

It will seem an angel's visit
When it vanishes away.

Lay my babe upon my bosom—
'Tis not long I'll know she's there.
See how to my heart she nestles—
'Tis a pearl I'd love to wear.
Tell her sometimes of her mother;
You will call her by my name;
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,
If she errs, Oh! gently blame.

- Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping:
I will answer when she calls;
And my breath shall stir her ringlets
When my voice in whisper falls,
And her mild, blue eyes will brighten—
She will wonder whence it came—
In her heart when years roll o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

If in after years, beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
If her voice is sweeter music,
And her face than mine more fair;
If a cherub call thee "Father,"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love your first-born, Oh! my husband,
Turn not from the motherless.

Children's Treasury.

TRIFLES.

Why do we speak of a "little thing,"
And of "trifles light as air?"
Can aught be a trifle which helps to bring
A moment's grief or care?
A little seed in the fertile ground
Is the seed of a noble tree:
A little touch on a festering wound,
Is it not agony?

What is a trifle?—a thoughtless word
Forgotten as soon as said?
Perchance its echoes may yet be heard
When the speaker is with the dead.