

and churlish river ; and the poppet-head of the mine of St. Gabriel, and she who had knelt thereon, were vanished into solitudes, where only God's cohorts have the rights of burial. . . .

But the priest prayed humbly for their so swiftly-summoned souls.

GILBERT PARKER.

A Walking Skirt.

O, Phyllis, in her kirtle, for so I choose to call
The pretties and the shortest petticoat of all—
Search the Island over between the triple seas,
The skirt of all in England clings about her knees !

The band of it a circle, supple as 'tis round,
The hem another circle, a foot above the ground :
Below the hem her ankles, her waist within the band
As she trips it, are the trimmest and the slimmest in
the land.

Above the dainty waistband, when she takes a walk,
Her face above her body floats, a flower on its stalk ;
Beneath the hem a-swinging, as she sways along so
sweet,
The eyes of men are tangled in the twinkle of her feet.

O, Phyllis, in her kirtle, is lovelier than all !
Delicious as her laughter, gentle and so tall,
So lissome as a willow, so pretty as a dove,
A darling in her kirtle, for it clips her like a glove !

GEORGE WYNDHAM.