

Burst in the door, glared round the room,
 Her darling there espied,
 In vain ! In vain ! Oh, sad her doom !
 To reach it vainly tried.
 Exhausted nature sapped her life,
 O'erwhelmed with sudden joy ;
 Her lips but framed some murmurings rife,
 " I've—found—I've—found—my—boy."

TABLEAU.

The bachelor with knee on ground,
 The baby fills one arm ;
 The other passed the wife around,
 Protects from further harm.

John followed quick, as if for life,
 To soothe his sorrow-stricken wife ;
 Yet failed to emulate her speed,
 Or guess the riddle of her need.

How sad the sight,
 How sad the plight,
 That coming met his eye !
 How sad the night,
 And slow its flight,
 Still sadly wond'ring why !
 At length, her youth, her strength, replaced,
 The consciousness so long effaced ;
 She heard the tender wail again,
 And nature thrilled through ev'ry vein.

* * *

One dear embrace, of baby's face,
 Will dim the trace and soon efface
 All sign of heartfelt sorrow ;
 The present joy, without alloy,
 " My darling boy ! my pretty toy !"
 Last far beyond the morrow.

* * *