by its mists and he sees with sorrow his united beauty gone. His eye turns upward, where it sees a purer atmosphere, a clime more congenial, where the pure sun-beam may restore his lost treasure. He arises and on swift wing is borne to general elusions far away from and unknown to the "inferno" of toil, where he holds his proper position as monarch of birds. He never knew that he is worsted nor have we reason to think he ever is, and here he encounters the life on which teaches us. When man first launched his bark upon life's sea, did it its driven here and there by each one it from hollow till he loses sight of the "intended goal." Sue his bark ready to sink beneath a sufficient power, and with it a despair that he had never made an effort. He now indulges his "inclination" to idleness. Death becomes a dull monotony, gone in nothing to animate and please him. He wanders in the plains of Melancholy, where is the seat of the ladder whose head seats upon the threshold of the "Temple of Fame" that catches his eye, and he resolves to climb; for before him he sees those he loves, who urge him to the attempt. While till in his boyhood he mounts the first round. In his College days he mounts again, when half overcome by fear, half by despair, he looks upward and in the distance sees as some man is