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P A R A P H R A S E.

“ That thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.”—*Mat.* VI. 4.

HEAR heav'n's pure dictates, ye presumptuous crowd,

Be kind ye selfish, and abash'd ye proud !

Nor think the ostentatious act, which draws

The incense of ill judging man's applause,

The boon obruded on the gazer's sight,

Outweighs in virtue's scale, the widow's mite ;

Claim not in His divine rewards, a part,

Who knows the motive, and who views the heart ;

Be yours to hear the empty accents roll
 Of praise, rejected by the conscious soul.
 But ye, who when to succour want ye fly,
 Have never paus'd to wish a witness nigh,
 Have mingled with your alms, the unseen tear,
 The secret sigh which heav'n alone could hear ;
 Be yours, when life shall reach the closing scene,
 To read its record with a hope serene ;
 And yours to listen, while a voice of love
 Proclaims your bright inheritance above.

CREATION'S GOD, with thought elate
 Thy hand divine I see
 Impressed on scenes, where all is great,
 Where all is full of thee !
 Where stern the Alpine mountains raise
 Their heads of massive snow ;
 When on the rolling storm I gaze,
 That hangs—how far below !

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