TO THE SAME.

Not every gem a diamond proves,
Nor every bud a rose;
Nor know we as life onward moves,
What future days disclose.

Fair Celia when an infant mild,
Bright hopes her dawn bespoke;
But oft the promise of the child,
Maturer age has broke.

In Celia numerous virtues shone,
Each were at generous strife;
Which most adorning we should own,
In Celia’s varied life.

And magnanimity was there,
And resignation mild;
That firmly could her evils bear,
Or thro’ her tears they smil’d.
And see the generous virtues soar,
In Celia's happier days;
Soft sympathy to help the poor,
And the dejected raise.

Hopes which her infant spring had mov'd,
Meridian days disclose;
And every gem a diamond prov'd,
And every bud a rose.