

works are full. No words could be more appropriate to be the last words of one who was so soon to be in his own person such an instance of their truth. They are fit closing words to mark his tragic and pathetic disappearance from the high and animated scene in which his imagination worked. And they record, too, the yearning hope of rest not extinguished by terrible and fatal disaster :

“When I bethinke me on that speech whylear  
Of Mutabilitie, and well it way,  
Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were  
Of the Heav'ns Rule ; yet, very sooth to say,  
In all things else she beares the greatest sway :  
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,  
And love of things so vaine to cast away ;  
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,  
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

“Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,  
Of that same time when no more Change shall be,  
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd  
Upon the pillours of Eternity,  
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie ;  
For all that moveth doth in Change delight :  
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally  
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :  
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight.”

THE END.