

Of the mellowed love-light shining,
 When my own death warrant signing,
 Heart and soul I gave the keeping,
 All my love that erst was sleeping,
 All I told thee, nothing hiding,
 Sweetly in thy love confiding,
 Giving love that naught can measure,
 Caring only for thy pleasure,
 Guarding so that naught could stain thee,
 Shielding age lest aught should harm thee.
 Though thy treachery has broken,
 All the vows so sweetly spoken,
 Yet I curse thee not, but bless thee,
 Sadly as I leave, caress thee.
 To thy conscience pangs I leave thee,
 Ever sad thy soul believe me,
 But I pity thee, my fairest,
 Since nor love nor life thou sparest.
 For thy soul shall yet, relenting,
 Pray forgiveness, sure repenting,
 Then thy tears shall not avail thee,
 Though in life I would not fail thee.
 For my heart is breaking, breaking,
 And the soul its flight is taking,
 Mine the sleep that knows no waking,
 Neath the hillock ivy making.

MY HOURI.

BY HELOISE.

Oh! the precious moments fleeting,
 When our thoughts so much were blended,
 Past for e'er our happy meeting,
 All our dreams for ever ended.

Once our hearts were thrilled with gladness,
 O, my Houri, must we sever,
 May we never still the sadness,
 Is the pang to last forever.

Dreamed I not that fell Nemesis,
 On that first impassioned hour,
 Soon would rend thy threads Lachesis
 (As we felt each other's power).

Yet I swear I still adore thee,
 One last token dark-eyed beauty,
 Just to make more sweet the sorrow,
 Now in parting I implore thee,
 Of my love take all thy booty,
 One last kiss I pray thee borrow.

Though your heart is as that far light,
 As the moonlight cold above me,
 As the dim and distant starlight,
 Ah! I know you could not love me.

But I love thee, ever, ever,
 Though thy heart is turned from me,
 Surely, Narad, Goddess never
 Can entice my spirit from thee.

Matchless, queenly, radiant Houri,
 None half so fair wert thou but true,
 Lest my love should turn to fury,
 I leave thee, love—for aye—adieu.

KEATS ON MEG MERRILESS.

Old Meg she was a git sy,
 And lived upon the moors,
 Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
 And her house was out of doors;
 Her apples were swart blackberries,
 Her currants, pods o' broom,
 Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
 Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
 Her sisters, larchen trees,
 Alone with her great family,
 She lived as she did please;
 No breakfast had she many a morn,
 No dinner many a noon,
 And 'stead of supper, she would stare
 Full hard against the moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh,
 She made her garlanding,
 And, every night, the dark glen yew
 She wove, and she would sing;
 And with her fingers, old and brown,
 She plaited mats of rushes,
 And gave them to the cottagers
 She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
 And tall as Amazon,
 An old red blanket cloud she wore,
 A ship hat had she on;
 God rest her aged bones somewhere,
 She died full long ago.

The above poem is interesting as connecting Keats with Scott, in whose novel—*Guy Mannering*—Meg plays such an important and romantic part. The pervasive and sensuous element on which Keats so depended is to be noted.

"FAKE" JOURNALS.

A great many people have lately been swindled by so called prize competitions, the only object of which was to deceive the public and realize money for the promoters. Mushroom journals have sprung up and offered wonderful inducements to subscribers, who on taking the cunningly laid bait found both the journal and the prizes worthless. The publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated* have learned that doubts are expressed regarding the genuineness of the offers they have made in connection with their prize competition. To set all doubts at rest they now announce that any dissatisfied prize winner in their competition may exchange a prize for the cash value at which it is rated in their published list. Their only object in offering prizes has been to secure a larger permanent circulation, and to this end their journal has also been greatly enlarged and improved. The nature of the prize competition makes it a beneficial literary exercise for all, apart altogether from the questions of prizes. A journal with a well established reputation, and which is constantly aiming to improve its literary and illustrative contents is not of the sort that breaks faith with subscribers. The response to their generous offer has already been most gratifying. On receipt of 12 cents in stamps the publishers (The Sabiston Litho and Pub. Co., Montreal) will forward to any address a sample copy of the journal with terms, full particulars, etc.