

Rt. Hon. Joseph Addison.

Through all her works!), he must delight in virtue!
And that which he delights in, must be happy!
But when? or where? This world was made for
CÆSAR!

I'm weary of conjectures! This must end them!
[Laying his hand on his sword.

Thus am I doubly armed! My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me!
This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this informs me, I shall never die!
The Soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point!
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
Unhurt amidst the war of Elements,
The wrecks of Matter, and the crush of Worlds!

What means this heaviness, that hangs upon me?
This lethargy, that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppressed and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once, I'll favour her!
That my awakened Soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for Heaven! Let guilt, or fear,
Disturb Man's rest: CATO knows neither of them!
Indifferent in his choice, to sleep, or die.