

Hail, Mortals ; Hail (transported Seraphs cry)
 Redeem'd, and favour'd by the God most high.

VI.

In Heav'n let Joys eternal flow,
 And Mercy in the Worlds below ;
 The Penitent shall Peace obtain,
 And not a Tear shall fall in vain.
 Then join, ye Worlds, in one glad Chorus sing,
 Praise to Messiah, and th' Almighty King.



The Third Chapter of the Wisdom of
 S O L O M O N.

From the First to the Sixth Verse.

THUS sung the Man, for Wisdom long renown'd,
 What mean these Tears and mournful Numbers
 round ?

Is Death the Cause ? Ah ! then restrain your Tears,
 That stubborn Monarch nor regard nor hears,
 And the blest Shades for whom you vainly mourn,
 To these dim Regions wou'd no more return,

Wrap'd

Wrap'd in bright Visions they no Ills endure,
From Sin, from Danger, and from Death secure :
'Tis past. The parting Struggles are no more,
They now are landed on the blissful Shore,
Where no pale Fears nor sullen Sorrows dwell,
But Joys beyond what mortal Tongues can tell ?
Where smiling Hope for ever blooms around,
And growing Pleasures that shall know no Bound.

When thoughtless Mortals by constraint attend
On the last Moments of their parting Friend,
See the chang'd Features wear a deathful Hue,
The Temples water'd with a fainting Dew,
The Limbs that tremble with convulsive Pain :
Then stand agast the ignorant and vain,
Who shiver at the seeming stern Decree ;
But look no farther than their Eyes can see,
The happy Soul glides unobserv'd away
To Worlds of Glory and eternal Day.

The Pains and Sorrows which the Virtuous know,
Which long had bid the Tears in secret flow,
Shall not be lost nor bury'd in the Ground ;
But serve to brighten their immortal Crown :

54 P O E M S *on several Occasions.*

From that great Being they shall find their Pay,
Who blest the rising and the closing Day.

When the pure Spirit from its Prison flies,
How joy the Seraphs in their brighter Skies :
Around their Guest the shining Guards attend,
And heav'nly Harps with heav'nly Voices blend.



E S S A Y *on* H A P P I N E S S.

NOTHING, dear Madam, nothing is more
true,

Than a short Maxim much approv'd by you ;
The Lines are these : “ We by Experience know
“ Within ourselves exists our Bliss or Woe. ”
Tho' round our Heads the Goods of Fortune roll,
Dazzle they may, but cannot chear the Soul.
Content, the Fountain of eternal Joy,
Can Riches purchase, or can Want destroy ?
No. Born of Heav'n, its Birth it will maintain,
No Slave to Power nor the Prize of Gain :
Say, who can buy what never yet was sold ?
No Wealth can bribe her, nor no Bonds can hold ;

Some-