

To a Brother of the Author's,

WE wish you joy—like us to meet
The spring in all its gay attire;
The fields to range in rural sport;
The manly thought, and bold design.

To us belong the woods and groves,
Each gentle art, and kind reply;
In truth and innocence unite,
Our minds improve,—but guess for whom.

The

From bosom descend the mine—and dew,
All these—within equal mind I view.
The wisdom sh' declares