

My Mother.

BY D. ROSS LETCH, M. D.

DARK is the night and wild the sea,
The tempest round me gathers,
And I must wander far from thee,
Sweet island of my fathers!
But soft dreams in my soul arise,
Nor storm nor fear can smother:
And clothed in love, before mine eyes,
Thy image glides—my Mother!

The sable garb, the widow's cap
Thy sweet cheek simply shading;
And, oh! that pensive look of love,
Unspeaking—unfading!
Bright thoughts lie brooding on that brow,
Where Grief hath left his furrow;
For Faith and Love have brightened now,
The lines engraved by Sorrow.

Oh, Mother! thou art blent with all
That to my heart is nearest;
Even Heaven to me is doubly dear,
Because to thee 'tis dearest.
If virtue burns within my breast,
To thee that bliss is owing!
'Twas thou that lit the sacred flame,
'Tis thou that keep'st it glowing.

When the wild waves of passion roll,
Like starbeams o'er the ocean;
Thine image glides athwart my soul,
And calms each fiercer emotion.
An angel atmosphere of peace
Breathes from thy spirit o'er me:
The gloom retires—the tempests cease,
And all is bright before me.

Thy love is like a light divine,
A lustre rich and holy;
Hate has not in that heart of thine,
'Tis pitying melancholy!
Thy gentle chiding, ever more dear
Than kindness from another;
Reproof is Love, when from thy lips
'Tis breathed—my angel Mother!

To hark beneath thy holy smile—
To feel thy kiss upon me;
To hear those gentle tones that oft
From worldly thoughts have won me;
To live beside thee, and to touch,—
To talk of loved ones perish'd;
Ye Sacred Powers! can tell how much
Thus lost by me is cherish'd!

The bounding heart of Youth is gone,
The flowers have left the wildwood;
And dim, dim now the dreams have grown
I cherish'd in my childhood.
But, mother, oh! whilst thou art left,
The true, the angel-hearted,
Not all of boyhood's bliss is left,
Not all of youth departed!

Oh! may the Power who gave us thee
Awhile on earth to blossom,
To show how much of heaven may be
Within a human bosom;
Long with thee bless our loving eyes,
A beam of glory given;
The polar star of Paradise,
To guide our souls to Heaven

Is a popular work, recently published in London, entitled *Oliver Cromwell; an Historical Romance*, a faithful picture of the closing scene of a stag hunt occurs:

"The hunt was at its height! The noble stag—which had been harboured on the previous night in a deep swampy thicket, situate at the extreme western verge of the chase, and adjoining a wild tract of semi-cultivated moorland—disdaining to seek refuge in the recesses of the devious woodland, had broken covert gallantly, as the first crash of deep-mouthed music burst from his stanch pursuers, and clearing by a gigantic effort the rough park-palings, had taken to the open country, crossing hill and dale in a line scarce less direct than the crow's flight, and at a pace that, ere an hour had passed, reduced the number of those who followed the now mute and panting hounds from a score or two of fearless horsemen to scarcely half-a-dozen of the boldest and best-mounted riders. The ladies of the party had long since been thrown out, scarcely indeed having cantered a half-mile along the nearest road, after the hounds had left the confines of the park: but still the foremost of the field, with all the hair-brained courage of a boy, and all the deep sagacious foresight of a veteran sportsman, rode old Sir Henry Ardenne; his manly features flushed with the excitement of his healthful exercise, and his grey hair floating on the current of air created by his own swift motion, as cap in hand he cheered the laggards of the pack with a voice that had lost nothing of its full-toned roundness. At length, in a sequestered dell clothed on each hand with a dense growth of underwood feathering its rocky and precipitous declivities, down which a sandy road wound in sheer toilsome curves, and watered by a bright and brawling rivulet, hard pressed and weary the brave quarry turned to bay. The deep note of the leading hound changed to a shrill and savage treble as he viewed his prey, and at the same instant the loud death-halloo rang from the exulting lips of the old baronet, as he caught and comprehended