A RETROSPECT.

Perched to deep bloom upon the tree,
One sweet June morning, I saw a rose;
One summer's radiant hours, we spent
Together in the land of Dee.

Our potent love for blossoms fled,
And, in a lonely hour, I saw the rose
Fast dropping from her stem of life.

We walked amongst the shifting grass,
And saw the hills of purple heath—
I did not think that death
Stole stealth o'er that smile of hers.

I only dreamt of wealth of life,
In one bright, golden, summer love;
And we (she) should at their remove
In calm or cold man and his wife.

Alas! it is not as I dreamt!
My reality and dreams the change!
And all the happy past is strange,
Accordingly, and changed.

One vivid, short interval came and gone—
A few sweet hours of perfect love—
Then, with a sigh, she took the rose,
And in the night I saw alone.

Quiver.

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

A Tale of City Life.

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

CHAPTER IV.

"This 'ole to be married! this 'ole to have linen and back-aches!"

Paston and Brett's, in term time, is more like a legal factory than an ordinary solicitor's office. There is a big room on the ground floor full of clerks. Markwood had the command on this floor. Higher up you came to Paston's own sanctum, jealously guarded. If you weren't uncommonly well accredited, you would drift away long ere you came to Paston's own sanctum, jealously guarded. If you weren't uncommonly well accredited, you would drift away long ere you came in search of Mr. Paston—that is, if you were not a client at all. Mr. Paston's firm—Brown or Jones, Mr. Paston had the theory that the most valuable thing in his world to have was his own name, and that very quite worth seeing would find their way to his quiet city distinctions his name would throw in their way; so he rather encouraged his inaccessibility, and made dress that was strong his chief lieutenant—in fact, Paston's sense—client filtered through their clerks.

In reality, him, however, thought and Brett's rests on its oars. Paston is probably at Home or Florence. As for Brett, he is in Bedford Row still, so Smith, borrowing among the passages below, the basement; but Smith nobody acknowledgeds Brett as any body. The managing clerk is putting his garden in order at Dalston. Markwood is packing his traps for Kingston on Sunday with his family.

It is in the middle of the long vacation, about three months after Mr. Hales' dinner party, that a lady dressed in deep mourning and closely veiled drops in a hack cab from ton and Brett's. She discharges the cabman, and timidly rings the bell at the door. Brett's clerk—he is all in Mr. So Bedford Row is somewhat equivalent to the position of the chief—hurries to the door, and, at the sight of Widow Sydney Smith—in striving the shell of a tortoise, it doesn't produce the shell, but the tortoise—he drops his pen behind his ear, and, with a bow, ushers the lady into the office. The pen behind Smith's ear, but no one takes notice of it. So this black-clad figure, forlornly conspicuous, in the desert of Bedford Row, patiently awaiting the result of the interview, rivets attention more impetuously—still stands there waiting. The little obstacle vanishes, and the lady's hand is in the hand of the people hear in this dull old place! Just as she is getting her breath in the hallway with the hand, some young pushes open the swing-door and leaves both. He sees a lady standing in the hallway and hesitatingly hurry by, and is confronted up by the swing-door. We will and he comes into the hall to assistance. They pass into Mr. Paston's comfortably furnished inner room, when the lady removes her veil, disclosing features regular and handsome, but colourless and careworn, which the mark of happy pain.

"My uncle is abroad, you tell me," she said, handing the letter to Paston, and mechanically smoothing the hand of half frightened Brett. "I am very sorry. I guaded his advice, and I know not where to go, to whom."

"Although I am a young man, where we recognize as Edward-Hales, disappointed, his lips tremble. "It must be painful to both of us to meet so unpleasantly broken off under such cruel circumstances, yet if I can help you in any way—"

"I know it," she said; "I know you will; but if our meeting be painful to you, it must be much more so to me! Oh, at least, may nothing to reproach yourself with; you are blameless, happy in my poor, miserable existence that I am! But after all, Edward," she went on, with more energy, "I have not injured you; you never really cared for me; you thought you did, but you were mistaken. I did not go to believe you were in love with me, but it was mere illusion. You have already consoled yourself with another, I hear."

Edward, somewhat embarrassed by the turn the conversation had taken, blushed and muttered assent.

"And so," she went on, "as you have ceased to care for me, I, without compunction, tell you my troubles and ask your advice, just as a friend would do. Edward, I am driven to my wits' end. I am driven to leave my home, I am driven to leave Bill, but you know that I married against the wishes of my friends, that I married at every body, except Uncle Gilbert. But I was young and foolish, and Bill's love was so much, so much more than I was worth. Bill I was always fond of, and yet he is farther, and I married a man I hate, and I wish I had we been married a month before my marriage with Bill. Edward, I am in the hands of inferior places, because of his home resting with the contagion of the sick, and yet I dare not leave him. Higher up you came to Paston's own sanctum, jealously guarded. If you weren't uncommonly well accredited, you would drift away long ere you came to Paston's own sanctum, jealously guarded. "If you weren't uncommonly well accredited, you would drift away long ago. If you came in search of Mr. Paston—that is, if you were not a client at all. Mr. Paston's firm—Brown or Jones. Mr. Paston had the theory that the most valuable thing in his world to have was his own name, and that very quite worth seeing would find their way to his quiet city distinctions his name would throw in their way; so he rather encouraged his inaccessibility, and made dress that was strong his chief lieutenant—in fact, Paston's sense—client filtered through their clerks.

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