

Rousing the turbid torrents roar,
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast
won ;

While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaim that Thomson was her son.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

(By a young Lady.)

WITHOUT the Sun's indulgent
beam

Could Nature beauty yield ?
What tho' her womb with treasure teem,
How barren were the field.

Without his golden, glad some ray
Could smiling Spring arise ?
Could blooming blossoms grace the day,
Or bluthes paint the skies ?

Bereft of his all-cheerful smile
Mute were the blackbirds lay :
No more with music he'd beguile
The evening hours away.

So must the heart unwarm'd by Love,
Or Friendship's finer glow,
A fruitless waste unfertile prove,
Nor one true blessing know.

As the warm Sun can life impart
To seed immers'd in earth,
So friendship vegetates the heart,
Gives tender passions birth.

Oh ! may the Sun my soul refine,
It's genial fire impart ;
Affection live for ever mine,
Within my glowing heart.

IMITATION OF SHENSTONE'S PASTORAL.

THO' Summer exerts her sweet pow'r,
Tho' roses and jessamines bloom,
Tho' the eglantines twine round my
bow'r,
And spread all my fields with perfume,
No joy can these prospects impart,
When Phillida she is not nigh ;
Like a turtle then droops my fond heart,
When depriv'd of its mate and its joy.

When winter howls thro' the dark skies,
And the sun scarce illumines the day,
When the storms and the tempests arise,
And the thrush sits alone on the spray,
Then if Phillida grace my low cot,
How charming the prospects appear !
The cold of the season's forgot,
And it seems but the spring of the year.

Thro' the fields and the meadows so gay,
How oft do we carelessly roam,
Or pass the soft rivulets do stray,
Nor think of our distance from home ;
The turtle that cooes for its mate,
The lambskins that play in the grove,
New pleasure these objects create,
And supply us with topics of love.

But hark ! the hoarse tempests arise,
The torrents impetuous descend,
Black clouds sweep along the dark skies,
And we spy no kind refuge at hand ;
Even so when our youth is no more,
And our juvenile sun-shine is past,
'Tis then the gay scenes are all o'er,
And we shiver before the bleak blast.

But love shall a refuge supply,
When youth, wit and beauty shall fade,
'Tis love which shall ease the deep sigh,
And conduct our old steps through the
glade ;

And when we resign our last breath,
'Tis love shall his succours impart
Shall blunt the keen arrow of death,
And raise with soft comfort the heart.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

THE other day as Clara fair
Resolv'd to taste the rural air,
To view what beaming smiles adorn,
The vernal splendours of the morn ;
Chance led me to that very way
My Clara had resolv'd to stray.
Transported, thus, the fair to find
Intent to walk, I quickly join'd.
In meditation while we go,
It happen'd, in a quickset row,
Clara perceiv'd two birds distress'd,
And hard at work to build their nest.
We stop'd to view the anxious pair
Contrive their house, so firm and fair.
See Clara, see ! I then express,
What various things compose the nest,
What different parts, connected join,
To make the whole both neat and fine.
So should the soul of every maid
With different beauties be array'd ;
Virtue should guard the tender fair

From