

self-sought toil and pain must win. How those lines of the poet-Willis seemed to echo around him all his life :—

“ And though its flame
Consume my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars, I'd bind it on.”

Surely it did, for him, consume love, life, and everlasting hope.

Again the winds hurry by, but he heeds not, or deems it the shout and din of battle. Before him, in terrible array, passes each scene of conquest, Jena, Verona, Austerlitz, Corunna, Waterloo—a hundred fields of fame. One moment the fire of martial pride lights up his eye, but dying moans and execrations from myriads of desolated hearts drown the shouts of victory, and a deluge, as of blood, seems to blot out the awful vision. What wonder if that once iron heart now trembles in memory's presence, and shudders as the curtain is withdrawn which hides the great Hereafter.

“ Whither is fled the visionary gleam,
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?”

There he lies, the pitiful victim of that mighty passion which had led him to stray so widely.

“ My name shall be storied in record sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth,
And renowned, till the wreck of expiring time,
Be the glorified land of my birth.”

A beautiful dream ! But this rude shock of fate awakes him to the dread reality. Like a whirlwind he had swept across the earth, and now, beyond the horizon, only the blackness of darkness awaits him. With the doors of time shut upon him, and before him the endless despair of the ages, he shrinks back and hesitates to step off the narrow ledge on which he stands. But the last moment comes ; he reels and plunges into the abyss, lost forever to human gaze.