

The Way of Holiness
Made Plain.

BY A SADDLER'S WIFE.

To My Mother.

Give me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee,
I've passed through many a changing scene,
Since thus I sat by thee.
Oh! let me look into thine eyes,
Their meek, soft, loving light,
Falls like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my head to-night.

I've not been long away, mother,
Few suns have rose and set,
Since last the tear-drop on thy cheek,
My lips in kisses met ;
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems,
Though every night I come to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.