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“THE HIDDEN GEM.”



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*His Eminence Cardinal Thomas
Reagan*

Kelly, Bohan & Piet
Baltimore.

THE HIDDEN GEM

By [Faint Name]



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“THE HIDDEN GEM.”

A

Drama in Two Acts,

COMPOSED FOR THE COLLEGE JUBILEE

OF

ST. CUTHBERT'S, USHAW, 1858,

BY

H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN.

BALTIMORE:
PUBLISHED BY KELLY, HEDIAN & PIET,
174 BALTIMORE STREET.

1860.

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Janz
#864
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TO THE

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR NEWSHAM, D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE,

MY TUTOR IN BOYHOOD,

MY PROFESSOR IN YOUTH,

AND

MY FRIEND THROUGH LIFE,

I AFFECTIONATELY AND REVERENTLY

DEDICATE THIS LITTLE WORK.

N. C. W.

PROLOGUE

TO "THE HIDDEN GEM."

*Recited at the performance of that drama by the members
of the Catholic Institute of St. Philip Neri, at Liverpool,
on the 26th of January, 1859.*

UNSCARED by menace, unreformed by age,
Deaf to the voice of prophet, priest, and sage,
Despite Experience's instructive rules,
The pith of proverbs, and the lore of schools,
Which tell, in words of wisdom from of old,
How all that glitters is not therefore gold ;
The knowing world, in changeless accents cries,
"The gold that glitters is the gold *I* prize."

Yet might the world its eye sagacious turn

To Nature's truthful tablets, there to learn
The ways and workings of mysterious Grace,
In type reflected on Creation's face ;
Sure it had known how precious things of earth
On hearts unthankful waste their useless worth ;
How gifts of goodliest form and fairest bloom
Lurk in the deep, or slumber in the gloom ;
How caves unfathomed hide the priceless ore,
And pearls of ocean strew the desert shore,
And sweetest flowers of summer live and die,
Unseen, unheeded, save by Angel's eye :
Taught by these monitors, the world might know
How purest treasure oft may poorest show.

O, knew we but our bliss, the happiest we,
To whom 'tis given this gracious truth to see,
Not couched in emblem, nor by hint conveyed,
But in the Church's book to Faith displayed !
For sure the Church is that prolific Field,
Whose depths unsearched no answering produce
yield ;

She is that Garden, where the gifts of Spring
On arid winds their fruitless fragrance fling ;
The Casket she, where gems unnoticed lie,
The staple of Heaven's beauteous jewelry.

A gem like this, so hidden, yet so bright,
We set before you, Christian friends, to-night.
The young Alexius, rich and nobly born,
Gave all to God ; then, "lonely, not forlorn,"
By men despised, but full of heavenly joy,
He roamed from place to place, a pilgrim boy ;
Then, sped by holy warnings back to Rome,
He lived a stranger in his childhood's home ;
And, worthiest he the son's award to share,
Chose the slave's part, and prized the menial's
 fare ;
Till, in Affliction's furnace tried and proved,
Spurned where he trusted ; slighted where he
 loved,
He laid him down and died. But Truth hath
 said,

“The corn of wheat first liveth, when ’tis dead;”^{*}
 So he, I ween, did pass through bitter strife,
 From living death to bright undying life.

Saint Philip’s children, in Saint Philip’s name,
 Not your applause, but your indulgence claim;
 Fain would they proffer, in this simple Play,
 Saint Philip’s truth in his own childlike way.
 Yet, might your genial smile once beam on them,
 This Tale itself might prove “a hidden gem,”
 In flowers illusive wrapt. For not alone
 The moor’s drear vastness, or the desert’s stone,
 O’erlays the mine which teems with embryo
 wealth,
 Or hides the fount whence issue streams of health;
 The ore may sleep beneath the garden’s crest,
 The blue waves laugh† around the jewel’s nest,
 And woods of emerald foliage lure the eye

* St. John 12 : 24, 25.

† ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα πόντου.—*Æschyl.*

To where deep springs of health embedded lie.*
And thou, dear Prince, in loving presence here, †
Our toil to lighten, and our hearts to cheer ;
Wont from the care of Churches to descend,
At prayer of children, or at suit of friend,
If haply, like Saint Philip, thou may'st win
Some wayward soul from error, or from sin ;
Thou art the pole-star of our course to-night ;
If thou be near, the lowering sky grows bright ;
What frown shall scare us, if we feel *thy* love ?
What critic dare to blame, if *thou* approve ?

F. CAN. O.

* It is often remarked that mineral springs are found in the midst of romantic scenery.

† The writer feels it necessary to observe, in explanation, that His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, was present on the occasion for which this Prologue was written.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN the reign of the Emperor Honorius and the Pontificate of Innocent I., there lived on the Aventine, a Roman Patrician of great wealth, named Euphemianus. He had an only son, Alexius, whom he educated in principles of solid piety, and in the practice of unbounded charity. When he was grown up, but still young, a Divine command ordered the son to quit his father's house, and lead the life of a poor pilgrim. He accordingly repaired to Edessa, where he lived several years, while he was sought for in vain over all the world. At length he was similarly ordered to return home; and was received as a stranger into his father's house.

He remained there as many years as he had lived abroad, amidst the scorn and ill-treatment of his own domestics, until his death: when first a voice, heard through all the churches in the city, proclaimed him a Saint, and then a paper, written by himself, revealed his history.

As the years passed by Alexius in these two conditions have been variously stated by different writers, in this Drama they have been limited to five spent in each, or ten in all.

The beginning and the close of the second period, of that passed at home, form the subject of this composition; so that five years are supposed to elapse between its two acts.

Such is the domestic history recorded in Rome, on the Aventine Hill, where the beautiful church of St. Alexius yet stands, and is visited, on his feast, by crowds of his fellow-citizens. The view from its garden is one of the most charming in Rome. The basilica of Santa Sabina is next door to it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EUPHEMIANUS, a Roman Patrician.

ALEXIUS, under the name of *Ignotus*, his son.

CARINUS, a boy, his nephew.

PROCLUSUS, his Freedman and Steward.

EUSEBIUS, freed after Act I.

BIBULUS,

DAVUS,

URSULUS, } Black,

VERNA, }

} Slaves.

GANNIO, a Beggar.

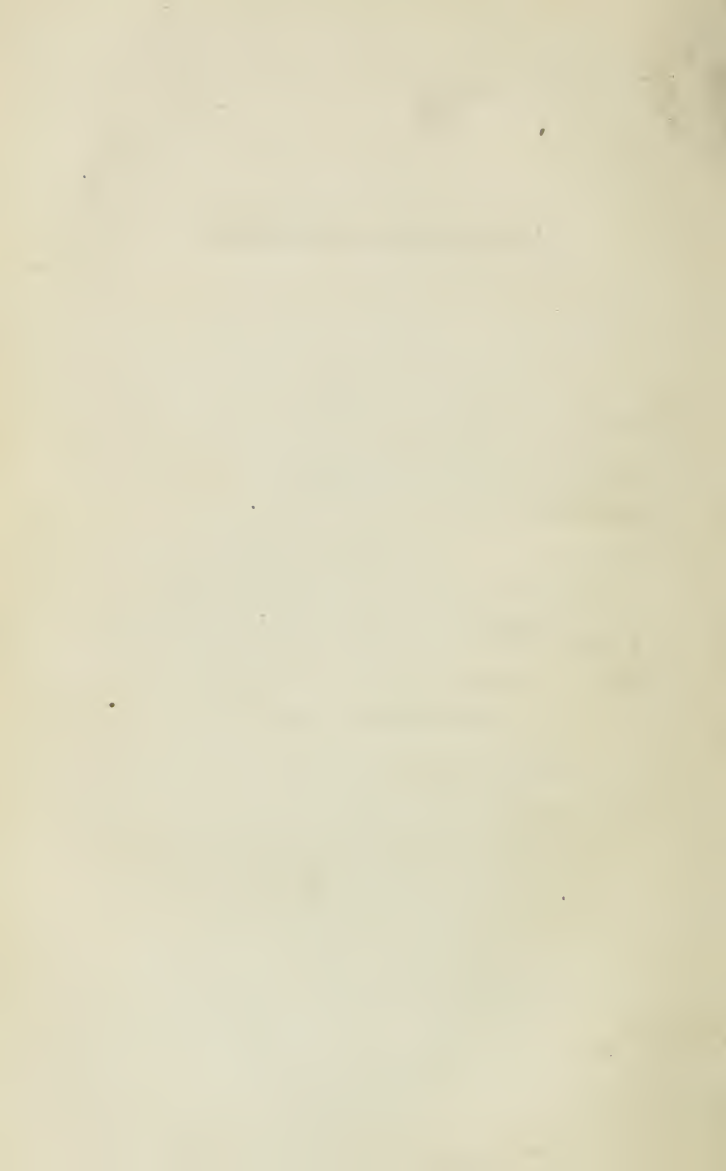
AN IMPERIAL CHAMBERLAIN.

AN OFFICER.

SLAVES, white and black.

TWO ROBBERS.

SCENE on the Aventine Hill in Rome, partly outside, partly in the court or Atrium, of Euphemian's house, in the Reign of Honorius, and the Pontificate of Innocent I.



“THE HIDDEN GEM.”

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open space on the Aventine, with houses on one side, and trees on the other. At the back is the door of Euphemian's house. Under the trees is a marble bench.*

Enter Alexius, tired, wearing a cloak. Sits for a moment to rest, then rises.

Alexius. Thus far I feel, that to the very letter
I have obeyed the clear commands of heaven.
“Where first thine eyes saw light, there must
they close :

Where first thy life began, there shall it
end."—

Such were the words the voice mysterious spake.
So, longing to complete my pilgrimage,
Once more I stand, where haughty Aventine
Crushes, with craggy heel, the serpent neck
Of writhing Tiber; while, between the peaks
Of Sabine hills, the sun shoots forked beams,
Hanging the gems of morning on each leaf.

If Italy, or Rome, or Aventine
Was meant, my goal is reached—but oh, re-
mains there

One step more, o'er that threshold—[*looking
towards Euphemian's house*] there to die?
For there I first drew breath.—It cannot be.

Five years it is to-day, since I was sent,
Like him of Ur, from father's house and kin-
dred.

What sorrow, perhaps worse, hath been en-
dured

For me, within the compass of those walls !
Livest thou yet, sweet mother ? Dost thou
shake
Thy palsied head and quivering hand, in an-
guish,
O'er thy long-lost, but unforgotten child ?
Or dost thou, from thy patiently won throne,
Look down and smile, upon thy pilgrim son ?—
I know my father lives ; his name is written
Upon the dypticks of far distant churches,
As on men's hearts, in charity's gold letters.—
How can I stand before him ? How address
him ?
How if perchance he knows me ?—Fathers'
eyes
Are keen at spying prodigals afar,
Through fluttering tatters, and begriming
dust.—
Prodigal ! What a name ! Have I been
such ?

True I was young, and rosy-cheeked, and rich
The night I left: but oh! 'twas not to plunge
Into the golden bath of luxury,
Or play the spendthrift. Bitter tears rolled
 down,
As sobs heaved panting from my breaking
 heart.

His word, who, on the Galilean sea,
Reft John from Zebedee, and changed his love,
Alone could have sustained me in that hour.
'Twas He who said: "Leave *them* and follow
 Me!"

But see—the door is opening—who comes
 forth?

'Tis he! my father! Heaven give me strength!
 [*Stands aside.*]

Enter Euphemianus, who sees Alexius.

Euph. Come! a good omen, on this mournful day,
The saddest anniversary of my house.

Alms and a poor man's prayer will bless its
grief.

Yet, though he looks both travel-sore and
needy,

He asks no alms : I must accost him then.

[*To Alexius.*

Good youth, you seem to be in want and
pain ;

Can I relieve you ?

Alex. Gladly I receive

What maketh rich and poor each other's
debtors.

Euph. [*takes out his purse, but stops.*] Nay

stay, it is not gold you so much want,

As food and rest. No place of entertainment

Is to be found near this. Within my house

You shall partake of both.—Ho ! there within !

Alex. [*staying him.*] Pray, good Sir, no !

Euph. Friend,

would you rob me thus

Of my first draught of charity's sweet air,
Which breathed at morn, adds fragrance to our
prayer ?

Alex. That balmy oblation you have offered up ;
For your first words spoke charity. A crust
Softened in yonder fountain, and for bed
This marble seat, will give me food and rest.

Euph. Nay, friend, it shall not be. I have not
learnt

My gospel so, that a poor man shall lie
At my gate, wanting crumbs, sore, clad in rags,
While I, in purple raiment, feast within.

Alex. But Sir, I am a palmer, used to sleep
On the bare ground,—

Euph. So much the more I wish
To have you in my house for a few hours.
Since you, no doubt, have visited abroad
Shrines, sanctuaries, and venerable places :
And have stored up some holy histories,
Which I should love to hear.—

Alex. Some such I know,
And later will wait on you, to relate.

Euph. No, friend, it shall be now. While I but
go,

For holy rites, to Blest Sabina's church,
Next to my house, do you go in, and rest.

Alex. [*aside.*] Thank heaven! he hath not dis-
covered me.

Euph. [*goes to the house door.*] Come forth here,
some one!

Enter Proculus.

Proc. I am at your bidding.

[*Looks suspiciously and contemptuously at*

Alexius.]

Euph. Good Proculus, take in this holy pilgrim,
And give him of the best.

Proc. [*coldly.*] It shall be done.

[*To Alexius.*

Comest thou from afar?

Alex. Last night I landed
 At Ostia's quay, from Syria's sacred coast,
 And, in the cool of night, gained Rome and
 Aventine.

Euph. Then truly you need rest: Proculus,
 hasten,
 And let a chamber quickly be prepared.

Proc. It is impossible! And for a stranger—
 One utterly unknown! [*To Alexius.*] Was
 there not plague in Syria,
 When thou didst there embark?

Alex. None that I heard of.
 But I'm aware I am myself a plague,
 In such vile rags, unfit for dainty chambers.
 Let me repose beneath these shady trees.

Proc. [*drawing Euph. aside, while Alex. retires.*]
 Sir, as an old, I trust a faithful servant,
 Let me speak freely. It is rash and dangerous
 Thus to give lodging, even for one hour,
 To such a thing as that. There may be a plot

To rob or murder;—there may harbor in him
 Deep-lurking maladies,—nay foul contagion
 From Asia's swamps, or Afric's tainted coast.

Euph. And yet the day will come, when One
 shall say,

“I was a stranger, and you took me in,”—
 Yes, One who lurks in the outcast and the
 beggar

Will speak thus to the rich.

Proc. Then not to you.

Doomsday will find you poor. Your lavish alms
 Would eat up your estates, were they twice
 doubled.

Forgive plain speaking. Through the day
 and night

This is my anxious thought!

Euph. Nay call it godless!

For blessed charity is not a canker,
 Which gnaws, like vice, into our paltry wealth:
 Charity is not rust, nor moth, nor robber.

But holy alms are like the dew of heaven,
 A moisture stolen from the field by day,
 Repaid with silent usury at night.

Proc. [*peevishly.*] Then be it so. I will procure
 him food.

Euph. And place of rest.

Proc. Where, Sir?

Euph. No matter where,
 So that it be where charity suggests.

Proc. We have no chamber vacant, but—

Euph. Go on.

Proc. The one which this day five years was left
 empty.

Euph. Rather mine own than that. None shall
 lie in it,

Till poor Alexius rest him there again.

Alex. [*starting.*] Once more I pray you—

Euph. Not another word,
 But follow Proculus within. I fear
 I've been, through too much courtesy, un-
 courteous.

What is your name, good friend ?

Alex. *Ignotus, Sir.*

I pray you, let me bear you company
To the fair temple of Sabina. There
Would I fain sanctify this day, to me
Most blessed at its dawn, now doubly blest
In my thus meeting you.

Euph. I bid you welcome.

[Exeunt together.]

Proc. Smooth, canting hypocrite!—but I will
foil thee!

Twine round his soft old heart—thence will I
pluck thee!

Come with him to his house—out I will drive
thee!

No, not six hours shall this new friendship
last,

The “Unknown” shall be thy *future* name, if
not thy past. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The Atrium of Euphemianus's house. The street door at the right of the stage: the entrance to the interior of the house on the left. In the middle, at the back of the stage, a small room with closed door, under a staircase. A table in the middle covered with a cloth reaching to the ground; behind it an arm chair.*

Enter Bibulus from the house side, cautiously looking round; then he turns towards the door.

Bib. It's all right, all right, come in. The coast is clear, and will be, for at least a good hour.

Enter Ursulus, and all the other slaves, white and black, first timidly, bearing various utensils of household, garden, and stable work, ladles, brushes, rakes, curry-combs, &c. They range themselves on either side, Bibulus going behind the table. After the others, Eusebius enters

quietly, holding a book, and stands in the background.

Urs. What have we been all brought together for ?

Bib. You shall hear presently.

Dav. Stay a moment : for there is no *Nostrum** prepared, for you to *dress* us from. So I will make one. [*Turns the chair round and Bibulus mounts it.*] Thus I make one out this *crural*† chair, that is to say, an *arm-chair*, you see.

Bib. Now, comrades, I am come to speak to you about our manifold wrongs. I have been shamefully treated. Of course, when I say shamefully I mean shamelessly.

Several. How so ?

Bib. How so ? Why I have been shut up all night in a dungeon—in a cellar—a dry cellar

* Rostrum.

† Curule.

mind, together with empty barrels, carcasses from which the spirits had long departed; and I have been bitten all night by mosquitoes. And all for nothing!

All. Shame! shame!

Bib. Will you stand this? Will you allow your rights to be thus trampled on?

Dav. Rights? Why you said you came to speechify to us about our wrongs; and now you talk about our rights. Which is it?

Bib. Booby! Do you not know that the more wrongs a man has, the more rights he has? He must have all his wrongs set to rights.

Verna. To be sure, Bibulus makes it quite plain.

All wrongs are all rights. Aren't they?

Bib. Exactly.

Dav. And therefore *wiser worser*, all right is all wrong.

Bib. That's it. That's your modern *plitical conomy*.

Verna. So right or wrong, it's all one. Hurrah!

All. Hurrah! hurrah!

Bib. So it was right you see,—no it was wrong—let me see, well it was either right or wrong, as the case may be, to keep me in prison all night; and so your rights were wronged in me.

Urs. But you haven't told us what it was for.

Dav. Aye, tell us *our* rights that *you* were wronged for.

All. Yes, yes! what was it for?

Bib. Why for a paltry flask or two of wine, which I drank to master's health.

Ver. Then if I understand the matter, we were wronged in not having our share of it. That was *our* right; and it was *you* who wronged us! Down with him!

All. Aye, down with him! [*They rush towards him.*]

Euseb. [*laughing, steps forward to check them.*]

Come, friends, enough of this folly. The long and short of the matter is, that he walked into his master's *hock*, and so the master walked him into his *quod*. That's a perfect concord, agreeing in gender, number, and case; and therefore if one agreed with *him* the other did too.

Bib. I think it's the wrong case altogether; for certainly *hock* agrees with me, and *quod* doesn't! But let us have common sense, and none of this cram!

Dav. Yes, yes, Bibulus is right—common sense, now! Let us by all means have common sense.

Euseb. Very well. Let me ask, is not the wine the master's property?

Several. Of course it is.

Euseb. He has a right to keep it in an amphora in his cellar.

Bib. Aye, till we can get at it.

Euseb. Hold your tongue till I have done. And

if it be poured, as usual, into a sheepskin, may he not still lock it up in his inner cellar?

Sev. Certainly, what then?

Euseb. Or if into an ass's skin, does that make any difference?

Sev. Of course not.

Euseb. Then that is just the case.

All. How?

Euseb. Pray what is the difference between its getting into Bibulus's skin, and into any *other* donkey's skin? Had not the master an equal right to lock it up in his cellar? And that's just what he did.

All. Bravo, bravo? Bibulus is an ass.

Bib. [*furious.*] I'll pay you out for this, one day, Eusebius. Listen, my friends. All this comes of bad logic, as one may say: of putting the premises before the consequence. I'll teach you right logic. Pray what was wine made for?

Urs. To be drunk, of course.

Bib. Well, then, let that wiseacre tell you, how wine is *to be* drunk, without *being* drunk.

Ver. Very good.

Bib. Then you see, in being drunk, I only did what wine was made for: *ergo*, I did quite right.

Dav. And therefore quite wrong.

Bib. But the fact is, the wine is as much mine as Euphemian's. Who gave *him* the soil? Who gave *him* the vines? Nature made them both, and nature gives them as much to me as to him. Before nature we are all equal.

All. To be sure we are!

Bib. Then why is not the wine mine as much as Euphemian's?

Euseb. Because you did not make it.

Bib. Neither did he.

All. True, quite true!

Bib. One man has no right to the produce of many others' labor! If we are all equal, it

is clear that all things should be in common !
Down with artificial distinctions, say I. Why
should one man wear broad-cloth, and another
long-cloth ? One drink Falernian, and another
Sabine ? Tell me that !

Euseb. Come, Bibulus, you are getting venomous.
Let us be equal. Why should you stand on
a chair, and we on the ground ? You have all
the talk, and we only listen ?

Sev. Go on ! go on !

Verna. [*shaking a rake.*] I like this wholesale
way of levelling ; it beats rake husbandry hol-
low. But how could we make a right division ?
Lay all out in flower-beds, as one may say.

Bib. Oh, very easily. You should have the gar-
den : Eusebius might take the library, and
welcome.

Euseb. Thank you, and how live ?

Bib. Why, haven't I heard you say that you *de-
vour* new publications, *relish* a good poem, and

would like to *digest* a code of laws? Haven't you often declared, that in a certain book there was want of *taste*, that another was a *hotch-potch*—that one writer was *peppery*, and another *spicy*, a third *insipid*, or that, poor wretch! he had been terribly *cut up*, or made *mince-meat* of, and completely *dished*, by those cannibals called critics?

Dav. Bravo, Bibulus; you have settled *his* hash, at any rate. Now for the rest.

Bib. Well, then, Strigil might have the stables and horses, Fumatus the kitchen, and I—the cellar.

Sev. No, no: that must be common property.

Urs. This is all very fine: but how are we to get at our own? Would Euphemian do it kind, and give up?

Bib. [*hesitating and deliberating.*] Well, on that point, I do not clearly see my way. Belling the cat, eh? I can't see, unless we set the house on fire—

Urs. Nay, that would be destroying all our property.

Bib. [*aside.*] Except the cellar. [*Aloud.*] Still, that would be a noble way of asserting our rights.

Dav. To be sure it would, and it would be great fun!

Euseb. Come, Bibulus, enough of this fooling. You are now becoming mischievous, and treacherous too. My friends and comrades, you cannot be so mad as to dream of such wickedness and absurdity.

Urs. [*doggedly.*] Well, then, at least let us have the satisfaction of setting some one else's house on fire. It will be some compensation for being trampled under foot at home.

Sev. Whose shall it be?

Bib. I like the idea, as a sort of distraction, you know, from our own grievances. Let me see. Oh yes! there are plenty of neighbors not

far off. Their people seem tolerably comfortable, and their houses are in good order. But there are some in them that would like to see a good flare up; and why have not we a right to give it them?

Euseb. Why so?

Bib. Why so? Why for fifty reasons. First, they don't eat beef as we do. They *ought* to eat beef.

Ver. So they ought. That's a capital reason; what else?

Bib. Then they are not like us. Not one of them dare talk openly of setting his master's house on fire, as I do. We are free.

Euseb. And easy.

Dav. Aye, free and easy. That's the age, Sir. We don't care for *Harry's toggery*: we are all for *demonocracy*. Aren't we?

All. To be sure we are.

Bib. We don't mind masters or stewards.—Do we?

All. Not we.

Bib. We'll pitch them all out of the window.—
Won't we?

All. That we will.

Bib. Beginning with Proc—Hallo! There he comes.

[*Leaps down and dives under the table.*]

Enter Proculus. All look sheepish.

Proc. Well, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this strange meeting in the hall? How come you to be all here, instead of minding your work? Come, speak, some of you. I heard noise enough just now.

Dav. Why, Sir, do you see, as this is the sorrowful anniversary of the family, we thought it shootable to hold a sort of conwiwial meeting, just to poke up its affliction. So we have been talking over our wrongs.

Proc. Your wrongs?

Ver. That is, our *rights*, you know, Sir.

Proc. Better still. This must be some of Bibulus's work. I am sure I heard his voice—where is he?

Dav. He has absquatulated, Sir; but I think he can hardly have got a mile off yet.

Proc. He shall be caught in due time, and shall get his deserts. [Bibulus *peeps from under the table, and shakes his fist at Proculus, who does not see him. All laugh.*] What are you all laughing at? He will find it no laughing matter, I can tell you. However, as you *are* here, I may as well give you a piece of news.

All. What is it?

Proc. Why, that your master has just now taken a fancy to a beggar.

All. A beggar?

Proc. Aye, a beggar, a man calling himself a pilgrim, whom he wishes to bring into the house, to sleep here, and to eat and drink of

the best. So he commands. And consequently to be *dutifully* waited on by you.

Urs. That's a downright shame!

Dav. We won't stand it! It's quite beneath us.

Ver. We won't sit down under it! We're quite above it.

Proc. [*ironically.*] Oh, but, no doubt, you will do all in your power to make him comfortable.

Dav. Oh, to be sure!

Proc. When he is asleep, you will take care to make no noise near, to disturb him.

Ver. Of course we will!

Proc. And if your master sends dainties to him, you will not intercept them, but will see that he is well fed, and gets sleek and fat.

Urs. Won't we!

Proc. He will have an easy life of it,—won't he, now?

All. Trust us for that! A beggar, indeed!

Proc. Well, you seem pretty unanimous in that, I think.

Dav. Quite magnanimous, as you say, Sir. But where will he lodge, that we may know how to keep quiet?

Proc. [*pointing to the cell.*] There, under the stairs.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Dav. He will hardly have a glimpse of light.

Ver. Or a mouthful of air.

Urs. Or room to turn round.

Proc. So he will turn *out* all the quicker.

Euseb. [*aside.*] Why, he is as bad as Bibulus!

[*To Proc.*] Sir, does our master intend his new friend to be so treated?

Proc. Hold your tongue, slave. You are always prating when you are not wanted. My men, you are all agreed?

All. All.

Proc. How he is to sleep?

All. Yes, Sir.

Proc. And to eat?

All. Yes, Sir.

Proc. And to be got out?

All. Yes, Sir.

CHORUS OF SLAVES.

1.

There shall be no rest for his aching bones,
None to his weary head:
For his bed shall be like the torrent's stones,
His pillow be as lead.

2.

To him shall his food no nourishment yield,
Refreshment none his cup:
He shall eat the refuse of garth and field,
The fetid pool shall sup. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Bibulus from under the table.

Bib. Well! I do think that I am all the better for a little sobering under the table. Really, if I had not given way from a boy to this rascally propensity of mine, I might have been the most popular leader in the Empire! See how, but for that stupid Eusebius, who always spoils everything good, I should have induced those fools of comrades to set the house on fire, and I should have obtained my revenge, and escaped in the confusion. Many a fellow has reached the Roman purple from a less promising beginning.

But as this has failed, let me set earnestly about some other plan. Again and again, I have been vilely used, down to last night.

Aye, last night! That was the last drop! That can never be blotted out except by one means.—Yes, in the intense solitude of that foul dungeon,—in the Tartarus of that broiling furnace—in the murkiness of that endless night—still more, in the bitterness of an envenomed soul—in the recklessness of despair—yea, through gnashing teeth and parched throat—I, Bibulus, vowed revenge—fatal revenge. My manacles and gyves rung like cymbals, as my limbs quivered while I uttered the burning words; and a hollow moan, or laugh—I know not which—re-echoed them through the vault.

And when did an Asiatic heart retract such a vow? When did it forego the sweet delicious thought—the only luxury of a slave—revenge?

Euphemianus, thou shalt not be long my master. Yet Euphemianus is a good master

—a kind and gentle—Is it so? Then why does he allow me to be lashed every day like a hound—chained up like a ban-dog?

But it is Proculus that doth all this to thee, Bibulus.—And who is Proculus, and what is Proculus? Only the other's arm—his hand—his limb. I strike not at these—I aim straight at the brain—the heart—the soul. I do not maim or cripple—I slay, I kill.

Then, if Proculus die, what better am I? There are fifty worse than he, and ready to take his place.—Here, for example, comes one of them—

Enter Eusebius.

Euseb. Well found, Bibulus; here is something for you. [*Gives him a paper.*]

Bib. What is this? You know I am no scholar.
[*Trying to read it.*]

Euseb. Why, in two words, it is an order from

Proculus, who has learnt your late proceedings, telling you that you are degraded from the condition of a house servant to that of a country slave, and commanding you to proceed this very afternoon to Ardea, there to begin your labors.

Bib. [*starting.*] To Ardea! In the very heat of summer! To the most pestilential spot in the Roman territory, where the most sturdy perish in a year, unless born there! Thither am *I* to go—degraded, too!—to die perhaps in a month, like a frog on a mud-bank, when the sun has dried up its brackish pool! Has Proculus thought of this?

Euseb. Most certainly; for not only does he know it, but he observed expressly, that this was a more lenient punishment, than being scourged to death, as you had deserved. You would soon die out, he said, and we should be well rid of a pestilent fellow.

Bib. Better be scourged to death with scorpions, than sucked to death by poisonous insects, or by a wasting miasma. Does Euphemean know of it?

Euseb. Not yet, but no doubt he will confirm the award. Farewell, Bibulus; bear with courage what you have heartily deserved. [*Exit.*]

Bib. Farewell, sycophant! farewell, indeed? No, not yet.—There shall be moaning over death in this house, before *I* go to encounter it. After this cruel doom, who will blame me, if I seek to escape it?—Yet here again comes the question—who is doing this? Proculus. Then ought not my vengeance to fall on *him*? Warily, calmly—let us weigh this.

If Proculus dies—Eusebius would be worse. Now, if Euphemean dies, it is very different. We know that by his will he has released all his slaves. So let *him* die, and I am free.

But, is this generous? or honorable? Tut,

tut; who has ever been generous, or honorable, with me? And am I to begin the virtues first? Out upon it—no!

Yet the thing must be done cautiously, securely. It is an ugly thing, is killing, even in revenge. One must throw a veil over it—make it appear like an accident, even to one's self. Ha! happy combination—I know how at once to procure the necessary means, and then—the pilgrim who is going to sleep *there* [*pointing to the cell.*—Capital! What more likely?—He *has* some design, no doubt—and he will be the only person near. A train can be easily laid to bring it home to him.—Bravo, Bibulus, thou art a clever hand at mischief.—By one blow thou shalt gain liberty, security, and—revenge! Eh?

Revenge on foes is sweet: 'tis sweeter still,
When yours is all the gain, theirs all the ill.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Aventine.*

Enter Gannio, in rags, with a wallet, affecting to be lame.

Gan. Well, that was a wise old poet, Ennius, I think they call him, who wrote those verses:
“Of all the trades in Italy, the beggar’s is the best,
Because if he is tired, he can sit him down and rest.”

So as I drive a thriving trade by begging, I will use my privilege. [*Sits down, wiping his forehead.*] I have walked twenty miles to get here, for this blessed day, the *doleful* day of the house, so called, I presume, from the liberal alms always doled out on it.

Enter Bibulus, unobserved.

I am well repaid, however, for my diligence

and speed, for I am first and earliest in the field. It is clear that none of the fraternity have slipped in between me and the first pickings.

Bib. [*coming forward.*] You are wrong, there, old fellow.

Gan. Good morning, Bib; what do you mean?

Bib. Why, that a more knowing one than you has stepped in before you, and regularly done you: a young beggar, which you are not—a handsome beggar, which you never were—and a virtuous beggar, which you never will be. He was here when the master first left the house, wormed himself into his favor in no time, and is invited to eat, drink, and sleep in the house—actually in the house. Orders are that he must have the best of everything. So you are cut out, at any rate!

Gan. [*enraged.*] The villain! all my precedence taken from me; my very birthright. Every

praise you have uttered of him is a sting, a dagger to me. Where is he?

Bib. There he comes, with the master. [*Stands aside while Euphemian and Alexius pass them, conversing, and go into the house.*]

Gan. Aye, there he goes! a sleek, smooth, treacherous rival!

Bib. Rival? Why, don't you see how completely he is at home with the master?

Gan. That I do.

Bib. You are fairly supplanted *there*, at least.

Gan. I see it. How I should like to—[*makes a gesture of stabbing.*]

Bib. Hush! we all dislike him as much as you.

Gan. I am glad to hear that. But, how can it be managed?

Bib. Gannio, you sell—you know what, eh?

Gan. Powders, to kill rats? [*Bibulus nods.*]

Oh, yes, I always have them ready.

Bib. Are they sure in their action, and safe?

Gan. Quite.

Bib. How are they administered?

Gan. You put a pinch of the stuff into a goblet
—I mean where the rats drink; and any one,
—that is, any rat,—that tastes, dies, without
remedy, in an instant. No tales to tell—that
is, there is hardly time to squeak, you under-
stand; I speak of rats, you know.

Bib. Of course. We should be glad to get rid
of—

Gan. A rat, mind you. Recollect, I said so,
expressly. I have nothing to do with anything
else. [*Draws a box out of his wallet.*] What
will you take it in?

Bib. [*after feeling in his pocket, takes out the
paper given him by Eusebius.*] Here, this will
do. Is this enough?

Gan. [*putting some powder into the paper.*]
Enough for a hundred and fifty of them.

Bib. And I suppose for *one* beggar.

Gan. I know nothing about *that*. But I hope
I shall never hear of *him* again. [*Exit.*

Bib. You old dotard! Do you think I am going
to risk my throat to get rid of *your* enemies?
I have a loftier aim. The fate of Rome's
noblest patrician is folded in this little paper.
But I have no time to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The Atrium.* A table rather on one
side, so as to leave the door under the stairs free.

Enter Euphemianus and Alexius conversing.

Euph. Have you, perchance, Ignotus, ever met,
Or in your travels heard of, a fair youth,
By name Alexius?

Alex. No uncommon one—
Hath he no token whereby to distinguish him?

Euph. None, except that of a sad history—
He was the son of an illustrious house,
Daintily bred, and heir of boundless wealth:

Yet as an angel, gentle, sweet, and pure.
 By all beloved—by one too highly prized;
 So heaven took him from him.

Alex. Did he die, then?

Euph. Alas! far worse than that: he fled from
 home,

Leaving his parents desolate and crushed.
 His mother melted soon away in tears,
 And murmured, as she patient died, his name.

[*Weeps.*]

This day completes his father's five years' woe.

[*Looking hard at Alexius.*] Methinks he must
 be now about your age.

Perhaps a little taller—no, the same. [*Alex.
 tries to turn away. Euph. holds him and
 looks in his face.*]

Your eyes remind me, too, so much of his,
 So blue and mild, like doves',—but he was fair,
 As Phrygian marble, veined with purple
 blood.—

Yet travel may have browned his cheek like
yours.

His graceful mouth; yours is, no doubt, such too,
But that your beard conceals it—had a trick
So sweet, so winning, that by it alone
I could discern him from ten thousand—Ah!
You weep, good pilgrim, too: thanks for those
tears!

Oh tell me, then, did you e'er hear of him?

Alex. [*confused.*] Ah! yes, dear father!—I had
almost said,

You look so kind—Yes, venerable Sir—

I do remember somewhat—let me see—

Euph. Speak! say, for heaven's sake, what you
remember.

Alex. [*sadly.*] It is not much, I fear.

Euph. Still let me hear it.

Alex. I recollect how to Edessa came,

Some four or five years past, well-furnished
servants

Of a great Roman lord, in quest of him ;
 For I, with many, did receive their alms.

Euph. [*sighing.*] And is this all? Alas! they
 found him not,

And soon returned, to whet his parents' grief.
 Yet do I hope against all hope. His place
 Is daily kept unfilled at every meal,
 His chamber, swept and garnished, nightly
 waits him,

Whom day or night, a love unchanged will greet.

Alex. True, faithful love is this! Yes, good
 Euphemian,

Hope still, and hope: your boy will yet return.

Euph. Ah! think you so? Or say it but to flatter
 A father's longing?

Alex. 'Twould but ill become me
 Thus to requite your love.

Euph. My love? What love?

Alex. That hospitable love, which oft before
 Hath harbored angels, why not then a son?

Euph. Thank you, Ignotus, may your words
prove true.

I fain would learn from you your parents'
names,

Where you were born, where you have spent
your youth.

Alex. [*aside.*] Heaven protect me!

Euph. Well, another time,
For now, 'tis indiscretion on my part
To keep you from your needed rest—Here
comes

Who shall conduct you to it. Heaven guard
you. [*Exit.*

Alex. And be it blest, this trial now is over,
All else seems light.

Enter Proculus, who sets down refreshment.

Proc. Sir Palmer, I fear you must be weary.
Your chamber is prepared, though it is not
such as I could have wished.

Alex. Any hole or corner is good enough for me.

Proc. Well, I knew you would say so, wherefore I took you beforehand at your word. You see, though the house is large, its inmates are many.

Alex. No doubt, plead no more, I pray.

Proc. One suite of apartments is never allowed to be occupied; then friends often drop unexpectedly upon us, with large retinues—great people, rich people, you understand? *respectable* people.

Alex. I beg you to spare all excuses. Anywhere will do.

Proc. As I suppose you will only want a few hours' rest, and then will resume your pilgrimage, a small chamber, and not very luxurious couch, will suffice.

Alex. Any place, good Sir.

Proc. [*showing him the cell.*] Then would it please you to rest here?

Alex. [*smiling.*] Most certainly—it is quite a palace for *me*.

Proc. There is some refection for you: and may your slumbers be refreshing. [*Exit.*]

Alex. Is this to be the sealing sleep of life,
 Gluing my eyelids in unwaking rest?
 Shall my heart, ere 'tis over, cease to beat,
 And shall my soul awake to heaven this day?
 It would appear so; for I now have reached
 My place of birth, to hold it some few hours.
 Here, then, must sound my last—I am prepared.

My lot is now in better hands than mine.

“Live we, or die we, we are still the Lord's.”—

One prayer may serve for slumber or for death.

Our life is Thine, Creator of all flesh,

Living or dying, wakeful or asleep.

The Hand which plays among the chords of
 life,

Pressing them gently, their vibration stills

To silence, till It wake them once again.
That Hand I kiss this day ; for It hath strained
The strings of love and pain to utmost tension,
And now will soothe them with Its kindly
touch,
To murmur peace, on Its paternal palm.

[*Kneels.*

Father ! who here this thing of clay didst
fashion
Into Thine Image's terrestrial frame,
Its dust together hold, or free disperse,
Where rest my fathers, or are outcasts flung ;
Make it the earthworm's, or the vulture's feast,
So that from its corruption flash my soul,
Into the furnace of Thy purest fire :
Or rather, like a pearl, be gently dropped
Into the abyss of thy great ocean-bosom,
To seek in vain for surface, depth, or margin,
Absorbed, yet unconsumed, entranced, yet
free. [*Exit into his cell, closing the door.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter Bibulus, bearing a salver, with a goblet and food, which he lays on the table. In his right hand he holds an ewer, or flagon.

Bib. In a few minutes, Euphemianus will come for his daily morning refection, and will find it in its usual place. He will drink it, taste it more savory, and higher spiced than usual—and will expire! What an easy and comfortable death!

[*Striking his breast.*] Down, ye growling curs of remorse! Hush! hissing worm of conscience! You are too late—the potion is mixed, and the fatal drug cannot be extracted. And then, remember Ardea—this afternoon—with its death of a mad hound foaming at the mouth, or a viper shrivelled up on a scorching bank.

No ; no more qualms. What I am going to do, is a safe remedy of all my ills—the easiest way of gaining all my ends. And that sums up all the morality I have learnt, in these days of canting virtue !

Now let us look to our pilgrim. [*Takes out a paper, and looks into the door.*] Fast asleep ; sleeps like a dead man ! [*Goes in and returns.*] I never saw any one so soundly asleep. The paper is quite safe by his bedside. [*Pours out into the goblet.*] I can say the drink was here some time ; and I cannot be further responsible.—But, here comes the master—O heavens ! I wish it were well over ! I will stand by, and the first to give the alarm ! [*Retires.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter Euphemian from the street door.

Euph. I own I like my guest. His words are sweet ;

His looks call up some image I have loved.

Then his affection seemeth almost filial,

Tender and melting at a father's woe.

I feel athirst! [*Takes the cup, and is putting it to his lips, when a solemn voice proceeds from the cell, the door of which has been left ajar.*]

Alex. EUPHEMIAN, BEWARE!

Euph. [*starting and putting down the cup.*] Was that some play of fancy mocking me?

[*Looking about.*] No one is nigh, 'twas plainly imagination.

I have felt tempted e'en to press my guest,

As they of Emmaus theirs, to rest with me—

Perhaps declare him my adopted son!—

My lips are parched! [*Again raises the cup, and the same voice is heard.*]

Alex. BEWARE, EUPHEMIAN!

Euph. [*puts down the cup.*] Beware of what?

Not of this harmless draught?

Oh no; I know that voice!—'Tis dear Alexius,
 Far off in body—ah! perhaps in heaven—
 Who thus reproaches me, for my unfaithful-
 ness,

In putting of this pilgrim in his place.

[*Passionately*]

It shall not be, dear son! But oh! why speak,
 And not be seen? Yet still, if thou canst hear,
 My child, this cup of grace I quaff to thee!

[*Waving the cup over his head. As he is
 just going to drink, Alexius rushes out,
 and dashes it from his hand.*]

Alex. Hold! It is deadly poison.

Euph. [*loud.*]

Ho! in here!

*Enter Proculus and slaves. Alex. snatches the
 ewer from Bibulus, and puts it on the
 table. Alex. in the middle, Euph. on his
 right, Proc. and Bib. on his left: the rest
 on either side, forward.*

Proc. What is the matter? What has happened,
Sir?

Euph. Foul treachery and murder have been
here.

My cup was poisoned.

Proc. Who hath told you so?

Alex. I.

Proc. How do *you* know?

Dav. Every drop is spilt.

Proc. Bibulus, you prepared it; speak! or, sirrah,
Your life must answer.

Bib. Sir, the cup was pure
As heaven's dew, when here I left it. What
May, in my absence, have befallen, I know not.
They who have tampered with it, best can tell.

Proc. Whom do you mean? Speak plain, man,
out at once.

Bib. Him who discovered it—how knew he of it?
Poison there is, but in his tongue who sought
Your heart to envenom. Put him to his proof.

Proc. Sir, Bibulus is right for once.

All. We saw it.

Alex. [*takes the empty cup left by Proc. and pours into it.*] No one with *this* has tampered; drink it then,

Before thy master's eye. [*Offers it to him.*]

Proc. Yes, drink it off.

Bib. Before his feet to die! Good master, spare me! [*Kneeling.*]

Euph. Oh, heavens! Thanks for such a mercy.

Proc. Sir,

Let punishment condign requite this crime.

Seize him, and bind him fast, for death.

All. Aye, aye, Sir.

[*They rush on him.*]

Alex. [*interposing himself.*] Sir, in exchange for your life saved, I ask,

Give him to me, or rather to your son,

On this his mournful day.

Euph. I can't refuse.

Alex. And now for my reward—

Euph. Ask what you please.

Alex. Your purse !

Euph. What ! paltry gold ?

Alex. Yes, yes, indeed,

I never felt so covetous as now.

[*Euph. astonished, gives him his purse.*]

[*To Bibulus.*] Take this and flee. At Ostia's
quay yet lies

A vessel bound to Palestine ; there seek
Pardon, 'midst scenes of all-forgiving love.

[*Exit Bibulus.*]

Euph. As yet, Ignotus, all my debt remains
Uncancelled, and must be so. For with life
I owe to you, whatever gives life worth.
This house, my fortune—all belongs to you.

Be this my first request—we part no more.
We share this roof, through what of life re-
mains.

Where are you lodged ?

Proc. An't please you, Sir, by reason of some repairs, and, and—

Euph. And what, pray?

Alex. I am perfectly satisfied with my quarters, Sir.

Proc. Exactly, Sir, the gentleman being anxious for quiet and devout retirement,—being a pilgrim, you see, Sir,—

Euph. Come, come, tell me at once—where have you harbored him?

Proc. [*confused, and pointing back.*] Why, *there*, Sir.

Euph. There? In that dog's hole hast thou kennelled him?

Is that the pilgrim's welcome in my house?

Shame on thee, Proculus!

Alex. Peace, good Euphemian.

If I had not lodged *there*, thou wouldst have died!

All. Very true.

Alex. Now this chamber hath been blest
To you and me: I claim it therefore from you.
There will I live, and, if heaven pleases, die.

Euph. Ignotus, I must yield to you. But say,
How did you learn my danger? Whose voice
heard I?

Alex. That voice was mine.

Euph. [*aside.*] It sounded like my child's.

Alex. While in sound sleep, methought there
stood beside me

A being fair, but radiant as the morn.

His purple wings were tremulous with gold,

Like cedars in the breeze at set of sun.

He struck my side and woke me. Then I
heard

That slave's foul treachery. He entering in
With black design, believed me fast asleep,
And dropped his poisonous bait. I started up,
And, through the door neglectfully unclosed,
Saw all the rest.

Euph. A blessing came with you
Into my house.—But say, who was that spirit?
He entered too with you.—

Alex. I know him well.
He is the pilgrim's angel, he who wards
The hospitable threshold.—Mark my words.
Four angels guard our gracious works of
love,
Guide them below, and chronicle above.
The fainting, feeds from silver bowls the first,
With golden cup, the second slakes their thirst.
The third the naked clothes with broidered
pall ;—
But HOSPITALITY unites them all,—
To clothe, feed, quicken, when his jewelled
key
Opens, for harbor, home, or hostelry.
Him these three spirits tend,—him glad sur-
round,
Who brighter works of mercy leaves to them ;

While he, with seraph-gaze bent on the ground,
 Finds in the dust, and saves some "hidden
 gem."[*Exeunt.*

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

*There is an interval of five years between the
 first and second acts.*

SCENE I.—*The Atrium. Enter Euphemian,
 Carinus, with Eusebius, in cloaks and petasi,
 or large hats. Eusebius takes off their travel-
 ling attire, and goes out. Car. has the bulla
 round his neck.*

*(A couch, raised only at one end, in the
 apartment.)*

Euph. Well, dear Carinus, are you tired?

Car. No, father ;

(Since I must call you so, by your command,)

This morning's journey has been charming.

What

Could be more lovely than the Tiber's banks,

Fringed with those marble villas, cool i'th'

shade

Of lazy pines, and scarcely-nodding cypresses ?

All was so still ; except the gilded prows

That shot along the water, bright yet soft,

As swarms of summer fire-flies.

Euph. Welcome, then,

To your own goodly home.

Car. [*looking round him.*] A goodly home.

It is, indeed, and fair ! And yet not mine.

Euph. Right : for to-morrow is the day appointed

For your adoption. Then, indeed, more truly

All that you see will yours become ; and more.

Car. How can that be, your heir being still alive ?

Euph. Alas ! all hope is now extinct !

Car. How so?

Euph. I have in vain the whole world travelled
through,
Made proclamations, offered high rewards,
And more than all, have trusted to the in-
stincts
Of filial love, wherever it might be,
To claim its dues.

Car. If heaven had stronger claims
All this was vain.

Euph. Only three days and nights
Did Mary's Son allow the quest for Him,
By His dear parents—full ten years has mine.

Car. O father! those three days were *twenty*
years
To Mary's heart!

Euph. [*aside.*] What wisdom hath this child!
[*Aloud.*] My hopes are wearied out. There-
fore to-morrow,
The anniversary of our long mourning,

Shall mark our change to joy. Honorius
comes

To honor my poor banquet. At its close,
Amidst the clang of trumpets and of cymbals,
The Emperor himself will name you heir
Of all your uncle's wealth.

Car. And if Alexius,
Before the echo of those sounds be quelled,
Appear amongst us?

Euph. No. It cannot be.
Conjure not up such fancies. For five years
I have been buoyed up by the hopeful speech
Of a young holy pilgrim, who yet dwells
Within these walls. Ten years is long to hope!

Car. But tell me, father, was Alexius all
That I have heard described? Gentle and
sweet,
Obedient, pure, to the distressed most kind,
To saints devout, burning with higher love?

Euph. All this, and tenfold more, if ten times
told.

Car. Then let me be the sharer of his virtues,
Never usurper of his heritage.

Alexius lives, and will claim back his own.

Euph. How say you, child ?

Car. You have described a saint,
Such as dies not, but all the Church shall
know it.

Remember how, when Servulus, the mendicant,
Died in the court of holy Clement's church,
Our earthly psalmody was hushed, to hear
The angels chaunt his passing-hymn outside.*

Euph. Oh ! may it be so ! Then will he not care
For worldly wealth or honor !

Enter Eusebius.

Euseb., Pardon, Sir !

The household are without, anxious to pay
Homage to you and to their future lord.

Euph. Let them come in !

* St. Gregory's Dialogues, B. iv, c. 14.

Enter Davus, Verna, and other slaves, and range themselves on either side.

Euseb. Your servants, Sir, desire
To welcome you again, after long absence,
And pray you many years of home and joy.
Dispel the cloud which hath so long o'erveiled
The sunlight of the house. Try to forget
By learning how to hope! May this young
bloom [*Pointing to Car.*]

Upon the household tree gracefully mantle
The winter's past decay.

Car. No, good Eusebius,
Say autumn's ripened fruit. I'm but a boy,
And cannot take the place of manly virtue.
My friends, I thank you for your kindly
wishes,
And as you love me, grant me but this favor,—
I wish not to be courted, flattered, fed
With honeyed speeches. Let me hear the truth

From all, at all times, though that truth be
blame.

All. Bravo ! Bravo !

Euph. Thanks, my good friends ; such proofs of
kindly feeling

Bind up a household in strong mutual love.

Haste now once more, each to prepare his part

For the glad morrow ; when our Emperor

Will grace our board, and our new heir pro-
claim.

To-morrow's sun shall bleach our mourning
palls,

And kindle joy in these ancestral halls.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter Alexius solus, faint, and weak—sits down.

Alex. How long ? O heavens ! how long shall I
drag on

This lingering life? Five years are on the eve
Of their completion, since I entered here.
Smoothly hath time flowed on, yet quickening
ever

Its rapid course; and now methinks I am
Like one who nears a cataract. His skiff
Glides through a noiseless, foamless, liquid
furrow,

Which curves at last over the craggy ledge.
So sweetly calm I feel, so lulled to rest,
Though still upon the surging wave. My heart
Pants audibly indeed, yet does not fret.

Gladly before I die, my future heir
I fain would see. But once, while yet an in-
fant,

I stole a glance at him. How years rush by!
Childhood's best prophecies were written fair
On brow and lip, illumined by the eye:
If that first page lied not, the book is rare.

Enter Eusebius, bearing a dish.

Euseb. Good day, Ignotus, I have longed to see
you,

Since our return. My noble lord, Euphemian,
Now gives me cause. Accept from him this
food,

Prepared for his own table. But, good heavens!

How sadly altered you appear! Art ill?

Alex. I am but passing well.

Euseb. I fear, Ignotus,
That in our absence you have suffered much
From the unruly, ill-bred slaves.

Alex. Oh! no.
For it would ill become me to complain,
Who was sent here to practise deeper patience
Than ever hermit in his desert grot.

Its end is near!

Euseb. What mean you, friend Ignotus?

Alex. You soon will know. But tell me of this
boy.

Euseb. Carinus?

Alex. Yes. Is he a worthy heir
To good Euphemian?

Euseb. I would almost say
To best Alexius. But yourself shall know him.
For much he longs to hold some converse with
you,
Bred up himself in Asia.

Alex. Haste to bring him.

Euseb. [*going.*] I go to seek.

Alex. [*taking up the dish.*] While I these dainties bear
To Gannio at the door; he loves them dearly.

As he is speaking, enter Ursulus, meeting him. Euseb. stops suddenly at the door on the other side, and looks from a distance unseen.

Urs. Hallo, sirrah! whither so fast with that nice dish? Give it up instantly!

Alex. Willingly, pray accept it from me!

Urs. Accept indeed, what belongs to me! What right have you, a beggarly intruder, to intercept what, of right, belongs to the household? I will not accept, I take it. [*Snatches away the dish, and pushes Alex. rudely, who staggers backwards on the couch, and rises again faint, standing in the middle. Just at this moment Carinus enters, opposite to Eusebius, and starts at seeing this act, but retires to the back of the stage, and remains unseen behind a pillar.*]

Euseb. [*rushing forward and seizing the dish.*]

Avaunt, foul harpy! ravenous, impure!

Defiling what thou touchest!

[*He pushes him across the stage, so that he staggers against Proculus entering. Then puts down the plate.*]

Proc. How now, slave?

Urs. Eusebius, Sir, pushed me against you, after

snatching a dish from me, which I was bearing from Ignotus to Gannio.

Euseb. He lies, Sir, foully.

Proc. Peace, thou forward slave!

Euseb. No more than thou a slave.

Proc. Ha! dar'st thou, sirrah!

Euseb. Sirrah me, sir, no more! I'm free as thou.

Proc. We'll see just now. Come Ursulus, say on.

Urs. I say then that it's all along of that interloper Ignotus. Since he came into the house there has been no peace. We have had nothing but quarrels on his account. And Eusebius has always taken his part, in spite of what you bid us, five blessed years ago.

Proc. Thou sayest true. Like a needle or an arrow-point imbedded in the flesh, is a stranger that thrusts himself into a house. Wherever it moveth, it causeth irritation and pain.

Euseb. And pray did *he* intrude himself, or did the master of the house invite, nay press him?

Proc. What care I, so he's here against *my* will?

Alex. Nay, but I knew not that it was so, Proculus.

Proc. You must have been most stupid, then.

Alex. How so?

Proc. Could you not see, before you had been here

A single hour, how I had vowed a vow,
That not five more you should remain?

Euseb. That vow
Proved false as he who made it.

Proc. Silence, slave!

Alex. Had you but told it, never would Ignotus
Have stood between it and fulfilment.

Proc. Then
Here I renew it: shall it be fulfilled?

Alex. Surely; to-morrow I go hence.

Euseb. No; never!

Proc. I take you at your word, Ignotus. Go!

Urs. Aye, to the gallows, if you like, false palmer

Proc. To-morrow, by this hour—

Urs. Make yourself scarce.

Alex. It shall be so.

Euseb. I say it shan't.

Proc. Why not?

Euseb. 'Twill be a day of joy.

Proc. Doubly, without him.

Euseb. 'Twill bring a curse upon the house—

Urs. A blessing!

Alex. Peace, friends! Like Jonas, cast me into
the depths

Of seething ocean, to restore your calm!

But let me reckon with you ere I go.

Ursulus, tell me, wherein have I wronged you?

Urs. Why, in merely being here. You are an
eyesore to me, a blotch, an excrescence, an
ugly wart. Do these things wrong any one?
Yet, who can bear them? Whom does a spi-
der hurt, or a house-lizard, or a centipede?
Yet who does not loathe and hate them?

[*Savagely.*] Who would not gladly set his foot on one of them when he sees it, and crush it thus ! [*Stamping.*] Their offence is merely their presence, their existence ! And that is yours.

Alex. [*smiling.*] Well, my existence is beyond my reach,
My presence I have promised to relieve you of.
Now, Proculus, with you a parting word.
Be it in peace !

Proc. Aye, peace eternal !

Alex. [*mildly.*] Proculus,
You have not squandered gentleness on me,
Nor lavished kindness, since I entered here.
I speak not to reproach ; you did not mean it :
Nor am I worthy of aught better.

Euseb. Oh !

Speak not thus, good Ignotus. You have been
Foulyly misused.

Proc. Peace, slave, I say again !

Alex. Forbear, Eusebius ; well, I know myself.

[*Carinus draws nearer, still unnoticed.*]

Friend, [*to Proc.*] have I ever murmured a
complaint,

E'en to the winds, much less to others' ears ?
Have I not bent me enough to your reproaches,
Bowed lowly enough before your scorn, or
sunk

Not prostrate quite, beneath the sullen blow,
Or stinging buffet of you, or your servants ?

Proc. Hold, villain, hold,—

Euseb. The “villain” in thy teeth !

Alex. Eusebius, if you love me, silence ! Proculus,
Say if in this I have not so demeaned me
As hath well pleased you, and I'll crave your
pardon.

If I have not been meek enough and humble,
If I have scandalized some weaker brother,
By haughty bearing, while within this house,
Tell me, that to the very dust, I may

Stoop before you and him, and part forgiven.

Euseb. Nay, 'tis for *him* to ask your pardon.

Proc. Bah !

You came to act a part, and well have acted !
The sleek and smooth-faced palmer, unrepining
At a snug berth. Some patience is good pay
For five years' shelter, clothing, food, and
alms.

Where is the beggar that can't bear a taunt,
Aye, or a blow, for one coin ? But five years'
Living, upon the sweat of others' brows,
Must be a beggar's paradise !

Euseb. Shame ! shame !

Proc. Aye, shame enough ! that a young sturdy
vagrant

Should eat the bread of honest, toiling folk.

Urs. Honester than himself, I'll warrant you.

Proc. Shame, that he should be sitting all the
day,

As if at home, within another's house,

Instead of putting out his strength to interest,
 And drawing food from his strong sinewy arm.
Urs. Pampered, too, with the best of everything!
Proc. Can I, who bear the burden of this house,

With patience see a lazy parasite
 Feed on its fatness? suck its very blood?—

Now, hear my answer: under just reproach,
 Scorn well deserved, blows richly merited,
 You may have wisely bent—not low enough
 By one good fathom, for my deep disdain.

Alex. Can I go lower than the dust?

Proc. Beneath it!

Alex. Your wish may be fulfilled.

Proc. No, no; to-morrow
 You go to seek elsewhere your grave. Mean-
 time

Thus do I flout you. [*Snaps his fingers in
 his face.*]

Urs. [*shaking his fist before Alex.*] And I thus.

Enter Euphemianus.

Euph. How now ?

Insult you thus my guest ?

Euseb. O were this all, Sir !

Proc. Silence, thou slave !

Euph. Slave ! He is now my freedman,
And so your equal.

Proc. [*confused.*] Sir, I knew it not.

Euph. What then ?

Proc. I saw him striking Ursulus,
Himself methought a slave.

Euseb. Sir, it is false.
This Ursulus was rudely plundering
Ignotus of the food you sent to him,
And I but rescued it.

Urs. O foul untruth !
I heard Ignotus say he wished it taken
To Gannio ; so I took it.

Euph. What has this
To do with what I saw ?

Proc. 'Tis that these two
 Make common cause to worry all your house-
 hold,
 Leave it no peace, no rest. And I must own,
 I let my feelings carry me too far,
 When you surprised me.

Euph. And you, then, Ursulus ?

Urs. My tender feelings too were wounded, Sir,
 He called me harpy !

Euph. Who ?

Urs. Eusebius.

Euph. Then why revenge yourself upon Ig-
 notus ?

Euseb. Give me your ear a moment, Sir.

Proc. Nay, first
 Listen to me, I claim my right.

Euph. Proceed.

Proc. Ignotus, Sir, did sore provoke me first.

He taunted me with having scorned, ill-used
 him ;

After five years of hospitality,
Spoke of himself as of an injured man.

Car. [*from behind.*] O lying villain !

Proc. [*startled.*] Did I hear a voice ?

Euph. 'Twas but an echo. Saith he true, Ignotus ?

Speak, friend, and ease my soul. [*Pauses.*]

You will not say ?

Euseb. I will speak for him. It is a false tale
From first to last, that Proculus hath told.

Proc. 'Tis true, Sir, every word. Speak, Ursulus.

Urs. If it's not true, I never spoke the truth.

Proc. See then, what I assert, Sir, is—

Car. A lie !

All start ; Proc. and Urs. tremble.

Euph. Methought I heard a sound ! It must be
fancy.

How shall I judge between such jarring words,
Such yeas and nays ?

Car. Yes.

Father! or rather master here of all!
 Be you our common judge! I know I'm young,
 Not witty, nor endowed with brilliant parts,
 With ready thought or speech. One gift alone
 From infancy I have possessed and higher
 prized,
 And cherish still.—

Proc. [*ironically.*] And pray what is it?

Car. TRUTH.

My lips have never lied, nor will, Euphemian.
 Brutal in speech and action both have been
 To this your holy guest. [*Taking Alexius's*
 hand.]

Be thou, Ignotus,
 My tutor from henceforth, my guide, my
 friend;
 Teach me but half the virtue I have seen
 This hour in thee, reserving to thyself
 The bloom so exquisite that made it lovely;—

Be thou to me Alexius. He, if lost,
 Be in thee found! So like you are in virtue!
 And what are learning, genius, wisdom, save
 The gems wherein to set that peerless brilliant?

Alex. [*moved.*] O dearest child! would I could
 hear thee oft:

To learn and not to teach.

Car. But you have promised.
 This Proculus, to leave to-morrow.

Euph. Is it so?

Alex. It is, and I must keep my word.

Car. [*to Euph.*] Nay, then
 You must command, where I can but entreat.

Euph. Ignotus, hear a father's supplication;—
 [*Alexius starts.*

Father to this poor orphan! Stay and bless
 This house so long as heaven gives you life.
 Promise me this.

Alex. Most faithfully I promise.

Proc. [*aside.*] Prevaricator!

Alex. [*to Proc.*] And be true to you.

Euph. How can that be?

Alex. To-morrow you shall see.

Till then be all forgotten, all be peace.

Euph. Yes, let to-morrow be our day of joy,
That gives a father to this orphan boy,
Restores an heir to these long cheerless halls,
By whose award each of you stands or falls.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.—*The Aventine.*

Gannio seated on the marble bench, eating a mess in a bowl. Enter Bibulus muffled up, with a hat slouched over his eyes, and a beard. Speaks in a feigned voice.

Bib. Good afternoon, Gannio, still at your post, devouring all the good things you can get from Euphemian's house.

Gan. Pray who are you, that make so free with my name ?

Bib. Why, don't you know, old fellow, who I am ?

Gan. Old fellow, indeed ? I don't know who you are, but I can tell you *what* you are.

Bib. How so, pray ?

Gan. By your not letting me know *who* you are.

Bib. As sharp as ever ! Well, *what* am I ?

Gan. Why, you are an impostor.

Bib. How is that ?

Gan. A man who won't let others know who he is, wants to impose on them ; and so do you.

Bib. It may be only to you that I do not want to be known.

Gan. Then I can tell you that you are worse.

Bib. What ?

Gan. A villain.

Bib. [*laughing.*] Ha ! ha ! ha ! how do you make that out ?

Gan. Any one who knows Gannio, as you evi-

dently do, and is ashamed of being known to *him*, must indeed be a villain of the first water.

Bib. It is still the same quaint old thing. [*Pulls off his disguise.*] Look at me now! Dost know me?

Gan. Aye, do I, and for worse than either impostor or villain.

Bib. Nay, then, for what?

Gan. Why, for a fool!

Bib. Wherein, good friend?

Gan. You are that Bibulus who once conceived a great idea—and did not execute it; formed a grand plan—and failed; determined to commit a magnificent crime—and repented; prepared poison for his master—and fell on his knees before him. Bah! I despise such a man.

Bib. Well done, Gannio! game to the end!

Gan. Go to: I loathe a sneaking penitent. I

suppose you have been wandering all over the world, and have come back—

Bib. The same.

Gan. I was going to say,—a hypocrite. Well, it is not so bad!

Bib. Now, Gannio, that I see you are as staunch as ever, I will tell you of a better thing than poisoning Euphemian.

Gan. What is that?

Bib. Robbing him.—Just listen. How can a man of your spirit sit outside of a house, begging for its scraps, when there are heaps of gold inside, to be had for—

Gan. Hanging, eh?

Bib. Nonsense, man. You may be rich without risk. To-morrow Honorius dines there, and I know that on such an occasion the table is all laid out the night before. A like opportunity may never occur again, in our time. Let me see—the last time was, the day when that

foolish boy Alexius ran away ; just ten years to-morrow. I remember the table well. Such plate ! none of your shim-sham silver gilt, but real sterling gold, for centuries in the family. Such candelabra, such urns, and huge dishes, and flagons.

Gan. With such wine in them, eh?

Bib. Not yet. We must keep sober over it, Gannio.

Gan. Of course. [*Puts a bottle slung round him to his mouth.*]

Bib. My turn, if you please. [*Drinks from it.*]
But we must have assistance. Do you know of a couple of trustworthy villains, Gannio ? two honest scoundrels ?

Gan. Aye, do I, two as cunning as foxes, and as bold as lions.

Bib. Perhaps too as ferocious as tigers. [*Gan. nods.*] So much the better. What are their names ?

Gan. I don't know; but we'll call one of them *First Robber* and t'other *Second Robber*, as they do in a play.

Bib. Aye, but we are not acting a play, surely?

Gan. No, no, Bibulus, a hanging matter is no play. Now so much for our *pals*. I will secure *them*; next comes how to manage the *plant*.

Bib. We must meet here at dusk, and I will get you with myself into a neglected cellar at the back of the house. All will be busy opening the huge iron chests, unpacking and cleaning and laying out the plate. Towards morning they will all go to rest; and we will quietly walk into the triclinium, fill our sacks—none of your wallets, good big sacks,—and walk out by the front door. The only difficulty is where to stow away the plunder.

Gan. I'll manage that. In a back street hard by lives a friend of mine. One sometimes,

you know, picks up an odd brooch or ring, that has fallen off a person, and needs a friend to dispose of it.

Bib. Good ; he has always the pot boiling, I suppose ? But how does he pay ?

Gan. Why, to tell the truth, only so so.

Bib. What does he give for wrought gold, for instance ?

Gan. For gold he gives the price of old silver.

Bib. Unconscionable villain ! How *can* people be so dishonest ! And for silver ?

Gan. The value of brass.

Bib. Why it is downright robbery ! A complete oppression ! Then for brass ?

Gan. Oh, he would not thank you, even, for any amount of it.

Bib. I suppose he has plenty of his own already.

Gan. Lots. Then all is arranged. I will go and see my friends. At dusk we meet again.

[*Kicks aside his wooden bowl.*] There, out of

my sight, vile platter—henceforward Gannio
disdains all but gold. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Atrium.*

Enter Alexius and Carinus.

Car. Edessa, then, has been your chief abode,
During your Eastern pilgrimage. You loved
it?

Alex. Dearly; it is a city of much beauty,
Its houses stately, and its churches gorgeous.
And then besides it is in truth a place
Of gentle breeding, and of courtly manners.
Nor is this all. The East does not possess
A seat of learning more renowned than that.

Car. I well remember that, in Syria, youths
Who panted after knowledge oft would say,
“I will to famed Edessa, there to study.”*

* Edessa, the earliest Christian University, had national colleges for Eastern nations, at this time.

Alex. Truly, because each nation hath a home
Within its walls. Syrians, Armenians, Per-
sians,
There pass their youth in quest of varied lore.
From many fountains elsewhere issue rills
Of letters and of science ; some will creep
Winding along the plain, and dallying
With flowers of enervating fragrance ; some
Bound sparkling and impetuous from the rock,
And threaten rudely delicacy of faith.
But in Edessa these all flow alike
Into one deep yet crystal cistern,
Filled, by King Abgar, with the flood of life
Fresh from its source.* There they are puri-
fied,
Filtered, refined ; and issue, each distinct,
Yet all impregnate with celestial lymph.

* According to primitive tradition he received Christianity from its living Founder.

Car. How marvellous must be this graceful blending

Of the two wisdoms, into one design.

But say, Ignotus, could a boy like me,
With nought else gifted but *desire* to learn,
There profit gain?

Alex. You measure profit ill.

The vaunt of youth lies not in ready wit,
Shrewdness of thought, or sprightliness of
speech,—

Torrents in spring that leave dry summer beds,
Trees that yield early, but ill-ripening, fruit.

The grace of youth is in the open brow,
Serene and true; in blooming cheeks, that
blush

Praise to receive, but glow with joy, to give;
In eye that drinks in, flashes not forth, light,
Fixed on the teacher's lips, as hope's on
heaven;

In the heart docile, unambitious, steadfast.—

Alex. Perhaps unfledged.

Car. Yet soon must it have wings. Tell me,

Ignotus,

Can it be wrong in one so weak as I,

To fly at lofty heights, sublimest aims?

Alex. [*surprised.*] What! is ambition creeping
in already,

To torture your young heart? So needless, too!

For yours are wealth, nobility, command

O'er a vast appanage.

Alex. Listen then.

I best remember one of large dimensions,

Furnished with all its purpose could demand,

A noble library, a stately hall,

Art-bedecked cloisters, many-chapelled church.

I often lingered by its walls to hear

Now sacred chaunts, now shouts of youthful
glee.

Car. How is it called, Ignotus?

Car. Nay, judge me not

So meanly, Ignotus ; higher far I soar.

Alex. Higher than Rome's first Senator? [*With emotion.*] What? child,

O no ! it cannot be !—You cannot dream

To match your flight against the Roman
Eagle's,

Snatch the world's sceptre, and usurp a purple

Then surely doubly dyed. O no, Carinus,

[*Affectionately.*]

Alex. Near its gates

A lordly yew once spread its boughs ; as yet,
Unplumed by time, its hollow trunk there
stands,

And gives it name.*

Car. Proceed, good friend.

* *Ushaw*, supposed to have thus received its name.

Such hideous fancies darken not your soul.
 But should their distant pest-cloud but ap-
 proach,

Fly from its baleful shadow as from death !

Car. O, dear Ignotus, this would be to fall,

With broken pinion, lower ; not to rise.

Earth's gifts while scorning, can I love its
 crimes ?

Alex. Then solve me your enigma, dearest child.

Alex. It chanced,

As I Edessa left, that I did pass

Before its porch, and saw unusual stir,

Great preparations for a festive day.

They bid me gently, and I entered in.—

It was my palmer's privilege. They said

That day they kept their JUBILEE.

Car. What meant they ?

Alex. 'Twas the completion of just fifty years,

Since they had there abode.

Car. A nobler name than “Cæsar” or “Augustus”

I covet : such commands I long to issue
As angels execute, and demons dread :
To wear no purple, but what *once* He wore—
The King that ruled o’er Pilate’s mocking
court :

To stand before an altar, not a throne,
Bearing not the world’s lordship, but its Lord !

Alex. [*tenderly.*] O loved Carinus, how my fears
have wronged you !

Car. A happy day,
And joyful, must that jubilee have been !

Alex. Aye, had you seen those youths’ bright
faces, heard

Their ringing cheers, their gladsome minstrelsy,
Tasted their bounteous banquet, witnessed
The sacred drama they so well performed,

May heaven's bright blessing beam on your
resolve;

May choicest grace bedew its tender roots,
Till it grow up to ripeness. But, my child,
Have you weighed well its sequences, condi-
tions,

Its difficulties, sacrifices, loss?

Euphemian binds to you, as its first link,
The chain of long succession to his name;—
While you would close it.

In honor of the day, you, though a stranger,
Would have pronounced it, joyful, happy day!
Car. Indeed I would! and were there strangers
there?

Alex. Yes, many whom kind courtesy had brought.
But there were others whom affection drew,
Or duty even; for they called that house
Their mother. Some were venerable prelates,
And many, holy priests, who once had walked

Car. But how gloriously !

The priest, like the apostle, *ends* his line,
However proud its nobleness, more nobly ;
As the sun's furnace yields at eve its gold.

Alex. How tell Euphemian this ?

Car. There is my trial,

And yet to-morrow, it must needs be told.

Will you not help me ? [*Caressingly.*]

Alex. [*looking upwards, and thoughtfully.*] Yes,
dear boy, I will.

Along those cloisters, book in hand, to con
Their youthful lessons ; there were many, too,
Who thence had gone to battle with the world ;
And now returned, to thank the very walls
Whence they had plucked their arms. Glad-
ness prevailed,
And mutual gratulation. All felt bound
In one community of grateful love.

So noble is your thought, so sweetly told :
 So dovelike is your nestling, yet beyond
 The eaglet I had deemed it, that if e'en
 It needed for its growth my heart's best blood,
 There, like the pelican, I'd feed it willingly,
 Till thence you drew it forth.

Car. O speak not so ;
 To-morrow you shall help me to disclose
 My so long burrowing purpose. [*Hesitating.*]
 And perhaps

Car. But surely, few could measure back that
 term

Of half a century ?

Alex. Alas ! but few.
 And in the house one only. In the midst
 Of all he sate, uniting old and young,
 Friends of his youth, disciples of his age ;
 So that he smiled on all, and made all smile.
 His life the chain, which, threading one by one

Embosoming blight, fever, dark dismay.
 And yet athwart it darts one precious beam
 Of glory, shooting from the deepest hue.
 It bears your name, Ignotus, and it shines
 Upon my future way.

Alex. [*deeply affected.*] Blest be its omen !

But you are wanted—so farewell, my child,
 Farewell—who knows ? Yes, yes, we meet
 again !

Car. Farewell until that terrible to-morrow !

Aye, “the old Doctor,” was their name of love.*

Car. O dear Ignotus, you have made me envious
 Of others’ happiness—but you seem weary.

Alex. I should have been much more, except for
 you.

Car. How so ?

Alex. Because nought is so sweet to me
 As to converse with fresh ingenuous youth,

* The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Newsham, President of St. Cuthbert’s
 College.

Alex. [*thoughtfully and tenderly.*] 'Twill not be
terrible when next we meet.

When our eyes glass themselves in one ano-
ther's

Tears will have been wiped from them; mourn-
ing none,

Nor pain, nor sigh, will be—first things are
passed.

Car. Farewell, I'll try to dream, then, of that
bright to-morrow! [*Exeunt.*]

And guide its opening impulses. I fear,
My child, that you are wanted; till to-morrow
Farewell!

Car. That terrible to-morrow! But,
Ignotus, talk to me again and soon,
To-night my dreams shall bear me to Edessa.

Alex. May they be omens of a true event!
You, who are young, oh, may you live to see,
A second, not a brighter, Jubilee! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Night. The stage darkened.

Enter from the house-side, Bibulus, Gannio, and two robbers. Each is muffled up, and carries a sack heavily loaded, the two robbers have knives or daggers in their girdles. They grope one after another, Bibulus leading.

Bib. This way, masters, this way, we are now just at the door.

1st Rob. Which way?

Bib. Why this way.

2d Rob. But which is this way?

Bib. Follow me, you—

1st Rob. Come, no sauce—where are you?

Bib. Follow your nose, then, straight across the court.

[*At length they meet in the middle.*]

Here we are at last altogether. Now take hold of one another, and follow me.

[As they do so, a glimmer of light appears from Alexius's cell. They turn round, and see him kneeling with his arms extended. They stand in attitudes of amazement, two on each side; and as the scene proceeds, one by one lay down their sacks, stupified and overawed. The light goes on increasing, till it reaches, before the chorus, its utmost brightness.]

Alex. Ye blessed spirits, watch over this house,
Defend its goods and inmates from the
prowler;—
And if mine own long-wished-for hour draw
nigh,
Oh, let me hear once more your minstrelsy.

CHORUS OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.

Angels watch, aloft to bear,
 Pilgrim youth! thy parting prayer.
 Into night's dark veil is weaving
 Golden threads the coming sun;
 Earth's cold gloom behind thee leaving,
 Haste thy course of light to run.
 On our bosoms sunk to rest,
 Wake among thy kindred Blest!

Alex. [*starting up.*] I come, I come, I come;—
 oh! tarry for me.

[*The robbers run away, out of the
 house—Day breaking.*]

Alex. [*recovering from his trance, roused by the
 noise.*]

What means all this, what have we here? Ha!
 thieves!

'Tis well I watched; what treasures they have
seized!

The door must be made fast; [*Shuts and bolts it.*]
and until day

Has roused the slumbering family, this spoil
Will be securer here! [*Puts the sacks into his
cell and shuts it.*]

Well, thanks to heaven!

My poor last will and testament is written.

[*Looks at a scroll, and puts it back into his
bosom.*]

So I am ready. [*A great noise of trampling
and calling out from the house.*]

Ah! the theft's discovered.

*Enter Proculus, and all the servants, in great
confusion and with much noise.*

Urs. They must have got out this way. The
back door is closed, and I have been at it these
two hours.

Proc. Ah! Ignotus. You too are up betimes; have you seen any robbers pass this way?

Alex. No, but I heard them running off.

Dav. [*picking up a spoon.*] Here is proof that they have passed through this!

Proc. [*who has been to the door.*] Aye, and moreover, the front door is bolted and barred; so, courage boys! the robber is still in the house. He shan't escape.

Ver. [*looking into the cell.*] Eureka! eureka! Here's the plunder, lads, here's the magpie's nest! Look, look!

[*They draw out the sacks, and surround Alexius, in menacing attitudes, and with angry gestures.*]

Dav. So you didn't see the robbers, eh? Good reason why, you had never no looking-glass in your room.

Ver. Perhaps if you had had your slippers on, you wouldn't have heard them either.

Proc. Well, I think this time, my good pilgrim, you will not wind yourself so easily out of it :
[*Aside*] and that forward boy is not here to help you.

Enter Euphemian and Eusebius.

Euph. How now, my men ? It is strange that the very day, on which my house is to be most highly honored, and I wished it to be the most orderly and peaceful, should commence with absolute tumult, as if the place were possessed by evil spirits.

Proc. One at least, Sir, we have found ; but I hope we shall be able to lay him effectually this time.

[*Pointing to Alexius, who is faint and in pain.*]

Euph. What again, and so soon after my proclaiming a truce to your quarrels till after the festivities of to-day, are you insulting and assailing the good man ?

Proc. The good man indeed! the thief, the robber of your house. [*Showing the sacks.*]

Euph. Good heavens! What means this?

Proc. It means neither more nor less than that during the night, the most valuable portion of your plate, laid out for the imperial banquet, has been carried off, that the doors are all fastened inside, and that we have found it all in Ignotus's room.

Euseb. Do not believe so clumsy a tale, Sir. Depend upon it, this is only a conspiracy got up against him.

Urs. We are all witnesses to the truth.

All. Yes, Sir, all of us.

Euph. Surely, Ignotus, this cannot be true?

And yet the evidence seems strong against you.

This time you *must* explain. [*Pauses.*] What, not a syllable?

Euseb. O dear Ignotus, one word will suffice.

Your *no*, will answer all their accusations.

Alex. And yet I may not speak it. [*Aside to Euseb.*]

Good Eusebius,

My lips are sealed.

Euseb. Oh not by guilt, just heaven?

Alex. No: by example, too sublime to name.

Euph. Ignotus, I implore you, speak.—Still silent?

Speak, or I must believe your guilt.—No answer?

This silence doth condemn you,—wretched man—

[*Sorrowfully and indignantly.*]

Have I then ta'en a viper to my bosom,
Whom worthy I had deemed to be a son?
A faithless robber for a holy man?
And have five years of seeming piety,
Of feigned austerity, and sham religion,
Been but a hypocrite's deep preparation
For vilest treachery, and meanest crime?

Who will believe again in human virtue,
If this be true?

Alex. Oh spare me ! mercy ! pity !

Euph. Aye, pity me, who have been cozened so !
Ignotus, had you wanted gold, and told me,
You should have had it, in its choicest forms.
I loved you well, and thought I owed you much !
Now you have shamed yourself, alas ! and me ;
Before my servants and my child, have made
Virtue a byword, godliness a scorn.

Alex. [*staggering forward.*] Believe it not ; but,
oh ! I am so faint,
I cannot speak.

Euph. Alas ! remorse, I fear,
Chokes up your utterance, and saps your
strength.
Better confess your guilt by one short word,
And seek forgiveness !

Alex. [*looking about, distracted.*] Oh ! where is
that boy ?

Euph. Never shall you set eye on him again,
 To blight his virtue by its basilisk gaze.
 Go, go, Ignotus, go in peace—forever.

Alex. [*endeavoring to approach, and kneel before him.*]

Oh! spurn me not; by all that is most dear
 Still to your heart; by your poor son long lost,
 By him who will this day replace him, I
 Conjure you, hear me.

Euph. No, Ignotus, no! [*Motion-
 ing him back.*]

Fly from my sight, thine hour to go hath
 knelled.

Alex. Ah! now I know 'tis true; Angels, I come!
 From other hands I well could stand a *blow*,
 The wave of *that* is death. It fills my cup—
 To die a thief reputed in that heart,
 Where, upon earth, alone I cared for love!
 Farewell! [*He sinks back into Eusebius's arms,
 and is laid on a couch, raised so as to face*

the audience. His right hand hangs by his side, his left is close pressed on his bosom.]

Euph. Let him lie there to gather strength,
Then give him means to go.

Euseb. Sir, 'tis too late,
His last is breathed on earth.

Euph. Oh! say not so!
'Twould be an end too horrible; a robber's
Invoking Angels, unrepented, too!

Enter Carinus.

Car. What hath occurred so early to disturb you?

Euseb. See here, my boy, your friend Ignotus
dead!

Car. Impossible! Awake, Ignotus, rise—

[Alarmed.

It cannot be! what can have killed him?

Proc. Conscience!

Car. What does that mean?

Proc. Remorse!

Dav. He died a thief.

Ver. Just to escape a hanging.

Car. I'm bewildered!

No, no, his spirit can't be fled. He'll keep
His promise to me, to remain with me. [*Kneel-
ing and taking his hand in both his.*]

Will you not speak to your new pupil? Press
His hand at least. Yours is yet warm! Oh
give

One token that you know him! Ah me! I fear
[*Bursting into grief.*]

It is too true; some sudden cause hath driven
His soul to an abode more worthy of it.

If so, before high heaven, I protest

Against it loudly, and declare him guiltless.

Euph. [*roused out of deep sorrow, passionately.*]

Let go that hand, Carinus, lest its touch

Pollute you! 'tis a robber's, child!

Car. [*looking up, astonished.*] A robber's?

Euph. Aye, a blasphemers, too!

Car. Blasphemers?

Euph. One who by his hypocrisy would nigh
Make us henceforth forswear all virtue!

Car. How, Sir?

What can this mean? Do you, then, join
your slaves

In hateful condemnation of your friend?

Euph. Oh, yes, at last plain evidence of guilt
Hath flashed upon me.

Car. Though 'twere like the sun,
I would deny its ray.

Euph. [*pulling him away.*] Come, leave that
bier

To its own load of guilt.

Car. What guilt?

Euph. First, theft
Basest in kind; and after 'twas committed,
And rank remorse, or heaven's unseen bolt,

Had felled the culprit, he, without repent-
 ance,
 Commended him to Angels' hands.

Car. Enough!

No hardened villain could have done as
 much!

Still less a gentle, saintly youth like him!
 One hour of converse with him yesterday,
 Made me well know him! I dare to proclaim
 His innocence, and challenge all to proof
 Of any guilt in dear Ignotus.

Euph. Rash

And foolish boy, I needs must call you, now.
 Last night this house was robbed of precious
 plate,

And there it lies! [*Pointing to the sacks.*]

Car. But pray, where was it found?

Proc. Within his cell.

Car. [*thoughtful and abstracted.*] And so was
 Joseph's cup,

Found in the sack of Benjamin—yet, still,
He was no thief! others may there have left it.

Euph. This is unreasonable—e'en in a child.

The door was closed and bolted from inside,
No one can have escaped.

Car. [*after a moment's pause.*] Eusebius, Pro-
culus,

Haste to the door; fresh sand was strewn
before it,

For the imperial visit, yester-eve.

A morning shower hath crisped its surface;
see

If footsteps have yet pressed it. [*They go and
return.*]

Euseb. Heaven bless thee, gifted boy! the prints
are clear,

Of two men to the right, two to the left,

Fleeing from off the very door step.

Proc. Four,

No doubt, have passed the threshold.

Car. And just four
Are these thieves' packages.

Euseb. O noble youth!
What instinct have the pure to find the truth!

[*A loud knocking at the door; it is opened.*
Enter an officer, dragging in Bibulus and Gannio,
handcuffed.]

Officer. Hath anything happened amiss in your
house, my lord? These two men were seen
to run out of it, and after a hot pursuit have
been captured. Two others took another direc-
tion, and I fear have escaped. [*He throws off*
their hats.]

Several. Bibulus, I declare!

Others. Gannio, upon my word!

Bib. [*kneeling.*] Good Sir, once more forgive
me!

Euph. Surely I am bewitched! What means
all this?

Bib. Last night, we two—

Gan. Indeed, Sir, he induced me,
To join in robbing you, with two companions.

Euph. Speak, one or other, but go on.

Bib. [*rising.*] We filled—
Aye, there they are—four sacks with plate.

Thus far,
We had in safety reached.—

Euph. Well, who then stopped you?

Bib. He who once saved your life, now saved
your house.

Euph. How so? What did he? Speak! my
heart will break!

Bib. We heard him pray that Angels would pro-
tect it;

Then shone a glory round him like the sun,
While unseen spirits in a heavenly strain,
Welcomed him to them. Scared, we fled
away,

As Roman soldiers before Easter's ray.

Euph. Oh! wretched man I am! This day I
hoped
Would bring joy, honor, glory to my house,
Yet hath it bred more grief, and anguish
here,
Than any other anniversary.
Oh! shame to have thus spurned the inno-
cent,
Nay, almost cursed him! seen him die, un-
moved,
Loaded his corse with ignominy! Oh! blind-
ness,
Not to have learnt after five years' experi-
ence,
What one day taught this child, his depth of
virtue!
My life indeed must now be spent in weeping
Over such guilt!

But, Proculus, haste, tell

As best you can, the Emperor my grief,
And beg indulgence till a brighter day!

Proc. Stay; for here comes a royal chamberlain.

Enter Chamberlain.

Chamb. Noble Euphemian, I come from Honorius;

He follows shortly.

Euph. We are not prepared
Thus early. Why this haste?

Chamb. Have you not heard,
That through the churches of the entire city,
A voice has clearly rung, "Haste to the
Aventine,
A saint hath died there!" Crowds are flocking
hither

By every avenue. The Emperor

And Pontiff Innocent have sent me forward,
To ascertain the spot ; fôr no one knows
Where any saint hath lived, and may have
died.

Euph. Oh ! viler still am I ! A virtuous man,
Methought I had misjudged, yet 'tis a saint
I have held in my house five years, nor known
him !

And at his death I have reviled him ! Go,
Pray my good lords, the Emperor and Pope,
Not to approach the house of one so sinful
As I have been, till tears have washed my
guilt.

Car. Oh ! weep not, father, comfort soon will
come.

These, your good princes, may be sent to
bear it.

There was a purpose in this great conceal-
ment,

A mystery of virtue unrevealed,

Buried in this deep heart ;—

[*Touches Alexius's breast.*]

Ha ! and is this its epitaph ? [*Draws a scroll from the hand on the bosom. All look amazed.*]

What's here ?

[*Opens the scroll, looks at it, shrieks as he lets it fall, and throws himself in passionate grief across the bier. Eusebius picks up the scroll, and gives it to Euphemian, who looks at it, drops it, and buries his face in his hands, moaning.*]

Euph. O woe is me ! deeper my anguish still !
Keener my shame, blacker my crime ! Alas !
That I should not have known thee, not discovered !
That I should have been dead to every throb
Of a paternal heart, deaf to its cries !

Nay, that I should have overlooked the yearnings

Of thy true filial love, to be reclaimed—

(So many instances I now remember)

Looks to me like a spell cast over me.

But, read, Eusebius, read my final sentence.

Euseb. [who has taken up the scroll, reads amidst profound silence, and signs of amazement.]

“I am Alexius, son of the Senator Euphemitian. A supreme command sent me away from my father’s house, to wander as a pilgrim for five years. My time was chiefly passed at Edessa. After that period, I was similarly commanded to return, and die in the place where I was born. My father’s charity has supported me till this my last day.

“I keep my promises to all. Proculus, I depart hence forever. Carinus, child of my

heart, I remain with you to guide you still, though unseen.

“My father! mourn not for me; you have secured for me greater happiness than this world can give. Be hospitable ever to the stranger: be charitable to the poor. The heir of your house is found again, as he has often promised you. But as you decided, *he* should to-day make the award between your servants, regarding the pilgrim Ignotus, he hereby pronounces in favor of universal pardon, forgetfulness, and reconciliation.

“ALEXIUS.”

Proc. Let me be foremost, Sir, to claim this
pardon,

As in offending I have been most forward.

Deeply I grieve my past injustices.

All. So do we all.

Bib. and Gan. And we our base attempt.

Euph. All I forgive—but who will pardon me?
Far in the depths of some Egyptian desert,
Must be my shame and sorrow buried. There
Tears of repentance may blot out my guilt.

[*Kneeling by the couch and seizing Alexius's
hand.*]

Ah! now I recognize those placid features
In thee, my son, by which I should have known
thee!

Here is thy noble brow, serene in grief,
Here are thy truthful lips, smiling in death,
Oh that thine eyes would open;—yet their lids
Can scarce o'ercloud the azure of their orbs!

[*Rising passionately.*]

How blinded I have been! Oh! who will draw
me

From the abyss of my despair?

Car. [*clinging to Euph.*] I will.

Remember, father, 'tis in ignorance,
And in obedience to a higher will,

That you have acted. What to you brings
sorrow

Gives him renown on earth, in heaven glory.

Euph. And what is that?

Car. Why, to have meekly died
Under false censure of the kindest judge.

What Isaac would have been, had Abram's
knife

.Cleft his un murmuring breast,—that is Alex-
ius.

Nay, more; he could not be the saint he is,
Had he not passed that "*lamma sabachthani*:"
'Tis the sublimest martyrdom of soul.

Euph. Child, thou hast comforted me! [*To the
Chamberlain.*] Go, tell the princes

Who wield the keys and sceptre of both worlds,
That here reposes one in each most great.

Myself and my young heir await them.

[*Exit Chamb.*]

Car. Father,
 I pray you speak not so. [*Pointing to Alex.*]
 There is your heir,
 Returned to claim his own, and keep his pro-
 mise.

All here is his, and he departs no more.

Euph. How shall this be ?

Car. You have no other heir,
 I will be none. Heaven has called him saint ;
 This is his tomb, his shrine, his temple ; here
 Must rise a stately church, with ample clois-
 ters,
 To lodge the pilgrim ; your estates endow it ;
 You be its faithful steward.

Euph. And Carinus ?

Car. Will be its priest. Till age and law permit,
 He'll seek Edessa. In (its yew-named)* col-
 lege,

* Or (some fair-famed).

Learning with virtue will make years glide
quick.

His diligence shall run a race with yours,
So nicely matched, that both of you shall win.
What time the sacred dome shall have been
built,

Its priest from secret study will emerge.

(For silent toil is youth's best husbandry.)

Here he will toil in his sublime vocation,

Console the sorrowing, rejoice the poor ;

The body's ills relieve, but cure the soul's,

And wing it for the flight beyond all pain.

Then when the work and griefs of day are
ended,

He'll sit him down beside his cousin's tomb,

To meditate upon his hidden worth,

Inglorious virtues, and unhonored grace,

His humble life, and ignominious end,—

Yet saintly glory !

Euph.

Oh ! Carinus, stay,

The myst'ry now I read of this great day ;
Which to my house, through ways by us least
 thought,
More glory, than all earth's renown, has
 brought.
I read its *lesson* too, so high and true,—
By him well taught—so be it learnt by you :
“ None in the Church's golden diadem
Can shine, that is not long, a hidden gem.”

THE END.

IN the first performance of this Drama, the "Chorus of unseen Spirits" was adapted to the Music of Mendelssohn's beautiful Trio in the Elijah, "Lift up thine eyes." A new musical composition, which cannot fail to be admired, has been kindly supplied for the song by Mr. SCHULTHES, director of the Choir and Choral College of the Oratory, Brompton: though of course either may be used. Both choruses may be sung without accompaniment.

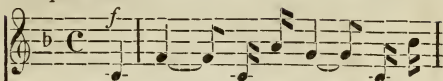
CHORUS OF SLAVES.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

Tempo risoluto.

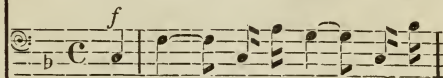
VERDI.

TENORI.



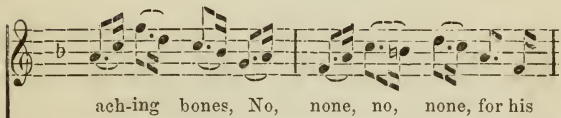
There shall be no rest for his

BASSI.



There shall be no rest for his

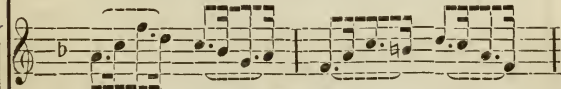
ACCOMP.



ach-ing bones, No, none, no, none, for his



ach-ing bones, No, none, no, none, for his



wea - - ry head ; His bed shall be as the

wea - - ry head ; His bed shall be as the

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major (one sharp) and F major (one flat), with lyrics 'wea - - ry head ; His bed shall be as the'. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the left hand playing chords and the right hand playing a rhythmic pattern.

tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as

tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as

The second system also consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics 'tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as'. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, continuing the musical theme from the first system.

lead, His food shall to him no

lead, His food shall to him no

8va.

nourishment yield, Re - - fresh - ment none his

nourishment yield, Re - - fresh - ment none his

8va.

3

cup, He shall eat the re - fuse

cup, He shall eat the re - fuse

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal staves are in a soprano and alto register, with lyrics 'cup, He shall eat the re - fuse'. The piano accompaniment is in a lower register, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature.

of the gar - den and field, of the gar - den and

of the gar - den and field, of the gar - den and

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal staves have lyrics 'of the gar - den and field, of the gar - den and'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

field, The fe - - - tid pool, the
field, The fe - - - tid pool, the
Sva.
trem:

fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, the
fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, the
Sva.

15

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system includes lyrics: 'field, The fe - - - tid pool, the'. The piano accompaniment features a tremolo effect in the right hand. The second system repeats the lyrics: 'fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, the'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar tremolo patterns. The page number '15' is centered at the bottom.

THE HIDDEN GEM.

fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, shall

fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, shall

8va.

sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and

sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and

8va.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "The Hidden Gem." It consists of two systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, shall" and "sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement. There are dynamic markings like *V* (crescendo) and *8va.* (octave up) in the piano part. The score is printed in black ink on a light-colored background.

field, The fe - - - tid pool, the
 field, The fe - - - tid pool, the
 8va.

This system contains the first two vocal lines and the piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in treble and bass clefs, featuring chords and arpeggiated figures. The lyrics are "field, The fe - - - tid pool, the" repeated on two lines.

fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, the
 fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, the
 8va.

This system contains the second two vocal lines and the piano accompaniment. The vocal lines continue the melody from the first system. The piano accompaniment includes some dynamic markings such as *V* and *V₂*. The lyrics are "fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, the" repeated on two lines.

THE HIDDEN GEM.

fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, shall

fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, shall

Sva.

sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and

sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and

Sva.

Detailed description: The image shows a musical score for two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The first system has two vocal staves, each with the lyrics 'fe - - - tid pool, the fe - - - tid pool, shall'. Below the second vocal staff is a piano accompaniment staff with a 'Sva.' (Soprano) line. The second system has a single vocal staff with the lyrics 'sup, He shall eat the re - fuse of gar - den and' and a piano accompaniment staff. The piano accompaniment in both systems features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

field, There shall be no re - pose for his ach - - - - ing

field, There shall be no re - pose for his ach - - - - ing

8va.

bones, none for his weary head, none for his bones, none for his head, no

bones, none for his weary head, none for his bones, none for his head, no

8va.

none, There shall be no rest for his

none, There shall be no rest for his

8va.

Staccato pp

Detailed description: This system contains the first two vocal lines and the piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in a soprano and alto register, both marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass clef staff. The treble staff is marked *8va.* and *Staccato pp*, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

ach - - ing bones, None for his wea - - ry

ach - - ing bones, None for his wea - - ry

8va.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two vocal lines and the piano accompaniment. The vocal lines continue the melody from the first system, with the lyrics "ach - - ing bones, None for his wea - - ry". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern in the treble staff and harmonic support in the bass staff. A fermata is placed over the final note of the bass staff in the second system. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a "3" in the final measure of the piano accompaniment.

crescendo *f*

head ; His bed shall be as the

head ; His bed shall be as the

Sva.

crescendo *f staccato*

col octavi

tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as

tor - rent's stones, His pil - low shall be as

Sva.

lead. There shall be no

lead. There shall be no

ff

Detailed description: This system contains two vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "lead. There shall be no" for both parts. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff, both in the same key signature. The right-hand part features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left-hand part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. A fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking is placed between the piano staves.

rest, No rest, No, No

rest, No rest, No, No

ff

ff

Detailed description: This system continues the musical piece with two vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal staves have the lyrics "rest, No rest, No, No". The piano accompaniment continues with similar melodic and harmonic patterns. Two fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic markings are placed above the vocal staves, and another *ff* marking is placed above the piano accompaniment staves.

rest.

rest.

trem: Sva.....

The musical score consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal lines in treble and bass clefs, both in the key of B-flat major. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a B-flat key signature, and a common time signature. It contains a melody of four notes: G4, A4, Bb4, and A4, followed by a double bar line. Below this staff is the word "rest.". The second staff begins with a bass clef, a B-flat key signature, and a common time signature. It contains a melody of four notes: G3, A3, Bb3, and A3, followed by a double bar line. Below this staff is the word "rest.". The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. The third staff is in treble clef with a B-flat key signature and common time. It features a series of sixteenth-note chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The fourth staff is in bass clef with a B-flat key signature and common time. It features a series of sixteenth-note chords in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand. Below the fourth staff is the instruction "trem: Sva.....".

SONG OF ANGELS.

ACT II.—SCENE V.

WILHELM SCHULTHES.

Molto Andante e molto espressivo.

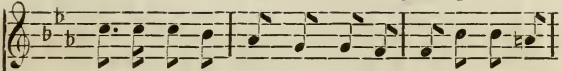
An - gels watch a - - loft to bear,

An - gels watch a - - loft to bear,

An - gels watch a - - loft to bear,

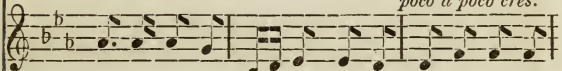
The accompaniment of the piano or harmonium is only to be used, in case the voices have a tendency of lowering, it ought to be played pianissimo throughout.

poco a poco cres.



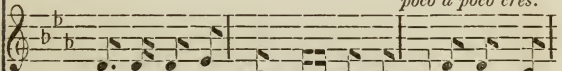
Pilgrim youth, thy part - ing prayer. In - to night's dark

poco a poco cres.

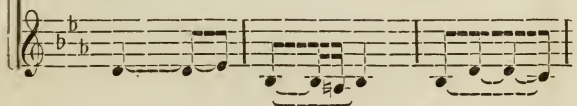
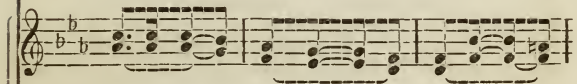


Pilgrim youth, thy part - ing prayer. In - to night's dark

poco a poco cres.



Pilgrim youth, thy part - ing prayer. In - to night's dark



veil is weaving Golden threads the coming sun.

veil is weaving Golden threads the coming sun.

veil is weaving Golden threads the coming sun.

crescendo

Earth's cold gloom be - - hind thee leaving, Haste thy course of

be - - hind thee leaving, Haste thy

be - - hind thee leaving, Haste thy

p *cres.*

Haste thy course of light to run, Pilgrim

Haste thy course of light to run,

Haste thy course of light to run,

pp

The musical score consists of five staves of music, all in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: youth, Pilgrim youth, On our bosoms; Pilgrim youth, On our bosoms; Pilgrim youth, Pilgrim youth, On our bosoms.

Performance instructions include *rit. molto. pp* (ritardando, molto, pianissimo), *p a tempo* (piano, a tempo), and *a tempo* (a tempo).

Staff 1: *rit. molto. pp* youth, Pilgrim youth, *p a tempo* On our bosoms

Staff 2: *rit. molto. pp* Pilgrim youth, *p a tempo* On our bosoms

Staff 3: *p rit. molto. pp* Pilgrim youth, Pilgrim youth, *p a tempo* On our bosoms

Staff 4: *a tempo*

Staff 5: *rit. molto. pp* *p*

The image shows a musical score for five voices, arranged in five staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are printed below the first three staves. The first staff has the lyrics "sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to". The second staff has the lyrics "sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to". The third staff has the lyrics "sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to". The fourth and fifth staves contain musical notation without lyrics. The notation includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs.

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

THE HIDDEN GEM.

rest, Wake, wake, a - - - mong thy kin - dred

rest, among thy kin - - - - - dred

rest, among thy kin - - - - - dred

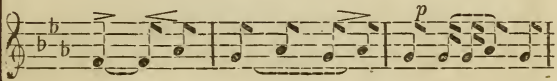
rest, among thy kin - - - - - dred

rest, among thy kin - - - - - dred

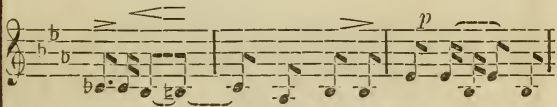
The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first three staves have lyrics underneath them. The fourth and fifth staves are instrumental accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also some decorative elements like slurs and accents above the notes.



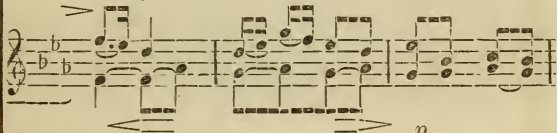
Blest, among thy kindred Blest, On our bosoms



Blest, a - - mong thy kindred Blest, On our bosoms



Blest, among thy kindred Blest, On our bosoms



The image shows a musical score for five voices, arranged in five staves. Each staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first three staves have lyrics, while the last two staves appear to be instrumental accompaniment or a continuation of the melody without lyrics. The notes are primarily quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are: "sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to".

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

sunk to rest, On our bosoms sunk to

THE HIDDEN GEM.

Blest, among thy kindred Blest, Wake

Blest, a - - mong thy kindred Blest, Wake

Blest, among thy kindred Blest, Wake

Wake among thy kin - - dred Blest.

Wake among thy kin - - dred Blest, a -

Wake among thy kin - - dred Blest, a -

Wake among thy kin - - dred Blest, a -

sempre e rall. *pp*

Wake, wake, wake.

sempre e rall. *pp*

mong thy kin - dred Blest.

e sempre rall. *pp*

mong thy kin - dred Blest.

sempre e rall. *pp*

