

LONG AGO.

Two Roses bloomed upon a tree :
 Their white leaves touched with every swaying.
 I bent to gather one, while She
 Plucked off the other, gently saying :
 " When things do grow and cling like this,
 And Death almost appeareth loath
 To take but one, 'twere greater bliss
 To both for Death to smite them both."

Lost Love ! Dead Love ! They come and go—
 The Summers with their sun and flowers,
 Their song of birds. I only know
 There is a blight upon the hours.
 No sun is like the once bright sun
 That shone upon that golden weather
 In which she said those flowers were one,
 And Death should spare or smite together.

E. W. H.

—*Athenæum*.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

By LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER XIV.

A DARK DAY AT ROEBAWN.

IF FRANK and Katharine were longer in getting to Roebawn than was absolutely necessary, the beauty of the morning, and the charms of the landscape through which their road lay, might well have excused them. Coming down the hill from Dunran, and passing by Fairy Lodge, they saw beneath the fertile and wooded vale through which the winding Vartrey runs to

the sea. In the depths of that valley, embosomed in trees celebrated for their size and beauty, lay the picturesque old house and domain of Rosana. The Vartrey, no longer swift and turbid as when it first escapes from the hills, but calm and clear, flows close by the house, and is there overhung by the spreading boughs of magnificent old horse-chestnuts ; the huge contorted trunks and twisted roots of the grand old trees lining the bank, and their heavy drooping branches spreading far across the river, and covering it with the deepest shade. Between