
C H A R I T Y.

*Quâ nihil majus meliusve terris
Fata donavere, boniq; divi,
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.*

HOR. Lib. IV. Ode II.

FAIREST and foremost of the train that wait
On man's most dignified and happiest state,
Whether we name thee Charity or love,
Chief grace below, and all in all above,
Prosper (I press thee with a pow'rful plea)
A task I venture on, impell'd by thee:
Oh never seen but in thy blest effects,
Nor felt but in the soul that heav'n selects,
Who

Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known
 To other hearts, must have thee in his own.
 Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,
 Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires,
 And though disgrac'd and slighted, to redeem
 A poet's name, by making thee the theme.

God working ever on a social plan,
 By various ties attaches man to man :
 He made at first, though free and unconfin'd,
 One man the common father of the kind,
 That ev'ry tribe, though plac'd as he sees best,
 Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,
 Diff'ring in language, manners, or in face,
 Might feel themselves allied to all the race.
 When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just
 As ever mingled with heroic dust,
 Steer'd Britain's oak into a world unknown,
 And in his country's glory fought his own,
 Wherever he found man, to nature true,
 The rights of man were sacred in his view :

He sooth'd with gifts and greeted with a smile
 The simple native of the new-found isle,
 He spurn'd the wretch that slighted or withstood
 The tender argument of kindred blood,
 Nor would endure that any should controul
 His free-born brethren of the southern pole.

But though some nobler minds a law respect,
 That none shall with impunity neglect,
 In baser souls unnumber'd evils meet,
 To thwart its influence and its end defeat.
 While Cook is loved for savage lives he saved,
 See Cortez odious for a world enslaved !
 Where wast thou then sweet Charity, where then
 Thou tutelary friend of helpless men ?
 Wast thou in Monkish cells and nunn'ries found,
 Or building hospitals on English ground ?
 No—Mammon makes the world his legatee
 Through fear not love, and heav'n abhors the fee :
 Wherever found (and all men need thy care)
 Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.

The

The hand that flew 'till it could slay no more,
 Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore;
 Their prince as justly seated on his throne,
 As vain imperial Philip on his own,
 Trick'd out of all his royalty by art,
 That stripp'd him bare, and broke his honest heart,
 Died by the sentence of a shaven priest,
 For scorning what they taught him to detest.
 How dark the veil that intercepts the blaze
 Of heav'n's mysterious purposes and ways;
 God stood not, though he seem'd to stand aloof,
 And at this hour the conqu'ror feels the proof.
 The wreath he won drew down an instant curse,
 The fretting plague is in the public purse,
 The canker'd spoil corrodes the pining state,
 Starved by that indolence their mines create.

Oh could their antient Incas rise again,
 How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!
 Art thou too fall'n Iberia, do we see
 The robber and the murth'rer weak as we?

Thou that hast wasted earth, and dared despise
 Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
 Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
 Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
 We come with joy from our eternal rest,
 To see th' oppressor in his turn oppress'd.
 Art thou the God the thunder of whose hand
 Roll'd over all our desolated land,
 Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
 And made the mountains tremble at his frown?
 The sword shall light upon thy boasted pow'rs,
 And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours.
 'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,
 And vengeance executes what justice wills.

Again—the band of commerce was design'd
 T' associate all the branches of mankind,
 And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
 Trade is the golden girdle of the globe:
 Wise to promote whatever end he means,
 God opens fruitful nature's various scenes,

Each

Each climate needs what other climes produce,
 And offers something to the gen'ral use;
 No land but listens to the common call,
 And in return receives supply from all;
 This genial intercourse and mutual aid,
 Cheers what were else an universal shade,
 Calls nature from her ivy-mantled den,
 And softens human rockwork into men.
 Ingenious Art with her expressive face
 Steps forth to fashion and refine the race,
 Not only fills necessity's demand,
 But overcharges her capacious hand;
 Capricious taste itself can crave no more,
 Than she supplies from her abounding store;
 She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
 And gains new vigour at her endless task.
 Hers is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
 The painters pencil and the poets lyre;
 From her the canvass borrows light and shade,
 And verse more lasting, hues that never fade.

She

She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
 Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
 And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
 Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.

These are the gifts of art, and art thrives most
 Where commerce has enrich'd the busy coast :
 He catches all improvements in his flight,
 Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight,
 Imports what others have invented well,
 And stirs his own to match them, or excel,
 'Tis thus reciprocating each with each,
 Alternately the nations learn and teach ;
 While Providence enjoins to ev'ry soul
 An union with the vast terraqueous whole.

Heav'n speed the canvass gallantly unfurl'd
 To furnish and accommodate a world ;
 To give the Pole the produce of the sun,
 And knit th' unsocial climates into one.—
 Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
 Impel the fleet whose errand is to save,

To

To succour waited regions, and replace
 The smile of opulence in sorrow's face.—
 Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
 Impede the bark that plows the deep serene,
 Charg'd with a freight transcending in its worth
 The gems of India, nature's rarest birth,
 That flies like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
 An herald of God's love, to pagan lands.—
 But ah ! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
 For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
 Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
 And buy the muscles and the bones of man ?
 The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
 All bonds of nature in that moment end,
 And each endures while yet he draws his breath,
 A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
 The fable warrior, frantic with regret
 Of her he loves, and never can forget,
 Loses in tears the far receding shore,
 But not the thought that they must meet no more ;
Depriv'd

Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
 What has he left that he can yet forego?
 Yes, to deep sadness fullenly resign'd,
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind,
 Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.

Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
 On man, a mourner in his best estate!
 All other sorrows virtue may endure,
 And find submission more than half a cure;
 Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
 T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,
 To teach the wand'rer, as his woes encrease,
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.
 But slav'ry!—virtue dreads it as her grave,
 Patience itself is meanness in a slave:
 Or if the will and sovereignty of God
 Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
 Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
 And snap the chain the moment when you may.

Nature

Nature imprints upon whate'er we see
 That has a heart and life in it, be free ;
 The beasts are chartered—neither age nor force
 Can quell the love of freedom in a horse :
 He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
 And conscious of an unincumber'd back,
 Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
 Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane,
 Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
 Nor stops, till overleaping all delays,
 He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,
 Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame ?
 Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
 Expedience as a warrant for the deed ?
 So may the wolf whom famine has made bold
 To quit the forest and invade the fold ;
 So may the ruffian who with ghostly glide,
 Dagger in hand, steals close to your bed-side ;
 Not he, but his emergence forc'd the door,
 He found it inconvenient to be poor.

Has God then giv'n its sweetness to the cane
 Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain?
 Built a brave world, which cannot yet subsist,
 Unless his right to rule it be dismiss'd?
 Impudent blasphemy! so folly pleads,
 And av'rice being judge, with ease succeeds.

But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,
 That man make man his prey, because he *must*,
 Still there is room for pity to abate
 And sooth the sorrows of so sad a state.
 A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,
 The Scripture plac'd within his reach, he ought,
 That souls have no discriminating hue,
 Alike important in their Maker's view,
 That none are free from blemish since the fall,
 And love divine has paid one price for all.
 The wretch that works and weeps without relief,
 Has one that notices his silent grief,
 He from whose hands alone all pow'r proceeds,
 Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,
 Considers *all* injustice with a frown,
 But *marks* the man that treads his fellow down.

Begone, the whip and bell in that hard hand,
 Are hateful ensigns of usurp'd command,
 Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim
 To scourge him, weariness his only blame.
 Remember, heav'n has an avenging rod;
 To smite the poor is treason against God.

Trouble is grudgingly and hardly brook'd,
 While life's sublimest joys are overlook'd.
 We wander o'er a sun-burnt thirsty soil
 Murm'ring and weary of our daily toil,
 Forget t' enjoy the palm-tree's offer'd shade,
 Or taste the fountain in the neighb'ring glade:
 Else who would lose that had the pow'r t' improve
 Th' occasion of transmuting fear to love?
 Oh 'tis a godlike privilege to save,
 And he that scorns it is himself a slave.—
 Inform his mind, one flash of heav'nly day
 Would heal his heart and melt his chains away;
 'Beauty for ashes' is a gift indeed,
 And slaves, by truth enlarg'd, are doubly freed:

Then

Then would he say, submissive at thy feet,
 While gratitude and love made service sweet,
 My dear deliv'rer out of hopeless night,
 Whose bounty bought me but to give me light,
 I was a bondman on my native plain,
 Sin forg'd, and ignorance made fast the chain ;
 Thy lips have shed instruction as the dew,
 Taught me what path to shun, and what pursue ;
 Farewell my former joys ! I sigh no more
 For Africa's once lov'd, benighted shore,
 Serving a benefactor I am free,
 At my best home if not exiled from thee.

Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
 A stream of lib'ral and heroic deeds,
 The swell of pity, not to be confin'd
 Within the scanty limits of the mind,
 Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
 A rich deposit, on the bord'ring lands :
 These have an ear for *his* paternal call,
 Who makes some rich for the supply of all,

God's

God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ,
And THORNTON is familiar with the joy.

Oh could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That earth hath seen or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank or scented summer air.
Duely as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading west,
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake, bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;

We feel thy force still active, at this hour
 Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r,
 While conscience, happier than in antient years,
 Owns no superior but the God she fears.
 Propitious spirit ! yet expunge a wrong
 Thy rights have suffer'd, and our land, too long,
 Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
 The fears and hopes of a commercial care ;
 Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
 To bind the lawless and to punish guilt,
 But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire and flood,
 Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood,
 And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground,
 Where covert guile and artifice abound :
 Let just restraint for public peace design'd,
 Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind,
 The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
 But let insolvent innocence go free.

Patron, of else the most despised of men,
 Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen ;

Verse,

Verse, like the laurel its immortal meed,
 Should be the guerdon of a noble deed,
 I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
 (Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
 I must incur, forgetting HOWARD's name. }
 Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
 Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
 To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
 To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe,
 To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home
 Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
 But knowledge such as only dungeons teach,
 And only sympathy like thine could reach ;
 That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
 Might smooth her feathers and enjoy her cage,
 Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
 The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
 Oh that the voice of clamor and debate,
 That pleads for peace 'till it disturbs the state,
 Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
 The poor thy clients, and heaven's smile thy fee.

Philosophy that does not dream or stray,
 Walks arm in arm with nature all his way,
 Compasses earth, dives into it, ascends
 Whatever steep enquiry recommends,
 Sees planetary wonders smoothly roll
 Round other systems under her controul,
 Drinks wisdom at the milky stream of light
 That cheers the silent journey of the night,
 And brings at his return a bosom charged,
 With rich instruction, and a soul enlarged.
 The treasured sweets of the capacious plan
 That heav'n spreads wide before the view of man,
 All prompt his pleased pursuit, and to pursue
 Still prompt him, with a pleasure always new :
 He too has a connecting pow'r, and draws
 Man to the center of the common cause,
 Aiding a dubious and deficient fight
 With a new medium and a purer light.
 All truth is precious if not all divine,
 And what dilates the pow'rs must needs refine,
He

He reads the skies, and watching ev'ry change,
 Provides the faculties an ampler range,
 And wins mankind, as his attempts prevail,
 A prouder station on the gen'ral scale.
 But reason still unless divinely taught,
 Whate'er she learns, learns nothing as she ought;
 The lamp of revelation only, shows,
 What human wisdom cannot but oppose,
 That man in nature's richest mantle clad,
 And graced with all philosophy can add,
 Though fair without, and luminous within,
 Is still the progeny and heir of sin.
 Thus taught down falls the plumage of his pride,
 He feels his need of an unerring guide,
 And knows that falling he shall rise no more,
 Unless the pow'r that bade him stand, restore.
 This is indeed philosophy; this known,
 Makes wisdom, worthy of the name, his own;
 And without this, whatever he discufs,
 Whether the space between the stars and us,

Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
 Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea,
 The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
 Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still,
 Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
 Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.
 Self-knowledge truly learn'd, of course implies
 The rich possession of a nobler prize,
 For self to self, and God to man reveal'd,
 (Two themes to nature's eye for ever seal'd)
 Are taught by rays that fly with equal pace
 From the same center of enlight'ning grace.
 Here stay thy foot, how copious and how clear
 Th' o'erflowing well of Charity springs here !
 Hark ! 'tis the music of a thousand rills,
 Some through the groves, some down the sloping
 hills,
 Winding a secret or an open course,
 And all supplied from an eternal source.
 The ties of nature do but feebly bind,
 And commerce partially reclaims mankind,

Philosophy without his heav'nly guide,
 May blow up self-conceit and nourish pride,
 But while his province is the reas'ning part,
 Has still a veil of midnight on his heart:
 'Tis truth divine exhibited on earth,
 Gives Charity her being and her birth.

Suppose (when thought is warm and fancy flows,
 What will not argument sometimes suppose)
 An isle possess'd by creatures of our kind,
 Endued with reason, yet by nature blind.
 Let supposition lend her aid once more,
 And land some grave optician on the shore,
 He claps his lens, if haply they may see,
 Close to the part where vision ought to be,
 But finds that though his tubes assist the sight,
 They cannot give it, or make darkness light.
 He reads wise lectures, and describes aloud
 A sense they know not, to the wond'ring crowd,
 He talks of light and the prismatic hues,
 As men of depth in erudition use,

But all he gains for his harangue is—Well—
 What monstrous lies some travellers will tell.

The soul whose sight all-quick'ning grace renews,
 Takes the resemblance of the good she views,
 As di'monds stript of their opaque disguise,
 Reflect the noon-day glory of the skies.
 She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,
 Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
 In language warm as all that love inspires,
 And in the glow of her intense desires
 Pants to communicate her noble fires. }
 She sees a world stark blind to what employs
 Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys,
 Though wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,
 Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all :
 Herself as weak as her support is strong,
 She feels that frailty she denied so long,
 And from a knowledge of her own disease,
 Learns to compassionate the sick she sees.
 Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,
 The reign of genuine Charity commence ;

Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
 She still is kind, and still she perseveres;
 The truth she loves, a fightless world blaspheme,
 'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream,
 The danger they discern not, they deny,
 Laugh at their only remedy, and die:
 But still a soul thus touch'd, can never cease
 Whoever threatens war to speak of peace,
 Pure in her aim and in her temper mild,
 Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child,
 She makes excuses where she might condemn,
 Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them;
 Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
 The worst suggested, she believes the best;
 Not soon provoked, however stung and teaz'd,
 And if perhaps made angry, soon appeas'd,
 She rather waves than will dispute her right,
 And injur'd, makes forgiveness her delight.

Such was the pourtrait an apostle drew,
 The bright original was one he knew,
 Heav'n held his hand, the likeness must be true.

When one that holds communion with the skies,
 Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,
 'Tis ev'n as if an angel shook his wings;
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
 That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
 So when a ship well freighted with the stores
 The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
 Has dropt her anchor and her canvas furl'd,
 In some safe haven of our western world,
 'Twere vain enquiry to what port she went,
 The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

Some seek, when queazy conscience has its
 qualms,

To lull the painful malady with alms;
 But charity not feign'd, intends alone
 Another's good—theirs centers in their own;
 And too short-lived to reach the realms of peace,
 Must cease for ever when the poor shall cease.
 Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
 Is rather careless of a sister's fame,

Her superfluity the poor supplies,
 But if she touch a character, it dies.
 The seeming virtue weigh'd against the vice,
 She deems all safe, for she has paid the price,
 No charity but alms aught values she,
 Except in porcelain on her mantle-tree.
 How many deeds with which the world has rung,
 From pride in league with ignorance have sprung?
 But God o'erules all human follies still,
 And bends the tough materials to his will.
 A conflagration or a wintry flood,
 Has left some hundreds without home or food,
 Extravagance and av'rice shall subscribe,
 While fame and self-complacence are the bribe.
 The brief proclaim'd, it visits ev'ry pew,
 But first the 'Squire's, a compliment but due:
 With slow deliberation he unties
 His glitt'ring purse, that envy of all eyes,
 And while the clerk just puzzles out the psalm,
 Slides guinea behind guinea in his palm,

'Till

'Till finding what he might have found before,
 A smaller piece amidst the precious store,
 Pinch'd close between his finger and his thumb,
 He half exhibits, and then drops the sum;
 Gold to be sure!—throughout the town 'tis told
 How the good 'Squire gives never less than gold.
 From motives such as his, though not the best,
 Springs in due time supply for the distress'd,
 Not less effectual than what love bestows,
 Except that office clips it as it goes.

But lest I seem to sin against a friend,
 And wound the grace I mean to recommend,
 (Though vice derided with a just design
 Implies no trespass against love divine)
 Once more I would adopt the graver stile,
 A teacher should be sparing of his smile.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
 Satyr is more than those he brands, to blame,
 He hides behind a magisterial air
 His own offences, and strips others bare,

Affects

Affects indeed a most humane concern
 That men if gently tutor'd will not learn,
 That muleish folly not to be reclaim'd
 By softer methods, must be made asham'd,
 But (I might instance in St. Patrick's dean)
 Too often rails to gratify his spleen.
 Most fat'rists are indeed a public scourge,
 Their mildest phyfic is a farrier's purge,
 Their acrid temper turns as soon as stirr'd
 The milk of their good purpose all to curd,
 Their zeal begotten as their works rehearse,
 By lean' despair upon an empty purse;
 The wild assassins start into the street,
 Prepar'd to poignard whomsoe'er they meet;
 No skill in swordsmanship however just,
 Can be secure against a madman's thrust,
 And even virtue so unfairly match'd,
 Although immortal, may be prick'd or scratch'd.
 When scandal has new minted an old lie,
 Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply,

'Tis

'Tis called a fatyr, and the world appears
 Gath'ring around it with erected ears ;
 A thousand names are tofs'd into the crowd,
 Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud,
 Just as the sapience of an author's brain
 Suggests it safe or dang'rous to be plain.
 Strange ! how the frequent interjected dash,
 Quickens a market and helps off the trash,
 Th' important letters that include the rest,
 Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd,
 Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw,
 The world is charm'd, and Scrib. escapes the law.
 So when the cold damp shades of night prevail,
 Worms may be caught by either head or tail,
 Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,
 They meet with little pity, no redress ;
 Plung'd in the stream they lodge upon the mud,
 Food for the famish'd rovers of the flood.

All zeal for a reform that gives offence
 To peace and charity, is mere pretence :

A bold

A bold remark, but which if well applied,
 Would humble many a tow'ring poet's pride :
 Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
 And had no other play-place for his wit ;
 Perhaps enchanted with the love of fame,
 He fought the jewel in his neighbour's shame ;
 Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,
 The cause of virtue could not be his view.
 At ev'ry stroke wit flashes in our eyes,
 The turns are quick, the polish'd points surprise,
 But shine with cruel and tremendous charms,
 That while they please possess us with alarms :
 So have I seen, (and hasten'd to the fight
 On all the wings of holiday delight)
 Where stands that monument of antient pow'r,
 Named with emphatic dignity, the tow'r,
 Guns, halberts, swords and pistols, great and small,
 In starry forms disposed upon the wall ;
 We wonder, as we gazing stand below,
 That brass and steel should make so fine a show ;

But

But though we praise th' exact designer's skill,
Account them implements of mischief still.

No works shall find acceptance in that day
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That square not truly with the Scripture plan,
Nor spring from love to God, or love to man.
As he ordains things fordid in their birth
To be resolved into their parent earth,
And though the soul shall seek superior orbs,
Whate'er this world produces, it absorbs,
So self starts nothing but what tends apace
Home to the goal where it began the race.
Such as our motive is our aim must be,
If this be servile, that can ne'er be free;
If self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought,
We glorify that self, not him we ought:
Such virtues had need prove their own reward,
The judge of all men owes them no regard.
True Charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,

Thrives

Thrives against hope and in the rudest scene,
 Storms but enliven its unfading green ;
 Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,
 Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.
 To look at him who form'd us and redeem'd,
 So glorious now, though once so disesteem'd,
 To see a God stretch forth his human hand,
 T' uphold the boundless scenes of his command,
 To recollect that in a form like ours,
 He bruis'd beneath his feet th' infernal pow'rs,
 Captivity led captive rose to claim
 The wreath he won so dearly, in our name,
 That thron'd above all height, he condescends
 To call the few that trust in him his friends,
 That in the heav'n of heav'ns, that space he deems
 Too scanty for th' exertion of his beams,
 And shines as if impatient to bestow
 Life and a kingdom upon worms below ;
 That light imparts a never-dying flame,
 Though feeble in degree, in kind the same ;

Like him, the soul thus kindled from above,
 Spreads wide her arms of universal love,
 And still enlarg'd as she receives the grace,
 Includes creation in her close embrace.
 Behold a Christian—and without the fires
 The founder of that name alone inspires,
 Though all accomplishments, all knowledge meet,
 To make the shining prodigy complete,
 Whoever boasts that name—behold a cheat.

Were love in these the world's last doting years
 As frequent, as the want of it appears,
 The churches warm'd, they would no longer hold
 Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold;
 Relenting forms would lose their pow'r or cease,
 And ev'n the dipt and sprinkled, live in peace;
 Each heart would quit its prison in the breast,
 And flow in free communion with the rest.
 The statesman skill'd in projects dark and deep,
 Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep;
 His budget often filled yet always poor,
 Might swing at ease behind his study door,

No longer prey upon our annual rents,
 Nor scare the nation with its big contents :
 Disbanded legions freely might depart,
 And slaying man would cease to be an art.
 No learned disputants would take the field,
 Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield,
 Both sides deceiv'd if rightly understood,
 Pelting each other for the public good.

Did Charity prevail, the press would prove
 A vehicle of virtue, truth and love,
 And I might spare myself the pains to show
 What few can learn, and all suppose they know.

Thus have I fought to grace a serious lay
 With many a wild indeed, but flow'ry spray,
 In hopes to gain what else I must have lost,
 Th' attention pleasure has so much engross'd.
 But if unhappily deceiv'd I dream,
 And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
 Let Charity forgive me a mistake
 That zeal not vanity has chanc'd to make,
 And spare the poet for his subject sake,