

THE LOST CHILD.

MUTE is the plaintive Whip-poor-will,
The woods are hush'd in deep repose ;
And echo lingers on the hill,
As night's advancing shadows close.

Far to his lonely woodland bow'r,
The insect bird has wing'd his way ;
And twilight's soft and soothing power,
O'er nature holds its tranquil sway.

As night extends its ample wings,
The armies of the sky are seen,
Marshal'd in heaven's resplendent plain,
With meteor banners rais'd between.

Around the lonely forest clear,
Where DUGALD's humble mansion stood ;
No sound assails the listning ear,
To break the silence of the wood.

But why sits Dugald in his shed,
Like wounded lion in his lair ?
When late his partner join'd the dead,
Heaven left a son, his smile to share :

And is there not one nameless grace,
Which busy memory may explore ;
Reflected in the boy's sweet face,
To shew his mother's charms once more ?