

Poets' Corner.

THE MINERS.

BY MARIE.

Far down within the dismal mine,
Where fragrant breezes never blow—
Where genial sunbeams may not shine
Nor crystal brooklets flow—
There gleams the wondrous gold amid
The shrouding granite's dark disguise;
And there, in deep oblivion hid,
The shining silver lies.
Far, far below the verdant soil,
So soft with dew, so bright with bloom,
The miners dig, with weary toil,
In dread, eternal gloom.
What seek they? Wealth that taketh wings—
Delusive treasures set in dust—
The gods where worldly worship clings,
The idols of its trust—
The mocking gleam that falsely leads
Through stagnant marshes foul with sin—
The demon bride, that darkest deeds
And deadly wiles may win.

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Within a rich, exhaustless mine
The Christian Brothers fondly toil—
There blessed sunbeams ever shine,
And bloom bedecks the soil;
There gleams the wealth that fleeteth not
On restless pinions, swift as light;
There shine the gems no rust can blot,
No blemish e'er may blight.
Within the fruitful heart of youth
These willing miners long have wrought,
For there the stainless gold of truth
Their patient toil hath sought,
From foul alloy of guilt and vice
They free the wealth of silver ore—
They set the wondrous pearl of truth
Within that shining store.
Ah! saintly toilers! not from earth
Your labors claim a scant reward;
Look upward—lo! your task is worth
The guerdon of your Lord.
Come, blessed ones! and with each gem
Your hands have freed from earthly leaven,
In Love's eternal diadem
Be fitly shrined in heaven.

—*Manhattan Monthly.*

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XX.

HARRY GREENWOOD IN SEARCH OF A PROFESSION.

"HARRY, you are a brave fellow!" was the first greeting, as they clasped hands. "I wrung it out of Rosa; she doesn't gossip, but I made her tell me; and really I don't see why you subject yourself to such insults, such abuse. Why not leave, and let your father curse you roundly, once for all?"

"No, Ned," replied the young man, gravely, "a parent's curse is, next to the curse of God, most to be dreaded; but if in the course of Providence I must bear even that, God helping me, it shall not be brought down by anything I may do or say to defend myself. I think nature would have mastered me that day, if I had not left. Miss Rosine's presence gave a deeper sting to the name of coward, and to the remembrance of the boyish follies brought up against me."

"Is it your religion, Harry, that gives you such command of yourself?" said the Doctor, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder. "I can admire it at distance, but I know if my father had spoken to me in that way, I should have seared my tongue with words that could never be wiped out. I was snappish to you the night of the dance," he added, giving his hand to his friend, while an emotion of admiration extended over his noble forehead.

"Never mind, Ned," replied Greenwood, cordially squeezing the offered hand; "you and I don't keep old scores against each other, if for no other reason, for Earnest's sake."

Dr. Hartland turned quickly away, and stirred hastily the few live coals in the grate. There was a pause of some moments, when with another sudden movement he turned again, passing his cigar-stand to his visitor. Greenwood shook his head—another pause.

"Well, tell me about the profession, while I puff," said the Doctor, lighting his cigar. "Hold on a minute!" he added, as a sudden thought darted into his brain, and rising, he went to a *beaufet* near by, taking out decanters and glasses. "Help yourself, Harry," he said, pushing them toward his companion; "the best of old Sherry and Madeira."

"No, I thank you, Ned," replied Greenwood, not looking up from the paper which he had seized as soon as he seated himself, and upon which he had already sketched the lines of a cottage with many gables.

"What! been in the navy these ten years or thereabouts, and neither smoke, drink, nor indulge otherwise? Why, Harry, you'll do for anything; but tell me, what's your fancy now by way of a profession?"

"I'm looking for my vocation," was the reply, "while the drawing progressed rapidly."

"Suppose you turn monk, that's thy vocation, Hal," said the Doctor, quizzically.

"Indeed, no!" replied the other quickly, raising his eyes from the cottage, his fine face all aglow with smiles. "I intend to take warning by your example, and marry the first opportunity."

"And not let fancy, but vocation lead in that matter?" inquired the Doctor, jestingly.

"Fancy may speak, but not guide," replied Greenwood, resuming his drawing.

"You are a choice chap, Harry! I'd welcome you to a faculty; how would you like medicine?"

"Thanks, friend," was the reply, while the pencil moved briskly, "but I have not nerve enough, and no taste for it."

"Well, you haven't the *dernier resort* of the ministry in your church, and you are too honest and haven't talk enough for a lawyer. Why! you'll make an artist," he added, rising and looking over his friend at the sketch, which now exhibited a very pretty fancy, well executed.

"No, not an artist," he replied, as he pencilled, the delicate lines of a willow to shadow his cottage; "but perhaps an architect, I think I have a talent for that. I'll tell you," he added throwing down his pencil, "my intellectual taste and talents would prefer architecture on a grand scale. I would like to design cathedrals, churches, religious houses, gentlemen's country residences, public edifices, hospitals, asylums; while my fancy and love of quiet would lead me to seek a country life, and the pursuit of horticulture."

"Time enough for the last, when you shall have made a name," replied the Doctor; "then you can take that wife you mean to marry so soon, and with a little farm well tilled, and a little wife well willed, pass down the downhill of life in the occupation of your great-grandfathers, Adam; but take architecture thoroughly first, make the tour of Europe, and get up your name by getting at the soul of old Grecian and Roman architecture. In the meantime, I am matter of fact, where are your funds? of course, your father went open his wallet."

"I have a small stipend from my mother, which has slowly increased since I came of age. I have never disturbed it, meaning to leave it for a rainy day; that will be sufficient for immediate necessity, and Dora—"

"You'll do," interrupted the Doctor; "only if you ever come to a corner, and want help to turn it, don't go to your father. I'm an old bachelor with an ample income, and your sister will need all her own; so for your own sake, as well as for those we will not name, never doubt I am glad to share mine with you."

"You are a noble friend, indeed!" exclaimed Greenwood, "and I shall—"

A rap at the door interrupted the conversation, and after the double knock, entered Captain Jones.

"I'm sorry to tell you, Doctor Hartland," said that officer, after helping himself to wine and lighting a cigar, "that Le Compte has the appointment, through the influence of those high in office, and in spite of our exertions."

"Then either he or Aleck, or both, are dead men before the end of this campaign," replied the Doctor, turning pale. "What plot has this double dyed rascal in his head, that leads him to seek this position just now?"

"He has trouble at home, I reckon," said Captain Jones; "there are rumors afloat of disgraceful conduct in the family of one of his patients, and the ladies friends are seeking to hush the matters by getting him out of the way."

"What villains go unhung!" soliloquised Dr. Hartland. The appointment was confirmed in the papers next day, and it would be difficult to say which was the greater sufferer, the wife or the brother, and each suffered silently and alone.

In a few weeks, Harry Greenwood's arrangements were made for a voyage to Europe, to pursue his studies in architecture, which in the rudiments was by no means to him a new acquirement, as almost all his leisure on ship-board had been spent in drawing outlines, ground plans, projections, elevations, till his portfolio was a text-book, but altogether in the civil branch of the science: not a model, naval or military, appeared on its pages, showing, as Dr. Hartland had long ago said, "his heart was not in the service." His library too, manifested the same preference for research in this branch of the world's knowledge.

To three persons the leave-taking was very sad; to his sister came memories of another brave heart who had left her mourning and desolate, never to return, but she hid her fears, and gave the parting kiss with great heroism; but many hours went by before she arose from her prostrate position before the crucifix in the oratory, and days of severe struggle with human will, and the strong yearning love of the sister which rebelled against this step, though in the calm interior of her soul, undisturbed by outward storms, she could say, "Thy will be done."

Her trials at home were increased, for the Commodore took the occasion of Harry's departure to reproach her for the loss of both his boys; but she did not sit down and surlily live over her miseries; she sought those whose sufferings were greater than her own and ministered to their griefs. She succeeded in winning Laura by her gentle, dignified tenderness, to the right way, and assisted her in her untrained efforts after peace of mind. To Dr. Hartland the parting from Harry Greenwood was a trial, and withal a satisfaction; had he done so, his conscience would have told him it was not altogether because the young man was thereby advancing himself. He had looked with solicitude on the increasing intimacy at his father's house. "Harry is very nice," he said to himself; "yes, very nice, but not in a condition to think of Rosine, certainly not yet;" and the last parting convinced him of what before he had only surmised, that the young man was fast getting into deep waters.

Innocent, unsuspecting, and unimpressed as yet, Rosine had