

Then, best thanks for your gift,
 Which my spirits shall lift,
 And give a new tinge to my feeling—
 I am grateful to say,
 That I feel now this day
 Ev'ry pang of my heart quickly healing.

SOPHIA'S REPLY.

My child—said a mother, with caution severe—
 I hope you will never forget,
 That modesty's traces ought always appear
 In the form where true beauties are met.

'Tis this is the glory and pride of the fair,
 Adding lustre to every grace—
 Surrounded by gallants, then strictly beware
 Of that full gaze of thine in their face !