

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,

First, my young soldier, let me recommend,
 In life's fair spring to make your God your friend ;
 That Power you in the bloom of youth engage,
 Will ne'er desert you in declining age ;
 In danger's hour he'll prove the truest friend,
 On him for all you want and wish depend ;
 Unto your parents every rev'rence pay,
 'Tis God's command their precepts to obey ;
 Be dutious, open, tender, and sincere,
 Support their age, to their advice adhere !
 Let strictest justice every action guide,
 And truth with honor o'er your mind preside ;
 Be firm in friendship, scorn all mean disguise,
 Nor suffer mean resentment to arise ;
 On your superior's favour ne'er presume,
 Nor, to inferiors, haughtiness assume ;
 Reprove with firmness, rule with gentle sway ;
 Thro' love, not fear, teach soldiers to obey ;
 Watch o'er yourself, to them be not severe,
 They then will love you, and your worth revere ;
 Beware of passion, it unmans the soul,
 If once indulg'd, it never brooks controul ;
 Thro' all the varying scenes of this frail state,
 'Tis temper shades the colour of our fate.
 Temp'rance, dear youth, I warmly recommend,
 In fumes of wine too oft is lost a friend ;

Oh!

Oh ! fly the phrenzy like contempt or scorn,
 Though mad at night, reflection comes with morn :
 Duels avoid, if you with honor can,
 It breaks thro' laws prescrib'd by God and man ;
 Alas ! too late the deed you may repent,
 Be warn'd ! the pangs of dire remorse prevent ;
 Trembling, I charge thee, fatal gaming shun,
 A dangerous vice that thousands has undone ;
 It lures the heart with smiles, oh ! sad deceit,
 And ne'er forsakes till ruin is complete.
 Never be rul'd by fashion, but by sense,
 Neither be apt to give or take offence ;
 Be not ambitious riches to attain,
 For trust me wealth is not exempt from pain ;
 Aim at a competence with credit blest,
 In every point we find the medium best.
 To wedlock's state I dare but little say,
 The youthful heart in general takes its way ;
 I only raise to Hymen's throne my voice,
 That he may lead you to a happy choice ;
 Dear as you are, detested be your name,
 Should e'er you bring the innocent to shame ;
 E'er stain the honor of a virtuous race,
 Or bring a helpless female to disgrace ;
 Scorn to their ruin any aid to lend,
 For man was born their honor to defend.
 When we're apart, you on some distant shore,
 Remember Anna, and these lines read o'er ;

They are her counsels, breath'd with love sincere,
 My only brother! then to them adhere;
 So will your conduct still unclouded shine,
 Your fame still brighten as your days decline.

EXTEMPORE ON ARRIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

CAN silent pleasures give my love the smile
 Of sweet content, of happiness serene?
 Can Anna's care, her tenderneſs beguile
 The languor of a ſolitary ſcene?

Yes, for with anxious love I'll watch his eye,
 His will, his wiſhes in his features trace;
 With fond impatience to prevent them fly,
 My ſweet reward, a ſmile from his dear face.