

son, a beautiful boy, of about six years of age. Having anointed his body with turmeric, surrounded his temples with a garland of flowers, and clothed him in new apparel, he repeated the incantations prescribed by the *Shaster*; then descending into the river, and holding up his son in his arms, he said, "O Mother Ganges! this child is thine; to thee I offer it:"—so saying, he cast the little boy into the river, who sunk and rose no more! The crowd, which were witnesses of this shocking scene, testified their approbation by a loud shouting.

Poetry.

The Indian Child's Lament.

I wish I were a Golden Star,
 Up in yon Shining Heaven afar;—
 I wish I were a—little Flower,
 Blossoming in some sunny bower;
 I wish I were—a Bird quite wild,
 And not—a weeping Indian child.

I hear there are some Stars divine,
 That bright and brighter ever shine;—
 Some lovely Flowers that never die,
 In blissful gardens of the sky;
 And some blythe Birds, whose beautiful song
 Chaunts holy music all day long—
 Oh! that I knew that happy shore,
 I would rise—and away—and weep no more.

Is there no path to that fair land?
 Is there no outstretch'd helping hand,
 To lead poor wanderers away,
 From earth's black night to Heaven's bright day?
 —Has there no voice of mercy come
 'To bid the weary—welcome home?
 —Has there no eye of pity smiled
 On the woes, of the weeping Indian Child?

Alas!—For me, no mercy's here!—
 My only solace is this tear;—
 My only hope is Death—dark gloom;—
 My only Heaven is in the tomb.—
 Oh! that this weary life were o'er,
 That I might die—and weep no more.