To be the hand of Providence,
Its Angel, miniſtring below.
Diſpenſer thou, the Donor God,
Who giving, gives thee to beſtow.

Then not unuſeful has the Muſe
From Meudon's annals ſketch'd this Tale;
Of Henry's woes, Eulalia's love:
And ſnatch'd it from oblivion's vale.
(1787.)

ODE to YOUTH.

SWEET Morn of Life! All hail, ye hours of eaſe!
When blooms the cheek with roſeate, varying dyes;
When modeſt grace exerts each power to pleaſe,
And ſtreaming luſtre radiates in the eyes.
Thy paſt hours, innocent; thy preſent, gay;
Thy future, halcyon Hope depicts without allay.

Day-ſpring of Life! oh, ſtay thy fleeting hours!
Thou fairy-reign of ev'ry pleaſant thought!
Fancy, to cheer thy path, ſtrews all her flowers,
And in her loom thy plan of years is wrought.
By thee for goodneſs is each heart careſs'd;
The World, untried, is judg'd by that within thy breaſt.

Sweet ſtate of Youth! O harmony of Soul!
Now cheerful dawns the day; noon brightly beams;
And evening comes ſerene, nor cares control;
And night approaches with ſoft, infant dreams.
Circling, the morn beholds th' accuſtom'd round,
Life's ſmiling charities awake, and joys abound.

Seaſon of hope, and peace, and virtues, ſtay!
And for our bliſs let inexperience reſt;
For what can prudent foreſight's beam diſplay?
Why—the barb'd arrow pointed at our breaſt!—
Teach to ſuſpect the heart we guileleſs truſt,
And, ere we are betray'd, to think a friend unjuſt.

Thou candid Age! with ardent Friendſhip fraught,
That fearleſs confidence to none denies:
Better ſometimes deceiv'd—and, artleſs, taught
By thy own griefs the wiſdom of the wiſe.
For ſad Experience, with ſorrowing breath,
Sheds, weeping ſheds, the priſtine roſes in Hope's wreath.

Seaſon belov'd! Ah, doom'd to paſs away!
With all thy freſhneſs, all thy flatt'ring joys,
With blooming Beauty's envy'd, powerful ſway,
With laughing hours, the future ne'er annoys.
Ah! be thou ſpent as Virtue bids to ſpend!
Then,—though we wiſh thy ſtay,—no ſighs thy reign ſhall end.

(1791.)