

Early Hopes! alas how fast
They fall, with disappointments bright,
Like lustre's beams at sunset cast
On Summer clouds - too bright to last
And yielding soon to night,

Early Hopes! How soon they fade -
Like smiles which midst the rosy bloom
Of laughing beauty, once have played
Of beauty in the dust now laid
And mouldering in the tomb.

That this may not be your
experience, but that your fondist
"Early Hopes" may be more than
realized, is the wish of your
new but sincere friend,
Bluffton W. J. Beebe
March 27/45.