BABYLON.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Her robes are purple and scarlet,
And Kings have bent their knees
To the gemmed and jeweled harlot
Who sitteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations
Of her golden cup of shame;
She has drugged and debauched the nations
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches
By the power of her wantonness,
And her usurers are as leeches
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scourged the seas as a spoiler;
Her ma[illegible] is a robber's code;
With the wrecked foil of the boiler,
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimes a flag is flying,
Where[illegible] East and West are one;
Her drums where the day is dying
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly
And trod them with an iron rod;
She is drunk with the blood of the holy—
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

[The foregoing poem has been strongly appl[illegible] by the London *Spectator* of June 2[illegible]: "If the school," it says, "can make[illegible] the literary standard he[illegible] attains, no Englishman will grudge him the right to call England all the names he pleases."]

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Eleanor returned a playful answer to Morgan's question, and asked George if he had yet captivated a Roman signora. But even this airy subject fell flat. After an uncomfortable half hour George Mitchbank departed. He resolved to return on the morrow and learn his fate from Eleanor.

When Morgan and Lorenzo arose to betake themselves to their lodgings, Eleanor accompanied them to the foot of the stairs. They led to a spacious courtyard around which ran a rocky ornamented terrace, supported by pretty columns. Huge earthen pots containing orange and lemon trees, the former bearing fruit and variously ripened, transformed the grove with all the Orangia. The night was clear and slightly cold. The moon, rounded to its full, swam peacefully overhead. Its scattered beams trembled on the orange leaves and danced like sportive elves on the paved courtyard. A costly fountain in the centre of the square sent up a hissing jet which glinted in the rays of a great lake tree, or sent them chime when covered with leaves as it fell into a marble vase which rested on allegorical figures, and murmuring rolled in a gentle wave over the sides of this vase into a large basin below.

The spirit of beauty is always alive in Italy. Involuntarily all three gave an exclamation of delight. Mrs. Barton came to the head of the stairs and beckoned Morgan saying she wished to speak with him for a few minutes. Eleanor and Lorenzo were thus left standing alone. The latter mindful of what he had discovered George Mitchbank to be, resolved in his usual impulsive way to speak of his love to Eleanor. He did so in earnest and respectful terms, but trembling with emotion, and with a huskiness of voice which told of deep and tender feelings kept down by a strong will. At the moment she was unknown to her, Morgan, she had known all about his character and prospects, that ever since he first saw her in the railway carriage his heart had gone out to her; that she was the cause of a [illegible] which had something mysterious connected with it, and which he had received from his father.

Poor Eleanor stood with beating heart and downcast eyes, nervously plucking at the soft, cold orange leaves. When he had first began to speak a great wave of joy swept proudly within her, [illegible] suffusing her cheeks with a [illegible] pleasure, and causing her to [illegible] to weep in her spring [illegible]. Mrs. Barton had gone to her [illegible]. Eleanor dearly loved Lorenzo, and the warm tenderness [illegible] in her own pure heart [illegible] chastened and exalted love. Yes, generous noble Lorenzo! [illegible] subject and his object, noted [illegible] so high a degree as Divine love, but nevertheless really and truly. For the love of such as Eleanor and Lorenzo is not the murky flame of the thoughtless; it is founded in reason and religion and is a reflection from heaven.

But the bright vision lasted only an instant. Eleanor remembered her promise to Mrs. Barton; the three years had not yet elapsed. She was not free to accept his love. When our emotions are awakened we crowd into one brief moment the events of years. The mind seems to have acquired a new power, it can view numberless things simultaneously, it can see their mutual relations, and preceive their necessary consequences. Length of years on earth is not always synonymous with amount of life. Many men live more in one day than others do in years, for the more we think, the more we exercise our intellectual powers, the more we live. Whilst Lorenzo was speaking Eleanor lived many years. Her peacefully happy days of girlhood, her promise to Mrs. Barton, her future desolation, all, all were present in her imagination. She knew that even should Denis Barton ever return to his mother—a most unlikely event—she could not be his bride, for, alas, her heart's affections were given once and forever to Lorenzo. Yet she dared not accept the latter's proffered love. She had promised to remain free for a time, and the term had not expired. A wild thought surged for an instant through her aching heart—she would tell Lorenzo of her promise; but even as it rushed tumultuously through her brain maidenly delicacy checked its headlong course. No, though she foresaw in full her own misery, and in part, Lorenzo's, if she told it not, still silence must seal her lips.

A thousand subtle emotions urged her to accept; a thousand selfish feelings strove to overmaster her will; a thousand tempting demons sought to make her false to her promise, or, at least, untrue to that delicacy which kept her dumb regarding Denis Barton. But Eleanor had drunk deeply at found of Grace; she had long schooled herself to trample on selfish promptings, and to guide her actions by the law of right. Her struggle was keen; her anguish cruel; for they were in proportion to the sensitiveness of her refined soul. Yet amidst the darkness of her bitter desolation there ever shone a gentle ray of light. It seemed to shoot from Calvary's sacred hill, and told of a loving and suffering Saviour. It gave her strength and victory.

Lorenzo had paused from the excess of emotion, and tremblingly stood awaiting an answer. The chill night breeze rustled among the cold orange leaves. The icy waters of the fountain fell with a sad murmur. The pale moonbeams had a ghastly glow as they shone aslant the cold marble pillars. It was a bitterly cold and a mocking night for such a scene. Only three, two young hearts, with the fervor of their great love, felt the universal coldness; and these alone would soon be frozen by their grief.

They remained silent for a moment, too happy or too miserable for speech. Morgan's voice was heard above and they knew he would soon be with them. Lorenzo said:

"What is my answer, Eleanor?"

With a face more blanched than the cold moonbeams, and eyes that spoke a great sorrow, she replied:

"I cannot tell my thanks; but it may not be."

"Dio mio! Dio mio," were the only words that escaped Lorenzo's lips; but they were so laden with a passionate, almost despairing grief that poor Eleanor shivered with fear. Then as Morgan was heard bidding Mrs. Barton good-night, the gentle girl laid her hand on Lorenzo's arm and said:

"Pardon me for this pain—and pity me too—for—for my heart is riven—but I cannot now accept your love."

These words were wrung from her compassionate soul and recalled Lorenzo to himself. But even then she had gone and Morgan was close to his side.

Silently they passed under the broad archway which led from the courtyard into the street. From the agitated manner of his sister-in-law Morgan guessed that her hand had been the cause of his disappointment. Morgan guessed the secret of Lorenzo's love. Yet it was a puzzle to him why Eleanor should have refused the hand of his friend. He had hoped and hoped that they would have been married. However, he said nothing to Lorenzo—[illegible] knowing—[illegible] what would he do to say.

Mrs. Barton noticed Eleanor's [illegible] on entrance which she returned to her room, and had divined its cause. Bitterly did she now repent [illegible] asked Eleanor not to plight her troth for that term of years. She was about to speak to the suffering girl and to cancel her promise, but Eleanor whispered to her to wait and see what to-morrow or the next day would bring forth.

"Let us never speak about this night any more."

CHAPTER XXV.

PAST[illegible]

The banks of the noble St. Lawrence are piled with drifted snow. The branches of maple, birch, and hemlock with the keen frost as hard as [illegible] in the January breeze. Pines and firs, in their robes of dark green powdered with hoar frost or gracefully draped with snow, give beauty and life to the snowy carpet which winter spreads over the earth. The mighty river is bright in the dim glimpse of winter, and the [illegible] on its proud bosom [illegible] Pontiac in A sparkling sheet of crystal, [illegible] its [illegible] while [illegible] wrapped in its [illegible] robes. And [illegible] the [illegible] body is [illegible] by the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]