

The God who shakes heaven, and earth beneath,
 When his shining brand flies from its thunder cloud sheath;
 Who rolls up in slumbers the wings of the storm,
 Or melts into moonlight its terrible form,
 Hath trodden thee down, in the strength of his ire,
 Oh!—desolate!—desolate!—desolate!—Tyre.

STORY OF DOCTOR BLACK.

It is now upwards of sixty years since a young man named Henry Black, was attending the classes of the Edinburgh University. His parents were highly respectable, but extremely poor, and the cost of his maintenance and education were defrayed by a rich uncle, to whose wealth, in the absence of all other relatives, it was natural to suppose he would become heir. Knowing this, Henry Black adopted the idea which most young men in his situation are apt to do; namely, that, seeing he had the certainty of an ample fortune before him, it would be but a waste of time and labor to vex himself with hard study, and learning things *which he would never have any use for*. In this humor he passed easily through his classical curriculum, for little was exacted from the students than beyond personal appearance in the class room; but as decency required him to fix upon some profession as an ostensible means of subsistence, at the end of his course he selected that of medicine. At that time a young physician in Edinburgh had lately begun—a somewhat rare circumstance in those days—to give a course of private lectures; and so fast had his reputation risen, that it soon was considered by the students an indispensable part of their professional education to attend him for a season.—Henry Black, of course, became a pupil; but he soon found reason to regret taking out his ticket. His new instructor was a very different man from the

easy-going, indulgent professors. He instituted a system of rigorous and frequent individual examination upon the subjects of his lectures, not by the usual mode of appointing fixed days for that purpose, but calling upon the students indiscriminately, and when least expected, so that they were necessitated always to be in their places and on the alert. The effects of poor Black's indolent habits and indifference to his studies were soon visible; and he speedily became conspicuous in the class for his ignorance and inattention. The teacher was stern and unrelenting, and would not be satisfied with the invariable reply of "not prepared," with which his pupil endeavored to shelter himself from his interrogatories.

On the contrary, he redoubled his call upon him, and his reprimands became more and more severe, until Henry thought proper to wait upon him, and state that his attendance at the class was merely by way of pastime—that he had no intention of following out his profession—and, in short, explained his situation and future prospects, with no small degree of self-importance.—The physician listened to him with a smile of contempt, but said nothing. In the class next day, however, he took occasion to advert to the mean spirit of some young men, who, because born to a competency, reckoned themselves entitled to forego all personal exertion—to sit down in sloth and ignorance, and basely content themselves with feeding upon the earnings of others. He expatiated at great length upon the sinfulness as well as degradation of such conduct, illustrating his remarks by the parable of the slothful servant, who hid the talent given him by his master in the earth. The lecturer did not speak of Henry Black by name, but the allusions were too pointed to be misunderstood; and in fact, the confusion manifested by the pupil would have betrayed him.—The young man retired from the class room, boiling with shame and indignation; but the latter feeling soon obtained the mastery of the former, and in his