

'Pray, sell me, sir, from your motley store,
 A heart that will love me for evermore,
 That, whether the world shall praise or blame,
 Through sorrow or joy will be still the same.

'Tis the only ware
 For which I care,
 'Mid all the treasures
 In Vanity Fair.'

'Much it grieves me, O lassie dear,'
 The pedlar said; 'but I greatly fear
 The hearts that loved in the old sweet way
 Have been out of fashion this many a day;

And gilded care
 Is all the ware
 You will get for your money
 In Vanity Fair.'

THE FIREMAN.—CAMILLA CROSLAND.

The city lies in hushed repose,
 The wintry night-wind freshly blows,
 As if to rock the cradled host
 In slumber's sweet oblivion lost.
 But hark! a sound, and a shout of fright,
 That wakes the town in dead of night.

A shriek and a glare,
 A cry of despair
 At the flames in their ire,
 For the one word is 'Fire!'
 The people rush out,
 And, with hurry and shout,
 Press on to the light
 As it brightens the night,