

Full soon subsides: and then we long again,
For gayer scenes, the smiling haunts of men:
Yet, small delight in local views we find,
Compar'd to that arising from the mind:
The chasten'd mind, where purer pleasure glows,
And joy receiving as it joy bestows.
In ev'ry region habitable made,
Are local comforts still commix'd with shade;
Fair fragrant flow'rs the lurid heath adorn,
And tender roses ripen on the thorn.
If there's a spot you prize above the rest,
And there to live conceive is to be blest:
Your wish attain'd, and this lov'd spot your share,
New wants disturb, new wishes claim your care.
Ev'n in the bosom of domestic joy,
We ever trace a mixture of alloy.
More proofs unite, in teaching, chequer'd bliss,
From aught below, is all we can possess:
And, thus, invoke our higher hopes to rise,
Beyond the world, and centre in the skies.

THE END.