

say, from what simple springs began
The vast ambitious thoughts of man,
That range beyond controul;
Which seek eternity to trace,
Dive through th' infinity of space,
And strain to grasp the whole?

Then range through being's wide extent,
Let the fair scale with just ascent
And equal step be trod:
Till from the dead corporeal mass,
Through each progressive rank you pass
To Instinct, Reason, God.

There, Science, veil thy daring eye,
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high
In the divine abyss;
To Earth, content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes t' assure, her steps befriend,
And light thy way to bliss.

Then downward take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And social Nature's ties;
The plan, the genius of each state,
Its interests and its powers relate,
Its fortunes and its rise.

Through private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
And means and motives weigh;
Put tempers, passions in the scale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful sway.

The last best effort of thy skill,
To form the heart and rule the will,
Propitious Power, impart:
Teach me to cool my passions fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar breath,
Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean:
Still true to Reason be my plan,
And let my actions speak the man
Through every varying scene.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth,
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth,
Sweet refuge of distress;
E'en business thou canst make polite,
Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
Prosperity its grace.

Of pow'r, wealth, freedom, you the cause,
Foundress of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventress you;
Without you what were human kind,
How vast their wants, their thoughts how
blind,
Their joys how mean and few!

Sun of the soul, thy beams unveil:
Let others fix the daring sail
On Fortune's sickle sea:
Whilst undeluded happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And sit in peace with thee.

SONNET ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

AS some fond mother views her infant
With tenderness o'erflowing while she
sees;
She kisses one, one clasps in her embrace,
Her feet supporting one, and one her
knees;
Then, as the winning gesture speaking
face,
Or plaintive cry explain their different
pleas,
A look, a word, she deals with various
grace.
And smiles, or frowns, as love alone
decrees.

O'er frail mankind, so Providence divine
Still watches; hoars, sustains, and suc-
cours all,
With equal eye, beholding each that lives.
If Heaven denies, oh! let not men re-
pine!
Heav'n but denies to quicken duty's call,
Or feigning to deny, more largely gives.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

WHY thus, ye fair, your minds perplex?
Why thus afraid of Satire's dart?
None ever can dethrone the sex,
Whose empire is the human heart.

Authority beneath your hands
No more assumes a tyrant's state;
Genius attends on your commands,
And lays his honours at your feet.

Offerings to you the Muses bring,
To you their sweetest incense burn;
The bards that best your praises sing,
With highest honours they adorn.

In vain the pious hermit tries,
In grottoes far from you to dwell;
Your lovely image with him flies,
And enters on his lonely cell.