

For ten long years, a wretched lot
 The Grecian warriors there did squat.
 Before the city, fiercely fighting,
 Trojan and Greek the dust oft biting.
 Till one day from the city gate
 Hector, chief prince of Troy's proud state,
 Comes to defy the brass-clad Greeks ;
 And as he nears them thus he speaks :
 " Yestag-eyed Greeks, ye crew of bummers,
 Here stands a man of thirty summers,
 Who vows he can in deadly bout,
 The eyes of any Greek punch out."
 Achilles, then, with strides tremendous,
 Advances, cries, " Junt, defend us."
 Lift's high his gleaming spear, and flings
 Loudly, gainst Hector's thorax, rings it.
 The warrior falls ; stars flit before him.
 Achilles, when he thus did floor him,
 Still brandishing his brass-tipped spear,
 Shouts in the prostrate hero's ear,
 " Say wilt give Helen back or no ?"
 Hector, faint whispers, " not for Joc."

My limping Pegasus here shuddering stops,
 So, o'er the harrowing scene, the curtain drops.

The Star That Never Sets.

(From the "Sheaf.")

There is one star that will never disappoint the hope it awakens ; its ray is never dimmed, and it knows no going down ; its cheering light streams on through ages of tempest and change ; earth may be darkened, systems convulsed, planets shaken from their spheres, but this star will still pour its steady, undiminished light. The eye that is turned to it will gladden in its tears ; the countenance that it lights up, sorrow can never wholly overcast ; the footstep that falls in its radiance finds no gloom even at the stormy shore of the Jordan, or when it enters the portals of the grave. It is the Star—

First in night's diadem,
 The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

I exist ; what does the word mean ? Teach me, O G. I.—Gregory.