

Select Recitations for Literary Circles.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S EVE, AUGUST 23, 1570.

BY MRS. BATTERSBY.

The tocsin boomed at dead of night, to arms
the murderer's flew,
Ere the first gleams of morning light, they
had a deed to do
Within the cruel realm of France—the Hugue-
nots to slay,
To smite with sword and spear and lance, the
young, the fair, the gay,
To kill the brave Coligny, too, and dye his
hoary head
With gory stains of crimson hue, and cast
him forth when dead.
King Charles has seized a loaded gun, like
Checlab, scenting blood,
There at the dawning of the sun within a
niche he stood
And shot the wretched Huguenots, who sought
their lives to save,
By flying their pursuers' shots across the
Seine's blue wave.
"Slay, slay them all," the tyrant cries, "be-
hold them how they fly,
Let not one Huguenot arise, strike home and
let them die."
While laughed the cruel Katherine and wicked
prince of Guise,
To see the carnage and the sin which followed
their decrees.
Just two short weeks before the fray, some
joyous girls were seen,
Upon a sultry August day, with lightsome step
and mien,
Passing upon an ancient street, they heard a
feeble moan,
And saw upon an old stone seat a sentinel
alone.
He raised his pain struck heavy eyes, "Kind
ladies give me aid,
Not one hath pity on my sighs, they mocked
me when I prayed,
Ill and athirst for hours like years, I dare not
leave my post,
If one a cup of water bears, the deed shall
not be lost."
All turned from him with scorn, save one, a
gentle English girl,
Tho' of her school the pride and sun, and of
her mates the pearl,
She brought the fainting sentinel the boon so
humbly craved,
And words of pity softly fell, as his hot brow
she laved.
He asked her where she made her home, and
what they called her name,
She told him "O'er the salt sea's foam to
la belle France" she came

And where she dwelt, then hurried on, nor
heeded scoff or jest,
Full little cared she for their scorn, her happy
heart at rest ;
The thought of One who ever hears the cry of
want or pain,
And as she thought, her thankful tears fell
down like summer rain.

When in that dreadful massacre of St. Bartho-
lomew,
To fill their ghastly sepulchre these girlish
forms they slew ;
Not one escaped from deadly harm, save that
fair English maid,
Protected by a soldier's arm from glittering
sword and blade.
She looked in her deliverer's face and saw the
sentinel,
Regardless of the time and place, her grateful
accents swell ;
He whispered, "Hush, if for thy aid thy life I
now have given,
Thank thy own kindly heart, fair maid, and
thank protecting heaven,
For of the souls that slept last night, there
now are left but few,
To gaze unscathed upon the light of St. Bar-
tholomew."

MY OWN.

Brown heads and gold around my knees
Dispute in eager play.
Sweet, childish voices in my ear
Are sounding all the day ;
Yet, sometimes in a sudden hush,
I seem to hear a tone
Such as my little boy's had been
If I had kept my own.
And when, oftimes, they come to me,
As evening hours grow long,
And beg me winningly to give
A story or a song.
I see a pair of star-bright eyes
Among the others shine—
The eyes of him who ne'er has heard
Story or song of mine.
At night I go my rounds and pause
Each white-draped cot beside,
And note how flushed is this one's cheek,
How that one's curls lie woe ;
And to a corner tenantless
My swift thoughts fly apace—
That would have been, if he had lived,
My other darling's place.
The years go fast ; my children soon
Within the world of men
Will find their work, and venture forth,
Not to return again ;
But there is one who cannot go—
I shall not be alone ;
The little boy who never lived
Will always be my own.

—Mary W. Plummer.