

# THE ORANGE LILY.

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## Poetry.

### The Epiphany.

"They saw the young Child with Mary His Mother, and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts."

How gaily seems the sun to rise  
On christening days and days of birth,  
Whether he smite in summer skies,  
Or faintly warm the wintry earth!  
Bright are the dreams he drives away,  
And bright the promise of that day.  
All charms, all gifts of Love are there,  
Love breathes in all the fragrant air.

Oh haste we then to-day to greet  
Him who is born our glorious King:  
Of gold and myrrh and incense sweet  
Your treasures to His cradle bring.  
The Virgin Mother waiting by  
Your offering scans with earnest eye,  
Angels and Saints with jealous heed  
Watch if you bring your best indeed.

And He, the Holiest, Humblest One,  
Making as though He could not see,—  
Yet is His Eye all hearts upon,  
O may He find some good in me!  
A poor, weak, wayward soul is mine,  
Yet own I, Lord, Thy saving sign.  
Thou seest me daily, bow before  
The gracious footsteps I adore.

Fain would I there my stores unfold,  
And of the gifts Thy Love hath given  
One heart restore of virgin gold,  
One prayer, like incense, seeking Heaven,  
One drop of penitential Love,  
Fragrant and dear to God above,  
Yet bitter in the mouth as gall,  
Fain would I bring Thee: 'tis mine all.

O blessed, who with eyes so pure  
Have watched Thy cradle day by day,  
Thy look may in their hearts endure,  
Brightening their dim and weary way!  
Blest, whom sweet thoughts of Christmas tide  
Through all the year may guard and guide,  
As on those pages journeying smiled  
In dreams the Mother and the Child.

*Keble.*

### SLEEP.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!  
That heav'n upon earth to the weary head,  
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,  
To the head with a wakeful trouble—  
'Tis held by such a different lease!  
To one a place of comfort and peace,  
And stuffed with the down of stubble geese,  
To another, with only the stubble.

To one, a perfect Halcyon nest,  
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,  
And soft as the fur of the cony—  
To another, so restless for body and head,  
That the bed seems burrowed from Nettlebed,  
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony.

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,  
To the Land of Nod, or where you please;  
But alas! for the watchers and weepers,  
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,  
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,  
With anxious brain,  
And thoughts in a train  
That does not run upon sleepers.

Wide awake as the morning owl,  
Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl—  
But more profitless vigils keeping—

Wide awake in the dark they stare,  
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,  
As if that crooked-backed tyrant Care  
Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh! when the blessed diurnal light  
Is quenched by the providential night  
To render our slumber more certain,  
Pity, pity, the wretches that weep,  
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep  
When Nature herself draws the curtain!

The careful Betty the pillow bears,  
And airs the blankets and smooths the sheets,  
And gives the mattress a shaking—  
But vainly Betty performs her part,  
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart,  
As well as the couch want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice and nerves,  
Where other people would make preserves,  
He turns his fruit into pickles;  
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,  
At night to his own sharp fancies a prey,  
He lies like a hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way,  
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child—that bids the world good night,  
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—  
A Cherub no art can copy—  
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie  
As if he had supped on dormouse pie,  
(An ancient classical dish by the bye),  
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh bed! bed! bed! delicious bed!  
That heav'n upon earth to the weary head.  
Whether lofty or low its condition is,  
But instead of putting our plagues upon shelves,  
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,  
Or are tossed by such allegorical elves  
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition!

### AGNES LEE;

### OR THE SHIPWRECKED.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The human will is strong, stronger than life, and even death itself may not triumph over it utterly! I wonder whether ever man or woman ever yet devoted themselves with all their energies to the accomplishment of a favourite purpose without succeeding? At least, success is the rule, and failure the exception.

Time passed on, and Horace Mann gradually changed in his deportment. His attentions to the beautiful Clara became a shade or two less engrossing, and very often he would lead me to the piano, and hang over me during my performance, with his whole soul looking out of his dark eyes. The Lady Clara must have noticed it, and I think she loved him; but her disposition was a singular one. She was too proudly indolent to struggle for the possession of anything. She dressed as becomingly, talked as prettily, and smiled as sweetly as ever. When Horace Mann sat down beside her she welcomed him with a look that had not the slightest shade of reproach in it, and when he was away she seemed totally unconscious of his desertion. No battery of attractions could have been half so attractive as this calm, indifferent indig-nity; I could not have a worse enemy to contend with. Sometimes Horace would watch her for a long time, and then turn away, with just the queerest kind of smile about his lips, and talk to me more assiduously than ever.

One night I was walking in the shrub-berry. It was the rich lustrous prime of the summer; the sun had gone down in his glory, and the twilight hours had gathered up the gorgeous clouds, like drapery of kings, into their net. It was evening; the moon, like a fair queen, sat on her silvery throne among her parliament of stars. I had gone out alone, and with a hurried step was walking to and fro beneath the larches, keeping time to painful thought. At last my step grew slower, and my mood changed. Tears came to my eyes, as I remembered the wandering gipsy life I had led before Horace Mann came to Cornwall.

"Better, oh, how far better off was I then than now," said my throbbing heart, beating painfully beneath my velvet robe. "Alas! for I am weary," said my lips aloud; and at that moment a voice, whose lightest tones would have almost called me from life to death, said, very gently—

"Agnes—Miss Lee—am I intruding?" I turned and welcomed him, with the tears still heavy on my lashes, and the shadow heavier on my heart.

"You are sad, Agnes," he said sorrowfully, taking my hand in his, as soothingly as one would pet a weary infant. "Agnes, dear, beautiful Agnes, I love you! I never said those words before, Agnes, to any woman, not even to Clara Emerson; though long ago the great world voted us engaged. You will understand them—you will believe them. I did not mean to love you, Agnes—I closed my eyes against your glorious beauty—I tried to shut my heart against the melody of your glorious voice; but you have triumphed. See, I am at your feet! Won't you, can't you love me, my Agnes?"

But I did not speak; I could not. The hope of a life-time had met its fulfillment, when I heard him say these words, and I could not answer him.

"Oh, Agnes! Agnes!" he cried beseechingly, "only answer me, only say, 'Horace, I love you!'"

And clearing my voice, and drawing my figure to its fullest height, I stood there, in the moonlight, under the larches and answered him—

"Horace Mann, I love you with my whole soul, as I have loved you for years, I am yours, and I will be yours and no other man's, till I die!"

In his excitement he did not notice that I had said "for years," and standing by my side, he clasped me to his heart, whispering, "My Agnes—my wife!"

For one moment, sick and faint with joy, I suffered my head to lie on his breast, and when I withdrew from his arms, and said firmly—"No, Horace Mann, not your wife, and if you knew me, you would sooner die than call me so. You know not who, or what I am!"

"And care not, Agnes, so you will let me call you mine. Nay, Agnes, do not think so meanly of me. I care not for rank or wealth—I know that I love you, and that is all I ask to know."

I am very strong-willed naturally, but I had no strength nor courage that night to dash, with my own hands, the cup of joy from my lips, and I answered him resolutely—

"To-night, Horace, I will tell you noth-