

blood, my brain, all, even to the marrow of my bones was dried up, in the midst of the disfigured bodies of my companions:..... but I yet lived !

“ The steel club of the giant has been shattered to pieces on my head, the arm of the executioner has been disjoined, the tiger’s tooth was powerless against me ; no famished lion could tear me in the circus.

“ I lay down in the midst of venomous serpents, I provoked the dragon by passing my hand over his bloody crest ; the serpent bit.....he did not kill.

“ I braved the rage of tyrants ; I said to Nero : Thou art a butcher ! I said to Christiern : Thou art a butcher ! I said to Muley Ismael : Thou art a butcher !.....The tyrants invented unheard of tortures, and destroyed me not.

“ Ah ! to be unable to die ! To be unable to repose after such fatigue ! to drag about unceasingly this heap of dust, with the livid hue of death, its infirmities, its gravelike odour ! to have but the monotonous monster of uniformity, during thousands of years before my eyes, and to see time, covetous, greedy, unceasingly bringing forth children, unceasingly devouring them ! Ah ! that I could die ! that I could die !

“ Thou, whose anger persecutes me, hast thou any more cruel sentence ! cause it to fall on me like thunder. Let a storm dash me from the summit of mount Carmel ; may I roll, dashed to pieces at its base, may I there pour out all my blood.....and at length let me die !”

And Ashaverus fell. A terrible noise sounded in his ears, darkness covered his lids ; an angel carried him back into the cavern.

“ Sleep now, said the angel, sleep in peace, Ashaverus ; the wrath of God is not eternal. When thou awakest, *he will be there*, he, whose blood thou sawest spilt at Golgotha.....and who has pardoned thee.”

SHUBART, (German Poet.)