

Downwards, with eyes dilated and amazed.
"Ruined! Thou hast no mother, then, alive?
No friends? no kin? no comrades that survive?
And thou wilt kill thyself? Oh! wherefore die?"
The fond sweet gaze grew fonder in her eye.

More she scarce dared to question—so she laid
Her lips to his, and kissed him, half-afraid.
"One thing, however, more I would be told,"
At length, she said: "Ah me! I have no gold—
E'en when I have, my mother takes it all—
But here's my necklace. True, it is but small,
Still, it is gold, dear; tell me, shall I go
And sell it for thee? Nobody will know
And thou canst take the money for thy play."
With a soft smile grave Rolla turned away.

Draining a small dark phial, no word he said;
But kissed her necklace, bending down his head:
She raised it tenderly—the man was dead!

His soul departed in that one chaste kiss,
And for a moment two had tasted bliss.

THE GIANT.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

Brave Chiefs! in the land of the Giants I was born,
My ancestors leapt o'er the Rhine stream in scorn;
I was only a babe, when my mother, fond soul!
Used to bathe me each morn in the snows of the pole;
While my father, whose shoulders ensured him respect,
With three shaggy bear skins my cradle bedecked.