

drunken fits of desperation, sold for two hundred pounds; but it is all over, I have lost my love, I have lost my love; but no hell can be worse than the hell of my own heart.

Last night the room swarmed with devils crying, "your time has come," and Mary appeared unutterably sad, and looking at me, said, "lost, lost, lost," and disappeared. I cannot pass such another night. If there be a God I trust my soul to him, for he cannot be all merciless, unless the devil be God, and hereafter may compensate my agonies.

These are my last words. Before the ink dries I shall know the great mystery. It is creeping up, inch by inch, my feet are cold, the cramp is spreading upward. O, Mary, love, Sainted mother.

Extract from *London Telegraph*.

"*Suicide*.—The jury in the case of Reginald Hurston, who was found dead with a pen in his hand and writing material before him, found that the deceased committed suicide by poison, while laboring under temporary insanity."

WHERE ART THOU?

I.

Alone beside this jasmine tree,
 Whose boughs in silence wave,
 I sit and watch this cold grey stone,
 Which shields our darling's grave—
 Thinking—wondering—art thou *here*,
 Or hath thy spirit flown,
 In sorrow to yon tomb of thine,
 And only left this stone,
 To mark the spot where *Beauty* knelt,
 And *Grief* was wont to stay,
 Ere Angels sang thy "*Hymn of Death*,"
 And bade thee "*Come away!*"
 * * * * *
 Lovely spirit! this little stone,
 Whispering tells me "I'm alone!"

II.

Nor doth that whisper ever die:
 For high on yonder *Ghaut*,*
 Our little *Harry* sleeps where once
 The gallant *Peishwa*† fought;

* An isolated spur of the *Western Ghauts* whereon stand the remains of one of the most famous of the ancient hill-fortresses of the *Deccan*, (since converted into a delightful summer retreat and sanatorium).

† The vernacular title of a celebrated Commander and Governor of the *Mahrattas* before the conquest.