

Mrs. Rego

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Poetry.

From the Dublin Sentinel.

ACROSTIC.

PROTESTANT up, it is time to awake.
The hour for thy sleeping is past,
Giant, arise, since the peril is great,
The foe-man is on thee, stand fast.
Thy "helmet" is Hope, thy "girdle" the Truth
And Faith, trusting faith, is thy "shield,"
Thy "sword" is the Word, thy banner unfurl
Let Christ be inscribed on its field.

Remember that strength these weapons do wield
Can spring from no vigour of thine;
Give Him the glory to whom it is due,
Nor with it thy powers extwine.
Depend on His grace, in prayer look up,
And having the spirit "new born;"
Thus fight for the faith, contend for the truth
And laurel thy brow shall adorn.

On thy country look, how sad is its plight,
Once England the great and the free,
Land where the Gospel has shone forth so
bright,
True principle now can you see?
Rotten professors, Christians in name,
Regardless of truth and of God;
Fill your old churches, and tread on the soil,
Where martyrs for Jesus have trod.

These weep not one tear—nay, care not one
straw—
That errors are spreading around;
Nor wonder at this, since unchanged by grace
In fetters of hell they are bound;
Such will deem thee fanatic, term thee a fool,
Because of thy zeal for that "law"
Which God gave to man, Christ died to
confirm,
And the Triune wrote without flaw.

Vea thus has it been in days gone by—
The half-hearted hating the whole,
And doing their best, in every way,
Bold efforts to check and control;
But, soldier, be firm, champion of truth,
Decision thy cause will require;
"Hardness endure," "set thy face as a flint,"
Yield not, shrink not, fear not, nor tire.

Satan knows well the sharp edge of thy sword
That error before it must fall;
So silly whispers "judicious" to be,
Of "prudence," oh, list to the call.
Some good men be tempt the cry to repeat,
And they, too, would draw thee aside,
Just turn a deaf ear, nor give the least heed,
Or, warrior, woe thee betide.

The falsehoods and crimes thou hast to oppose
In "canons" and "bulls" may be seen;
Clear argument's use, drawn forth from
"the Word,"
A weapon well tempered and keen,
Bible doctrine is that which the Papist so
dreads
It *alix* g. iscomfits the foe;
He beats a retreat instant, because
The spirit gives force to the blow.

Aware you should be that into your camp
A band of dark traitors have come,
Who, in the fight, will most surely desert,
And go in a body to Rome.
Their chief is one "Pusey," subtle enough,
They ape the old Pope and his crew,
Their churches arrange the Mass-house just
like,
From pulpit throughout to the pew.

Now buckle the armour, encased cap-a-pie,
Go forth, for the contest is near;
See those advancing who aim to destroy,
All to Protestant hearts most dear.
Think of thy country, thy queen, friends,
and home.
Thy soul, thy Saviour, and thy all.
So, nerved with more than mortal strength,
thou shalt
Conqueror be, nor canst thou fall.

That shout! didst you hear it borne on the
breeze?
It came from yonder field of fight;
The battle is won, the victor is Truth,
God has given the day to the right
Black Poper's standard is trampled in dust,
Rejoice, every Christian, rejoice!
Our banner float high, triumphant, alone,
Praise God, then, with heart and with voice
EDWARD PARKER.

Kingston, Bristol,
Jan. 1854.

SCRAPES AND ESCAPES.

THE ROBBER'S CHILDREN.

What is't ye do?
A deed without a name.
SHAKESPEARE.

(Continued from our last.)

In the utterance of it he had sprung up
clean into the air, as the story is said to
do when the bullet enters its heart. It was
his body that fell against my shoulder, and
he was lying at my feet.

Yes; it was his father! *Severn*, the
robber, and *Johns*, the flower and bird
fancier, were one and the same. The man
who had at first availed me; who had
seized my bride at midnight upon the
highway; whose guest I had been for
three happy weeks; whose daughter was
the subject of my reveries by day, and of
my dreams by night; the kind, doting
father of my gifted friend; the ruined mer-
chant, the highwayman, the burglar, the
murderer, all were one man, and his insen-
sate body now lay before me, the writh-
ing subject of hideous experiments. I
knew the features well, but the *gray hair!*
could the black have been but an artificial
disguise? or was this the effect of the agony
of sleepless nights in the condemned cell?

But alas for thee, vain and presumptuous
mortal! where is now thy proud and blas-
phemous spirit, thy mighty genius that
could dare attempt by spells of earthly sci-
ence to call back to its mangled tenement
of clay the guilty soul already trembling
before its Judge? How fearfully has thy
deep sin been visited upon thee, poor child
of clay! Has not thy very crime been, by
the finger that works unseen, turned into
the instrument of thy dreadful chastisement?
Where canst thou hide thee now, poor
stricken worm? Where are thy theories
now, thy scoffs and arguments that lud away
many a weak spirit into eternal ruin?

No ear but mine appeared to have under-
stood that cry. It was the belief of all that
he had fainted away, as had the other gen-
tlemen, from fright or agitation. I took
him up in my arms, and bore his light
slender form from the theatre.

The gentlemen went on with their ex-
periments.—with what success I know not;

of course their object, viz., the restoration of
life to the body, (for, whatever Dr. Q—or
others may have recorded, that I know was
their object.) was not attained; neither do I
know what became of the body afterwards.

I sent the porter of the rooms for a hack-
ney-coach, in which, with his assistance, I
placed my senseless friend, and then get-
ting in, desired the coachman to drive to
his apartments. They were situated in a
quiet street down in Westminster. A
widow lady, from whom he held them, occu-
pied, with her servant-girl, the ground-
floor and kitchen below: all above was his.
I left him in the carriage, and running up
to the door, opened it with a key I had re-
ceived from him long before. I went rapid-
ly along the passage, to seek the landlady's
assistance, when, on opening the door, who
should I see sitting in the centre of the
room, all pale and dishevelled, but his gen-
tle sister my own Katherine! I started
back in new amazement. She rose slowly
to her feet, and addressed me slowly, and
with difficulty, while I could see the sweat
in drops like pin-points, starting out all
over her beautiful face.

"Don't speak to me, Mr. ———," she
said. "I have found out what I am;—
whose—child I—am. Where is my bro-
ther?" She continued to move her lips,
though uttering no sound; the *globus hys-
tericus* had taken in her throat and was
choking her; her eyes swam in her sock-
ets, she reeled and fell backwards, and it
was with the greatest difficulty I prevented
her from falling with her head upon the
fire.

Never was I in a state of such painful
perplexity. I knew not what to do; im-
printing a hurried kiss on her cold, damp
cheek, I put her under charge of the landlady,
and ran out to attend to her brother. With
the help of the coachman, I had him con-
veyed up stairs to bed. Oh, with what
bitterness did I look upon the piles of books
and apparatus that impeded our steps at
every turn!—the very bed had to be cleared
of them, ere we put him into it. Having
dismissed the man, I endeavoured to ascer-
tain the precise nature of the symptoms.

His pulse I found to be very slow and
calm, more so by much than natural, as
likewise was his breathing; his skin was
very cool, but not cold; his limbs were
slightly stiff; if I lifted his arm, it would
remain up for a moment, and then slowly
sink again to the level position upon the
bed. I found his pupils not to be affected
by the sudden approach of light, and from
his nostrils were distilling a few drops of
blood, which last symptom might, however,
have been occasioned by his fall.

Having satisfied myself that he was in a
fit of catalepsy, or some anomalous ner-
vous affection, I went down stairs to see
what had become of her. I found her in a
deep sleep on the sofa, with the good land-
lady sitting on a chair beside her, who mo-
tioned me not to come in. I went into her
bedroom, where she immediately joined
me. She told me that the poor young lady
had been raving dreadfully, and must have
escaped from her keepers the night before,
as she said she had walked that morning
more than a dozen miles to London. It
was the worthy woman's firm persuasion
that the gentle girl was deranged: she had