

ments, while they, themselves, were vainly seeking conquests or immortality. And as in the establishment, so in the destruction of nations, has man ever been but the mere instrument.

When that favoured infidel of Babylon, more righteous in his kind than his presumptuous predecessor above alluded to, was deputed to chastise Jerusalem for her impiety, and to punish Tyre for her ambition, and her inhuman joy over the destruction of the Holy City, and that he found himself before the Tyrian Capital; he exclaimed, "*Idcirco ecce ego adducam ad Tyrium Nebuchodonosor*," so entirely was he in the hands of that God of whom he knew not; and as an illustration of the prevalence of His Almighty sovereignty, even among the nations which were ignorant of His name, we have this same Nebuchodonosor, while exulting in his pride over the greatness of his fame, and attributing to his own genius all the glory of his actions, seized upon by a bestial instinct, and driven to consort with the beasts upon the banks of the Euphrates. But if such were the instruments of His anger, how differently constituted were those of His mercy. The tears of Israel, as she wept in bondage, reconciled her to her God—and a youthful hero, indued with every grace, comes down from the hills of Medea, destroys her impious persecutor, restores Jerusalem to her children, and from the throne of Nimrod, sways his glorious sceptre over mankind, by his virtues rather than by His arms.

And now with respect to the general irregularities into which human nature, when abandoned to itself, is sure to fall, we may observe how deeply mankind had sunk into brutality and barbarism, notwithstanding the prevalence of Philosophy—the grandeur of Empires—the order of civil society—the harmony of its members—and the wisdom of its legislators; ere the Messiah had descended from the Father, to lift the mind of man to its present proud estate, and with His life-blood to purchase its spiritual regeneration. The philosophy, however, which human wisdom had devised, for the regulation of the human mind, was not permitted to remain absolutely devoid of utility, although entirely inadequate of itself to the government of human passions, and to the sublime direction of human thought, for it inculcated the existence of a God—the necessity of a providence to the government of the world—the immortality of the soul—the ultimate end of man—the rewards and punishments of a future state—the nature of those duties which constitute the bond of society—the character of the virtues that are the basis of morality, as prudence, justice, temperance, and

fortitude; and thus prepared, by the beauty and grandeur of its disputations, the susceptibilities of man's understanding for the divine doctrines of Christianity.

And, as in Philosophy, so has it been with Empires; while in the former, the noblest labours of the Pagan mind were made subservient to the Gospel, that Empire which recognized a controlling, directing diety, and which cultivated the moral virtues best, was that one which gave her illustrious eagles to the air; in the north, on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube; in the East, on those of the Tigris and the Euphrates; in the south, mid the deserts of Africa; and in the west, on the Cheviot heights of Britain; when that pilgrim star came downward from the East to twinkle in adoration over a lowly shed of Bethlehem, upon the birth of the young Messiah.

In all which there is a lesson for those who would waste their days in the acquisition of those things which dazzle mankind; for herein is seen of what avail is valour, fortitude, skill in government, profound policy, merit in magistracy, capacity for abstruse sciences, beauty of genius, delicacy of taste, and perfection in all arts, in the regulation of the world's great events.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Yes, radiant spirit thou hast pass'd
Unto thy latest home,
And o'er our widow'd hearts is cast
A deep and with'ring gloom!
For when on earth thou wert so bright
As angel form might be:
And mem'ry shall be quenched in night,
If we think not of thee.

For, oh! thy beauty o'er us came
Like a fair sunset beam,
And the sweet music of thy name
Was pure as aught might deem.
With silent lips we gaz'd on thee,
And awe-suspended breath—
But thine entrancing witchery
Abideth not in death.

And all that we supposed most fair
Is but a mockery now:
No beam illumines the silken hair
That traced thy smiling brow.
The cheerless dust upon thee lies,
Death's seal is on thee set,
But the bright spirit of thine eyes
Shines o'er our mem'ry yet!