

POETRY.
REVERIE.

BY MOINA.
Only a few more years,
Only a few more years,
Only a few more years,
Only a few more years,
Bitter tears,
And then—and then, like other men,
I cease to wander—cease to weep,
Dim shadows o'er my way shall creep,
And out of the day and into the night,
And into the dark and out of the night,
I go—and death shall veil my face,
And the feet of the years shall fast efface
My very name and every trace
I leave on earth; for the stern years tread,
Tread out the names of the gone and dead,
And then—and then, like other men,
I close my eyes, and go to sleep;
Ah! me, the grave is dark and deep!

Alas! alas!
How soon we pass!
And, oh! I go
So far away!

When go we must,
From the light of life, and the heat of the strife,
To the peace of death, and the cold still dust,
We go, we go, and may not stay—
We travel the long, dark, weary way;
Out of the day and into the night,
Into the darkness, out of the night,
And then—and then, like other men—
We close our eyes and go to sleep—
We close our eyes and go to sleep,
Ah! me, the grave is lone and deep!

I saw a flower at morn so fair;
I passed at eve—it was not there;
I saw a sunbeam, golden bright,
And I saw night,
Digging the grave of day;
The day took off her golden crown,
And sadly, slowly laid it down;
And day, at morn the sun's fair bride,
At twilight bent her brow and died.
And so, alas! I like day we pass—
At morn we laugh,
At eve we weep,
At night we wake,
At night we sleep,
We close our eyes and go to sleep—
Ah! me, the grave is still and deep.

The Braes of Yarrow
An Historical Tale of the
Sixteenth Century.

"Here, Pate, give me a shoulder," said Tushielaw briskly.
"Ding-a-Doon" leaned his head and arms against the wall, and his master climbed upon his back, reached the roof, easily knocked the boards aside, and drew himself up through the aperture. Barras followed.
"Bring the light, one of you," he shouted, looking back.
Hornie, with the nimbleness of a monkey, clomb up the giant's back, holding the crucifix in his hand. But as he was holding it out to Barras, accidentally or intentionally, the crucifix dropped to the ground and the light was extinguished. Barras swore, and Tushielaw growled, for they were now in complete darkness. Hornie descended quickly to the floor and made a great ado seeking the lamp.
One of the men produced a flint, and presently a light was obtained. This time the dwarf managed to hand it up safely, and followed it himself. Ding-a-Doon ascended next, and in a few minutes all were up except one man.
They found themselves in a narrow low-roofed passage, along which they moved cautiously, fearing some trap. The passage opened to the right, and the light showed all and all the cunning of Tushielaw and Barras failed to discover any outlet in the walls or floor. They congratulated themselves upon this, for the fewer the outlets the less chance there would be of escaping; and if the fugitives were penned in the passage they would be captured with little trouble.
The passion with which he regarded Mistress Spens—his passion rendered all the more fierce by the difficulty he had found in achieving its object—and the cupid which attracted him to the wealth of Halstane, rendered Tushielaw eager in the pursuit. But another and stronger motive urged him forward in the evil work—he knew that between Spens and him there was only one way of settling accounts—it was life against life.

With Barras there was a certain enmity arising from chagrin and disappointed ambition. He would not have troubled himself in the least about Spens had he not barred the way to the lordship of Blinram. But since the way was barred, he wished to remove the obstacle as speedily and as effectively as possible. So these two united to hunt him down.
It was well that they had been proceeding cautiously, for at an angle of the building they came upon a chasm in the floor of about six feet wide. There was darkness below and darkness beyond. Their light only sufficed to show them the width of the hole, and to indicate the depth; it revealed no means of crossing or descending.
"Who joins me?" said Tushielaw. "I will jump across."
"Do," said Barras drily, "and you will probably slight upon some trap which will hurl you into the arms of the fiend who waits for you."
"I have another plan, then," and the Borderer smiled grimly. "Which will cheat the fiend and our foes together."
He took the Jeddard axes from his foster brother having placed them across the chasm, he cautiously tried their strength, then crawled across them and reached the other side safely. He found that the suspicion of Barras had been nearer the mark than he had calculated. Sitting upon the side of the chasm he pressed the floor with his hand; it yielded to the slightest touch and sunk downward. Had he jumped, as he had proposed at first, he would not have troubled Spens again. Having warned his followers of the danger, he easily stepped over the trap, and waited for the others. Barras joined him immediately, and the rest followed.

They now proceeded with even more caution than before, and about twenty steps brought him to the end of the passage, where they found two doors, one of them of strong oak, studded with iron nails, opened into the tower where the friendly beacon of the hospice was kindled every night, and was now burning. The other door opened to the roof or ramparts of the building.
The first was fast, the second open; and the pursuers, leaving one man to guard the entrance to the tower, passed upon the roof. Tushielaw again made use of his gigantic foster-brother's shoulders, this time to enable him to look in at one of the windows of the tower.
With a subdued growl of satisfaction he slipped to the ground again.
"They are there—I saw them."
He set the men to work chipping the door which led to the roof. The splinters flew about like hail, and were hastily collected in a pile at the foot of the door they wished to force. Tushielaw applied a torch, but the chips were damp and refused to kindle. At length, however, by dint of much coaxing in the way of puffing and blowing from Tushielaw, who knelt before the fire with all the earnestness and devotion of a fire worshipper before his deity, a bright flame shot up, illumining his dark countenance.
Whilst the blue smoke curled and wreathed upward and over him, and the chips cracked and sent their sparks flying into his face and around him, Tushielaw remained on his knees encouraging the flame by feeding it with chips and blowings upon it vigorously. He smiled with diabolical satisfaction as he saw the flames rapidly rising.
The stout oaken door blistered and fretted and hissed as the fire began to take effect upon it; whilst Barras and the men, encouraged by the success of the project thus far, continued lustily chopping the wood.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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