



The Wild Dark Storm.

"Oh! tie the easement, father,
The snow falls on my bed;
Oh! tie the easement, father,
It rattles o'er my head—
Dont sleep so sound, my father,
I'm very numb and chill,
And I can't bear to listen,
With the room so dark and still."
The drunkard heard no plaintive voice,
For death enwrapped his form,
Nor the child's moan,—I'm all alone,
In the wild, dark storm.

The blast roared down the chimney,
And shook the fragile wall,
And the easement rattled louder,
At the shrieking angry call;
The drunkard heard no plaintive voice,
For death enwrapped his form,
Nor the child's moan,—I'm all alone,
In the wild dark storm.

The light shone in upon her,
Her heart beat quick with fear,
She could see no form around her,
No voice, no foot-fall hear,
But a whisper come unto her,
As vesper's tones might be,
And its melody breathed fairy like
"My child come home to me,"
And though she sighed, she still remained,
In the wild dark storm.

"There's snow upon my head, mamma,
My heart is freezing fast;
And shadows from the corner
Are flitting swiftly past,
I come to you, dear mother,
If you'll make me very warm,
For oh! I'm cold and all alone,
In the wild dark storm,

The little snow drifts grew,
And so silently they slept,
Upon the ragged covert,
The child no longer wept;
She said there must be warmth in them,
And thrust within her hand,
And drew it forth encircled,
With a pale and icy band;
Then she shrieked as wild and frantic
And shook the drunken form—
"I am dying, father, dying,
In the wild dark storm."

Poor child, her head sank backward,
Her eyes grew dark and dim,
Her voice grew stronger in despair,
She could not waken him;
With red and frozen fingers joined,
She breathed in accents low,
"Where mother sleeps, where mother lies,
'Tis there I want to go."

THE VIRGIN OF VESTA.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

CHAPTER I.

"For Rome is as a desert, where we steer,
Stumbling o'er recollections."—BYRON.

The Tiber gleamed in the light of its illuminated banks. Far down the Palatine Hill, from the Imperial Palace, flashed forth a long line of radiance upon the Via Sacra. And across the clear water, from the marble court of Apollo's temple, came the evening chant of the priests, and the sound of music, as if their god had struck his sculptured harp.

The temple of Vesta, alone, upon the southern slope of the hill, was lit by the rich moonbeams, that clothed with a silver lustre its marble portico, and glittered through the thick foliage of the sacred oaks which embosomed it. Nought burned there but the pure fire of the altar, around which now a circle of white-robed virgins bent in their evening orisons.

And now the mystic rite is ended, and the solemn chant of the vestal train, as they slowly retrace through the dim aisles, sounds faintly in the distance. One is left—the virgin, who, through the still night, shall watch the sacred altar-flame, and offer to the spotless goddess a prayer for her favorite shrine. Why gazes she so anxiously at her departing sisters? Why casts she an anxious glance around the lonely court?

A shadow stole across the marble pavement, and the figure of a man stood forth in the moonlight. The maiden flew to meet him.

"My brother! thou art here! O happy—"
"Hast thou seen my life?" cried the young man, casting an anxious glance around.
"My brother! what meanest thou?"
"Germanicus is slain!" said the brother in a stifled voice.

The maiden gazed into the youth's face as if she would find there the contradiction of his words; but she saw that his features were deadly pale. "Ah, my brother," she murmured, "it is not so—O, say not that our benefactor is—"
"Tis true—even at the banquet. I stood beside him—I held his cup. Sejanus the tyrant, filled from his own, and my master fell dead at my feet. I escaped, but the slaves of Sejanus follow me!"

"And ho—Germanicus—he is no more," cried the sister.

"Ay, Livia—poisoned by the wretch who aims at the imperial purple! Germanicus is dead, Livia. But hark! they come—I hear the tramp of their feet within—"
"They will not harm thee here, my brother—they dare not tear thee from the shrine of Vesta."
"And what is Vesta to Sejanus?" cried a voice, as a band of soldiers entered the temple gate—"Drag the slave away!" his the emperor's will!"

"Beware!" cried Livia, as, snatching a torch from the altar, she sprang to her brother's side.—"Beware, ere the insulted goddess shall avenge her shrine! Back back! lay not your hands on him who claims the aid of Vesta."
The sister stood by her brother's side, like the very goddess whom she served. The rude and superstitious soldiers trembled before the blaze of the virgin's eyes. But their leader's voice aroused them.

"Ha!" cried he, "will ye be bawked by a woman?" and he grasped the maiden's arm.

The sword of the brother circled over the soldier's head, and the bright blade rung on his helmet. But ere the blow could be repeated, lights gleamed along the corridors; and the high priestess broke the silence.

"What means 'st said she, 'the clash of steel?—Why is the shrine of Vesta violated? Is Rome so sunk in crime that the temple of her gods are not revered? Speak Livia! why are these bold men here?"

"A stranger sought the protection of our altar. He is a freedman of Germanicus whom they have murdered. These men would drag him to a cruel death. O, save him, he is my brother! And the spirit that upheld her, giving way, she sunk trembling at the feet of the priestess.

"Fear not, Livia! Tiberius himself dare not desecrate the shrine of our goddess. Return!" said the high priestess to the soldiers—"and say to Sejanus, that the priestess Vesta protects her servants."

"Advance!" cried the centurion. "Pluck him even from the altar's foot. Think ye that the vengeance of the gods is surer or more terrible than the wrath of Sejanus? Advance upon the slave!"

The soldiers, accustomed to obey, hesitated no longer. Throwing themselves together upon the freedman, who, grasping his sword, had awaited the result of the interference of the priestess, they wrested the weapon from his grasp, and dragged him from the temple court.

Livia lay senseless at the foot of the altar.—But the high priestess heeded her not. Her own proud heart was swelling at the thought of her insulted goddess. The sanctuary violated!—sacrilege at the very altar! "Tremble," she cried, as the corslets of the retreating soldiers flashed in the blaze that streamed from the imperial palace—"Tremble, Sejanus! thy fate is sealed. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

SEJANUS reclined at the banquet. Rival of his master in dissimulation, he knew how to preserve in public an austerity that effectually hid the grossness of his sensuality. He was at the pitch of his subordinate power; for Tiberius sunk in the enervating pleasures of his Capreae palace, had apparently resigned all care of government into the hands of his favorite. The word of Sejanus was law in Rome.

Yet his ambition still looked higher, and already the imperial crown seemed within his grasp. The children of the elder Germanicus were banished. Drusus had drunk the poison of his host. What was now to prevent the attainment of his vast ambition—the empire of all Rome?

A messenger appeared.

"The freedman of Germanicus is taken."
"To the dungeon with him!—Yet stay—guard him hither!"

Herman entered between the soldiers who advanced towards Sejanus. But the cautious tyrant stayed their approach.

"And thinkest thou, tyrant, I slay at the banquet?" cried the bold freedman.

"Ha! slave! are we braved?—a worthy cub of thy master art thou. Methinks rebellion hath grown bold! where found ye him!"

"In the temple of Vesta he had taken sanctuary."
"Sanctuary! 'tis well. Rome has yet to learn that Sejanus is her master. Had he papers?"

"He has destroyed them."
"Ha!" cried Sejanus, "bear him to the dungeon. The torture shall be thine on the morrow. O, fearless despiser of tyrants!"

CHAPTER II.

"A sister's love—the holiest thing
That earth has won from Heaven."

The priestess and Livia both knelt at the altar. Together they hung the sacred garlands upon the shrine—together watched the holy fire. Suddenly the virgin paused—she threw herself at the feet of the priestess.

"Can we not save him?" she murmured—"my only brother."

"Livia! said the calm voice of the priestess, "I knew not thou hadst a brother.—Where dwelt he when Germanicus consigned thee to my care?"

"He was his freedman—we were once the children of his enemy, for our father's sister was Thuselda, the wife of the bold Arminius. At that dark defeat, when Varus sunk before the power of the German leader, my father fell. Thuselda succored us till she herself became a captive, and then the generous hand of Germanicus preserved the offspring of his foe.

Herman became his freedman, and I, at my own desire, (which may our goddess prosper!) became the child of Vesta. Thou hast heard my story."

"Poor child!" said the priestess. "He is thine only brother, and in the power of Sejanus. But hearken, Livia,—wouldst thou brave danger to save thy brother's life?"

"Gladly, gladly," murmured the virgin, her eyes lighting up with joy; "what would I not brave—he is my brother."

"Then will I instruct thee," said the priestess. "Listen."

The brow of the vestal priestess was white as the marble pillar against which she leaned, and her

dark eye flashed in the altar fire, as she gazed upon the young girl—
"Thou must go to Tiberius," she said.
"To the dreadful tyrant?"
"Even so, Livia, even to the tyrant, and to his unholy palace of Capreae. But fear not! The mantle of our goddess shall cover thee, and her power shall cover thy heart. Thou mayest seek the dreadful isle unfeared. Myself and the virgins of Vesta will pray for thee."

"I will go," said Livia.

"Fearest thou to ask thy brother's life of Tiberius? Fearest thou to tell him of our altar's sacrilege?"

"I fear not!" said Livia. "Our goddess will protect me."

She knelt with the priestess before the shrine of Vesta. Her crossed hand rested on her pure bosom, and her mild, trusting eyes were turned towards heaven. "I fear not!" she said.

TIBERIUS reclined on his couch in his palace of Capreae. A round of sensuality had enervated him. His meager frame, that seemed the impersonification of death, tossed restlessly from side to side and his bright eyes shot uneasy and fugitive glances from beneath their shaggy brows. His scarred and bloated countenance worked fearfully; for the tyrant Remorse was mightier than himself. He started—a step approached—
"A lady craves to enter!" said the slave who appeared.

"Whence cometh she?"

"In a barque from Rome—the centurion of the Western gate received her. She answered nought to our subject, but prayed to be conducted to the Emperor."

"Lead her hither!"

And Livia entered. Her white robes were concealed by a dark mantle, and her flowing hair was bound beneath a close cap. She advanced towards Tiberius.

"Slaves! let her not approach."
"Nay," cried the maiden, "fear not me!" and letting fall her mantle, and removing from her head its covering, she stood before Tiberius.

It was as if an angel had stood within that den of vice and infamy. Tiberius started from his couch—never before had a vision such as this broken upon the eyes of the sensualist. He motioned to his satellites, and they retired.

"What seekest thou, maiden?" he asked in a low silvery tone he could so well assume.

Livia paused. It was with a trembling hand that she had entered the palace of the tyrant. Many and fearful accounts had she heard of his violence and untrammelled passions, and she had recalled them all during the swift passage across the sea, in the barque of Vesta's temple. But the thought of her captive brother gave a high and holy fervor to the meek vestal.

"Mighty emperor!" she cried, sinking at the feet of Tiberius—"I implore thy mercy for my brother!"

"Thy brother—who is he?"

"The freedman of Germanicus, whom Sejanus—"
At that name a smile played upon the lip of the emperor. It was a dark and singular smile, like the gleam of the serpent's eye ere it strikes.

"Rise, gentle lady!" said Tiberius; and taking her hand he gazed upon her lovely countenance. The modest eyes of the vestal fell before his keen glance—but she trembled not—she was thinking of her brother.

A curious and searching glance was that of Tiberius. "And hadst thou no fear?" he asked. "Didst thou not know that Tiberius is called tyrant? Darest thou to brave him?"

"I would brave everything," said Livia, "for my brother!"

"But thou art beautiful! Hast thou not heard wild tales of the crimes of Tiberius? Dost thou not fear?—thou art in my power." His eye fell again with a scrutinizing glance upon the maiden's face.

She looked up into his face fearlessly, trustingly. Her eye fell not before the gaze of Rome's imperial master. She trembled not.

"Mighty emperor! the gods protect the innocent. Vesta will not forsake her servant." She spoke with a free and holy confidence.—Tiberius was awed—he bent before the power of virtue.

Suddenly he seized her hand—"Why lovest thou thy brother?" he asked.

"He loveth me, he is generous, good and noble!" Tiberius released her hand and stamping his foot, the slave re-entered. "Lead the maiden forth, and see her courteously attended."

The slave looked inquiringly to his master, as if for further instruction. Tiberius turned to his couch.

"But my brother, mighty emperor—my brother!"

"He loveth thee—he is generous, good, and noble! Let that content thee!"

Livia was led forth, and Tiberius moved painfully to the balcony.

The bright moonlight flashed upon the waves; it lit the rocks and the foam that dashed over them; it glittered on the arms of the sentinels that paced the palace ramparts; and it fell on the brow of the monarch of the land, and made it yet more ghastly.

"He is generous, good, and noble—thus she said, murmured Tiberius to himself.—"Ho!" then he cried aloud, "bring forth the wine, and bid Sempronius hither!"

CHAPTER III.

Wouldst thou be free?
Then strike the tyrant boldly. To the hill
Drive thou thy steel.—GONDOLIER.

The freedman of Germanicus slept in his dungeon. In dreams he wandered on the bright shores of the Danube. Thuselda and his mother rose to his view. Then he beheld that mother stretched beside his father's corpse—no light was in her eyes—she was dead. He gazed fearfully upon

her face—it was Livia's. He started with a sudden cry from his sleep.

A form bent over him, and the freedman recognized the face of Sejanus. "Ha, tyrant!" he cried, starting to his feet, "thou here?"

"Peace, slave, and listen! wouldst thou be free?—wouldst thou have wealth and honor?"

"What meanest thou?" cried the young German.

"Listen to me—I admire thy fearless spirit, young freedman, and I would save thy life, and raise thee to honor. Thou hast been faithful to Germanicus; so thou wilt be to me."

"To his murderer?" murmured the freedman.

"It is false! he was not murdered," said Sejanus.—"But speak! wilt thou live?"

"If I may live in honor!" said Herman.

"Thou shalt have riches and honor," said Sejanus, "one thing only I require."

"Ha!" cried the German youth—"Speak?"

"Take thou this dagger—a barque shall bear thee to Capreae. Strike this steel to the heart of Tiberius; and name thy reward. Dost thou hear me?"

"Tiberius?" murmured Herman.

"Ay, the tyrant—at Capreae."

The eyes of the German youth flashed like the lightning's gleam, and his frame towered proudly above that of Sejanus. "Away!" he cried, "traitor and assassin, away from a freedman's sight!"

"Dost thou refuse?"

"Away, ere I strike thee with my chains," cried Herman raising his ponderous manacles above his head.

"The torture shall be—"
"Art thou gone?" cried the youth, springing forward towards Sejanus.

The favorite of Tiberius quailed before the eyes of the freedman. With a muttered oath of vengeance, he left the dungeon, and Herman turned once more to his couch. But ere he reached it, a figure stood forth from behind one of the huge pillars that supported the roof of the cell. "Freedman of Germanicus," said a voice, while a hand at the instant grasped at his own—"thou hast said well!"

"Who art thou?" cried Herman, turning quickly.

"Thy friend—come with me!"

"Whither?"

"To liberty—speak not, but follow."

The freedman followed the footsteps of his conductor. They went forth from the prison, and passed through the grove that surrounded the palace of Augustus. Then crossed the Via Sacra, they descended the hill. A boat roared lightly upon the wave. "Enter!" said his conductor, and Herman obeyed. The stranger placed himself beside him, and immediately the oars of the stout rowers propelled the barque over the water.

Across the blue sea bounded they, and still the companion of Herman spoke no word.

Across the blue sea went they, till the waves glanced in the morning sun, and the rocks of Capreae's harbor were in sight. And when the sun of Italy beamed high over Capreae, Herman stood in the presence of Tiberius.

"Thou art the freedman of Germanicus," said the emperor.

"Even so."

"Thy sister has been here."

Had the lightning gleamed around him, it had startled Herman no more. Herman watched him.

"Ay, youth, she has been here! A generous maiden to sacrifice herself for her brother! Dost thou not thank her?"

"May the gods blast thee, tyrant!" cried the excited youth. "Oh, Livia, Livia—thou art lost forever! and for me—!" He struck his breast with his clenched hand—"But thou hast not dared," he exclaimed, springing forward and confronting the Emperor—"thou—"

The smile of Tiberius met him—that meaning smile, wreathing around the corners of his dark mouth—a low laugh came from his lips; he stamped his foot—the door opened, and Livia appeared.

"My brother—oh my brother!" cried she, flying to his side.

But he returned not her embrace. He grasped her hand, and gazed wistfully upon her face.—"Servest thou Vesta?" he murmured.

The maiden looked into his eyes—she smiled; that smile was enough for a brother's heart. He bent his lips upon her forehead, then looked around. Tiberius was gone, but in his place stood the man who had led Herman from his dungeon. He approached them—the brother and sister—

"Tiberius bids me lead you forth," said he. "Thy sister's love and thy own loyalty have gained thee a friend in the Emperor."

"And thou—"

"I was sent by Tiberius to thy dungeon, and there overheard thy refusal of the dark offer of Sejanus. The Emperor sends thy sister this!"

He gave Livia a packet. It was a necklace of pure pearl, and a scrap of papyrus—upon the latter was written "May the gods blast thee, tyrant!"

Herman remembered his own daring words.

Again Livia knelt before the shrine of Vesta and watched the pure flame. And while she knelt, amid her sister vestals, there came up the hill from the Forum, the sound of voices—a murmur of many tongues—and a mighty shout of as thankfulness and joy. The next moment the form of her brother knelt beside her, and his lips murmured "Listen!"

Livia and the priestess, and the vestals, bent their heads as the mighty shout swelled up from the city—"Sejanus is no more—the tyrant has fallen!"

The priestess knelt before the altar of her goddess. "Thou hast avenged thy servants," murmured she, "Sejanus is no more!"

For the Huntingdon Journal. Death of A. A. Adams, the distinguished Tragedian.

That tabernacle, in which once burned a beautiful flame, is now mingling with the dust. One of the brightest stars in the galaxy of dramatic genius has gone down into the dark and silent tomb. When the eye of genius is glazed, and quenched in darkness, and his powerful wand lies shattered in the dust; when the strong minded, and kind hearted are stricken down from amongst us, the loss is felt to be public and general, and no one who takes delight in the purity and success of our drama, and our national literature, can regard, unmoved, the departure of the man of genius and of worth.

MR. ADAMS was a true born American; brave, generous, and manly. Possessing an intellect of the highest order, he ranked, justly, among the first of his profession in our country. Though gifted with brilliant talents, his manner was reserved and distant, until intimate acquaintance, when he opened his inmost heart and displayed those rich stores of disinterested friendship—feeling and charity—that characterized all his actions. Benevolent to a fault, he was beloved by all who knew him, and while many mourned his faults, there were but few who did not forget them in his virtues.

"He had his faults—yet who would dare disclose. The hidden secrets of the sheltering tomb! Long may they sleep, in undisturbed repose, Deep in the solemn grave's forgetful gloom."

But it is not merely as a friend that we deplore his loss, that we miss his companionship, or that we cannot fill up his place in the social circle—we mourn, too, that the drama has lost one of its brightest orbs. Those that could pretend to compete with him in his profession, were but few—He was one of our greatest native players, and the place that is now vacated, will not soon be occupied.

In his personation of the great character of Virginius he was truly unsurpassed, and it was always conceded to be a just and lofty embodiment of the conception of the author. It was full of that intense passion, energy and pathos, that so eminently characterise the play. The revelation which it gives of a noble and peculiar genius, can never be forgotten. He was especially unsurpassed in that part where he waits a response, after calling on his slaughtered daughter, and says:—

"I hear a voice so fine, there's nothing lives
'Twillix it and silence."

—It was indeed a lofty and a noble piece of acting, displaying at once the depth of insight, the extent of the attainments and varied culture of the performer.

But it was not alone in Virginius that Mr. Adams evinced his great talent and powers. He was also conceded to be one of the greatest Hamlets of his day—and, indeed, there was no character, which he undertook to personate, in which he did not excel, and display alike the attributes of his genius, and a proficient in the profession. Few of all his admirers can understand what a living death his life had been for a number of years before its close, and few, therefore, could appreciate the real consideration, that gave peculiar beauty and value to the efforts of his genius, which were wrought out under circumstances of the greatest depression, and discouragement.

But he is gone, and is now a resident of the dark and narrow house, where he has only arrived a short time before us, and while we cannot but reflect upon the frailty of all earthly hopes, and that love and life are but words of care and sorrow, we still breathe our humble prayer that—
Requiescat in pace. S***

Huntingdon, March 24, 1851.

CINCINNATI, March 20th.—Mr. Augustus A. Adams, the distinguished tragedian, died in this city yesterday, after a painful illness. [Pennsylvanian.]

Courage in Women.

There are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the present day, sensible women in other things, whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go down with courage; and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickness of sensibility which cannot contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of an Anne Bolynne, a Mary Queen of Scots, or a Marie Antoinette. We see that it is good for these delicately bred, high nurtured, helpless personages to meet death with a silence and confidence like his own. But there would be a similar dignity in women's bearing small terrors with fortitude. There is no beauty in fear; it is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No state can be made of it, that a woman would wish to see herself like.

However brutish fighting may be, says the Albany Dutchman, it has "its mission." We have seen one knock down infuse more politeness into a coxcomb in a minute, than Chesterfield could have conferred on him in a century.

Too much devotion leads to fanaticism—too much philosophy to irreligion.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

BY HENRY HUNTER, D. D.

The pen has now dropped from the hand of Moses, and silent is his tongue; and another, not himself, must tell us what he is and how he died. Every scene in the life of this illustrious man is singular, and instructive as singular; and his latter end is not the least interesting and useful. He had now completed his one hundred and twentieth year, without having become subject to the usual infirmities of that advanced age. The death of Moses, then, was not in the ordinary course of nature, it was not preceded by its usual harbinger, it was not occasioned by a failure of the radical moisture, by the stroke of violence, by the malignity of disease, but by a simple act of the will of God.

Moses has fulfilled, like a hireling, his day—has written, has spoken, has judged, has prayed, has blessed; the business of life has ended; he has glorified God on earth, it only remains that he glorify him, by submission to his sovereign will, in dying. Behold him, then, solitary and solemnly advancing to encounter the last enemy; he has passed through the plain, and again he begins to climb up into the mount to meet God. The eye of all Israel are riveted upon his foot-steps. Who is not ready to cry out—
"Would to God I could die for thee."

Every step he advances plants a dagger in the heart. The distance begins to render vision indistinct; his person is diminished to a speck; they fondly imagine they see him still; the eyes strain for another glimpse; they can behold him no more. But he still beholds their goodly tents—sees all Israel collected into one point of view. Jehovah dwelling in the midst of his people—the tabernacle with the pillar of cloud resting upon it—his affection with his sight is concentrated upon the happy spot—his whole soul goes out in one general departing blessing. As he ascends, the prospect expands and brightens to his ravished eye. He can trace Jordan from its source till it falls into the sea, he wanders, delighted, from hill to hill, from plain to plain. He sees on this side Mt. Lebanon losing its lofty head in the clouds—on that, the ocean and the sky meeting together to terminate his view.—Beneath his feet, as it were, the city of palm trees, and the happy fields which the posterity of Jacob were destined to inherit. The land which Abraham had measured with his foot in length and breadth of it, in which Isaac and Jacob had sojourned as strangers, which God had fenced, and cultivated, and planted, and enriched by the hand of the Canaanite for his beloved people, which the sun irradiated with milder beams, the dew of heaven refreshed with sweeter moisture, and the early and the latter rain fattened in more copious showers.

"And the Lord said unto him, this is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

But what is the glory of this world? It passeth away! What is the felicity of man, who is a worm? It cometh quickly to a period. The eye which ago had made dim, must nevertheless be closed in death at last; the strength which a hundred and twenty years had not been able to impair, is in a moment, by one touch of the finger, dissolved; the heart which God and Israel had so long divided, is now wholly occupied by God. In the midst of a vision so divine, Moses gently falls asleep, and he who falls asleep in the bosom of a father, needs be under no anxiety above awakening. "So Moses, the servant of the Lord died there in the Land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord."

But oh, what a blessed transition! from the fairest earthly prospect that eye ever beheld, to the enjoyment of a fairer inheritance eternal in the heavens; from the tents of Jacob, to the encampment of angels under Michael their prince; from a glory, confined and transitory, to glory unbounded, unchangeable; from the symbol of the Divine presence, in a pillar of fire and cloud, to His real presence, where there is "fullness of joy," and where "there are pleasures for evermore." Behold Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, rushing from their thrones to welcome to the realms of light the shepherd of Israel, who had led the chosen seed from strength to strength, from triumph to triumph, while the voice of the Eternal himself proclaims, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Such was the latter end of the most ancient and authentic of historians, the most penetrating, dignified, and illuminated of prophets, the profoundest, sagest of legislators, the prince of orators and poets, the most excellent and amiable of men, the firmest, faithfulst of believers.

A Roland for an Oliver.

When General Ogleshorpe, then a youth of fifteen, was serving under Prince Eugene, a prince of Wirtemberg, who sat at table, took a glass of wine and flippantly some of it into Ogleshorpe's face. Ogleshorpe, unwilling to be thought hasty and irascible, waited his opportunity, and then said, "Prince, that was a good joke; but we do it much better in England," and threw a whole glass in the prince's face.

The good man contributes to the welfare of others, not alone by positive act and instruction, but his life resembles a fruit-bearing shade tree, by which each passer-by finds shelter and refreshment, which disinterestedly and even involuntarily scatters happy germs upon the surrounding soil, whereby it produces what is like and similar to itself.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing, unless he attempts impossibilities.