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Poetry.

"WHAT IS A PUSEYITE?"

- "Pray, tell me what's a Puseyite?" 'Tis puzzling to describe
This ecclesiastic Junus of a pious hybrid tribe,
At Lambeth and the Vatican he's equally at home,
Although, 'tis said he's wroth to give the preference to Rome.
- "Voracious as a book-worm in his antiquarian navy;
The Fathers are his text-book, the canons are his law;
He's mighty in the Rubrics, and well up in the Creeds,
But he only quotes the Articles just as they serve his needs.
- "The Bible is to him almost a sealed book,
Reserve is on his lips, and mystery in his look,
The Sacramental System is the lamp illumo his night;
He loves the earthly candlestick more than the heavenly light.
- "He's great in puerilities, when he bows and when he stands,
In the cutting of his surplice and the hemming of his bands;
Each saint upon the calendar he knows by heart at least;
And he always dates his letters on a vigil or a feast.
- "He talketh much of discipline, but when the shoe doth pinch,
This most obedient dutious son, will not give way onq inch.
Pliant and obsequiate by turns, whate'er may be the whim,
He's only for the Bishop when the Bishop is for him.
- "But, hark! with what a nasal twang, between a whine and groan;
He doth our noble liturgy most murderously intone;
Cold are his prayers and praises—his preaching colder still;
Inanimate and passionless, his very look doth chill.
- "Others as weak, but more sincere, who rather feel than think,
Encouraging he leads to Porry's dizzy brink;
And when they take the fatal plunge, he walks back quite content
To his own snug berth at ———— and wonders why they went.
- "Such, and much more, and worse, if I had time to write,
Is a slight sketch my children of a thorough Puseyite;
Whom even Rome repudiates, as she laughs within her sleeve,
At the Sacradotal mimic, 'a solemn make-believe."
- "Oh! it were well for England if her Church were rid of these
Half Papist and half Protestant, who are less her friends than foes,
Give me the open enemy, and not the hollow friend,
With God and with our Bible we need not fear the end."
- "War are country girls' cheeks like well printed station?—Because they are warranted to wash and keep the colour."

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

"What an angel!"—"Say rather a lily of the valley!"

The speakers were two young sportsmen in the highlands of Scotland, who, wearied by a long day's shooting, were approaching a hill-side spring, famous in that wild district for the coldness and pureness of its waters. They had just reached the brow of the elevation overlooking the rural mountain, when the sight of a young girl, in the first blush of womanly beauty, sitting by the spring, drew these speculations from them in succession. As they spoke they stopped, by a common impulse, to gaze on the fair vision a moment before it should be dissipated, which they knew it would on their appearance.

The young girl was sitting on a low rock that rose by the side of the fountain, her dimpled elbow resting on the cliff, and her head leaning on her hand. The attitude was one of nature's own choosing, and graceful in the extreme, as all such careless postures are. The figure of the maiden was slight and sylph-like, yet exquisitely proportioned; nor could Canova have modelled a bust of more undulating outline, or a rounder and fuller arm. But after all, it was the face that fixed the young men's attention. A shade of pensiveness hung over it for the time, as if a gentle melancholy took part in the reverie of the young girl; but from the mirthful blue eye and the dimples on the chin, it was plain to see that the usual expression was one of happiness and glee. Her hair was golden in colour, and flowed in natural ringlets on her shoulders. The small, delicately closed mouth; the nose, that rivalled in straightness that of a Grecian Venus; and the clear, brilliant complexion, fortified together a breathing picture of female loveliness, such as no ideal painting could have rivalled.

"See, was I not right?" said the last of the two speakers, in a whisper to his companion. "She has been gathering lilies; there are some still in her hand, and a bunch nestles in her bosom, but only to be outwied by the purity around it."

"Yes, Duncan, she is more than an angel—she is a peerless Scotch lass—a lily of the valley indeed. What a pity so much beauty was not noble-born!"

"Tush!" replied his companion, impatiently; "Burns says—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that;

and, in my thinking, a ovely woman is a born countess, at least if she has grades of mind equal to those of person. Let us descend."

He had been leaning carelessly on the girl as he spoke, and now, preparatory to proceeding, threw it to his shoulder. Unfortunately the trigger had caught in a bramble, and the piece went off, lodging the contents in his side. He staggered and fell.

"Good Heavens!" cried his companion, springing to his assistance, and lifting the wounded man up. "Are you killed? Do you hear me, Donald? Merciful Father!" he exclaimed, as he saw no sign of life in his friend. "What shall we do? He is dead, or dying, and no aid to be had for miles."

The young girl we have described had been buried in a profound reverie, but at the report of the gun she started like a frightened bird, looked wildly around to see whence it proceeded. In a moment she caught sight of the wounded man lying on the heather above her, while his friend, kneeling on one knee, supported the head of the sufferer. Immediately that the sportsman saw the girl was watching him, he shouted and waved his arm for help.

When was woman's ear ever deaf to the call of suffering? The timid Scottish maiden, who but a moment before was on the point of flying, now turned and began to ascend the hill-side, fleet and graceful as a young doe.

"My poor friend," said the sportsman, politely doffing his hat as she approached, "has met with an unfortunate accident, and I do not know what to do, or where to bear him."

A deep blush dyed the girl's cheek as she encountered the gaze of a stranger, but it passed off immediately, and, with a presence of mind worthy of one older, she stooped down to see if the wounded man was dead.

The face she beheld was as handsome a manly countenance as the sun ever shone upon; and perhaps she thought so, for the blush again came to her cheek. The features were cast in a lofty, almost heroic mould, and were indicative of a character at once firm and elevated, a something above the mere fine gentleman, which was evidently his social rank.

"He breathes still," she said, as she broke off a delicate leaf from one of her lilies and held it to his nostril; and looking at his companion, she continued, "do you think you could carry him to the spring?"

The sportsman answered by carefully lifting his friend up in his arms and bearing him down the hill-side, the young girl following.

"Place him here," she said, pointing to the slightly elevated bank, "and lean his head against the rock. Everything," she continued, "now depends on your getting a surgeon soon. If you will follow that path to your right which you can take, and ride to the little town of Abernethy, some five miles off, where, fortunately, a surgeon may be had. At the cabin you will find a shepherd or two—tell them to bring some bed-clothes and a settee, on which to carry your friend to the house. It is an humble place, but better than the hill-side. By the time you get back with the surgeon we shall have your friend in a comfortable bed, and I hope doing better."

She spoke with so quick a perception of what was best to be done, and did so composedly, that the sportsman, who had expected to see her frightened and embarrassed, was lost in admiration, and submitting his self entirely to her guidance, hastened to execute her commission.

When he had vanished around the hill the young girl took some water in her hands, and began to bathe the face of the wounded man. But he still lay insensible. After having persisted in her task for some time, without any signs of life being perceptible, the tears began to fall thick and fast from her lovely eyes.