

OUR MONTHLY.

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THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

IN THREE PARTS:—PART III.

BY E. W. C.

A FEW days found Mrs. Cameron, her infant, and nurse transferred from their Virginia home to the doctor's hospitable roof. Cameron accompanied them, though obliged carefully to conceal his presence from Lena.

Through Mrs. Larmer, Jennie had learned the sad facts already related; and had not her duty to her father prevented, she would have gone at once to her suffering sister. As it was, she was obliged to bear that most trying of all conditions of mind, where loved ones are concerned, to feel every yearning, tender sympathy aroused, in their behalf, and still be condemned to stand inactively apart, and only *endure*, when our whole being is quivering to *do*.

For Cameron, Jennie felt a pity which no sense of the wrong he had inflicted on Lena could overcome. From the Larmer's she had learned to regard him as all that was noble and attractive, aside from the one vice, which had now led to so much mischief. While she sternly condemned his course, in tempting Lena from her home, she could not help feeling, in her heart, that her father's course, in some measure, excused the step they had taken. In spite of everything she felt prepared to meet the now miser-

able man with sisterly kindness. But no persuasion could induce him to see her. He shrank from such an ordeal with unconquerable reluctance.

Mr. Hazelhurst only knew that, from severe illness, his daughter's reason had become unsettled; and it was evident to Jennie that this thought began to soften his heart toward Lena, though his wrath still continued unabated toward her seducer, as he persisted in believing Cameron to be.

Such was the state of things when Jennie again folded her stricken sister in her arms, on the day of her arrival, and wept tears of mingled joy and sorrow, as Lena nestled her head with childlike fondness on her shoulder, whispering, "Jennie, dear Jennie, does your head ache?" as if the sight of her sister recalled the scenes of that day when she had fled away, leaving her alone in her darkened chamber. By gentle persuasion, Jennie, after a few days, obtained her father's consent for Lena's return to the home of her youth. The infant, also, was admitted beneath the same roof, though carefully guarded from the eyes of his stern grandfather, who regarded him, as, at once, the cause of Lena's derangement, and the proof of her disgrace. On the night previous to her removal

WE have received in a letter from Athens, Greece, the following verses written by our friend of St. Paul, Minnesota, in an orchard, and just beside a large rock, inclosed by an iron fence which marks the spot where John Huss and Jerome of Prague were executed :

EXECUTION OF JOHN HUSS.

Down Alpine slopes, and along the Rhine,
Through chestnut groves, by the fragrant pine,
Came priests and monks, the sober and gay,
The Munster towers directing their way.

Sigismund rode with imperial air,
Nobles serene, and Hallam was there ;
Here burghers plain, there a mitred head,
And trumpeters too, with banners o'erspread.

They came from near, they came from far,
But guided not by Israel's star ;
In council met, harmonious all,
"The Church must stand : let opposers fall."

Before them stood a pale, thin man,
To take his life did the council plan :
Charges they brought of heresy dire,
"Guilty," they said, "let him die by fire."

They lead him forth from the Munster aisle,—
That holy man, in his speech no guile,—
Through St. Paul's street, and the city gate,
To the open moor, there to meet his fate.

Lo! the martyr's stake with faggots around,
To this armed men the Bohemian bound ;
Kindled the flames, see them leap on high !
Chariots of fire ascending the sky.

The rabble cheered, the priests did applaud,
As cinders fell on the clover sod ;
But joyful psalms the martyr raised,
"Jesus is mine, let his name be praised."

To heaven was borne who for Christ did die,
Who loved the truth and eschewed a lie,
Opened for him yon pearly gate,
Where Christ with smiles his coming did wait.

Loud rang the bells of the city fair,
Sweet voices filled the perfumed air,
And angels led the true, faithful one,
To sit with Christ on his golden throne.

The spot is marked by a great grey stone,
Near it I sit in silence, alone :
A sacred spot, through each coming age,
Where died John Huss,—then Jerome of Prague.

ROBERT F. SAMPLE.

CONSTANCE ON THE RHINE.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE COMPANY.—

A year ago a company of Presbyterian gentlemen, ministers, merchants and others, organized a joint stock company under the above title for the purpose of establishing a reliable *Family Magazine* for our own people. They purchased the subscription list and the good will of the *Family Treasure*. They have vigorously pushed the matter forward through many difficulties to the verge of the new year. The Church has nobly responded to their efforts. OUR MONTHLY has become widely known. The press concur in declaring it to be steadily improving. Our purpose is to provide entertaining instruction, both literary and religious. We simply ask Presbyterians to sustain their own magazine.

—
"THE RAINY DAY."

WE had it for a "rainy day"—

The rainy day may never come,
The blessed sun may still shine on
Till the dear Father take us home.

The blessed sun with unaviled face
On the first dawn we ever knew,
Gave goodly promise, as it flung
Its new-born blush upon the blue.

Gave goodly promise of a day,
Resplendent, glorious at noon ;
No sullen clouds at eventide,
To shroud its dying couch in gloom.

No sullen clouds,—but now and then,
A shadow seemed to dark the glade ;
And as we looked with sudden dread,
We found 'twas meant for grateful shade :

And as we looked, the cloud was white,
Like that to Israel ever nigh ;
No raging flood its bosom bore,
No angry flashings of His eye.

No raging flood, but gentle drops ;
Each one a prisoned rainbow bore,
A promise that whate'er it touched,
Should bloom with beauty evermore.

A promise that the great wise plans,
Of the Great God shall come to pass ;
And work together for the good,
Of those who love and trust His grace :

And work together thus they will,
Till weary feet and hearts find rest.
Then hard in hand, in childlike faith,

We'll journey toward the nearing west.

N. M. STEWART.