

restore the dead, changed the fierceness of his anger into gloomy despair. Spurning his mother from his presence, he demanded to be left alone. Many hours elapsed ere the chief officers of the household dared to invade his retirement; but when, at length, they burst the door of his chamber, they found it untenanted. Osmyn had resigned the crown—had fled from the throne. No trace of him could be discovered; until, at the expiration of twenty years, on the dead body of a grey-headed hermit, who died in his cell upon Mount Caucasus, was found the signet ring of the Sultan.—*La Belle Assemblée*.



TRUE HOPE.

Selected for the Museum.

There's a hope that sustains, when misfortune assails,
When the world's dread laugh of demoniac joy,
Is loudest and shrillest, and naught else avails,
That meek hope still upholds us, 'tis free from alloy.

When the cold, formal nod of the "would be" great freezes,
And the sensitive heart feels the pang thro' its core;
When the cankering fang of base calumny seizes
Our fame, that pure hope is a balm, to each sore.

When the serpent-like smile of this vile world retires,
And prosperity's sun light, no more gilds our days;
When adversity's gale wrecks our fondest desires,
That mild hope tranquillizes, tho' all else betrays.

When the friends we have prized, and the loved ones we cherished,
Have all proved apostate; and gaunt famine bends,
O'er the ricketty door of our hovel, where perished,
All we once held dear, that blest hope still befriends.

And where, (may the sensual worldling enquire)
Is that hope to be found, which such calm doth impart?
Proud-worm! 'tis with God, and to such as desire
Its possession, he gives it, tho' humble of heart.

T. D. R.