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I. LITERARY.

HENRY CARRINGTON ALEXANDER.

By RICHARD McILWAINE.

THE subject of this sketch was born at Princeton, N. J., of Virginia parents, on the 27th of September, 1835. His father was Rev. Dr. James Waddel Alexander, at one time the first pastor of "Village Church," Charlotte Court House, Va.; then pastor at Trenton, N. J.; then professor of Latin and the *Belles Lettres* in the College of New Jersey; then pastor of the Duane-Street Church in New York; afterwards professor of Church History and Polity in Princeton Seminary, and died as pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York. His mother was a daughter of Dr. George Cabell, of Richmond, and a niece of judge (and governor) William Cabell, of the same city, and of Mr. Joseph C. Cabell, of Nelson, the friend of Thomas Jefferson and his colaborer in founding the University of Virginia. His grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, the theological teacher and author; once President of Hampden-Sidney College in Virginia; afterwards a pastor in Philadelphia, and one of the two original professors at Princeton Theological Seminary, where he performed the great work of his life. His grandmother (Mrs. Dr. A. Alexander) was the daughter of Rev. James Waddel, of Hanover Presbytery, widely known as the blind preacher, whose eloquence is commemorated in "The British Spy" of William Wirt. His paternal grandparents were both of Scotch Irish extraction, their families having emigrated first to Pennsylvania and afterwards to Rockbridge county, Virginia.

Dr. Alexander's early instruction was received from his parents and his grandfather. After going to successive schools,

THE PROMISE AND COMMAND.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

In Eden's garden, bent with woe,
 See Eve, our mother, veil her face,
 As fearful of the word Divine,
 She heard the doom of all her race.
 "Thy sin shall blast the utmost earth,
 Wherever man may find a home ;
 Yet in thy anguish still rejoice,
 For of thee shall the Healer come."

"Oh woman, mother of mankind,
 Beguiled by Satan's subtle art,
 His foe forever thou shalt be,
 In his destruction bear thy part.
 Weep for thy sin, bewail the hour
 When thou the fateful fruit didst eat ;
 But know that one of woman born,
 Shall bruise thy tempter neath His feet."

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In Joseph's garden, ere the dawn
 Had touched with light the new-hewn tomb,
 A woman waits in patient grief,
 Lone weeping in the gloom.
 No fear of Rome's fierce soldiery,
 Of scornful Jew no dread.
 Man may betray, deny, forsake,
She owns her Lord—though dead!

Oh faithful heart ! Oh blest reward !
 Her eyes behold the Saviour risen ;
 "Go, tell my brethren," is His word,
 To her the high commission given !
 "Go, tell my brethren,"—yea, the voice
 Down echoing years is ringing still ;
 Oh woman, herald yet thy Lord,
 Where'er you wait, or work His will.

"Go, tell my brethren." Shall we dare
 The grand, sweet message to withhold ?
 Nay, to each dying son of Eve
 The story of the cross unfold.
 Jesus, we bow before Thy word,
 Behold Thy handmaids hastening,
 Until the utmost bounds of earth
 Shall see the glory of the King !"