

5.

What if thine heav'n be overcast,  
The dark appearance will not last,  
Expect a brighter sky ;  
The God that strings the silver bow,  
Awakes sometimes the muses too,  
And lays his arrows by.

6.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,  
Thy magnanimity display,  
And let thy strength be seen,  
But oh ! if Fortune fill thy sail  
With more than a propitious gale,  
Take half thy canvass in.

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*A REFLECTION on the foregoing ODE.*

AND is this all ? Can reason do no more  
Than bid me shun the deep and dread the  
shore ?

Sweet



Sweet moralist ! afloat on life's rough sea  
 The christian has an art unknown to thee ;  
 He holds no parley with unmanly fears,  
 Where duty bids he confidently steers,  
 Faces a thousand dangers at her call,  
 And trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

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*Translations from* VINCENT BOURNE.

1. THE G L O W - W O R M,

1.

BENEATH the hedge, or near the stream,  
 A worm is known to stray ;  
 That shews by night a lucid beam,  
 Which disappears by day.

2.

Disputes have been and still prevail  
 From whence his rays proceed ;  
 Some give that honour to his tail,  
 And others to his head.