

THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

Fainted? Yes, in the tunnel, Jack found her
 lying alone,
Chill and white as the marble of her father's
 cold grave-stone :
Eh! But this world's a muddle, I'm often tried
 to say,
Though I know that the good God ruleth, and
 look for a Judgment Day
When wrong shall be wrong wide-published,
 by angel-trumpets clear,
And Justice shall pluck the robber from the
 spoil he holds so dear,
When Mercy shall weigh the motive, and pity
 shall stay the Sword,—
But my heart grows faint with yearning,—
 How long, how long, good Lord?

She's been bad, since that sheenie, Reder, with
 the stones that they gave for bread
Replenished his empty pockets to pay for a
 long night's bed ;
Faith ! She swears he has waked already, that
 his ghost doth stealthy roam
Through that evil-omened tunnel, and weep
 for his babes at home,