

enthusiasm flashing out at times, as, with devout thankfulness, he speaks of God's wondrous, merciful dealings with himself. He tells how he, the son of a poor wool-comber, had been called by the Highest One to a mighty work, such as is seldom given to man to perform; and obtained strength and guidance to do it, and to unlock the ponderous gates of ocean that had been closed from the beginning of time. Devoutly he recounts how he was led, step by step, to his great enterprise. Then he goes on to give wise and tender counsels to his children: and having settled all his earthly concerns, he turned his whole thoughts heavenward. On the 20th day of May, 1506, he lies dead—being almost seventy years of age—the hail-storms all over, the quiet haven reached at last

His remains were interred at first in Valladolid; afterwards were carried to Seville; then, in accordance with a request expressed in his will, they were borne to Hispaniola, and finally to Havanna, in the island of Cuba. Here, as was fitting, in the land he discovered, his ashes found a final resting-place. In the time-worn Cathedral Church of the Havanna, on the right hand of the high altar, is an insignificant mural tablet, with a Latin inscription and a rude likeness carved upon it. There is nothing else to mark the grave of the Discoverer of the New World. In the wall behind his remains are built up. He, whose monument is a whole continent, needs no inscription on marble to perpetuate his deeds, which are indelibly inscribed on the memory of mankind.

“What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
 In dews that heavens for distant weep,
 Their turf may bloom:
 Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.
 But strew his ashes to the wind, ~
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.”

NO MORE.

BY C.

Sad memory turns the leaves
 That tell of a fruitless life;
 And my weary spirit grieves
 That it can endure the strife
 No more, no more.

For dead is the bloom of my days—
 Dead as the withered flowers:
 Hope's rosy, illusive rays
 Enlighten the dreary hours
 No more, no more.

On through the darkened years
 I pass to the unknown shore,
 Still seeking, through blinding tears,
 The love that returns no more,
 No more, no more.