

## POETRY.

## GRASS.

The trees are a glory and joy to the sod,  
With their rustle of leaves and their  
boughs,  
As they wave them in air like the ban-  
ners of God,  
Bidding Nature be true to her vows;  
As they rise in glad clusters from out of  
the vale,  
And echo the steps of the wandering gale  
In their glorious midsummer pride;  
Or cluster like locks o'er the brow of the  
hill,  
Or shadow quaint forms in the glass of the  
rill,  
As they droopingly hang o'er its tide.

But the trees are too proud and majestic  
for me,  
Great earth-nurtured kings as they are,  
Though useful and grand in their pride  
they may be,  
There's something that's better by far;  
For it grows on the mountain, and dingle,  
and dell,  
And patiently bears the rough Winter as  
well  
As its joys in the glad Summer air;  
For though there's no one single blossom  
to see,  
Though the frost has eloped with the  
leaves of the tree,  
The grass is still lingering there.

It fringes the stream, and cushions the  
flower,  
And hugs the soft root to its breast;  
And flies that have wetted their wings in  
the shower  
Here shelter and build them a nest,  
And in hedge-guarded field, or furze  
covered heath,  
Where the rabbit makes hollows and  
burrows beneath,  
And timidly flees as we pass.  
The bee who's been tuning his bugle in  
fun,  
The cricket that's chirrup'd all day in the  
sun,  
Each finds a glad home in the grass.

When the grave hath received its poor  
dweller at last,  
And a heart hath at length found its  
rest;  
No matter what life its sad tenant hath  
past,  
How good or ungodly his breast—  
The grass springeth up in its freshest of  
green,  
With a flow'et or two just to sparkle be-  
tween,  
And scent all around and above:  
And that perfume bequeathed to the light  
of the sun,  
May be incense to God for the evil that's  
done,  
In the sight of sweet mercy and love.

What a desert-like place would this earth  
of ours be,  
If its acres were barren and bare,  
And the beautiful green at the foot of the  
tree  
Did not grow in humility there:  
What a desert-like spot would this life of  
ours be,  
If amid sands of sin no glimpse we could  
see  
Of some green knotted garland of grass:  
So an oasis bright, a glad hope to impart.  
That the sun of the sky, and the sun of  
the heart  
Still abide in the road we must pass.

## MISCELLANY.

UNFADING FLOWERS.  
SECOND PART.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

An old man, with hair whitened by the  
snows of many winters, was sitting in a  
room that was poorly supplied with fur-  
niture, his head bowed down, and his  
gaze cast dreamily on the floor.—A pale  
young girl came in while he sat thus mu-  
sing. Lifting his eyes to her face, he  
said, while he tried to look cheerful, "Ellen,  
dear, you must not go out to-day."  
"I feel a great deal better, grandpa,"  
replied the girl forcing a smile. "I am  
able to go to work again."

"No, child, you are not," said the old  
man; "and you must not think of such  
a thing."

"Don't be so positive, grandpa." And  
as she uttered this little sentence in a  
half-playful voice, she laid her hand  
among the grey locks on the old man's  
head, and smoothed them caressingly.  
"You know that I must not be idle."

"Wait, child, until your strength re-  
turns."

"Our wants will not wait, grandpa."  
As the girl said this, her face became  
sober. The old man's eyes again fell to  
the floor, and a heavy sigh came forth  
from his bosom.

"I will be very careful, and not over  
work myself again," resumed Ellen after  
a pause.

"You must not go to-day," said the  
old man arousing himself. "It is mur-  
der. Wait at least until to-morrow. You  
will be stronger then."

"If I don't go back I may lose my  
place. You know I have been at home  
for three days. Work will not wait.  
The last time I was kept away by sick-  
ness, a customer was disappointed; and  
there was a great deal of trouble about it."

Another sigh came heavily from the  
old man's heart.

"I will go," said the girl. "Perhaps  
they will let me off for a day longer. If  
so, I will come back, for I must not lose  
the place."

No further resistance was made by the  
old man. In a little time he was alone.  
She had gone to work. Her employer  
would not let her go away, feeble as she  
was, without forfeiture of her place.

About mid-day, finding that Ellen did  
not come back, the old man, after taking  
some food went out. The pressure of  
seventy winters was upon him, and his  
steps were slow and carefully taken.

"I must get something to do, I can  
work still," he muttered to himself, as he  
moved along the streets. "The dear  
child is killing herself, and all for me."

But what could he do? Who wanted  
the services of an old man like him,  
whose mind had lost its clearness, whose  
step had faltered, and whose hand was  
no longer steady? In vain he made ap-  
plication for employment. Younger and  
more vigorous men filled all the places,  
and he was pushed aside. Discouraged  
and drooping in spirits, he went back  
to his home, there to wait the fall of even-  
ing, which was to bring the return of the  
only being left on earth to love him. At  
night-fall Ellen came in.—Her face, so  
pale in the morning, was now slightly  
flushed; and her eyes were brighter than  
when she went out. The grandfather  
was not deceived by this; he knew it to  
be a sign of disease. He took her hand  
—it was hot; and when he stooped to  
kiss her gentle lips he found them burn-  
ing with fever.

"Ellen, my child, why did you go to  
work to-day? I knew it would make you  
sick," the old man said in a voice of an-  
guish.

Ellen tried to smile, and not appear so  
very ill; but nature was too much oppress-  
ed.

"I have brought home some work, and  
will not go out to-morrow," she remark-  
ed. "I think the walk fatigued me more  
than anything else. I shall be better in  
the morning, after a good night's sleep."

But the girl's hopes failed in this. The  
morning found her so weak that she  
could not rise from her bed; and when  
her grandfather came into her room to  
learn how she passed the night, he found  
her weeping on her pillow. She had en-  
deavoured to get up, but her head, which  
was aching terribly, grew dizzy, and she  
fell back under a despairing consciousness  
that her strength was gone.

The day passed, but Ellen did not  
grow better; the fever still kept her body  
prostrate. Once of twice, when her  
grandfather was out of the room, she took  
up the work she brought home, and tried  
to do some of it while sitting up in bed.  
But ere a minute had passed, she became  
faint, while all grew dark around her.  
She was no better when night came. If  
her mind could have rested—if she had  
been free from anxious and distressing  
thoughts, nature would have power to re-  
act; but, as it was the pressure was too  
great. She could not forget that they  
had scarcely so much as a dollar left, and  
that her old grandfather was too feeble to

work. Upon her rested all the burden  
of their support, and she was helpless.

The next morning Ellen was better.  
She could sit up without feeling dizzy,  
though her head still ached, and the fever  
had only slightly abated. But the old  
man would not permit her to leave her  
bed, though she begged him earnestly to  
let her do so.

The bundle of work that Ellen had  
brought home, was wrapped in a news-  
paper, and this her grandfather took up  
to read some time during the day.

"This is Mr. T——'s newspaper," said  
he, as he opened it, and saw the title. "I  
knew T—— when he was a poor orphan  
boy, but of course he don't remember me.  
He has prospered wonderfully."

And then his eyes went along the col-  
umns of the paper, and he read aloud to  
Ellen such things as he thought would  
interest her. Among others was a re-  
miniscence by the editor—the same that  
we have just given. The old man's voice  
faltered as he read. The little incident  
so feelingly described, had long since  
been hidden in his memory, under the  
gathering dust of time. But now the  
dust was swept away, and he saw his  
own beautiful garden. He was in it and  
among the flowers; and wistfully look-  
ing through the fence stood the orphan  
boy. He remembered having felt pity  
for him, and he remembered as if it were  
but yesterday, though thirty years had  
intervened, the light that went over the  
child's face as he handed him a few  
flowers that were to fade and wither in a  
day.

Yes, the old man's voice faltered while  
he read; and when he came to the last  
sentence, the paper dropped upon the  
floor, and clasping his hands together, he  
lifted his dim eyes upwards, while his  
lips moved in whispered words of thank-  
fulness.

"What ails you, grandpa?" asked El-  
len in surprise. But the old man did not  
seem to hear her voice.

"Dear grandpa," repeated the girl,  
"why do you look so strangely?" She  
had risen in bed and was bending to-  
ward him.

"Ellen, my child," said the old man, a  
light breaking over his countenance, as  
though a sunbeam had suddenly come in-  
to the room, "it was your old grandfather  
who gave the flowers to that poor blind  
boy. Did you hear what he said? he  
would divide his last morsel."

The old man moved about the room  
with his unsteady steps, talking in a  
wandering way, so overjoyed at the pros-  
pect of relief for his child, that he was  
nearly beside himself. But there lingered  
some embers of pride in his heart, and  
from the e the ashes were blown away,  
and they became bright and glowing.  
The thought of asking a favour as a re-  
turn for that little act, which was to him  
at the time a pleasure, came with a feel-  
ing of reluctance. But when he looked  
at the pale young girl who lay with eyes  
closed, and her face buried in the pillow,  
he murmured to himself, "It is for you  
—for you!" and taking up his staff, he  
went tottering into the open air.

The editor was sitting in his office,  
writing when he heard the door open,  
and turning, he saw before him an old  
man with bent form and snowy head.  
Something in the visitor's countenance  
struck him as familiar, but he did not re-  
cognise him as one whom he had seen  
before.

"Is Mr. T—— in?" inquired the old  
man.

"My name is T——," replied the edi-  
tor.

"You?" There was a slight expres-  
sion of surprise in the old man's voice.

"Yes I am T——, my friend," was  
kindly said. "Can I do anything for  
you? Take the chair."

The offered seat was accepted; and as  
the old man sank into it, his countenance  
and manner betrayed his emotion.

"I have come," and his voice was un-  
steady, "to do what I could not do for  
myself alone. But I cannot see my poor  
sick grandchild wear out and die under  
the weight of burdens too heavy to be  
borne. For her sake, I have conquered  
my pride."

There was a pause.

"Go on," said T——, who was look-  
ing at the old man earnestly, and endea-  
vouring to fix his identity in his mind.

"You don't know me?"

"Your face is not entirely strange,"  
said T——. "It must have been a long  
time since we met."

"Long? Oh yes! It is a long, long  
time. You were a boy, and I unbent by  
age."

"Markland!" exclaimed T——, with  
sudden energy, springing to his feet as  
the truth flashed upon him. "Say is it  
not so?"

"My name is Markland."

"And do we meet thus again," said  
T——, with emotion, as he grasped the  
man's hand. "Ah, sir, I have never for-  
gotten you. When a sad-hearted boy,  
you spoke to me kindly, and the words  
comforted me when I had no other com-  
fort. The bunch of flowers you gave me  
—you remember it, no doubt—is still  
fresh in my heart. Not a leaf has faded.  
They are as bright and green, and full of  
perfume, as when I first hid them there;  
and there they will bloom forever—the  
unfading flowers of gratitude. I am glad  
you have come, though grieved that your  
declining years are made heavier by  
misfortune. I have enough and to spare."

"I have not come for charity," returned  
Markland. "I have hands that would  
not be idle, though it is not much that  
they can accomplish."

"Be not troubled on that account, my  
friend," was kindly answered. "I will  
find something for you to do. But first  
tell me about yourself."

Thus encouraged the old man told his  
story. It was the common story, of the  
loss of property and friends, and the ap-  
proach of want with declining years. T——  
saw that pride and native independence  
was still strong in Markland's bosom, fee-  
ble as he was, and really unable to enter  
upon any serious employment; and his  
first impression was to save his feelings  
at the same time that he extended to him  
entire and permanent relief. This he  
found no difficulty in doing, and the old  
man was soon after placed in a situation  
where but little application was necessary,  
while the income was all sufficient for  
the comfortable support of himself and  
grandchild.

The flowers offered with a purely ha-  
mane feeling proved to be fadeless flow-  
ers; and their beauty and perfume came  
back to the sense of the giver, where all  
other flowers were dead and dying on  
his dark and dreary way.

THRILLING INCIDENT OF THE  
TEXAN WAR.

The tragedy of Nacogdoches, and the  
romantic incidents which led to the Tex-  
an war of Independence, find their paral-  
lel only in the Roman history of Lucretia  
and the elder Brutus. Juan Costa was  
a person of great influence and bravery  
in the wild forests; but he fell under the  
displeasure of Santa Anna, and his mis-  
sion, Pedras, the commander of Nacog-  
doches, was sent to arrest him. He ar-  
rested his father at the supper table, at-  
tended by his only daughter, a young  
girl of surprising beauty and intelligence.  
He loaded him with chains, and cast him  
into prison, notwithstanding her fears and  
entreaties. Finally he proposed to free  
the father if the daughter would consent  
to sacrifice her innocence and honor. She  
rejected the infamous proposition with a  
blow in the face; when the armed ruffian  
swore a horrible oath to execute his will  
on them both, and then

With dark eyes, tearless, glossy, fixed  
as those of a corpse, yet flashing a double  
portion of luminous fire, she mounted a  
horse and hurried away wildly around the  
country. She halted at every house, no  
matter whether Mexican or American,  
and rehearsed, in tones of thrilling horror  
her father's wrongs and her own. All  
timid modesty, all weakness, had vanish-  
ed from her tongue, utterly consumed by  
the scorching thirst of vengeance. She  
painted, in passion's fiery language, and  
with awful minuteness, the facts of the  
damning deed: she bared her virgin bos-  
om, and showed the livid marks of the  
ravisher's fingers among the mazes of  
those azure veins along the surface of  
that expanse of snow, now so polluted  
and soiled, but before pure as the gleam  
of an angel's wing.

And still, wherever the beautiful maid  
wandered, a deafening yell of wails and