

In wedlock's bonds they soon were joined;
Fair Helen's heart was light,
Her husband was to her so kind,
The future looked so bright.

Her's was a trusting, loving heart,
In James she did confide,
When from her father she did part,
Became a happy bride.

A few years passed, but grief has come,
She now has cause to weep;
And on her once bright happy home
We now will take a peep.

The time is winter,—on the hearth
A few small embers burn;
All here looks comfortless and drear,
Whatever way you turn.

The wife and mother is in tears,
And O, how thin and pale!
She starts, and rises as she hears
Her infant's piteous wail.

But little has she now to say,—
Sad are her looks indeed,—
And in her face a stranger may
A tale of suffering read.