

No more to hope, wished to forget his vow,
 Wished to forget his harp; then ceased to wish.
 That was his last. Enjoyment now was done."

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" He as some atom seemed, which God
 had made superfluously, and needed not
 To build creation with; but back again
 To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
 With everlasting sense that once it was."

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" When thus he lay,
 Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
 As leaf of Autumn, which the wolfish winds,
 Selecting from its falling sisters, chase,
 Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
 And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
 Eternally, God passed in mercy by,—
 His praise be ever new!—and on him breathed
 And bade him live, and put into his hands
 A holy harp, into his lips a song
 That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time:
 Ambitious now but little, to be praised
 Of men alone; ambitious most, to be
 Approved of God, the Judge of all; and have
 His name recorded in the book of life."

With this pleasing and pathetic sketch, we close this chapter—more remains behind than we expected should do so at the conclusion of the third chapter; we hope that the sweetness of the bard's song will plead sufficiently for the delay. The strains which yet lie in promise before us, are of rather superior power to those which we have just been listening to, and which we have found to be melodious as the distant echoes of the choirs of Paradise.

RESURRECTION.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

" If there were no resurrection, then are we most wretched."

No Resurrection! then are we buried while we live; and the moth which is crushed in a gale, or the leveret which fashionable animals put to death in sport, are happier in their state than braggart man is in his. What is the destiny of man? is it to snore away one part of his existence to no purpose, and to sweat during the other half, for the means of vegetation? is it to pretend to this or the other dignity or piety, and to exhibit the poor disgusting hypocritical groveller peeping through the veil of each pretension? is it to win fame and find it but empty wind, or to accumulate gold, and still feel the heart poor, and pettish, and misera-