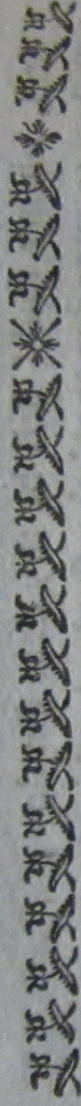


Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the burbling graves the just shall rise,
All Nature smiling, and by angels borne,
Messiah's cros far blazing o'er the skies.



E P I G R A M

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE NOTE ON THE
FOLLOWING LINES OF POPE.

“ Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel
“ Ten *Metropolitans* in preaching well.”

BY THE REV. MR. HENLEY.

WHILE Wisdom shines with light divine,
Whate'er SCURRILITY may say,
Good FOSTER'S name shall ne'er decline:
Then cease, vain cur, the Moon to bay.