

say I'm to die. Stand back!" he shrieked; "*I will not die!*" and a torrent of invectives issued from his fever-parched lips, so terrible in their madness that it seemed like a wail from the sea of woe. No wonder the poor mother was borne fainting from the room. and the father's brow was corrugated, while great drops of agony rested there. Ah, that infidel father! how must his heart have bled in that dreadful hour, when in the midst of dire cursings, his gifted son fell back a corpse.

What a striking contrast between such a death and the following:

One of Martin Luther's children lay on her death bed; the great man approached her and said to her: "My little daughter, my beloved Margaret, you would willingly remain with your earthly parents, but if God calls you, you will go with your heavenly Father." "Yes, dear father, it is as God pleases." He then said: "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting place in peace." She turned her eyes towards him and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father." How resignedly could the believing Luther part with his dying child, and methinks the sentiment of his heart was very like the inscription on a child's tombstone in an English churchyard, as follows: "'Who plucked that flower?' cried the gardener, as he walked through the garden. His fellow-servant answered, 'The Master.' And the gardener held his peace."

When this hand of mine shall be pulseless and cold, and motionless as the grave wherein it must lie; when the damp, dewy vapors shall replace "this sensible,