

A NIGHT-PIECE.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE Night in solemn shade invests the pole,
And calm Reflexion sooths the pensive soul;
While Reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
And Life's deceitful colours fade away:
To thee! all-conscious presence! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of sacred silence thine.

If by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from Virtue's path has stray'd:
Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd,
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the Virtue I adore!

Oft'

Oft' when thy better spirit's guardian care
 Warm'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
 My stubborn Will his gentle aid repress,
 And check'd the rising Goodness in my breast,
 Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
 Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
 Shouldst thou condemn, I own the sentence just.

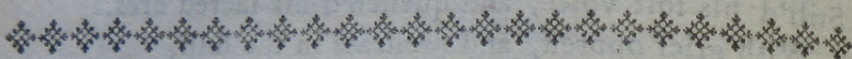
But oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
 And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.

Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
 And dissipates the horrors of Despair:
 From rigorous Justice steals the vengeful hour;
 Softens the dreadful attribute of Power;
 Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
 And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
 And teach my rebel passions to obey:
 Lest lurking Folly with insidious art
 Regain my volatile inconstant heart.
 Shall every high resolve Devotion frames,
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
 O rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
 In this still hour each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of Sleep my tomb.
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:

Then,

Then, when the great Archangel's potent found
 Shall echo thro' Creation's ample round,
 Wak'd from the sleep of death with joy survey
 The opening splendors of eternal day.



THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

BY ———.

COME, fair Dorinda, and, while Beauty glows
 Warm on thy lovely cheek, auspicious come,
 And animate my song! O may I gaze
 On every charm, and from each shining grace
 Catch inspiration! let thy genius aid
 My lays unpractis'd, pour into my verse
 The flow harmonious, while th' enchanted Muse
 Relates the charms, which o'er the yielding heart
 Perpetual reign, and hold resistless sway.

Diffusive Nature, who with liberal hand
 Scatters her bounties round, and decks the Spring
 In all its gay attire, the Virgin's cheek
 Flushes with beauty, and adorns her brow
 With charms attractive; shapes her faultless form
 With skill unerring, on her breast bestows
 The snowy hue, while o'er her shining neck
 In wanton ringlets flows her ebon hair

Dishevell'd,