

THE ROSE OF WARNING.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

In a beautiful Swiss valley
 Stood a cloister, long ago,
 By a stream that musically
 Wandered down from Alpine snow;
 Round its walls a garden grew,
 With still pathways winding through;
 Holy brothers dwelt there, praying;
 Musing, guiding, hearts up-staying.

And they tell us that whenever
 The cold-handed conqueror Death
 Called a brother's spirit, never
 Failed this token of last breath—
 At the midnight call to pray,
 On the fated brother's chair
 Lay a snow-white Rose of Warning:
 He must die at break of morning.

In his cell, then, uncomplaining,
 He awaited his last hour,
 Gazing still, while life was waning,
 Prayerful, on the warning flower
 Hung upon the sacred wood,
 As once He whose gracious blood
 From His pierced heart flows forever
 Love's divine, unfailing river.

Once, alas! the Rose of Warning
 Chose a youth 'Twas hard to die
 When upon the world life's morning
 Had just opened her young eye.
 Hastily and stealthily,
 Ere the others enter, he
 Laid the flower to warn another—
 An old, weary, waiting brother.

But upon the early morrow
 O'er the lowly cloister wall
 Rose a long loud wail of sorrow:
 There were two for burial!
 The old man, in happy rest,
 With his hands upon his breast;
 But the youth, all pale, distorted—
 Who could guess how he departed?

And the Rose upon its bosom
 Wore a fearful stain of blood!
 Never more the snow-white blossom
 Warned the sorrowing brotherhood.
 Vainly they, at midnight bell,
 Watched for that sad miracle;
 For with blood was it polluted,
 And for service pure unsuited.

And the brothers, broken-hearted,
 Died in sorrow, one by one;
 And the cloister stood deserted
 And decaying, till the sun
 Could not find it.—There, they say,
 Grow white roses to this day;
 But a stain of blood weaves through them,
 For the murder-curse clings to them.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

In the west of Ireland, some forty years ago, the spirit of emigration made rapid strides among the better order of the lower class, owing to the false prospects held out to them by those speculating adventurers who had no care how many families they involved in ruin, provided their miseries paved the road for their own advancement. Among the number who lent a willing ear to their machinations was Denis Costello. Now Denis was a particularly great man in the part of the country he inhabited, being proprietor of a small farm of seventeen or eighteen acres, which had been handed down, with a considerable profit-rent, from father to son, before the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" of the village. He generally drove half a score of wethers, and, at times a fat cow, to the fair of a neighbouring town, which was distant about four miles, and never sat down to a worse dinner than bacon of his own saving, and a smoking dish of flat-dutch cabbages. Owing to these and other prudent considerations, the priest of the parish generally favored the mansion of the lucky Denis by holding frequent stations therein, and made it a point to breakfast with him every Sunday after having held mass in the little chapel, which, fortunately, lay at but a short distance. Denis had, however, a very considerable source of profit in his trade, which was that of cart, plow and harrow maker generally, to the nobility and gentry of Ballybooleghan; so that, altogether he considered himself, and probably was, as independent a man as the squire who whipped his four bays every Sunday to the parish church.

At the early age of seventeen, according to the usual custom of Irish peasants, he had married a neighbor's daughter still younger than himself, and the pride of the village for beauty, fortune and accomplishments; in fact, no marriage in high life was ever talked over more than that of Denis Costello with Nancy O'Neill. The elders of the village met in solemn conclave, generally two or three times a week, at some appointed place, and, voting the school-master in the chair, argued the point