

A C O M P A R I S O N.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream,
 The silent pace with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay,
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in ev'ry part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart;
 Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
 How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd!
 But time that should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

A N O T H E R.

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream that winds through yonder
 glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—

Silent