

Babe of fondest expectation,  
 Watch his wishes in his face ;  
 What pleas'd in me, mayst thou inherit,  
 And supply my vacant place.

Whisper all the anguish'd moments  
 That have wrung this anxious breast,  
 Say, I liv'd to give thee being,  
 And retir'd to endless rest.

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WRITTEN IN VERY DEEP AFFLICTION.

**L**OW on affliction's gloomy bed,  
 Where sorrow holds her reign ;  
 Where pleasure never deigns a glance,  
 I pray for peace in vain :

Far, far remote from joy, from hope,  
 No soothing voice I hear ;  
 Nor doth fair friendship lend one gleam,  
 My fainting heart to cheer.

Ah fortune ! ever varying shade !  
 False, disappointing shrine !  
 To lure the young, believing heart,  
 How bright thy prospects shine !

Con-

Contentment once illum'd my breast,  
 No anxious care had I ;  
 Serenest slumbers, sweetest rest,  
 With dreams of peaceful joy.

Returning morn new pleasures gave,  
 I woke to soft delight ;  
 But now my ev'ry blessing's fled,  
 Day sinks in horror's night.

Be still, some spirit whispers, cease,  
 Thy suffering soon shall close ;  
 I come to guide thy wandering feet  
 To undisturb'd repose.

Why start at death's approach,—drear shade,  
 It leads to purer air,  
 Immortal joys that never fade,  
 No ill approaches there !

Come, fear me not ; tho' cold and pale,  
 I now assert my claim :  
 No guilt thy sinking soul alarms ;  
 Why trembles then thy frame ?

But hark ! some angel whispers, stay,  
 Hope humbly that reward

Promis'd to purity on earth,  
From Heaven's bright regard.

Then raise thy poor dejected heart;  
Remember there's a Power  
That gave thee being to be blest,  
But wisely hides the hour :

In faith, hope, virtue, persevere,  
Nor yield to black despair ;  
For thy great Parent's arm will guide  
Each daughter of his care.

Then let thy soul securely rest  
On that Almighty word  
That graciously dispenses good,  
And comfort will afford.