

ever, while the liquid appeared to sparkle all the more brightly as it was held out to him by the strange-looking creature, who never left off nodding and grinning at him, till Pierre felt as though he would like to knock him over. The whole place seemed filled with voices, which cried out, "Drink! drink!" He stopped his ears and shut his eyes, but it was of no use, the voices seemed to increase.

Suddenly he felt something touch his lips. Opening his eyes, he saw the smiling face of his friend bending over him, with the goblet in his hand. "Come, drink," he said, in his sweetest tones. "Drink! drink!" was repeated on every side. "Ah! here was his good friend asking him. He could surely wish him no harm." So Pierre thought, and grasped the goblet and raised it to his mouth, and was about to drink it, when he heard distinctly a whisper, as though far away, "Beware! it is Comus himself." In an instant he dashed the goblet to the ground, where it fell shivered to atoms, while great flaming tongues of fire shot up wherever the liquor had touched the ground. In the midst of this dreadful scene he saw himself surrounded by strange shadowy beings, who, with threatening aspect, crowded quickly round him. In their midst was one more terrible than all. He said to Pierre: