

"BY THE LOVE."

Not far away she saw a little child
Of scarce five years, and drawing near she knew
Him one who never felt a mother's kiss,—
Now sitting at the grave where one long month
Had slept his father,—kith nor kin bequeathed
The boy in the wide circle of the earth.
She knew that, rose and rosebud on one stem,
Father and child had crimsoned life with love,
And that the wind of death had snatched
The rose and left the unsheltered bud alone ;
Yet blinded by the night of her own grief
Scarce had she seen his golden day's eclipse.
Now swift she marked the tender mobile lips,
The spirit-light aglow in eye, on brow,
And the rare beauty of the noble face,

"Is your name Mary," fearlessly he asked,
"Who with the angels talked when the great stone
Was rolled away?" "O no, dear child," she said,—
"Whom are you looking for?" With reverent mien,
Yet eager voice, "For Jesus," said the child.
"O Jesus is not here, my darling boy,
He's risen, you know." "Yes," said the wistful face,