

*Lines on the*

## **Death of an Infant.**

My child, thou art dead, and thy spirit hath fled,  
To the regions of glory above ;  
Thy Redeemer said " Come," Angels becken'd the home,  
And thou soar'd to the mansions of love.

Thee we hail'd at thy birth, as a gem sent to earth,  
Newly stamp'd with the impress of heaven ;  
And our hearts we did raise, in a tribute of praise,  
To our Father by whom thou wert given.

Words cannot convey, nor pencil display,  
Nor marble thy beauty bequeath ;  
But, by nature imprest, thou shalt live in our breast,  
Till we're wrapt in the mantle of death.

So lovely thou wert, thou encircled each heart  
With the liveliest and deepest affection ;  
So deep, that thy name will awaken a flame  
Of a pure and a fond recollection.

Tho' short thy stay here thy pains were severe,  
And we pitied thy weak, mournful cry ;  
Unable to aid, we earnestly pray'd,  
And look'd for our help from on high.

Now thou art set free, shall we weep to see  
That thy pains and thy sufferings are o'er ?  
That thou art away to yon regions of day,  
Where suffering and death are no more ?

No, we will rejoice, and lift up our voice,  
And give thanks to our Saviour and Friend,  
Who call'd thee up higher to join the bless'd choir,  
To praise him in strains without end.

Thou hast yielded thy breath, and suffer'd the death,  
Which is due to our first parents' fall ;  
But thou wilt live again, through the lamb that was slain,  
Who purchas'd salvation for all.

Thy soul is at rest with the heavenly blest,  
And thy body we've laid in the tomb ;  
From whence it shall rise, and mount to the skies,  
Cloth'd in its immortal bloom.

With glory enrob'd, in the presence of God,  
Thou wilt thine eternity spend :  
And roam with delight through yon realms of light,  
Enraptured with bliss without end.

O! Saviour and Lord! by thy Spirit and Word,  
May we be made ready for heaven ;  
Our dear babe to see, and exclaim, " Here are we,  
And the children to us thou hast given."

May our friends too be there, who our trials did share,  
As we came on our pilgrimage road ;  
May they with us be blest, by enjoying the rest  
Which remains for the people of God.

## **New African Hymn.**

O, Jesus, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,  
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign ;  
Of objects most pleasing I love Thee the best,  
Without Thee I'm wretched, but with Thee I'm blest.

The spirit first taught me to know I was blind,  
Then taught me the way of salvation to find ;  
And when I was sinking in gloom despair,  
My Jesus relieved me, and bid me not fear.

I vain I attempt to describe what I feel,  
The language of angels or mortals must fail ;  
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,  
I rise in sweet raptures while praising his name.

I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,  
In sweet meditation he always is there ;  
My constant companion, may we never part !  
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

My Saviour, I love Thee ! I love Thee my Lord !  
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways and Thy word,  
With tender emotions, I love sinners too,  
Since Jesus hath died to redeem them from woe.

I'm happy in Jesus, I cannot forbear,  
Tho' sinners despise me His love to declare,  
His love overwhelms me, had I wings I'd fly,  
And praise him in mansions on high.

## **Jacob's Well ;**

OR, BRITAIN'S PRIVILEGES.

At Jacob's well a stranger sought  
His drooping frame to cheer ;  
Samaria's daughter little thought  
That Jacob's God was near.

This had she known, her fainting mind,  
For richer draughts had sigh'd ;  
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,  
Those richer draughts denied.

This ancient well (no glass so true)  
Britannia's image shows ;  
Now Jesus travels Britain through,  
But who the stranger knows ?

Yet Britain must the stranger know,  
Or soon her loss deplore ;  
Behold ! the living waters flow ;  
Come—drink, and sin no more.

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