

the fence was so low or so open, that they grew over it or through it and mingled their branches together, and thereby became so interwoven with each other, as to render it difficult if not dangerous to separate them, dangerous at least to the life of the smallest and weakest of the two.

They had gone together, for years, to the same school while they were children. When grown up, they had worked together in the same hay or harvest field; had always been partners in the dance at the harvest-homes, twelfth-nights, and other merry-makings; and although the Armstrongs, from the circumstance of their not being obliged to go out to daily labour for their sustenance, like the Millways, were in a somewhat higher position in the conventional division of the different ranks of society; yet the partition wall between them was but a low or an open one, inasmuch as the one was the independent proprietor, in his own right, of a cottage and a garden, with an undefined right of pasturage on the common hard by, while the other rented a farm sufficiently large to afford occupation upon it to more than the whole family. Hence, the employment of the Millways as labourers by the Armstrongs on their farm, and the consequent intimacy between them. And the reader will therefore hardly be surprised to learn, that a scheme for effecting a still closer and more intimate connection, betwixt the two families, was formed by William Armstrong and Bella Millway and approved of by their parents.

They were both very young when this engagement was entered into; far too young indeed either to judge of its fitness and propriety, as regards the temper, disposition and habits of the parties, or to form a just and proper estimate of the importance of such a step, as they, like too many young people in higher ranks of life, had rashly taken.

And here I might give my fair readers, a long and useful lecture on the subject of matrimonial engagements, but they I know full well in their eagerness to pursue my true and simple story, would skip it if I did, besides, the moral of my tale may do more good than any thing I could say and therefore *revenons à nos moutons*.

To be continued.

The tears we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of Affection would perish.

POETRY—the music of Thought conveyed to us in the music of Language.

THE POPE AND THE BEGGAR.

The Desires, the Chains, the Deeds, the Wings.

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

I saw a soul beside the clay it wore,
When reign'd that clay, the Hierarch Sire of
Rome;
A hundred priests stood, ranged the bier before,
Within St. Peter's dome.

And all was incense, solemn dirge, and prayer—
And still the soul stood sullen by the clay:
O soul, why to thy heavenlier native air
Dost thou not soar away?

And the soul answered with a ghastly frown,
"In what life loved, death finds its weal or woe;
Slave to the clay's desires, they drag me down
To the clay's rot below!"

It spoke, and where Rome's purple ones reposed
They lowered the corpse; and downwards from
the sun

Both soul and body sunk—and darkness closed
Over that two-fold one!

Without the church, unburied on the ground,
There lay, in rags, a Beggar newly dead;
Above the dust no holy priest was found,
No pious prayer was said!

But round the corpse unnumbered lovely things,
Hovering unseen by the proud passers-by,
Formed upward, upward, upward, with bright
wings

A ladder to the sky!

"And what are ye, O Beautiful!" "We are."
Answered the choral cherubim, "his Deeds;"
Then his soul, sparkling sudden as a star,
Flashed from its mortal weeds.

And, lightly passing, tier on tier, along
The gradual pinions, vanished like a smile!
Just then swept by the solemn-visaged throng
From the Apostle's pile—

"Knew ye this beggar?" "Knew! a wretch who
died

Under the curse of our good Pope now gone!"
"Loved ye that?" "He was our Church's pride,
And Rome's most holy son!"

Then did I muse;—such are men's judgments,—
blind

In scorn or love! In what unquest-of things,
Desires, or Deeds—do rags and purple find
The fetters or the wings!