

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'

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
With solitary steps I muse,
By thy direction led :
Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
Confociate with my filter-worms,
And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors! awful gloom!
Ye filent regions of the tomb !
My future peaceful bed :
Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And every sorrow lie repos'd
In death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
Before my intellectual fight
In solemn pomp ascend :
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears
That varying life attend!

Ye faithless idols of our sense,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy !
Your transient forms like shadows pass,
Frail offspring of the magic glass,
Before the mental eye.

The

The dazzling colours, falsely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar fight
With superficial state:
Thro' Reason's clearer optics view'd,
How stript of all it's pomp, how rude
Appears the painted cheat.

Can wild Ambition's tyrant power,
Or ill-got Wealth's superfluous store,
The dread of death controul?
Can Pleasure's more bewitching charms
Avert or soothe the dire alarms
That shake the parting soul?

Religion! e'er the hand of Fate
Shall make Reflexion plead too late,
My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flattering hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth,
These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal spring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
The pale terrific king.

When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble prayer,
And owns thy threatnings just:
Thy voice the shuddering suppliant hears,
With Mercy calms her torturing fears,
And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate:
Unmov'd her destin'd change surveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

In Death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
That gently whisper Peace:
Till the last morn's fair opening ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliss.

