

Port's Gonnay.

GRAFFITI D'ITALIA.

(ARONA. LAGO MAGGIORE.)

The following beautiful poem appears in 'The Month,' London, for September. It is by Oscar O.F. Wilde, son of Lady Wilde, whose poetic genius he inherits. Mr. Wilde and his family are Protestants, and he is at present a student in Oxford University.

I.

The corn has turned from gray to red,
Since first my spirit wandered forth
From the drear cities of the north.
And to Italia's mountains fled.
And here I set my face towards home,
Alas! my pilgrimage is done,
Although, methinks, yon blood-red sun
Marshals the way to Holy Rome.
O Blessed Lady, who dost hold
Upon the seven hills thy reign!
O Mother, without blot or stain,
Crowned with bright crowns of triple gold!
O Roma, Roma, at thy feet
I lay this barren gift of song!
For, ah! the way is steep and long
That leads unto thy sacred street.

II.

And yet what joy it were for me
To turn my feet unto the south,
And journeying towards the Tiber mouth
To kneel again at Fiesole!
Or wandering through the tangled pines
That break the gold of Arno's stream,
To see the purple mist and gleam
Of morning on the Apennines.
By many a vineyard-hidden home,
Orchard, and olive-garden gray,
Till rise from the Campagna's way
The seven hills, the golden dome!

III.

A pilgrim from the northern seas—
What joy for me to seek alone
The wondrous Temple, and the throne
Of Him who holds the awful keys!
When, bright with purple and with gold,
Come priest and holy Cardinal,
And borne above the heads of all
The gentle Shepherd of the Fold.
O joy to see before I die
The only God-anointed King,
And hear the silver trumpets ring
A triumph as He passes by!
Or at the altar of the shrine
Holds high the mystic sacrifice,
And shows a God to human eyes
From the dead fruit of corn and wine.

IV.

For, lo, what changes time can bring!
The cycles of revolving years
May free my heart from all its fears
And teach my lips a song to sing.
Before yon troubled sea of gold
The reapers garner into sheaves,
Or e'en the autumn's scarlet leaves
Flutter as birds adown the wold,
I may have run the glorious race,
And caught the torch while yet aflame,
And called upon the holy name
Of Him who now doth hide His face.

HAWTHORNDEN.

CHAPTER XXII.

HORATIO LEIGHTON TAKES A STEP FORWARD.

MRS. BENTON sought no opportunity to give either the message or the gift till the solemn scene was over. Alice lived but two days after the reception of the sacraments, but the crucifix was never out of her hand; she seldom spoke, and calmly and peacefully fell asleep in her baptismal innocence. After the burial, Mrs. Benton returned the crucifix to Dr. Nelson, and reposed in him the secret intrusted to her by the dead.

"It can do me no harm now," he said sadly, repeating Mrs. Benton's words—"but I could have sympathised with her—yes, I think I could have loved her very dearly, but it would have been only the remnants, not the dear first love she gave me. Ah! she is far better with that love which is eternal and unchangeable—to go direct from her baptism to the embrace of her dear Lord, what could we ask for her!"

The mourning mother brooded over her dead daughter's journal of the past year, and a voice of gentle wailing, like a dirge, ran through every page. It was an unfathomable mystery to her even, when she came to a withered bunch of violets among its leaves,

with the initials, J. N., and the date of the last May day, when Dr. Nelson had proposed her Queen of May, and on his knee had presented her with the flowers.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE SISTERS.

Marion and her lover had settled down, after the first flush of their betrothal, "a heap like old folks," Sobriety said, as in absence came the regular letter, and when present the regular visit, and always the regular newspaper, which Marion studied with great diligence.

Rosine had heard of the engagement in her city home, and talked it over with Colonel Hartland, who pronounced Leighton as promising a young man as he had met for years. But the business-like courtship was not to be continued unbroken; late in the autumn came a pressing letter from Colonel Hartland, urging his friend to allow Marion to pass the winter at the east. He was coming to St. Louis on government business, and would bring her back with him. It was only right, he said, that she should have a few glimpses of life before taking her place among the matrons. Mr. Benton and his wife looked at each other wistfully, as if waiting for a question, when they had read the letter.

"What do you think of it, Lucy?" he said, leaning towards her, and clasping her hand in his; "it is hard, to ask your only remaining daughter."

"It is not that alone makes me hesitate, Philip; while I have you I can never be lonely. I am thinking separation and contact with the world might be the best test of her love for Mr. Leighton."

"Better now than after marriage," quickly replied Mr. Benton, "I have often doubted the depth and endurance of her love for him, but never of his."

"Perhaps it would be well to leave the decision entirely with Marion," said the wife; "such a visit might benefit her in many ways, and be a comfort to Rosine."

"Yes," replied the father, in a tone of relief; "a winter together would be wholesome for both the girls. It is really a pity that Hartland has no daughter of his own; his son's marriage does not promise much comfort; I trust the Doctor, if he ever marries, will do better."

Mrs. Benton answered only with a half-suppressed sigh changed to a smile as Marion entered, ruddy and glowing, from a sharp canter with her lover across the prairie.

"O, beautiful! glorious!" she exclaimed, as her quick thought took in the contents of the letter her mother had put into her hand, saying, "We shall leave the answer to you, my daughter."

"But can I go?" she inquired, eagerly, and then blushing crimson, as she met the earnest look of her father.

"Your mother and I think it best to leave the decision with you," said her father.

"Then I shall surely go," she cried, clapping her hands and running to the door to meet Mr. Leighton. "Think of it, Horatio! a winter in——. Isn't it enough to make me giddy?"

"And me giddier," he said, in his outspoken honest way, as she stood before him. "Why will you torture me; you know you will not go!"

"But indeed I will," she replied; "look at this," and she gave him the letter of invitation.

All that evening he plead and reasoned to no purpose with the refractory, determined spirit of Marion; she was not to be shaken; she even questioned his love for her, that was so selfish as to wish to keep her immured in Athlacc, when she had such an opportunity for improvement as well as enjoyment. She played the injured one, till the lover almost persuaded himself he had wronged his beloved, in wishing to keep her from what was so much for her good.

"Old Cap" soon heard the news, and came "pegging it over," as he said, to search out the truth of the matter.

"This beats all my first wife's relations!" he exclaimed, as he approached the door in which Marion and Horatio were seated, he teaching her to tie a sailor's knot. "Takin' track for the east! he, Miss! Well, I must say it's nigh time, since you've bejuggled half the young men in these diggings; put the Doctor in a fever that none of his truck'll cure, I'll be bound, and made an old man of this chap before his day; it's time you started. You foller, I s'pose," he added to Leighton.

"What am I to do?" She will not take me with her," replied Leighton, with an attempt to smile, while he extended one hand to Rice, and in the other held the strands of the yet untied knot.

"Can't you tie a knot as can't untie?" said Rice, looking quizzically at Marion. "You know thar's many a slip."

The young couple blushed crimson, and the words sank deep into Leighton's heart. It was evident to himself that he did not fully trust Marion; perhaps the fervor and strength of his own affection made him more doubtful of hers.

Harold was at home for a few weeks this time, a fine grown young man, nearly as tall as his father, with his mother's brown eyes, and Rosine's golden hair. He was filled with high hopes and great expectation, having chosen his profession as civil engineer, and was determined, with the strength of a powerful will, to be among the first therein. He had made warm friends in St. Louis, and he scorned Marion's desire to go east; he never cared to see any thing east but Rosine and Willie; the great growing west was his Eldorado. He turned and annoyed Marion by asking her if, when she was Mrs. Governor of Illinois, she would use her influence to give him the laying out of the railroads through the State. A little depression came over Marion a few days before she left home, and her mother was relieved by even this symptom of heart; for it had been a surprise to her how, with the chosen object to be left behind, there should be such readiness for a separation. Horatio and Harold accompanied her on her way as far as Chicago, where they were to meet Colonel Hartland, who by