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THE WORLD AND I.

BY ADOLESCENS.

Though in the world a worldling I To all the world may seem, And with the world I smile or sigh. Not like the world I dream.

In evening hour, or midnight deep, Left by the world alone, How then from out the world I creep, With thoughts that are my own.

Oh, there are breasts will heave and glow With more than all may feel; And hearts will strange dread sorrow know, Nor look, nor tone, reveal.

And sooth, the soul you surely decru In every glance displayed, Shall nurse through years a thought a dream No sign hath still betrayed.

Ye fondly wise, who are pretend, (And secret bug with pride The wondrous gift) or foc, or friend, To read what we would hide.

But since the fond conceit can harm So rarely, or deceive, Live in the faith while it can charm, And still in self believe.

How tame the grief that others see, And poor the joys confess'd: How rare for us true sympathy Or pleasur'd, or oppress'd!

Calm circling still, the glesming thought,

Deep in the heart we own; Or weary wasto, and ruin wrought, All to the world unknown!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE small quan ing a violent death at the hands of those into in no safe keeping. so much pains for my accommodation if they had silence.

any design on my life; or rather, would they not have taken my life when it was so entirely at their disposal, without being at any further trouble?

Moreover, I found on a chair by the hedside some food and a jug of clear water; and, without a thought or few of danger, I first drank a hearty draught -for my throat was hot and parched with thirst-and then ate, and was that resembed. Evidently, then, I need have no dread of immediate deadly violence.

For what, then, was I reserved? I remem-I FIND MYSELF ONCE MORE A PRISONER. bered, in a confused sort of way and with many forebodings, the kind of society into of wine I had taken which I had a few hours before been entrapped; must indeed have cen heavily drugged, and the villianous, sinister countenance of for it was late on the following morning before Sloppy Stevens presented itself to my mind I recovered sufficient consciousness to recall to with no comfortable accompanying sensations, my mind the events of the preceeding night, No good could be intended me in anything in and to be aware that my head was burning and which he had any concern, I felt sure of that; throbbing with a dull, stupelying pain. I and the proceedings I had witnessed and the sprang from my resting place with a renewal secrets I had heard, though but imperfectly, in of the terror I had experienced while apprehend that mysterious vault, convinced me that I was

whose power I had fallen; but whatever might To add to my uncasiness, I discovered that be their ultimate intentions, there was nothing the garments. I had worn on the previous day around me to justify present fears of such a were missing-had probably been taken away result. The chamber was small, dark, and to prevent the possibility of my escape, or, at scantily furnished, but was tolerably clean, and least, to make escape more impracticable. But the bed on which I had unconsciously been put this precaution was surely scarcely needed : for to sleep was soft and pleasant. To me, indeed, on trying to open the chamber door, I found it who had known but little of sheets and blankets strongly fastened on the outside. The only -whose bedroom had been so lopg a stable, window in the room was a small skylight in a loft, and whose best couch and covering had sloping roof high above my reach, through been straw beneath and a horse-rug above—it which nothing could be seen but a small square was luxurious. Assuredly those into whose portion of sky across which clouds occasionhands I had been betrayed, whatever might ally flitted. I listened for sounds of footsteps be their secret pyrposes, would not have taken or voices, but all around was a dead unbroken