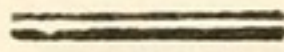


SONNET.



As nearer I approach that fatal day
Which makes all mortal cares appear so light,
Time seems on swifter wing to speed his flight,
And Hope's fallacious visions fade away ;
While to my fond desires, at length, I say,
Behold, how quickly melted from your sight
The promised objects you esteemed so bright,
When love was all your song, and life looked gay !
Now let us rest in peace ! those hours are past,
And with them, all the agitating train
By which hope led the wandering cheated soul ;
Wearied, she seeks repose, and owns at last
How sighs, and tears, and youth, were spent in vain,
While languishing she mourned in folly's sad control.