

more veracity, in your own person, than you are in print. Cato," he added, ringing the bell for the servant, "shew Mr. Levi to the door."

"Confound the old fool!" muttered Benjamin, as he found himself once more in the street. "May the curse of Pharaoh light upon him. But I will expose the whole affair in the paper to-morrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TO A SKELETON.

I gazed upon the form of death,—
 (Without his fabled dart),—
 That all now left, where living breath,
 Once warmed a beating heart.
 A shapeless, fleshless, skeleton,
 A ghastly wreck of crumbling bone :
 And yet the only part
 That man with all his pride bequeaths,
 O.kingly crowns, or conqueror's wreaths.

Thou wreck of man! and can it be,
 That thou wast once as I?
 That gladness once beat warm in thee,
 Or sorrow made thee sigh?
 Dust of the earth, and nought beside,
 Hath ever voice of man supplied
 That tongueless cavity?
 Dust of the earth! what can express
 Thy less than utter worthlessness?

And yet, perchance, thy voice hath said
 What mine is saying now,
 And moralized upon the dead,
 With sorrow on thy brow!—
 That brow which wears an air of stone—
 Where apathy hath fixed her throne,
 And nothing will avow!
 Where eye of man can nothing see
 But that same chilling vacancy.

What was thy station—high or low
 Upon the scroll of Fame?
 And yet it little recked to know;
 Methinks 'tis all the same!
 Of every joy and sorrow reft,
 This is the all that death hath left—
 This shadow of thy frame!
 Thou mockery of living earth,
 Thy silence speaketh loudly forth!

Yes—thou art ever eloquent!
 Thy silence wins the ear—
 The voice of words is idly spent,
 Within a sepulchre!
 Oh man, if aught can ever thrust
 Thy proud—proud forehead to the dust,
 It surely must be here!
 No voice can ever seem so dread,
 As this same stillness of the dead.

Go tell the sage that trims the flame
 Till morning fights the sky,
 Who breaks the link that binds his frame
 For immortality!
 Go, tell the studious scribe
 That devastation waits his pride;

The ruthless worms are high!
 First for his frame, untimely spent,
 Then for his back-filled monument!

And tell the conqueror, who hath long
 Trud o'er his brother worms,
 And driven his scythe ear along
 Upon their mangled forms—
 That soon shall fall his tottering throne,
 That soon his sceptre shall be gone,
 His glory quenched in storms.
 His powers must meet a lowly doom,
 His only kingdom be—the tomb!

Tell all—the king upon his throne—
 The slave on bended knee—
 The monarch proud—the captive lone—
 The hominian and the free—
 Tell them that all must come to this—
 These are the only vestiges
 Of low mortality!
 A nameless clod of worthless clay,
 Spurned by each scornful foot away!

"AS AN EAGLE STIRRETH UP HER NEST."

Deuteronomy, xxxii. 11, 12.

CHRISTIAN, art thou sick and suffering,
 Pining in distress and fear,
 O'er thy weary couch art tossing?
 Look above, thy Saviour hear:
 "Child of faith, behold thy rest,
 'Tis thy Father stirs thy nest."

Christian, art thou wandering, darkening,
 Far from God—from peace as far,
 Hast thou found thy cisterns broken,
 Canst not see thy guiding star?
 Oh! look upward and be blest;
 Jesus stirreth up thy nest.

Are thy worldly prospects blasted?
 All thy wealth dispersed in air?
 Have friends to forsake thee hustled,
 And, thou feel'st no peace is here?
 'Tis above thou must seek rest,
 God, thy Father, stirs thy nest.

Hath death entered 'neath thy dwelling,
 Taken thy infant, sister, friend,
 And not all thy love preventing,
 Bore them to their earthly end?
 'Tis to teach thy Lord's behest,
 He thus stirreth up thy nest.

Hath the ruthless foe invaded
 Other yet and sweeter ties;
 Taken from thee in a moment
 One most pleasant to thine eyes?
 Is thy wife gone?—She is blest,
 God thus stirreth up thy nest:

Stirs thy nest, that thou may'st yield
 Sweetly to His guiding care,
 Takes thee then upon His wing,
 Bears thee safe aloft—afar.
 'Tis to give thee endless rest,
 That thy Father stirs thy nest.

Montreal, Oct., 1813.

Z.