

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me, / Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;

STUCK FAST.

I goes home one night, and Mrs. Burge—that's our next-room neighbor—shows me something wrapped up in flannel, all pink and creamy, and very snuffy, as though it wanted its nose blowing; which couldn't be expected, for it hadn't got any to signify.

suppose the earth caved in, where should we be? No doubt the first crush in would do it, and there'd be an end of workmen and foremen; but there seemed something wry awful in the idea of being buried alive.

What would I not have given for a stout stick as a defence against attack as I groped my way on, feeling convinced that I should be right if I crawled down stream, when a little reflection would have told me that up stream must be the right way, for I must have been borne down by the water.

and then got help; but he was only laughing at, for they could get no further answer out of me. It was then about half-past three in a Summer's morning; and though the grate was got open, they were about to give it up, saying the policemen had been humbugged; when a couple of sweeps came up, and the little one offered to go down backwards, and he did, and came out directly after, saying that he could feel a man's head with his toes.

other nights I lost; and then I would try again, to make it up. Soon, however, was that widowed heart to be shattered and bleeding; soon was it to be overflooded with the gall of bitterness. For a week or more I was peculiarly unfortunate, losing every night more or less. It may be supposed that this continued ill-luck affected me considerably, and that my master's drawer had to suffer by it. This was not all. To drown the regret experienced on account of my losses, I had recourse to frequent and liberal potations. The more I lost the more I drank.

quainted them with my mother's death, stating that she died suddenly in the course of the night, after she had visited me in my chamber and awakened me from sleep. I said not a word respecting the cause, but requested their assistance in laying her out, etc.

For none return from those quiet shores, / Who cross with the boatman cold and pale; / We hear the dip of the golden oars, / And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.