

And turn the humble sinner's eyes  
 To gracious Jesus' saving hand ;  
 To calm the sad awaken'd soul,  
 The snares of darkness to controul,  
 To counteract affliction's blow,  
*And give the purest joys that mortal men can know.*  
 Ten thousand ——— names shall hail,  
 As future ages calmly roll,  
 And sainted hearts shall never fail  
 This work of mercy to extol.  
 This Fane that holy incense sheds,  
 This hall that science pleasure spreads,  
 Shall strew around their Founder's tomb,  
 Such flowers as victors ne'er deserved from Greece or Rome.

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### EPILOGUE.

WHEN Saturn's feast return'd in ancient days,  
 The slaves did nothing but attend to plays,  
 Their masters gave them liberty to speak  
 The truth and truth alone, a precious week !  
 All then were masters, scholars too were free,  
 And to processions ran with merry glee.  
 We wish this ancient custom to retain,  
 And once a year to speak our meaning plain ;  
 This is our time, our Tutor bids me say  
 Whate'er I choose, he quarrels not to-day.  
 His word we trust, for that he never broke,  
 And at his teaching I must have a stroke.  
 Between ourselves, and just to speak my mind,  
 In English Grammar, Master's far behind—  
 I speak the honest truth, I hate to dash ;  
 He bounds our tasks by Murray, Lowth, and Ash—  
 I told him once, that Abercrombie mov'd  
 By genius deep, had Murray's plan improv'd ;  
 He frown'd upon me, turning up his nose,  
 And said the man had ta'en a madd'ning dose.  
 Once in my theme, I put the verb *progress*,  
 He sentenc'd twenty lines without redress—  
 Again, for measure I transcrib'd *endeavour*,  
 And all the live long day I lost his favour.  
 But don't you think my master something wrong,  
 To hate improvements now in use so long ?  
 For hear a great grammarian from the States,  
 How boldly for their language he debates—  
 Our Government and Country both are new,  
 Our manners, Sir, why not our language too ?  
 As we pronounce, let every word be wrote,  
 Who cares for etymology a jot ;  
 To have a separate language of our own,  
 Must give our glorious deeds a lasting crown ;  
 This wise "*endeavour*" I will "*advocate*,"  
 Through every grade whate'er shall be its fate,