

IN MEMORIAM.

OUR DARLING JOHN PATRICK.

Sweetly sleeping is our darling,
Free from age, from pain and woe,
'Neath the pines that crown the hill-side,
Where spring flowers sweetest blow,
Where the wild birds sing most sweetly
Thro' the long, bright summer day;
Where the sunlight seems to linger,
And the moonbeams love to play.

'Tis a fair, bright spot; but fairer
Was the gentle form we laid
Underneath the turf, unfeeling,
In his cold and narrow bed.
Yet we knew 'twas but the *casket*
We had hidden from our sight;
In the Father's crown the jewel
Gleams forever pure and bright.

So we try to haw in silence
'Neath the blow that on us fell,
Knowing He whose hand hath dealt it,
Ever doeth all things well.
But we miss him, sadly miss him,
And we list, alas! in vain,
For the sound of coming footsteps
We shall never hear again.

Of at eventide, in fancy,
Hear we still his boyish prayer;
But no cherished form now lieth
On the time-worn, vacant chair.
Ice-cold now the rosy fingers
Clasp'd so oft and raised to Heaven,
Pale the sweet, red lips that murmured
"May my sins be all forgiven."

Of the loneliness and sorrow,
In our hearts, and in our home,
When we know in on to-morrow,
Will the absent darling come.
But not "without hope" we mourn him:
God, Who took our *idol*, knew,
If our treasure were in Heaven,
We would long to follow too.

LA ROSIERE; OR, THE TRIUMPH
OF GOODNESS.

In France there is an old and very graceful custom, called the *fete of la Rosiere*. On this occasion those in authority present a garland of roses to the best and most beautiful girl in the village. This custom had its origin deep in national feeling and morality; but, alas! whosoever human passions can creep in, they leave their slime upon the roses of life—the *fete of la Rosiere*, like other triumphs, too often becomes an affair of jealous rivalry and petty intrigue.

Angelique Duroy was one of the very prettiest of her bewitching countrywomen. Her clear dark eye was neither flashing nor languid—it had a quiet, deep expression, brilliant yet thoughtful; her complexion inclined to olive; but the perpetual colour that mantled there gave her cheek the tempting ripeness of tropical fruit; while the laughing dimples on either side came and went, like whirlpools in a sunny stream. Everything in her look and motion argued an exuberance of life and happiness. Her voice had the clear, gushing melody of the thrush; her little, nimble, graceful feet made one think of a swallow just ready to take wing; and altogether she was so small,

so airy, so pretty, so gay, and so musical, that she interested all who saw her.

The young men all admired Angelique, because she was so lady-like and unaffected; the old people loved her because she was such a good child to her parents, and always so kind and respectful to the aged—while the children, when asked, were always ready to say, "we love Angelique best, best because she is always so good-natured and obliging, and she knows how to make us so many pretty things." Indeed, Angelique was famous for her ingenuity and industry. After examining anything, she always found out how to do it without being taught; and what she did she always did well. The prettiest dresses and bonnets in the village were made by her; and her artificial flowers were so natural, that I think the very honey-bees would be deceived by them. Some told her if she went to Paris she would make a fortune by her ingenuity; but Angelique blushed, and said she had rather live with her good mother, than grow rich among strangers.

It is strange this artless little French girl should have enemies; for she never had an uncommonly pretty cup, or garland, that she was not perfectly willing to make her young companions one just like it; but great griefs, if borne ever so meekly, do excite envy—Angelique had her enemies. The daughter of the *Maire* of the village was eight or nine years older than Angelique; and she never from her childhood had been either pretty or amiable. She was very rich, very idle, very haughty, and very jealous. It vexed her that her fiery neighbor, unadorned, save by her own tasteful industry, should be so much more admired than she was, with all her jewelry and Parisian finery. Besides, she had long been in love with the son of a wealthy *proprietaire*; and this young man when urged by his father to make suit to so great an heiress, openly declared that his affections were engaged to Angelique. This made the father very angry—he called it a boyish passion. "Antoinette is the only child of the *Maire*, and he has immense wealth and high character; will you give up such an union, when father and daughter both evidently wish for it, merely for the sake of a pretty plaything, a giddy little butterfly, like Angelique Duroy?" said he.

The young man insisted that Angelique was as good as she was pretty; and that she was also industrious, modest, and noble-hearted. "As a proof of it," continued he, "every one in the village, except Antoinette, says the *Cure* will crown her at the *fete of la Rosiere*."

The *proprietaire* was a kind-hearted, wise, old man; his neighbors called him odd, but his oddity was always of a benevolent kind. "Well, Jacques," said he "if you think the girl has so many good qualities, besides her pretty looks, your