

She was so young ; yet she could look  
 Her meaning, just as if she'd spoke.  
 Oft in her eyes I used to gaze,  
 Delighted with her infant ways,  
 And play'd and look'd, and play'd again,  
 So watchful never to give pain;  
 Then she was pleas'd, and seldom cried  
 Except when something was denied,  
 Which sterner duty ordered so,  
 And this, forsooth, would cause her woe ;  
 But then it went so soon away  
 That we did little else but play.  
 She just could run ; I think I see  
 Her infant form approaching me,  
 A bunch of flowers in either hand,  
 Like little Sylph from fairy land.  
 She rooted was within my heart,  
 So that I thought I could not part  
 From little Jane, I loved her so ;  
 But yet a journey I must go,  
 And leave my little girl behind,  
 To nurse's care,—it grieved my mind ;  
 For I had fears, foreboding fears,  
 Which forced away the silver tears :  
 And made me tremble, yes, and sigh,  
 Though I could give no reason why:  
 Oh ! ye who know a parent's cares,  
 Whose every wish some darling shares—  
 Though absent long, and far away,  
 You cling to that auspicious day,  
 When you again shall eager kiss  
 The sweet controuler of your bliss—  
 And so did I ;—the day was come,  
 And I had fondly journey'd home ;  
 Alas, my Jane ! she was not dead—  
 She still could smile, and still would try  
 To run, because Papa was nigh ;  
 And when she could not, seem'd to say,  
 Papa, be cheerful, perhaps I may :  
 Then turn, and give me such a look,  
 As all the parent in me shook ;  
 I saw the struggles in her heart,  
 For well she knew that we must part.

My little infant now is gone,  
 And why should I her loss bemoan,  
 Through glass of faith I plainly see  
 That she is happier far than me :

Her golden harp she tunes so sweet,  
 When sitting at her Saviour's feet,  
 That I could like to go and hear  
 (I sometimes think, and shed a tear  
 No tear of sorrow but of joy.)  
 The hymns that now my child employ.  
 Far from the waves which roar so near,  
 She's landed safe, and free from fear,  
 No ruffian rude shall ever stain  
 The innocence of little Jane.  
 Angels do sit, and listen round,  
 I make no doubt, on heavenly ground—  
 And every voice in chorus raise,  
 To sing the lov'd Redeemer's praise !

It was a beautiful flower : it was committed to my care, and I watch'd over it with the tenderest affection ; but I loved it, perhaps, too well, and it was taken from me in mercy.

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