## SWEET MOTHER.

By the late Mrs. Emily C. Judson, wife of Rev. Dr. A. Judson, or Burman

The wild south-west monsoon has risen, With broad, gray wings of gloom, White here, from out my deery prison, I look as from a tomb—Alas!

My heart another tomb.

Upon the low thatched roof, the rain With ceaseless putter falls;
My cloncest treasures bear its stains;
Mould gathers on the walls—would heaven 'Twas on y on the wails!

Sweet mother, I am here alone, In sorrow and in pain; The sunsaine from anchert has flown; It feels the driving run—Ah me! The chill, and mould, and rain.

Since love upon it smiled, And everything on earth has frowned On thy poor stricken can d, sweet friend, Thy weary, suffering child.

I'd watched me loved one night and day, Scarce breathing when he stept, And as my hopes were swept away, I'd in his boson wept—O. God! How had I prayed and wept !

And when they bore him to the ship, I saw the white sails spread, I kissed his speechless, quivering lip, And left him on this bod—Alas! It see and a coffir bed.

When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since in tears, we came,
Thou saidst. "Yow desolvine each room!"

o w o just the same that day—
The very, ver—same.

Then mother, little Charley came, (for beautifu , fair boy, With my own father's enerished name; But Oh! he brought no joy --my call! Brought mourning, and no joy.

His little grave I cannot see, Though weary months have sped Since pitying leps bent over me, And whispered, "He is dead!"—Mother! "Tis dreadful to be dead!

I do not mean for one like mo— So weary, worn, and weak— Death's shadowy pideness seems to be E'en now upon my check—his seal, On form, and brow, and check.

But for a bright-winged bird like him, To hush his joyous song, And prisoned in a coffin dim, Join Deat 's pale phanton throng— Join Deat 's pale phanton it To join that grizzly throng!

O, mother, I can scarcely bear To think of this to-day! It was so exquisitely fair, That little form of clay—my heart Still lingers by his clay.

And when for one loved far, for more, Co ac thickly gathering tears, My sear of faths is clouded o'er, I suck ben all my tears, sweet friend, My heavy weight of fears.

O, but to feel thy fond arms twine Around me once ugain!
It almost seems those line of thing
Augus assaway the pun—might soothe
This duil, cold, heavy pun.

But gentle mother, through life's storms, I may not lean on thee, For halpless, covering little forms. Cling trustingly to me-poor babes! To have naguide but me.

With weary feet, and broken wing,
With blooding heart and sore.
Thy deve books backward sorroving,
But see as the ank noin re—tay breast
Seeks never, never more.

Sweet mother, for thy wan letter pray,
That loftler fresh be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
Teat site may bean on heaven—her heart
Grow strong in a brist and heaven.

Once, when young Hone's fresh morning dew Lay spacking on my breast. My mounting heart thought but to do To with a theorem's bit stimmy pains Come at the same beliest!

All fearfully, all tearfully—
Alone and sorrowing.
My dim eye lifted to the sky.
F ist to the cross I cling—O, Christ!
To try dear cross I cling.
Maulman. August 7th, 1850.

# LITERATURE.

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A DREADIUL BAD BIFANT CURED IN ONE MONTH.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Frederick Tarmer, of temporate for the start for the 1st (in the pain in ter edite was competed in the pain in the pa



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do. Crosse & Blackwell's Pickels, ase'd viole, to show order on at be directed for Brack well's Provident State of the principle Dr. gaists. For all in St. John by a the principle Dr. gaists. For all in St. John by a the principle Dr. gaists. For all in St. John by a the principle Dr. gaists. For all in St. John by a the principle Dr. gaists. Few Butter.

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