

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.

Then cease vain heart to mourn the want of power,
 Just Heaven will view, accept the willing mind ;
 Will give reward in retribution's hour,
 To all who felt the ills of human kind.

What tho' I can't bestow the wish'd supply,
 Nor cheer cold poverty's obscure abode ;
 Ne'er read the language of a grateful eye,
 Nor guide the helpless penitent to God.

I often wish the uninformed to teach,
 To give to orphan infancy its bread,
 To soothe the sorrow of declining age,
 And give *THAT pittance* which *I yet* may need.

Be hushed complaint—be never murmured more,
 Arraign not that great plan to Heaven known ;
 Perhaps endowed with splendour, wealth and power,
 The kinder feelings had not been my own.

With pleasure circled, proved secure from fear,
 Perhaps I ne'er had breathed a pitying sigh ;
 Might never offered others woes a tear,
 But lived a stranger to each softer tie.

Then 'tis in mercy wealth hath been denied,
 For now—a soul that feels for all is mine,

I yet

I yet can soothe the ills of suffering worth,
 And pray the bad their purpose to resign.

And I can cheer the modest with applause,
 Kindly support the weak, the sorrowing mind,
 Can plead, unblushing, virtue's injured cause,
 Conceal the failings of my erring kind.

The voice attuned to softness may repress
 The anguished sigh—relieve the doubting heart,
 A pitying look will often soften pain,
 A SMILE to penury will joy impart.

A friendly smile can welcome modest fear,
 A cheerful word beguile the gloom of age;
 Hence then despondency—hence discontent,
 I still have worth which partial friends engage.

Yes—these are mine, and these the good approve,
 Most gracious power! that all those gifts bestow,
 In mercy, still withhold the means of ill,
 And let me all unto thy mercy owe.

Then while on earth I'll thy great name adore,
 And sink with sweet composure to the dust!
 Bless thy past mercies—"humbly hope for more,"
 From thee my GOD, PROTECTOR, GUIDE and TRUST,