

Dear to the foldier, by the good approv'd,
 Sacred to friends, and by relations lov'd.
 And Oh ! blest ſpirit ! gracious and benign,
 O'er all my ways Oh ! let thy influence ſhine :
 Pure, unimpaſſion'd now thy care extend,
 And be my guardian, comforter, and friend :
 Direct the good, the ſhafts of ill repel,
 Till I ſhall bid each earthly bliſs farewel ;
 Then may thy ſpirit welcome mine above
 To the bright regions of ſeraphic love.

TO AN UNBORN INFANT.

BE ſtill, ſweet babe, no harm ſhall reach thee,
 Nor hurt thy yet unfinish'd form ;
 Thy mother's frame ſhall ſafely guard thee
 From this bleak, this beating ſtorm.

Promis'd hope ! expected treasure !
 Oh ! how welcome to theſe arms !
 Feeble, yet they'll fondly clasp thee,
 Shield thee from the leaſt alarms.

Lov'd already, little bleſſing,
 Kindly cheriſh'd, tho' unknown,

Fancy forms thee sweet and lovely,
 Emblem of the rose unblown :

Though thy father is imprison'd,
 Wrong'd, forgotten, robb'd of right,
 I'll repress the rising anguish,
 Till thine eyes behold the light.

Start not, babe ! the hour approaches
 That presents the gift of life ;
 Soon, too soon thoul't taste of sorrow
 In these realms of care and strife :

Share not thou a mother's feelings,
 Hope vouchsafes a pitying ray ;
 Tho' a gloom obscures the morning,
 Bright may shine the rising day,

Live, sweet babe, to bless thy father,
 When thy mother slumbers low ;
 Softly lisp her name that lov'd him,
 Thro' a world of varied woe.

Learn, my child, the mournful story
 Of thy suffering mother's life ;
 Let thy father not forget her
 In a future happier wife.

Babe of fondest expectation,
 Watch his wishes in his face ;
 What pleas'd in me, mayst thou inherit,
 And supply my vacant place.

Whisper all the anguish'd moments
 That have wrung this anxious breast,
 Say, I liv'd to give thee being,
 And retir'd to endless rest.

WRITTEN IN VERY DEEP AFFLICTION.

LOW on affliction's gloomy bed,
 Where sorrow holds her reign ;
 Where pleasure never deigns a glance,
 I pray for peace in vain :

Far, far remote from joy, from hope,
 No soothing voice I hear ;
 Nor doth fair friendship lend one gleam,
 My fainting heart to cheer.

Ah fortune ! ever varying shade !
 False, disappointing shrine !
 To lure the young, believing heart,
 How bright thy prospects shine !

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