

pable of doing almost anything bad, without our conscience upbraiding us with its tell-tale blush.

Thus a fortnight passed away, and the first departure from our boarding-house came.

It had been known more than a week previous in the house that the younger Dimmelow was going on the following Saturday. The villainous young reprobate, as his time drew nigh, seemed to grow more and more insultingly impudent. He didn't say anything, but he looked unutterable insolence. He ceased blushing—we often thought this interesting youth could colour his face at will—and looked the table round with an air of complete indifference to the position he had placed himself and others at 14 Groater Street in, staring hard at Miss Fanny until her hot blushes almost boiled the water in the glass by her side, and passing remarks touching upon the past, provoking and paining to those who had been interested in that past. His time came. After a Saturday's dinner, late on in December, his unsatisfactory roll passed our dining-room window, after leaving the house for the last time. None of our boarders, save ourself, bade him 'good bye.'

He went, and two weeks later followed Mr. Red, the brother, who, however, still under the influence of Fan-

ny's magnetic love, was drawn back into her folds, after less than a month's absence, and we doubt not will leave the Crowes family never again, unless with his going he takes the eldest daughter away with him as his Mrs. Red.

The divines were called off to the mercies of another boarding-house next, and they in due course were succeeded by the law, who felt too lone and cold tenanting the top part of our house, with none other beside. A short interval and Mr. Hendryson, with his Miss Lane, after a week-day visit to church, and a series of 'I will' responses, being duly registered, and advertised next day—man and wife—went forth from 14 Groater Street to battle with life and play house-keeping, and then, like the last verse of 'Ten Little Nigger Boys,' there was only left one more to go. That one was the voracious chronicler of these adventures.

We silently stole away one bright moon-light night, about the time when January's death was to give February birth, six days after the last departure. A hundred yards from the house, we turned, and as we did so the moon sank beneath a thick black cloud, darkening the region of 14 Groater Street, hiding herself from our view for a time, and our boarding-house from us for ever.

LIFE is like a tear
 Born in the sad depths of a woman's eyes—
 That brims up slowly through them, and then lies
 And rocks as in a cradle, warmly hid
 In the rich brown shadow of her glossy lid :
 And then peeps out beneath it warily,
 Quivering in tremulous uncertainty,
 And rainbow'd like a bubble in the sun
 Upon the twinkling verge —until, with one
 Wild leap and gush of ripe intensity,
 It darts away.