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ODE TO GASPE.

Oh! God, to whom, I daily pray,
Assist me, in this humble lay;
Inspire my pen, inspire my verse,
While thy goodness I rehearse.

In Gaspe Bay, I write this theme,
To honor God, in Jesu's name;
A God of grace, a God of love,
Who looks triumphant from above.

This Gaspe, is a lovely place,
And deck'd with nature's every grace,
With sea, with mountains, lofty trees,
While gentle zephyr's fans the breeze.

The God of nature, here points to man,
Says, learn a lesson, if you can;
Here nature's voice, proclaims his power,
But man, forgets him every hour.

Here too, the God of grace looks down,
But, Oh! I fear it is to frown;
For here, Oh! melancholy thought,
The god of grace, is set at nought.

In this sweet place, Oh! what a blot,
The sabbath day, is quite forgot;
Here men are idle, boys they play,
And desecrate, this holy day.