

Do Thou our erring feet secure;
 O lead us far from ill!
 And keep us upright, just, and pure,
 In act, in word, and will.

Hear, Lord! for power supreme is thine,
 Thine, glory, worship, praise:
 Nor Nature's bounds thy reign confine,
 Nor numbers Time thy days.



AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

BY MR. DYER.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy town,
 Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
 (Contented?—why, every thing charms me)
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
 Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
 The swift, the intrepid avenger;
 Till sacred religion, or liberty bleeds,
 Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas!

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
 Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
 Smooth-shaded, and quiet and even;
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to heaven.



ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY MISS CARTER.

COME, Melancholy! silent power,
 Companion of my lonely hour,
 To sober thought confin'd;
 Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
 In all thy soothing charms confest,
 Indulge my pensive mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'
 The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
 In folly's noisy stream:
 I from the busy crowd retire,
 To court the objects that inspire
 Thy philosophic dream.

Thro'