

THE REFORMED MAN OF FASHION,  
TO HIS FRIEND.

**B**LEST under that domestic roof  
I once contemptuous view'd,  
When gay and thoughtless like thyself,  
I varied blifs pursued.

The modest mansion, woods, and streams,  
Could then no peace afford  
To that lost heart which borrow'd hope  
From "seven's the main, my Lord."

Reflection then was death to me,  
In vain I sigh'd for rest ;  
It fled the dissipated scene,  
And the polluted breast ;

Deep sunk in fashion's giddy round,  
Far lost in folly's maze,  
When a kind parent's anxious care  
Reform'd my erring ways ;

The silent tear of fond regret  
Stood trembling in his eye ;  
His meek, his unproving voice  
Sunk in the pitying sigh,

Awoke

Awoke that dormant filial spark  
 Which still inform'd my soul,  
 Soften'd that proud, ungovern'd heart  
 Which never brook'd controul ;

Led by his kind directing hand,  
 I turn'd from error's way,  
 And sought those guiltless, happy scenes,  
 From which I ne'er can stray ;

For charming Anna met my glance,  
 Confess'd a mutual flame,  
 Accepted vows which blest a heart  
 With all a heart could claim.

In her soft breast, where virtue dwelt,  
 Where conscious honour shone,  
 I view'd the blessings of a life,  
 The contrast to my own.

So pure her life, so fair her truth,  
 To *think*, her sweet employ ;  
 To view the *past*, brought smiling peace,  
 The *future*, hope and joy :

And now reflection cheers my soul,  
 And at the close of day,

When

When conscience ev'ry deed approves,  
Emits a brighter ray."

Come then, my friend, and kindly share  
Our peaceful, frugal fare ;  
'Twill soothe thy sorrowing heart to view  
The pleasures dwelling here.

Meek mercy keeps our humble gate,  
The welcome's modest want ;  
The poor and friendless bless the mite  
Our little store can grant.

Far from ambition's shrine we live,  
Remote from pride and state ;  
Our harmless wishes Heaven grants,  
And cheers our humble fate.

From happiness then who would rove,  
Possess'd of all that's fair ?  
For I can call my home an heav'n,  
An angel dwelling there ;

A little smiling, prattling race,  
Just opening into day ;  
Their mother's purity and worth  
Their infant charms display ;

To deck their minds with modest worth,  
 Which time and death defies,  
 To guide the slippery paths of youth,  
 And train them for the skies.

This is my Anna's chief delight,  
 This is my glad employ ;  
 Her lovely daughters claim her care,  
 And mine my blooming boy.

Our hours by bounteous Heaven thus blest,  
 We, at the close of day,  
 With love, with gratitude, and truth,  
 United homage pay.

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To ARTHUR.

GO, artless lay, and if thou canst disclose  
 The soft effusions which this breast enclose,  
 Go, humble lines, and tenderly impart  
 The dearest wishes of a grateful heart ;  
 But neither tongue nor pen can e'er reveal  
 The warm emotions I must ever feel ;

Then