

Farewel to each blessing below,
 My moments to care I resign;
 Though I die, may thy pleasures increase!
 Thy Mary will never repine:

To the grave thy fond wife will retire,
 It will shelter—will yield her repose;
 Its coldness will chill her warm heart,
 Free thee—and her sorrows compose.

EXTEMPORE *in the GARDEN of a CONVENT belonging to*
 LES SOEURS NOIR, à BOURBURG.

HAIL blest retirement! to this calm retreat
 The forrowing wretch may turn her weary feet;
 Here hopes, and fears, and wishes, sink to rest,
 And, here, serene becomes the tortur'd breast;
 No anxious cares can here the mind alarm,
 No hope for pleasure, nor no dread of harm;

Far

Far from temptation's wiles these saints reside,
 Heaven their pursuit, and innocence their guide ;
 Wrong-judging world ! that deem these cells the tomb,
 And think these walls conceal despairing gloom,
 Approach and view the inmates of this place,
 Their peaceful manner, tranquil, smiling face ;
 Approach, and learn from these so truly good,
 Where Heaven resides, nor discontents intrude,
 Where true religion, unaffected truth,
 The constant guide of their unerring youth,
 At length shall lead them to the blest abode
 Of kindred saints, their Saviour and their God.

TO A BROTHER, ON ENTERING THE ARMY.

ACCEPT, my Charles, from thy still anxious friend,
 Some useful counsel by affection pen'd ;
 To my advice you oft have deference paid,
 Which bids me hope this last will be obey'd ;
 Nought but your good could force me to expose
 The humble talents which I now disclose ;
 Then, my dear brother, kindly plead excuse
 For ev'ry error of your sister's muse :

First,