

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.

WRITTEN IN VERY DEEP AFFLICTION.

LOW 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.