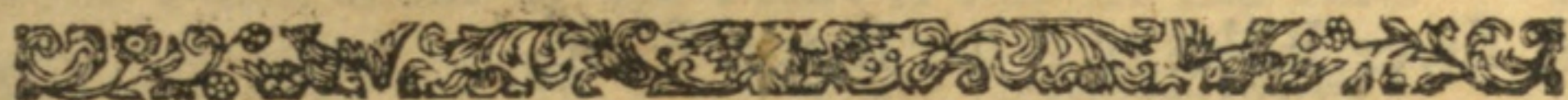


But the grand Hope that yields perpetual Joy,
 No trifles gave, no trifles can destroy ;
 With Mercy from the blest Abode it came,
 Its Birth Celestial and its End the same ;
 That bids our Days in one smooth Tenor roll,
 Its task to chear and harmonize the Soul.
 On smarting Want it pours a healing Balm,
 Makes Toil seem pleasant and Affliction calm.



The M O R A L V I S I O N.

T YRANNICK Winter's Iron Reign was done,
 And the soft Twins receiv'd the radiant Sun ;
 The chearful Earth appear'd in vernal Pride,
 And the clear Waves did more serenely glide :
 Kind *Zephyrs* play'd around the waving Trees,
 While op'ning Roses caught the welcome Breeze.

Amid these Scenes beneath a Maple Shade,
 Sat careless *Mira* on her Elbow laid,

F

While

While frolick Fancy led the usual Train
 Of gaudy Phantoms through her cheated Brain :
 Till Slumber seiz'd upon her thoughtful Breast,
 And the still Spirits sunk in balmy Rest :
 But while her Eyes had bid the World farewell,
 Thus *Mira* dream'd, and thus her Dreams we tell ;
 A seeming Nymph, like those of *Dian's* Train,
 Came swiftly tripping o'er the flow'ry Plain,
 Whose smiling Face was as the Morning fair,
 A silver Fillet ty'd her flaxen Hair,
 A golden Zone her lovely Bosom bound,
 And her green Robe hung careless on the Ground.
 Sleep, happy Mortal, with a Smile she cries,
 And turn'd on *Mira* her far-beaming Eyes.
 Still o'er thy own aerial Mountains stray,
 And in bright Visions slumber out the Day ;
 With gaudy Scenes delude thy dazzl'd Mind,
 Yet thou must wake and leave 'em all behind :
 Yes, thou shalt drop from that enchanted Sky,
 And wake to Wisdom with a weeping Eye,
 While in a Mist the shining Prospects end ;
 Then hear, O *Mira*, thy immortal Friend.

Recall

Recall thy wand'ring Thoughts, and make 'em dwell
In the small Limits of their native Cell.

To thine own Heart confine thy chiefest Care,
For *Mira*, know, thy Joys are planted there:

And as you manage and improve the Soil,

'Twill punish your Neglect, or pay your Toil;

Here let your Views and your Ambition rest,

To reign the Queen of a well-govern'd Breast,

This Point secur'd, let Heav'n dispose the rest.

Yet you may ask for what your State requires,

But not the Gewgaws your Caprice desires:

As thus, ' O keep me from the reach of Pain,

' From meagre Famine and her mournful Train:

' Let not Reproach assault my wounded Ears,

' Nor let my Soul behold a Friend in Tears:

' Secure from Noise, let my still Moments run,

' And still be chearful as the rising Sun:

' Or if a Gloom my trembling Heart invades,

' Ah! may it vanish with the nightly Shades

' Through the craz'd Walls: O may not Reason fly?

' But if it does then let its Mansion die:

- ‘ Let not Remorse of Guilt the certain Pay,
- ‘ Blot my clear Sun nor stain its parting Ray :
- ‘ Give me a lively but a guiltless Mind,
- ‘ A Body healthful and a Soul resign’d.

Thus far, O *Mira*, thou mayst ask of Heav’n,
 How blest’d the Mortal to whom these are giv’n :
 If such thy Lot, let Kings enjoy their Crowns,
 Their pageant State and arbitrary Frowns :
 Who, tho’ encircl’d by their shining Slaves,
 Intriguing Friends and well dissembl’d Knaves,
 Are only wretched Idols plac’d on high,
 To bear the Rage of a tempestuous Sky :
 And while the Storms around his Temples blow,
 His fawning Servants safely sneer below :
 But now the Sun brings on the Noon of Day,
 Rise, *Mira*, rise and shun the scorching Ray :
 This said, no more appear’d the beauteous Maid,
 And *Mira* waking found a lonely Shade.