

LINES TO MY LITTLE BOY.

My little boy, thou art fair to see
In the opening beauty of infancy ;
Soft is the beam of thy mild blue eye,
Wearing the huc of the summer's sky ;
Innocent the look of thy childish gaze,
Which we only behold in childhood's days.

My little boy in his hours of play,
Though dull seems the time, ever is gay,
Fit playmate he for the birds and the flowers,
That sing in the woodlands, or paint the wild
 bowers ;
And his small ringing voice, with laughter so clear,
Seemeth to say our world is yet joyous and fair.

My little boy with his bright sunny hair,
Hath fair rosy cheeks and dimples are there ;
His sweet merry laugh, and his quick joyous
 tread.

Show happiness smiling around his young head,
And the lov'd lispings words that he prattles to me,
Have beauty and innocence in their wild glee.

There is hope, there is trust, in his eyes brightning
 gleam,
There's a glimpse of fair heaven in its soft rolling
 beam ;