

and after the rest had retired, he stepped up to the colonel, and holding out his hand, said—

"Good night, Colonel Stainer."

"Sir," said the colonel, drawing back, "what brought you here tonight?"

"A mixed motive," returned the other, proudly but frankly. "I came to see if I could pray with you, and to look once more upon my betrothed wife—your daughter."

"Charlotte, leave the room," said Mrs. Stainer, in a calm voice; "this scene is not likely to increase your devotions."

Miss Stainer instantly obeyed. Mildred followed her into the hall.

"Stay—do stay! and let me know all that passes between them," whispered Charlotte. "Oh! Lewis—my dear, noble Lewis! this rash step will only accelerate my fate."

So saying, she rushed up stairs, and Mildred stepped back into the chapel; but her curiosity was ungratified; Lewis Chatworth was gone, and Mrs. Stainer informed her that the carriage was waiting to convey her and her mother home.

And thus ended the events of this dreaded evening, and Mildred Rosier's first visit to the Lodge.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PRODIGAL SON.

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING FROM SALVATOR ROSA.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

He kneels amid the brutish herd,
But not in dark despair;
For passion's holiest depths are stirred,
And grief finds vent in prayer.

Not abject, though in wretchedness;
For faith and hope supply,
In this dread hour of deep distress,
Their feelings pure and high.

While thus a suppliant he kneels,
"Cast down but not destroyed,"
A sweeter bliss his sorrow feels
Than riot ere enjoyed.

"I will arise," his looks declare,
"And seek my father's face;
His servants still have bread to spare;
Be mine a servant's place."

And soon each penitential hope
For him shall be fulfilled;
For him his father's arms shall open;
The fatted calf be killed.

O penitence! how strong thy spell,
O'er hearts by anguish riven!
Victorious over death and hell,
Of mercy's power it loves to tell,
And whispers, for despair's stern knell,
"Repent! and be forgiven!"

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

No. IV.

BY MRS. MOORE.

SYLLA AT ORCHOMENUS.

When from Athens's conquer'd towers,
The Roman with his warlike powers,

To Orchomenus came—
Those dauntless legions who had given
The Piræus to the winds of heaven,
And wrapped her halls in flame—

Led on by him, whose vengeful pride,
The love of glory turned aside,

Who, viewing Athens, said—
"Not for the living would I spare
Thy princely domes and temples fair;
I save thee, for the dead!"

"The spirits of thy mighty ones
Plead for their base, degenerate sons—
I will not lay thee low!"
This tribute to the fallen brave,
The first—last mercy, Sylla gave,
To supplicating foe.

Eager for fame—athirst for blood—
Victorious both by land and flood,
He led his mighty host
To battle, on that fearful day;
But victory darkly turned away;
He saw that all was lost.

He marked his legions turn for flight,
And stung to madness at the sight,
He vaulted from his steed—
The standard from the trembling hand
Of one of that fear-stricken band,
Seized in his desperate need!

His well-known voice in thunder rose,
Above the shout of charging foes;
As dauntlessly he cried—
"My arm alone the strife shall try,
Be mine a glorious death to die,
Or live, my country's pride!"

"And, soldiers! when proud Rome demands
The fate of Sylla at your hands,
Blush when the tale ye tell—
How, panic-struck, the field ye left,
Your leader all of aid bereft,
At Orchomenus fell!"

The legions, touched with generous shame,
Now swear by haughty Sylla's name—
"To conquer or to die!"
The foe give back—the strife is o'er,
And shouts that shake the distant shore,
Proclaim their victory!

BYRON says "*Friendship* is a dangerous word for young ladies—it is *Love* full-fledged, waiting for a fine day to fly."