

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

A spirit lately took the wing
And mounted up in joy,
Which freed from earthly suffering
A lovely infant Boy.

Tho' the transition hence was rough
To one so young and pure,
Into the place of sainted rest
Was his admission sure ;

I saw him by an angel-train
Borne far above these skies ;
And much, while look'd he wistful back,
I long'd with him to rise.

I mark'd him look thro' Heav'n's bright gates,
Which he was struck to see ;
Where round about him flock'd the train
And questioned eagerly

" Thy Name ? " was ask'd " they call'd me--"
" Oh ! we've many such names here,
So grieve not—why within thine eye
Forms now that crystal tear." .