite in His mercy, and will not cast out any who come to Him; but we do feel that it is dangerous to defer our duties to that hour."

"Ah, Rosine," he said, "there was a time when I nearly lost all confidence in every thing human or divine, but it is coming back to me," he added gently, "and you have helped me wonderfully."

"O how I wish I could help you, comfort you," she added in a whisper. "I'll me how."

"Be always true, Rosita," he replied; "always transparent, free from cant and trickery, and nonsense, as you now are, and keep your faith bright, you can do wonders."

CHAPTER XIX.

HARD TO FORGIVE.

MISS GREENWOOD and her brother, on their way to accomplish a call upon Mrs. Laura Hartland, suddenly came upon Rosine, who was persuaded after some little urging, to join them. Neither Dora nor the Lieutenant had more than a passing acquaintance with Laura, and they would not have sought an interview with her, except from the benevolence of their hearts, and as the wife of their friend. Sister Agnes, to whom they were no strangers, had hinted that it would be a kindness, and she received them now with her always cordial welcome, while to Rosine she extended a little reproachful pat, reminding her how she had neglected her mother's friend. Laura met the visitors with a smile, but Rosine, who knew her so well, saw the shadow that came after it, the care-worn, anxious look, which had once been a stranger to her countenance. The bloom was returning to her cheek, and the flashing of her eye reminded Rosine of the past, but the subdued and thoughtful expression that had gathered on her face, gave her more of beauty but less of light than formerly. In parting, Laura

drew Rosine to her bosom and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, whispering, "Don't hate me." Sister Agnes begged of her a visit of a whole day during the following week, that she might show her the children of the House in whom she used to be so much interested, and Rosine, though she dreaded the visit, could not well refuse. The sight of Laura had disturbed her; she felt that Dr. Hartland's influence over her here had not been good, but more than all, she realised the positive hatred that had been growing in her heart, as the kiss still burned upon her brow; the kiss that had roused in her only feelings of repugnance. She had once reproached Ned with injustice and hardness, now she had a vision of her own unholy, unforgiving spirit. She listened to the faint ticking of the clock (Laura's present), as she communed with her heart in her own chamber, upon this change in her inner feelings; there was a change even in this memento of love, the figures were not visible, the tapers were lying unlighted beside it. She almost hoped something might happen to prevent her visit, but instead there came a letter from her mother, inquiring if it was inability that kept her so entirely from her mother's friend. The day came, bright and clear, and there was no excuse, so she took her way to the House of the Infant Jesus, with only feelings of distaste. She found Laura gone for a walk, by the urgent advice of the Sister Superior; she had seldom ventured out alone, though she had been an inmate of the Home more than two months. There was no reproach to Rosine in Sister Agnes' warm greeting and kindly manner, as she took her young friend over the large establishment, showing her the new nursery, where fifty infants of less than two years were tenderly cared for.

"You don't know what a help I find in Mrs. Hartland," she said; "all these quilts are of her knitting," she added, pointing to the pure white coverings of the tiny beds; "she is bound to finish them all alike, and so neat and pretty; then there is no end to the little garments she invents; she is never a moment idle, for an idle moment brings only anguish to the poor girl's heart. Tell me, Rosa dear, do they ever speak of her at Colonel Hartland's?"

"Very seldom," replied Rosine with some hesitancy, and thinking she saw a slight shade of reproach on the Sister's face, she added, "I don't think any thing I could say would make it any better."

"Perhaps not," sighed the Sister, "though I did hope the Colonel, when he knew her real penitence, would allow her to take a position in his family, for her own and husband's sake; for us, we should miss her sadly here."

"Is she cheerful?" inquired Rosine.

"Sometimes," replied the Sister; "yes, even gay when she is frolicking with the children, but every day brings its sad hours. Perhaps the Colonel thinks a longer season of probation necessary, but it seems to me as if every day would make a reconciliation more difficult. O, my dear child, how hard we frail mortals are upon our fellows, when perhaps the great God, in His infinite purity, sees on our character blots as deep as theirs!"

Rosine struggled with contending feelings. "Sister Agnes," she said at length, "the Colonel is waiting to hear from Aleck before he takes any step; but for myself, I must tell you I have had dreadfully bitter thoughts toward Laura, they seem like love turned almost to hate; her past conduct appears to me so unworthy of a pure woman, since I knew she was really married all the while. I have disliked to come in contact with her; I may as well confess it, there is something within repels me from her, when I used to love her so dearly."

"Ah, Rosa," said the Sister, taking her hand caressingly, "we should be in a sad state if our dear Lord cherished such feelings toward us—and yet I suppose they are natural feelings; but our Gospel has taught us better things, and we may abhor the sin without hating the sinner. Laura's sins are such as the world winks at in those who have friends, wealth and position, but in her comparatively friendless condition, they grow into crimes even in the eyes of those who are indulging the same folly and love of admiration. Do not think," she added, noticing an expression of surprise on the young girl's face, "that I would have you look lightly or without abhorrence upon Laura's course; unfaithfulness to the marriage vow even in thought, has God's special curse upon it; I want you only to hate the sin and pity the sinner; especially when humbled as Mrs. Hartland is. Perhaps by a gentle softening word here and there, you may open the Colonel's heart to his son's wife; she has a perfect yearning for reconciliation, and with her affectionate generous nature, kindness can do great things. Mind, Rosine, I do not mean to recommend a violent intimacy between you and Laura, a strong girl friendship; but now she is in trouble you may help her, and by your better training and knowledge of right, win her to goodness by interceding for her in the family?"

Before Rosine could reply, the street door opened and closed with a sudden crash. Laura stood alone in the hall, aghast with terror; she could not speak as Sister Agnes led her to the visitor's parlor. "What is it, dear?" she inquired, soothingly, as Laura bowed her head on her hands, and trembled all over with agitation.

"It is he!" she exclaimed, wildly rocking herself to and fro; "he will never leave me—he followed me—he is at the door—even here I am not safe!"

The Sister assured her that no one could be admitted there without her permission, but it was a long time before she was at all calmed, or traces of color came back to her cheeks and lips. Rosine's gentle heart began to melt before such evident suffering and sorrow; she came to her, as she was wringing her hands with distress, and whispered, "Laura, I have wronged you, can you forgive me?"

"O, Rosa," she replied, "if you know what I have suffered, am suffering, and must suffer, you could not hate me; you would at least pity me."

"We will be friends again," said Rosine through her tears, her warm, impulsive nature making her forget everything.

Sister Agnes was called away by the imperative duties of her vocation, and the young people were left together. Laura poured out her whole soul to her young friend; reproached herself, and no one else, for all that had befallen her; recited the long story of her illness, the many times she had longed to die, if only she could assure Aleck