

4. When poverty in vile attire,
Shrinks from the biting blast,
Or hovers o'er the pigmy fire,
And fears it will not last ;
5. When the fond mother hugs her child
Still closer to her breast ;
And the poor infant frost-beguil'd,
Scarce feels that it is press'd ;
6. Then let your bounteous hand extend
Its blessings to the poor ;
Nor spurn the wretched, while they bend
All suppliant at your door.

SECTION XIV.

Compassion and forgiveness.

1. I HEAR the voice of wo ;
A brother mortal mourns :
My eyes with tears, for tears o'erflow ;
My heart his sighs returns.
2. I hear the thirsty cry ;
The famish'd beg for bread :
O let my spring its streams supply,
My hand its bounty shed.—
3. And shall not wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying, " I repent,
Nor will offend again ?"
4. How else, on sprightly wing,
Can hope bear high my pray'r,
Up to thy throne, my God, my King,
To plead for pardon there ?

SECTION XV.

The ignorance of man.

1. BEHOLD yon new-born infant griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain ;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd
It knows not to complain.
2. Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature—man.
3. That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r !)
That infant, Lord, am I.

SCOTT.