GERTY'S GLOVE.

Slips off a kid—ditto deftly sewn,
A scent as through each corpuscle blown,
The tender hue that decline her dove,
All these,—and this by Gerty's glove.

A glove but lately doffs, for look—
It keeps the hangy shape of her hook,
Wards from her hoard: What gave the glow?
And whence the moist that stained it so?

It clasp'd the hand, so pure, so soft,
Where silvery roses in petals clinch,
The hand that's when the light wind stirs,
Bespread those laughing locks of hers.

You fingers four, you little thumb!
Were I but you, in days to come
I'd clasp, and clasp, and clasp her—go!
And tell her that I told you so.

—*London Lyrics.*

BURNT WINGS.

BY GUY ROBLYN.

How deep a life has love! Three years of pain
Have not attained one frown of wrinkle grey;
Three summers washed with showers of mingled rain—
Three winters whitened with the silent snow,
Have left me comeliness, and him to one
With cheeks half ruddy, half pale in a cruel street,
And seeking for his mercy that is gone,
Forgets the purpose that should guide his feet.
O wave is Fire; that a maid should say
Her own things when and how she may?

And where is Reason, that a man should cling
To dead dreams and delusions of his youth;
Is life so sweet, I may ask again,
One song, and die because of one untruth?
No, I will say why then faint upon the brink?
Of hearing why then faint upon the brink?
I will go forward, though broken link.
And search forget the broken link.
Forget! I do forget myself indeed,
To think that shame should have power to plead.

On such a quest how far from home!
With passions locked up and the gold key lost!
I should stumble all unknowing into the tomb,
And meadow mist of summer morn's fair frost.
I cannot find half my life with will.
And if I could, it is not in my power;
A maid to gratify herself and her lover,
Asked for me love to wear it as a flower—
O what a world! What cares! What pain!
I gave it, and she flung the thing away.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

A Tale of City Life.

BY FREDERICK TALBOT.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plagues of each calamity."

Wretched as Lucy Hulme had been while the fate of her lover hung in suspense, she was yet more miserable now that she had read that accursed letter. It poisoned all her thoughts at once. She could not believe that it represented his real mind—he had responded and come to her once more. But that he should have harboured thoughts so selfish and unkind pierced her heart with ineffable pain. She had placed him on a pedestal, half as hero, half as saint, and it was almost as bitter a pang to lose the idea as the actual love.

But in the midst of it all her intense desire to recover and help him overcame her, and, sweets, to ascertain his fate—came upon her with double force. Dreadful as was the thought that her brother had been suspected of causing his disappearance, she had an alternative but to entertain it. Why had no one come to her, she reflected, if Hulme's body had not been found? What was the meaning of his strange behaviour of the last few days?

Whatever the secret might be, Patty was well acquainted with it. Why had not John Jones enter the yard, as usual, on his return? Lucy was convinced that he had met Patty and seen Among them, and within the walls of Ribs-feast, was the clue which she must at once sought. That she would come to the bottom of the mystery, Lucy was determined; what she would do if her fears were confirmed, and she found in her brother the assassin of John Jones, she refused to think thought of. That this very night something was being enacted, some secret proceeding in which she had no share, she felt convinced. Edward had introduced Patty to his home, and concerned that she had come on a visit for a week or more, and her mother and father had received the intimation as a matter of course. Why should they have been crying all day, but she had been busy too; ; every Patty came there was a new bundled- bustle of preparation in the house. Trunks were being packed; linen was being got together, and, in short, the whole property setting out on a journey. But Lucy was kept studiously in the dark as to the meaning of it all. And why?

They were all trying to screen her brother to destroy all evidence, and she should they repentrust her, if they did not know that he was answerable to her for her lover?

That night at ten o'clock Lucy said good-night to the household, but instead of going to bed as usual she wrapped herself up in a dark dressing-gown, and set herself to watch at an upper window that commanded a view of the yard. She had not been long at her post before she saw Edward moving across the yard. He went and unbolted the door of the house, and returned to the house. Presently he crossed the yard, the moon shone out just at the moment, and she saw distinctly that he carried a burden on his back. Astride on his shoulders was Patty, who clung round his neck with her arms. Edward stepped carefully down the steps into the yard, and he carried a basket in her hand.

Lucy hid herself behind a pile of drain-pipes, close to the warehouse door, and watched Patty, who tripped across the yard, and knocked at the door in a peculiar manner.

Presently she heard the key turn in the lock, and Edward came out into the uncertain moonlight.

"What have you got, Patty?" he said.

"Oh, not much; many things—enough to keep one for a week."

"Does Lucy suspect where you're going?"

"I don't think so. Poor Lucy!"

"Yes, I am sad for her, but what can we do?"

Patty whispered something to Edward, who laughed.

That laugh hardened Lucy's heart against him.

"Now, Ned, dear," said Patty, "good-by till morning, and keep up your spirits."

Ned put the basket down, and kissed and kissed her.

Lucy shuddered. She remembered how John would thus put his arm round her—and all of all this they had robbed her.

Patty ran across the yard, and disappeared in the house.

Edward took a few turns up and down the yard, and then went and stood on the margin of the wharf, and watched the turbid current rolling onward beneath.

When he had his back fairly turned to her, Lucy crept across the yard, into the open doorway, and passed into the old warehouse. A feeble ray of light gleamed at the end of the long lower room. It came from the lit by the arm as he reached the dock. bit by the arm as he reached the dock. of the Ginger of the Ginger of the Ginger