

And horsemen and a mighty host, He
brings.
Thou hast not heard Jehovah's threatenings,
Thou hast been heedless of his stern re-
proofs ;
But he of Babylon doth come with
wings—
Already thy walls tremble and thy roofs
And tow'rs are trodden down beneath
his horses' hoofs.

Thy greatness shall be trampled in the
dust,
Thy people all shall perish with the
sword,
Thine enemy shall spoil thee of thy
trust,
Thy cup of ruin is already stirred ;
Thy songs shall cease, thy harps no
more be heard ;
And I shall make thee as a barren rock
Where none shall build.—I, God, do
speak the word :—

Proud Tyre shall fall, for all her foes to
mock,
Shall fall, and ocean's isles shall tremble
at the shock.

And all the princes of the sea shall
come
Down from their thrones and lay their
robes aside,
Put off their brodered garments, and be
dumb,
And clothe themselves with trembling,
for their pride,
And sit upon the ground, and there
abide
In fear and wonderment ; and o'er thy
fall
Shall rise a lamentation far and wide :
Oh ! how art thou destroyed, that wast
of all
The cities of the world the most majes-
tical !

WILLIAM MACKERACHER.

"Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element !
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !"

—Coleridge.