

And see the generous virtues soar
 In Celia's happier days;
 Soft sympathy to help the poor

And the delicate
SONNET.

Hope which her infant spring had mov'd
 Meridian days
 And every gem a diamond prov'd
 And every bud a rose.

EXPERIENCE all silver'd with age,
 Ah! vainly thou visitest me;
 Oh! go and the youthful engage,
 To take thee thro' life's troubled sea.

Ah! lead them while blooming and gay,
 To treasure of wisdom a store;
 Prosperity may pass away,
 And leave its possessor no more.

Attract them while habits are young,
 To pleasures by virtue refin'd,
 And bid them content to prolong,
 In youth firmly strengthen the mind.

For kindred, most loving and dear,
 And friendship, that charm of the soul;
 Rich cordials life's journey to cheer,
 Have oft bitterness mixt in their bowl.

Nor innocence fame can secure,
 It fades with the blast of a breath;
 If virtue our bliss would insure,
 She points to a state beyond death.

SONNET.

TROUBLED ocean ! troubled ocean !
 Thee calmer gales shall sooth to rest ;
 But what shall smooth that keener motion,
 That rankles in my anxious breast.

Dark clouds the azure skies obscuring,
 Winds waft them, and fair suns appear ;
 But when my clouded eye is weeping,
 Can aught disperse the bitter tear.

To sable night for Phebus mourning,
 Cynthia lends her placid beam ;

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