

"Here is the hand of the traitor, entire. I will sell it for twenty stubers," and he displayed the bloody member before the eyes of Celestine, which seemed to crave, as it were, a reward for its murderer.

Celestine uttered a loud shriek and fell upon the ground—her heart was broken.

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Paul retired to the Carthusian monastery of Brussels, and became a brother of that order—thereby, verifying the vision presented to him in his dream, connected with the singular coincidence of his father's picture, and the prophecy of the old sybil. Above the high altar, is still pointed out to the visitor, a beautiful Madonna, which, tradition says, bears the features of Celestine, the daughter of the unfortunate Cornelius De Witt.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our voices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the giddy wine,
And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth,
The burdening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thought of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear

Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
As wholly wasted—wholly vain
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

PALESTRINA.—A DIALOGUE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"HA!" cried Alexander, as he entered the apartment of his friend, Johann, and found him in a melancholy mood, sitting at his table, "ha, my dear fellow! what is the matter? Depending on your promise, if the weather was fair, to walk with me in the country, I have been sitting all the morning in best dandy trim—in my new fashioned uncomfortable coat, waiting for you! but in vain; so I got up at last, and came in search of you; and lo! find you undressed, or at least, not in holiday trim as I am—at your desk, studying old yellow music, and not, as it seems, in humor, exactly—*couleur de rose*!"

"Yes, I am out of tune!" replied Johann, "and all I do to get the better of my ill humor, goes ill with me. So at last, as always, when all other means fail, I betake me to some good old master in music. To-day, however, my study has only made me more melancholy, instead of bettering my spirits. The excellence of old times serves but to remind me of the present low state of our art, and the mediocrity of our artists!"

"Hold, friend; go not too far! Think upon the old proverb—'All is not gold that glitters.' All are not artists who please to call themselves such."

"Sound advice!" exclaimed Johann; "as if it occurred not of itself to every reasonable man, who visited Leipzig after a few years' absence! One I sought here—Mendelssohn Bartholdy! He is absent. The others, with their insufferable pretension, and their worthlessness, only disgust me."

"Yet I know one, who could do well, if he would only endeavour earnestly—our little fat