

TO THE MEMORY OF LIEUT. JAMES ABERNETHIE,
LOST ON BOARD THE GLORIEUX, 1782.

EACH weeping muse assist my mournful pen,
To praise a soldier, and lament a friend;
Lost to the world in life's gay early bloom,
The clouds his mourners, and the deep his tomb;
No gentle friend received his parting breath,
No friend to soothe the bitter hour of death;
Tho' dreadful waves, and high tempest'ous wind
Raged round his head, yet he was calm within:
For he was pure as is the mountain snow,
Mild as the southern breezes when they blow;
His early virtues blasted in their prime,
The blooming youth was lost at twenty-nine;
Ye unavailing tears forbear to flow,
I'll say what truth doth to his memory owe.
Born with a noble, with a generous heart,
He knew no wish but what he might impart:
A friend sincere, his parent's hope and pride,
His brother's comfort and his sister's guide;
Each manly virtue graced the gentle youth,
"The soul of innocence, and pride of truth."
Worth, honour, candour, were in him combin'd,
An angel's form, but more angelic mind;
With generous love his youthful bosom glow'd,
With generous sentiments his heart o'erflow'd:

And

And tho' he slumbers in his wat'ry tomb,
 His memory will to latest ages bloom :
 To youth surviving he hath left behind,
 The bright example of a spotless mind ;
 Thou dear departed friend a long farewell !
 Upon thy worth my thoughts shall ever dwell ;
 Still to thy shade sweet youth I'll drop a tear,
 And ever mourn thee, with a heart sincere ;
 E'er yet I close, blest shade ! if in thy power,
 My guardian be, in each eventful hour,
 From thy bright realms oh ! kindly condescend,
 To guard thy faithful, thy lamenting friend,
 Still watchful of thy charge, blest spirit be !
 For such an office I'd have done for thee ;
 That station keep, until I reach that shore,
 Where we shall meet, and death can part no more.

REFLECTIONS AFTER VIEWING A SCENE OF DISTRESS.

TEACH me, all gracious Power, to be content !
 To bless my lot because ordained by thee ;
 Ne'er mourn for that, thy wisdom hath not lent,
 But deem it good because thy great decree.