

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

A mother's arms are open, to embrace her soldier boy,
The tears that trickle o'er her cheeks, are those of holy joy ;
And now her prayers that from her heart so often did ascend,
Are answered by her God, the widow's trusted friend.

She loves her noble boy, who fought for Britain's Queen,
Among the rocks and hills, with treacherous foes unseen ;
She gazes on his manly form, in blood-stained khaki clad,
Then breathes a prayer to Heaven for her wounded soldier lad.

She calmly kissed that brow, now bronzed by Afric's clime,
And wept upon his shattered arm, now powerless for all time ;
Then with a mother's arms she clasped him to her breast,
And sighed within her heart, God knoweth what is best

She listens to his tales in tears of rapturous joy,
And prays to God above for the welfare of her boy ;
She hears from his own lips the stories of our brave,
Who are resting in the veldt, without a stone to mark their grave.

He brings with him as relics of this cruel and treacherous war,
A mutilated arm, and on his breast a long and ghastly scar—
Yet still he speaks in praise of the enemies of our Queen,
And of the many acts of mercy—by human eyes unseen.

May God watch o'er that mother and her wounded soldier boy,
And may their lives be one of sweet and hallowed joy ;
And when the bugle call from Heaven shall descend,
May that mother and her boy—to brighter homes ascend.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

I oft recall my childhood days,
They were to me so bright and fair ;
When I could bask in sunny rays,
And pleasures of a home could share.

'Twas oft I fished yon meadow brook,
Wherein the speckled trout did play,
And often mourned the loss of hook,
But seldom ever caught my prey.

I loved to loiter in the lane,
Where sweet violets and primrose grew ;
Then gaze upon the golden grain,
That drooped their heads beneath the dew.

My mother died and left her boy
Dependent on a stranger's care ;
But my father dear, I was his joy,
And all the sweets of life did share.

'Twas at the age of five I went to school,
Where I was placed to keep me from harm's way ;
Some called me dunce, but others called me fool,
It was all one to me, provided I could play.