

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 ;

Oh say ! what dawn of hope returning,
On my sorrowing heart shall gleam ?

Thou pliant willow, pliant willow,
That bends and rises from the storm ;
So could I rise from that rude billow,
Which would o'erwhelm me in the storm.

Oh ! come then heavenly resignation,
And bear me in the adverse stream ;
Till to celestial bliss I waken,
From life as from a painful dream.