

WIND OF THE SOUTH.

Wind of the South! hast thou stolen the breath of the blossoming heather
 Fresh from the land I left, never again to return?

Bringing me back the days when walking over the hill side
 Many a time we met, we who shall meet not again.

There are the Myrtles still, there twine the clambering roses
 Garden and granite cliff, there are they still as of old!

There by a wine dark sea, dark bloom Constantia's vineyards!
 There are the tall black ships moored in the mirroring wave!

Changeless when all is changed, and fair as last I beheld them
 Faintly, with farewell gaze, over the heave of the sea—

Bringing me back the thoughts and the days that are, and that are not,
 Seen through the torrent's mist, heard through the cataract's roar.

C. PELHAM MULVANY.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART III.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Miss Kendal, in a few terse sentences, expressed her opinion as to the conveniences of flirting in general, at whatever places or seasons. Madame de Vigny listened with dutiful attention. At the finish, she came close to her monitress, and looked up at her with a coaxing smile.

"Ah! don't be cross with me. Nobody ever is—nobody ever used to be, you remember. I don't mean any harm by my flirting; it is bigger in English than in French, I think. Nobody is frightened of it in France."

Miss Kendal did not appear absolutely convinced by this argument. She looked grave and thoughtful. And her vivacious companion seemed to have caught the infection of her seriousness. She sat silently on the ottoman at Miss Kendal's feet, her pretty face leaning on her hand. At last she looked up with a sigh.