

APPEARANCE AND REALITY.

VIRTUE and *prudence* once agreed,  
In Hymen's bands their lives to lead ;  
Their offspring daughters prov'd to be,  
*Appearance and Reality.*  
In mutual harmony they grew,  
And equal joy their parents knew ;  
With looks serene and accent mild,  
Virtue address'd her eldest child.  
A parent's heart can only know,  
The joys that in my bosom glow ;  
When I behold my first-born care,  
So more than all my wishes fair.  
The rose which paints thy beauteous cheek,  
The snow that whitens o'er thy neck,  
The gems which sparkle in thine eyes,  
Fill all my soul with fond surprize,

Not only in myself I rest,  
*Appearance* joins to make me blest.  
 Thy beauties every heart can warm,  
 And virtue thro' thy means must charm.  
 But oh my daughter ! hear my voice,  
 Thy sister's worth be still thy choice,  
 And boast no charm, whate'er it be,  
 Forgetful of *Reality*.  
 Her merits to the world display,  
 While she secures thy bounded sway.

Prudence his anxious fears confess'd,  
 And thus his fav'rite charge address'd,  
 My darling child ! in thee I find,  
 Thy mother's graces all combin'd,  
 Each feature of her lovely face,  
 With fond delight in thee I trace.  
 But let my daughter now attend,  
 And hear the counsels of her friend.  
 Tho' solid worth be all thy own,  
*Appearance* best can make it known.  
 Her varied graces all admire,  
*Appearance* every breast can fire,  
 Give her a place within thy heart,  
 And all thy worth she shall impart.

Thus hand in hand the sisters went,  
 And fill'd their parents with content.

*Reality's* more solid worth,  
*Appearance* studied to set forth.  
 While she secured her sister's claim,  
 And gave *Appearance* spotless fame.  
 Their tender love soon care beguil'd,  
 Till virtue left her darling child,  
*Appearance* then with forward mien,  
 Before her sister still was seen,  
 Unbounded lures around she spread,  
 Nor ever for her sister staid.  
 And such her soft attractive grace,  
 In every heart she found a place ;  
 Not long deceiv'd the wise could be,  
 They found she'd left *Reality*.  
 And soon the subjects of her reign,  
 Were but the thoughtless and the vain.

'Twas with contempt her sister saw,  
 The servile herd about her draw,  
 And when her father's head was laid,  
 She scorn'd to sue to her for aid,  
 But conscious of her native worth,  
 Without *Appearance* ventur'd forth.  
 Vainly she seeks to find a friend,  
 Her hidden merits none commend,  
 Without *Appearance* few would see  
 The merits of *Reality*.

Their error now the sisters find,  
 Experience shows their interest join'd,  
*Virtue* and *Prudence* must delight,  
 To see their offspring still unite.