

one of those long years during which she was looking for him, and that he came scourged by conscience to ask forgiveness of his diabolic vengeance.

I wish that I might write,—which were far easier, if it were but fact,—that all the patience and courage of the Pure Heart of Diver's Bay, all the constancy that sought to bring order and decency and reverence into the cabins there, met at last with another external reward than merely beholding, as the children grew up to their duties and she drew near to death, the results of all her teaching; that those results were attended by another, also an external reward; that the youth, who came down like an angel to fill her place when she was gone, had walked into her house one morning, and surprised her, as the Angel Gabriel once surprised the world, by his glad tidings. I wish, that, instead of kneeling down beside her grave in the sand, and vowing there, "Oh, mother! I, who have

found no mother but thee in all the world, am here, in thy place, to strive as thou didst for the ignorant and the helpless and unclean," he had thrown his arms around her living presence, and vowed that vow in spite of Bondo Emmins, and all the world beside.

But it seems that the gate is strait, and the path is ever narrow, and the hill is difficult. And the kinds of victory are various, and the badges of the conquerors are not all one. And the pure heart can wear its pearl as purely, and more safely, in the heavens, where the white array is spotless,—where the desolate heart shall be no more forsaken,—where the BRIDEGROOM, who stands waiting the Bride, says, "Come, for all things are now ready!"—where the SON makes glad. Pure Pearl of Diver's Bay! not for the cheap sake of any mortal romance will I grieve to write that He has plucked thee from the deep to reckon thee among His pearls of price.

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### CAMILLE.

I BORE my mystic chalice unto Earth  
 With vintage which no lips of hers might name;  
 Only, in token of its alien birth,  
     Love crowned it with his soft, immortal flame,  
     And, 'mid the world's wide sound,  
     Sacred reserves and silences breathed round,—  
 A spell to keep it pure from low acclaim.

With joy that dulled me to the touch of scorn,  
 I served;—not knowing that of all life's deeds  
 Service was first; nor that high powers are born  
     In humble uses. Fragrance-folding seeds  
     Must so through flowers expand,  
     Then die. God witness that I blessed the Hand  
 Which laid upon my heart such golden needs!

And yet I felt, through all the blind, sweet ways  
 Of life, for some clear shape its dreams to blend,—  
 Some thread of holy art, to knit the days  
     Each unto each, and all to some fair end,

Which, through unmarked removes,  
Should draw me upward, even as it behooves  
One whose deep spring-tides from His heart descend.

To swell some vast refrain beyond the sun,  
The very weed breathed music from its sod;  
And night and day in ceaseless antiphon  
Rolled off through windless arches in the broad  
Abyss.—Thou saw'st I, too,  
Would in my place have blent accord as true,  
And justified this great enshrining, God!

Dreams!—Stain it on the bending amethyst,  
That one who came with visions of the Prime  
For guide somehow her radiant pathway missed,  
And wandered in the darkest gulf of Time.  
No deed divine thenceforth  
Stood royal in its far-related worth;  
No god, in truth, might heal the wounded chime

Oh, how? I darkly ask;—and if I dare  
Take up a thought from this tumultuous street  
To the forgotten Silence soaring there  
Above the hiving roofs, its calm depths meet  
My glance with no reply.  
Might I go back and spell this mystery  
In the new stillness at my mother's feet,—

I would recall with importunings long  
That so sad soul, once pierced as with a knife,  
And cry, Forgive! Oh, think Youth's tide was strong,  
And the full torrent, shut from brain and life,  
Plunged through the heart, until  
It rocked to madness, and the o'erstrained will  
Grew wild, then weak, in the despairing strife!

And ever I think, What warning voice should call,  
Or show me bane from food, with tedious art,  
When love—the perfect instinct, flower of all  
Divinest potencies of choice, whose part  
Was set 'mid stars and flame  
To keep the inner place of God—became  
A blind and ravening fever of the heart?

I laugh with scorn that men should think them praised  
In women's love,—chance-flung in weary hours,  
By sickly fire to bloated worship raised!—  
O long-lost dream, so sweet of vernal flowers!  
Wherein I stood, it seemed,  
And gave a gift of queenly mark!—I *dreamed*  
Of Passion's joy aglow in rounded powers.

*I dreamed!—The roar, the tramp, the burdened air  
 Pour round their sharp and subtle mockery.  
 Here go the eager-footed men; and there  
 The costly beggars of the world float by;—  
     Lilies, that toil nor spin,  
     How should they know so well the weft of sm,  
 And hide me from them with such sudden eye?*

*But all the roaming crowd begins to make  
 A whirl of humming shade;—for, since the day  
 Is done, and there's no lower step to take,  
 Life drops me here. Some rough, kind hand, I pray,  
     Thrust the sad wreck aside,  
     And shut the door on it!—a little pride,  
 That I may not offend who pass this way.*

*And this is all!—Oh, thou wilt yet give heed!  
 No soul but trusts some late redeeming care,—  
 But walks the narrow plank with bitter speed,  
 And, straining through the sweeping mist of air,  
     In the great tempest-call,  
     And greater silence deepening through it all,  
 Refuses still, refuses to despair!*

*Some further end, whence thou refitt'st with aim  
 Bewildered souls, perhaps?—Some breath in me,  
 By thee, the purest, found devoid of blame,  
 Fit for large teaching?—Look!—I cannot see,—  
     I can but feel!—Far off,  
     Life seethes and frets,—and from its shame and scoff  
 I take my broken crystal up to thee.*

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## THE HUNDRED DAYS.

### PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

[ Concluded. ]

THE most remarkable event of the "Hundred Days" was the celebrated "Champ de Mai," where Napoleon met deputies from the Departments, and distributed eagles to representatives of his forces. He intended it as an assembly of the French people, which should sanction and legalize his second accession to the throne, and pledge itself, by solemn adjuration, to preserve the sovereignty of his family. It was a day of wholesale swearing, and the deputies uttered any quantity of oaths of eternal fidelity, which they barely kept three weeks. The dis-