

things I have promised her to hold in charge," answered Braidy, with what seemed coldness by contrast with the other's tone; "if you want to talk anything over you had better come there with me."

"All right, old friend," answered Shiny, quite unabashed; "we're with you. I've enlisted Mr. — here in the cause."

I was about to say something in modification of this assertion, but guessing my intention he anticipated me—

"Well! well!" he hurried on, "provisionally, of course; supposing that you are shown that it is a deserving case."

The three of us then walked on in silence until we reached Barker's Buildings.

WELLS OF SHEBACAS.—JAN. 19TH, 1885.*

BY ANNIE ROTHWELL.

"WATER or death!" Forever shall be chanted
 Their praise, who reached and won the silver flood
 For comrades' sake—who hewed their way undaunted,
 Bearing the treasure where each step was blood.

"Water and victory!" The pæan rises
 From thousand throats, applauding far and wide
 Valour successful. Fame's most precious prizes
 Be theirs ungrudged. But what for those who *tried*?

The "half" who strove yet perished unvictorious,
 Though lavish of the best they had to give—
 Whose labour's meed was death—to them inglorious,
 While others bid their comrades "drink and live":

The "half" whose courage and whose wills were wasted—
 Whose uncrowned effort saw the prize unwon?
 Who poured their life-blood for that draught untasted—
 Who toiled so hard, yet left their task undone?

All honour to the victors! England's glory
 Be their reward, as theirs shall be her pride;
 But—when with swelling hearts we tell the story—
 Give *more* than honour to the "half" who died!

* "Nearly half of the men reached the river alive, and almost half the remainder found their way back, bringing water to refresh the troops and enable them to repulse the enemy."—*Daily Paper*.