THE VISIT.

Askest, 'How long shalt thou stay?'
Devastator of the day!
Know, each substance and relation
In all Nature's operation
Hath its unit, bound, and metre,
And every new compound
Is some product and repeater,
Some frugal product of the early found.
But the unit of the visit,
The encounter of the wise,
Says, what other metre is it
Than the meeting of the eyes?
Nature poureth into nature
Through the channels of that feature.
Riding on the ray of sight
More fleet than waves or whirlwinds go,
Or for service or delight,
Hearts to hearts their meaning show,
Sum their long experience,
And import intelligence.
Single look has drained the breast,
Single moment years confessed.
The duration of a glance
Isthe term of convenance,
And, though thy rede be church or state,
For each multiples of that,
Speeding Saturn cannot halt,
Linger, thou shalt rue the fault:
If Love his moment oversay,
Hatred's swift repulsions play.

ETHNICAL SCRIPTURES.

CHALDÆAN ORACLES.

We owe to that eminent benefactor of scholars and philosophers, the late Thomas Taylor, who, we hope, will not long want a biographer, the collection of the "Oracles of Zoroaster and the Theurgists," from which we extract all the sentences ascribed to Zoroaster, and a part of the remainder. We prefix a portion of Mr. Taylor's preface:—

"These remains of Chaldaean theology are not only venerable for their antiquity, but inestimably valuable for the unequalled sublimity of the doctrines they contain. They will doubtless, too, be held in the highest estimation by every liberal mind, when it is considered that some of them are the sources whence the sublime conceptions of Plato flowed, and that others are perfectly conformable to his most abstruse dogmas.

"I add, for the sake of those readers that are unacquainted with the scientific theology of the ancients, that as the highest principle of things is a nature truly ineffable and unknown, it is impossible that this visible world could have been produced by him without mediums; and this not through any impotency, but, on the contrary, through transcendency of power. For if he had produced all things without the agency of intermediate beings, all things must have been, like himself, ineffable and unknown. It is necessary, therefore, that there should be certain mighty powers between the supreme principle of things and us: for we, in reality, are nothing more than the dregs of the universe. These mighty powers, from their surpassing similitude to the first god, were very properly called by the ancients, gods; and were considered by them as perpetually subsisting in the most admirable and profound union with each other, and the first cause; yet so as amidst this union to preserve their own energy distinct from that of the highest god. For it would be absurd in the extreme, to allow that man has a peculiar energy of his own, and to deny that this is the case with the most exalted beings. Hence, as Proclus beautifully observes, the gods may be