

MY DARLING.

FROM God's own nursery, where baby angels roam,
Heaven's King sent me one to brighten my home.
He came like the snowdrops in the early spring,
With heaven's smile on his face, heaven's dew on his
wing.

For six short weeks—Ah! how short they did seem!—
Did this little baby angel sweeten my every dream;
Each touch from his baby fingers thrilled my soul
through;
Yes, I made him an idol and it seems that God knew.

For He took him away again and now my heart's sore,
But I hope to meet my darling on yonder angel shore.
I thought when he came to me he was my very own,
That the bud would remain till the rose was fully
blown.

My eyes are sore with weeping and my heart's full of
pain,
Though I mourn I do not murmur, for I'll meet my
babe again;
And I'll prize more the cherub that is still left to me,
Love and train him for Jesus and for eternity.