

I STOOD one day beside a wither'd hag, —  
 A wretched, wrinkled, ragged, dusty croue, —  
 Who, from an ash-heap, tried to fill her bag,  
 With many a grunt and many a weary groan.  
 Said I to her, "What are you doing here?"  
 Whereat she cast a sharp, keen glance at me,  
 And with a grin that stretch'd from ear to ear,  
 Made answer, "Pickin' cinders, don't 'ee see?"  
 "What for?" I ask'd. "What for! Why, what  
 d'ee think?  
 To burn, of course, to burn: what else?" she  
 said;  
 "To thaw my bones, and warm my drop o' drink,  
 To soak my frozen crust o' mouldy bread!  
 "Humph! axin' me what for, an' I so cold,  
 An' narry precious tooth around my jaws!  
 He'll know hisself, if he grows poor an' old, —  
 Which God forbid!" she moan'd with lifted  
 claws.  
 "Oh, poor unfriended creature!" I began;  
 "Why longer strive to bear the life you do?  
 Just die at once." When back she flash'd,  
 "Young man,  
 I've just as good a right to live as you!"

## HEART AND SOUL.

Poor Heart, so lonely now,  
 Within thy prison-wall,  
 Thou may'st not, with the winged Soul,  
 Obey the spirit-call.

Nay; thou must throb and ache,  
 And wring the bloody sweat,  
 And toil incessant at thy post,  
 Unliberated yet.

'Tis for the joyous Soul  
 To mount the sapphire dome,  
 And with the loved ones hold commune,  
 In their eternal home.

Here on this narrow mound,  
 Still must thou lie and bleed:  
 Earth ever clings to kindred earth, —  
 The Soul alone is freed.