

V.

O what were Man, if his Attire  
Still vary'd with his varying Mind!  
If we his ev'ry new Desire  
Stamp'd on his alt'ring Form could find.

VI.

Could each one see his Neighbour's Heart,  
Brethren and Social made in vain,  
All would disband and range apart,  
And Man detest the Monster Man.

VII.

If GOD refuse our Heart to turn,  
Vain will his first Creation be;  
O make us daily! Or we spurn  
Our own Salvation, Lord, and Thee!

*To a FRIEND in LOVE.*

ACCEPT, dear Youth, a sympathizing Lay,  
The only Tribute pitying Love can pay.  
Tho' vain the Hope thine Anguish to assuage,  
Charm down Desire, or calm fierce Passion's Rage;  
Yet still permit me in thy Griefs to grieve,  
Relief to offer if I can't relieve;  
Near thy sick Couch with fond Concern t'attend,  
And reach out Cordials to my Dying Friend.

Poor hapless Youth! what Words can ease thy  
Pain,  
When Reason pleads, and Wisdom cries in vain!  
Can

Attire  
 /ving Mind!  
 orm could find.

ighbour's Heart,  
 e in vain,  
 ge apart,  
 after Man.

o turn,  
 on be;  
 spurn  
 d, and Thee!

in LOVE.

a sympathizing Lay,  
 tying Love can pay.  
 Anguish to assuage,  
 m fierce Passion's Rage;  
 Griefs to grieve,  
 elieve;  
 fond Concern t'attend,  
 my Dying Friend.

hat Words can ease thy  
 Wisdom cries in vain! Can

Can feeble Verfe impetuous Nature guide,  
 Or stem the Force of blind Affection's Tide?  
 If Reason checks, or Duty disallows,  
 " Reason, you cry, and Duty are my Foes:  
 " Religion's Dictates ineffectual prove,  
 " And God Himself's Impertinence in Love.

What art Thou, Love? Thou strange myfte-  
 rious Ill,

Whom none aright can know, tho' all can feel,  
 From carelefs Sloth thy dull Existence flows,  
 And feeds the Fountain whence itself arose:  
 Silent its Waves with baleful Influence roll,  
 Damp the young Mind, and sink th' aspiring Soul  
 Poison its Virtues, all its Pow'rs refrain,  
 And blast the Promise of the future Man.  
 To Thee, curst Fiend, the captive Wretch con-  
 sign'd,

" His Passions rampant, and his Reason blind,  
 Reason, Heav'n's great Vicegerent, dares disown,  
 And place a Foolish Idol in its Throne:

Or wildly raise his frantic Raptures higher,  
 And pour out Blasphemies at thy Desire.

At thy Desire he bids a Creature shine,  
 He decks a Worm with Attributes Divine;

Hers to Angelic Beauties dares prefer,

" Angels are painted fair to look like Her!

Before her Shrine the lowly Suppliant laid,

Adores the Idol that Himself has made:

From her Almighty Breath his Doom receives,

Dies by her Frown, as by her Smile he lives.

Supreme she reigns in all-sufficient State,

To her he bows, from her expects his Fate,

" Heav'n in her Love, Damnation in her Hate.

He rears unhallow'd Altars to her Name,

Where Lust lights up a black, polluted Flame;

Where

Where Sighs impure, as impious Incense rise,  
 Himself the Priest, his Heart the Sacrifice :  
 And thus GOD'S Sacred Word his Horrid Pray'r }  
 supplies.

“ Center of All Perfection, Source of Blifs,  
 “ In whom thy Creature lives and moves and is,  
 “ Save, or I perish ! hear my humble Pray'r,  
 “ Spare thy poor Servant—O in Mercy spare.  
 “ Thou art my Joy, on Thee depends my Trust,  
 “ Hide not thy Face, nor frown me into Dust.  
 “ Send forth thy Breath, and rais'd again I see  
 “ My Joy, my Life, my Final Blifs in Thee.  
 “ For Thee I Am : for Thee I All resign,  
 “ Be Thou my One thing Needful, Ever Mine !

But O forbear, presumptuous Muse forbear,  
 Nor wound with Rant profane the Christian Ear :  
 A just Abhorrence in my Friend I see,  
 He starts from Love, when Love's Idolatry.

“ Give me thy Heart,” if the Creator cries,  
 “ 'Tis giv'n the Creature,” What bold Wretch  
 replies ?

Not so my Friend—he wakes, he breaths again,  
 And “Reason takes once more the slacken'd Rein.”

In vain rebellious Nature claims a Part,  
 When Heav'n requires, he gives up All his Heart :

( “ For Love Divine no Partnership allows,

“ And Heav'n averse rejects divided Vows )

Fixt tho' she be, he rends the Idol thence,

Nor lets her Pow'r exceed Omnipotence.

Commands his GOD, “ Cut off th' offending  
 Hand ? ”

He hears, Obedient to his GOD'S Command :

“ Pluck out thine Eye,” let the Redeemer say ;

He tears, and casts the bleeding Orb away.

Victorious

Victorious  
 His Bosom  
 He leaves  
 Gives Ear

She that

HOW  
 Her

Stranger to  
 In Error  
 Swoln with  
 Sense all h  
 Pleasure it  
 And smoo

A God  
 Crowd to  
 She hears t  
 Hangs on  
 Supreme i  
 And glorie  
 Herself the  
 Since all t

For He  
 The Silkw  
 Air, Earth  
 And ransac  
 Life's gaud  
 And Balls

impious Incense rise,  
Heart the Sacrifice:  
Word his Horrid Pray'r }

tion, Source of Bliss,  
lives and moves and is,  
ur my humble Pray'r,  
—O in Mercy spare.  
Thee depends my Trust,  
or frown me into Dust,  
, and rais'd again I see  
my Final Bliss in Thee.  
Thee I All resign,  
ng Needful, Ever Mine!

umptuous Muse forbear,  
ofane the Christian Ear:  
Friend I see,  
hen Love's Idolatry.  
if the Creator cries,  
e," What bold Wretch

wakes, he breaths again,  
more the slacken'd Rein."  
e claims a Part,  
e gives up All his Heart:  
o Partnership allows,  
jects divided Vows )  
ls the Idol thence,  
ed Omnipotence.  
" Cut off th' offending

his God's Command:  
let the Redeemer say;  
bleeding Orb away.  
Victorious

Victorious now to Nobler Joys aspires,  
His Bosom, touch'd with more than Earthly Fires:  
He leaves rough Passion for calm Virtue's Road,  
Gives Earth for Heav'n, and quits a Worm for  
God.

## I TIM. v. 6.

*She that liveth in Pleasurè, is Dead  
while She liveth.*

**H**O W hapless is th' applauded Virgin's Lot,  
Her God forgetting, by her God forgot!  
Stranger to Truth, unknowing to obey,  
In Error nurs'd, and disciplin'd to stray;  
Sworn with Self-will, and principled with Pride,  
Sense all her Good, and Passion all her Guide:  
Pleasure its Tide, and Flatt'ry lends its Breath,  
And smoothly waft her to Eternal Death!

A Goddess Here, she sees her Vot'ries meet,  
Crowd to her Shrine, and tremble at her Feet;  
She hears their Vows, Believes their Life and Death  
Hangs on the Wrath and Mercy of her Breath;  
Supreme in Fancy'd State she reigns her Hour,  
And glories in her Plenitude of Pow'r:  
Herself the only Object worth her Care,  
Since all the kneeling World was made for Her.

For Her, Creation all its Stores displays,  
The Silkworms labour, and the Diamonds blaze:  
Air, Earth, and Sea conspire to tempt her Taste,  
And ransack'd Nature furnishes the Feast.  
Life's gaudiest Pride attracts her willing Eyes,  
And Balls, and Theaters, and Courts arise:

*Italian*