

Tho' struck by Death the bleating firflings fall,
 Vacant the fold, untenanted the stall;
 Yet still to Thee, Jehovah! Power Supreme!
 My guide, my only hope, and conftant theme!
 I lifp the feeble ftain, and bow the knee,
 And own inceffant Strength belongs to Thee!
 O let thy Love with rapture fill my breaft,
 And lead thro' life's untrodden wilds—to Reft.



O D E T O S L E E P.

BY T—S—, M. D.

S O F T Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
 Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
 O liften from thy calm abode,
 And hither wave thy magic rod;
 Extend thy filent, foothing fway,
 And charm the canker Care away.
 Whether thou lov'ft to glide along,
 Attended by an airy throng
 Of gentle dreams and fmiles of joy,
 Such as adorn the wanton boy;
 Or to the monarch's fancy bring
 Delights that better fuit a king;

The glittering host, the groaning plain,
 The clang of arms, and victor's train;
 Or should a milder vision please,
 Present the happy scenes of Peace;
 Plump Autumn blushing all around,
 Rich Industry with Toil embrown'd;
 Content with brow serenely gay,
 And genial Art's refulgent ray.



ODE TO MIRTH.

BY THE SAME.

Parent of Joy! heart-easing Mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
 Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
 Thy glittering colours gay,
 Around him, Mirth, display;
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of his shade,
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.

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 --to Rest.



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