

## THE LOST CHILDREN.

At early morn a mother stood,  
Her hands were raised to heaven,  
And she praised Almighty God  
For the blessings He had given ;  
But far too deep were they  
Encircled in her heart,—  
Too deep for human weal,  
For earth and love must part.  
She looked with hope too bright  
On the forms that by her bent,  
And loved, by far too fondly,  
Those treasures God had sent.  
They bound her to the earth,  
With love's own golden chain,  
How were its bright links severed  
By the spirit's wildest pain ?  
She parted the rich tresses,  
And kissed each snowy brow,  
And where, oh ! happy mother,  
Was one so blest as thou ?  
The summer sun was shining  
All cloudless o'er the lea,  
When forth her children bounded,  
In childhood's summer glee.  
They strayed along the woody banks,  
All fringed with sunny green,  
Where, like a silver serpent,  
The river ran between.