

*THE DYING CHILD.*

Beside the death-bed of her child,  
A mother sat in grief;  
But to her pain and anguish wild  
There came a sweet relief.

The dying child, in accents mild  
And full of holy love,  
The silence broke while thus she spoke  
Of brighter scenes above:

"Oh, mother dear, you need not fear  
Nor fret yourself for me;  
Dry from your cheek the falling tear,  
I soon shall happy be.

"I soon shall reach that blissful land,  
And join that happy throng,  
Who ever stand at God's right hand  
Singing their joyous song.

"I'll wait for you and father dear  
On that bright happy shore,  
Where death nor sorrow cometh near  
And friends depart no more.

"Then let me go—I must not stay;  
I hear my Saviour's voice;  
The angels beckon me away,  
And bid my soul rejoice."

The angels fair have come and gone,  
They bore that child away;  
Another soul is at the throne,  
Here but the lifeless clay.

Oh, friends bereaved, weep not for those  
Whom Jesus died to save,  
Through Him they conquer'd all their foes.  
And triumphed o'er the grave.

*Toronto.*

—*J. Imrie.*