

DIES IRÆ.

Day of fury, when earth dying,
Melts to ashes, justifying
David's Sybil's prophesying!

Then, weird horrors round him falling,
Mau, distraught, hell's doom forestalling,
Shall behold the judge appalling.

At the dreadful trumpet's sounding
Through sepulchral realms astounding
Hosts shall rise, God's throne surrounding.

Nature, Death, aghast, affrighted,
Then will view from depths benighted,
Myriad life-flames re-ignited.

Wide unclasped, the Book of Ages
Fears shall wake no hope assuages,
All the world's doom on its pages.

When the Judge hath ta'en His station,
Hidden sins in full relation
Shall be seen with consternation.

Where, 'mid woes, so wild, so horrid,
Aid for me, this wretch abhorred,
Steeped in crimes, with brand on forehead?

King of dread stupendous glory,
Thorn-crowned, robed in raiments gory.
Close in bliss, my life's sad story!

Gentle Jesus, Christ appointed,
With all-saving blood anointed,
Bear me where Thy Cross hath pointed!

Saviour, make thy act no seeming,
Wrought with pangs, 'mid rage blaspheming
Countless swarms from wrath redeeming.

Judge inexorable, hear me;
Or, on that fierce day, I fear me,
Even thy mercy scarce can clear me.

All my secret sins bemoaning,
Dumb with shame at their unveiling,
Make, O God, my cries prevailing!

Thou, Who Mary of the garden,
And the dying thief didst pardon,
Grant even me Hope's heavenly guerdon!

Worthless though my prayers, benignly
Save me by Thy grace divinely,
Stretched 'mid purging fires supinely.

Shepherd, 'midst the flock enfold me.
Nor with horned herd behold me,
Having on thy right enrolled me.

When the damned down pit infernal,
Have been hurled to flames eternal,
Lift me, Lord, to joys supernal.

Weeping, prostrate, suppliant, mourning,
All my heart to ashes turning,
Snatch me from the final burning.

On that day of tears and anguish,
When its crowning torments languish,

Saints on wings of glory bearing
From the groans of the despairing,

Sweetest Jesus, Lord of splendor,
Bid my soul to Thee surrender.

The Heroines of Jemappes.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Count Felix de Fernig was the representative of an ancient family in the southeast of France, who inherited sufficient to support the rank of a country gentleman, and maintain in comfort, if not in luxury, a household consisting of himself, a son, and two daughters, together with a considerable body of servants and retainers. The storm of the Revolution of '89, when it burst over the kingdom, found this family among the happiest and most united in the country. They seldom visited the capital, and when they did, their stay was never of more than a few weeks' duration. They found rural enjoyment and amusement perfectly suited to their taste, and they seldom cared to change them for others less congenial. The ladies were constant in their attendance at the field sports in which M. de Fernig and his son took special delight, which insured them to toil and endurance. The circle of their intimate society was necessarily limited, but among their closest intimates was a neighboring family named Duprez, consisting of father and mother, son and daughter. At the time of the opening of this narrative Achille Duprez was, according to local gossip, the destined husband of Felicite, the Count de Fernig's eldest daughter; and the same authority had it that Pauline Duprez was to become Viscountess de Fernig, and, in the course of time, Countess of that ilk. Village small talk had not yet found a husband for Theophile, the Count's youngest daughter; but as she was only fifteen and the family lived most happily and comfortably together, there was plenty of time to match her suitably. Even match-making gossip was in no hurry to dispose of the fair hand of the lovely Theophile.

The happiness which this united family enjoyed was interrupted by the outbreak of the great Revolution. M. de Fernig had never taken any active part in politics; but though a noble, and as such, naturally disposed to side with the Court party, yet he was one of those sensible, moderate men, who saw and admitted the existence of long-standing political abuses, and recognized the necessity of ample reforms. When, however, the Revolution began to exhibit symptoms of those excesses that subsequently deluged the soil of France with the best blood of her people, M. de Fernig began to regret even the passive countenance he had afforded the great political movement, and felt half inclined to swell with his family the tide of emigration then setting out in possible directions. When he saw those moderate Constitutionalists, the Girondists, superseded in the direction of public opinion by such men as Robespierre, Marat, Hebert, Danton, St. Just, etc., he thought that his