

They are her counsels, breath'd with love sincere,
 My only brother! then to them adhere;
 So will your conduct still unclouded shine,
 Your fame still brighten as your days decline.

EXTEMPORE ON ARRIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

CAN silent pleasures give my love the smile
 Of sweet content, of happiness serene?
 Can Anna's care, her tenderneſs beguile
 The languor of a ſolitary ſcene?

Yes, for with anxious love I'll watch his eye,
 His will, his wiſhes in his features trace;
 With fond impatience to prevent them fly,
 My ſweet reward, a ſmile from his dear face.