

Anticipated prospects rise
From hope's enchanted dreams,
Converting life's prospective skies
From shade to sunny beams,
But oft, alas, those fancied hopes
Are in the bud destroy'd ;
The cherished gift is pluckt away
And leaves a lonely void.

Its lovely form returns to earth,
Its spirit soars to bliss ;
Tho' destin'd to a happy world
It oft may visit this.
Perchance around the household hearth
When prayer's sweet incense rise,
It may return as messenger
To waft it to the skies.

'Tis sweet to cherish such a thought,
Even tho' it were untrue,
That spirit-friends are hovering round
Tho' absent from our view.
But, oh ! such dreams however sweet,
A solace to impart,
Can never fill the vacant seat,
Nor yet the parents' heart.

The silent toys, the empty clothes,
Those vestiges of death ;
Are full of mournful memories,
Which spring from every breath,