

childhood, rests his sweet blue eyes upon his mother's face in the winning beauty of infancy, she tells him of one whose love is better than a mother's, and, while his mind is tender and sensible to impression, she plants the seeds of moral goodness there, and with a parent's fond assiduous care, cherishes the growth of every virtue.

MARIA.

Bedford, 17th April, 1833.



THE DEFORMED.

From the (London) Ladies' Museum.

I am a lone and weary thing
That may not dream of mirth,
With none to love, among the bless'd
And beautiful of earth;
And if I gaze upon the flowers
That blossom all around,
I feel myself a noxious weed—
A curse upon the ground!

Oh! why were soul and feelings pour'd
Into a form of clay,
So shapeless, that it fears to look
Upon the brighter day;
So fearful, that, upon the earth,
Each passing lovelier thing
Is glad to turn away in scorn
And leave it withering.

I flung myself all fervently
Upon my mother's breast,
And kiss'd the brow I lov'd so well,
And pray'd I might be bless'd;
But silently she thrust me off,
That prayer might never be,
And went away to fondle
With a fairer child than me.

I'm sure he could not love her more
In the shrine of his young heart—
At her fond kiss, no sweeter gush
Of extacy could start.