

on. A third compartment presented the form of a man toiling in a deep and gloomy pit, and at intervals gathering up fragments of stone or earth, in which shining particles were imbedded. Here was a figure seen stealing behind one who carried in his hand a bag of coin, and plunging a dagger into his heart; there, a youthful and lovely woman standing before an altar and clasping the hand of an aged and decrepit man, upon whose withered features she cast looks of blandishment, through which gleamed an irrepressible emotion of disgust. It would require pages to describe the multifarious images called up by the potent spell of that "least erected spirit;" and as they melted into vacancy, Mammon crept back to his throne, while a sneer of scorn mantled upon the harsh features of his sovereign, and the assembled legions of hell looked on with contemptuous wonder—so absorbing, that not the faintest voice or movement broke the awful stillness that brooded over them.

At length Belial rose—the fairest seeming, but withal the subtlest of the fallen potentates. Graceful in form and movement, and of a most persuasive aspect—eloquent in speech—

"To make the worse appear
The better reason, and perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low,
To vice industrious, but to noble deeds
Tim'rous and slothful—yet he pleased the ear."

A smile of triumph dwelt upon his attractive features, as he ascended the platform, and poured upon the altar a few drops of liquid from a golden flask suspended at his girdle; and the glance he cast around seemed to invite the suffrages of his peers in favor of the exhibition created by his skill.

The scene that gradually formed itself upon the cloud, was the interior of a banqueting-room richly furnished, having in the centre a round table, about which were seated a party of young men enjoying themselves in wassail and festivity.

The viands had been removed, but the table was covered with flagons, cups and glasses, and the guests were stimulating their mirth with frequent draughts of sparkling wine. They were all of goodly appearance—elegantly habited, and their gaiety, though animated, was decorous and even graceful. One amongst them seemed to be master of the revel; for although youngest of them all, the eyes and the discourse of all the rest were chiefly directed to him;—he it was who seemed to do the honors, and it was from him that the attendants, who entered from time to time, bringing new supplies of wine, received their orders.

Even while the legions of Satan's kingdom were gazing upon the scene, it changed; and the same young man was now beheld alone, in a

smaller apartment, plainly but comfortably furnished. He sat, or rather reclined upon a couch, in a listless attitude, supporting his head upon one hand, and seemingly buried in painful reflection. A closer observation of his form and features, showed that a few years had been added to his age, but also that some more potent mischief had wrought upon him than time alone could bring. The grace and elegance that once adorned his person had undergone a change, perceptible, yet scarcely to be described in words; his apparel was less *point-de-vice*; his eyes were heavy, and his countenance, though unmarked by the lines of age, yet had neither the freshness of youth nor the calm dignity of perfect manhood.

He sat motionless for a time, and it was easy to perceive that his reflections were more bitter than profound; as if not loss of wealth alone had caused them, but also loss of self-respect. At length he started to his feet, and with a something of desperation in his movement, hastily crossed the room to a sideboard which stood there, and pouring out a goblet of some liquid darker than wine, swallowed it eagerly, as though it were a poison that he loathed yet could not renounce, dashed the empty goblet upon the floor and hurried from the room.

Again the scene was changed. Night was upon the streets of a great city, and silence dwelt among them. The stars looked down upon houses unilluminated, and upon pathways and pavements that echoed to no footstep. But from the distant gloom emerges into the foreground, where a single lamp in the window of some late student cast a feeble gleam, the figure of a man; and as he approaches nearer, it seems that he is afflicted with some strange disease. His steps are devious and irregular—now he pauses as if utterly wearied and ready to sink, and now dashes onward with frantic haste; plunging first to the right hand, and then as wildly to the left, and that with movements so unsteady as to bring him more than once in danger of falling headlong to the ground. In his mad career, he passes before a mansion from the windows of which issue a blaze of light—the token of a revelry within—and it is seen that his garments are coarse, ill-fitted, threadbare and discoloured—but it is also seen that he is the same who presided at the feast, and who was afterwards beheld yielding to a temptation which he loathed and hated. The same, but oh, how fallen! Years of vice and wretchedness had passed over him—mind and body have been debased, desecrated, sacrificed at the shrine of a hideous indulgence—the gay dabbachee has become a miserable wreck. He pauses before the dwelling whence proceeds the