

When in the inmost bowers of thought, attend
Pure affection with knowledge fraught, and
Shall build her temple, and embrace
Adam's regenerated race;

Love, ever blessed be thy beam,
The Poet's wildest, fondest dream,
All that the sages long'd to see,
Shall yet be realis'd by thee,
Mind will attain its full stature;
Truth, immutable as nature,
Shall triumph; gory war shall cease;
Joy, smiling in the lap of peace,
Of true freedom, shall hail the birth,
And fix her residence on earth.

Society her bounds may set;
Love still finds some obscure outlet,
She cannot, will not blot a name,
Tho' link'd with deeds of sin and shame,
E'en now I feel the goddess bleed,
And all but justifies thy deed,
Poor suicide! too weak to bear
Thy burden, who will madly care
Upon thy memory to brown,
Because you boldly threw it down,
Did domestic affliction rear
Thy heart, O! couldst thou not bear
To see existence, and live on,
When all you loved on earth was gone,
Perchance some secret voice shall
Have called thee, and thou shalt
And left a price, a ransom,
Which none but mothers e'er can know,