

ever, at last, and shone out before he set in all his wonted brightness. And his last rays were reflected in a thousand sparkles from the little diamond ring on Margery Mounsey's finger; while, hid in shade and gloom, lay the crushed and mangled corse of the poor pedler among the sharp stones at the bottom of the

"Bloody Scour!"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS MOORE.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Came to her death:

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently, and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her,
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses,
Escap'd from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other.

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
None she had none!

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed!
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's Providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light,
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of this world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly—
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!—
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smoothe and compose them;
And her eyes close then;
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the darning
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity!

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour;
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!