

Where Mercy takes her 'custom'd stand,  
To bid her flock rejoice,  
'Tis there, with grace extends the hand,  
There, music tunes the voice.

And He who speaks in Mercy's name  
No fiction needs nor art,  
The still, small voice of Nature's claim  
Re-echo's through each heart.

Where Pity's frequent tear is shed,  
There God is seen...is found,  
Descends upon the hallow'd head,  
And sheds a glory round.

But Charity itself may fail,  
Which doth not active prove,  
Nor will the prayer of Faith avail,  
Without the works of Love.

## HYMN III.

O SWEETER than the fragrant flow'r,  
At ev'ning's dewy close,  
The will, united with the pow'r,  
To succour human woes!

And softer than the softest strain,  
Of music to the ear,  
That placid joy we give, and gain  
By gratitude sincere!

The husbandman goes forth a field,  
What hopes his heart expand!  
What calm delight his labours yield!  
A harvest from his hand!

A hand that providently throws  
Nor dissipates in vain;  
How neat his field, how clean it grows,  
What produce from each grain!

The noble husbandry of mind,  
And culture of the heart,  
Shall this, with men, less favour find,  
Less genuine joy impart?

Ah...no, your goodness strikes a root,  
That dies not, nor decays,  
And future life shall yield the fruit,  
Which blossoms now in praise.

The youthful hopes, that here expand,  
Their green and tender leaves  
Shall shed a plenty o'er the land,  
In rich and yellow sheaves.

Thus, a small bounty well bestow'd  
May perfect heav'n's high plan:  
First daughter to the love of God,  
Is charity to man. C. H.

'Tis he who scatters blessings round,  
Adores his Maker best,

His walk thro' life is mercy crown'd;  
His bed of death is blest.

## CUPID'S RECOVERY.

CUPID, once, of sleep forsaken,  
Pass'd each night in grievous moan,  
Doctors came, and drugs were taken,  
The poor child was all but gone.

Hymen called, a new physician,  
Sleep, that night, his eye-lids bless'd;  
The next, still better'd his condition,  
And soon no boy got sounder rest.  
X.

## THE REVIVAL OF LOVE.

AROUND the hearse where Love was  
laid  
The sister Graces weeping wait,  
And vainly Beauty's goddess pray'd,  
With idle tears t' avert his fate.

The God of Physic tries his art,  
His boasted skill is useless all;  
No simples can their aid impart,  
No herbs his faded bloom recall.

From every side the neighbouring swains,  
When publish'd was the tale of woe,  
Neglect their flocks and leave the plains  
The last sad tribute to bestow.

His arrows broke, his bow unstrung,  
Trophies of ancient victories,  
Around, in order due, are hung,  
To grace his solemn obsequies.

And gloomy cypress, willow pale,  
Fit emblems of departed love,  
And yew that courts the silent dale,  
Collected from the neighbouring grove.

The village maids with zones unbound,  
Neglected tresses, weeping eyes,  
Strew fragrant herbs and flow'rs around  
The couch on which their favourite lies.

Among the rest, Sophia came,  
And many a pearly tear she shed,  
And call'd upon her darling's name,  
And mournful knelt beside his bed.

She clasp'd him in her snowy arms,  
And to her heaving bosom prest;  
And art thou gone, she cried, whose  
charms,

So oft have sooth'd this pensive breast.

For ever lost...take this, and this,  
Dearest companion of our lives;  
She stoop'd, and gave a parting kiss,  
And with her kiss the God revives.