

POETRY.

THE LONE MOTHER TO HER FIRSTBORN.

Sleep babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have prest !
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me ;
I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend —
'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee.

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;
His eye is closed ; he sleeps — how still and
calm !
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on death's cold
arm ?

Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !—
Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—un-
close

Thine eye but for one moment on the light !
Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

Sweet error !—he but slept—I breathe again,
Come gentle dreams, the hour of sleep be-
guile !

Oh ! when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain,
Beside me watch to see that waking smile ?

WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest,
The stars shine gloriously—and all,
Save me, is blest.

Mother—I love thy grave !—
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child ?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest
bow—

Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow !

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter stream,
By thee, as first in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams,

But I must linger here,
'To stain the plumage of my sinless years,

And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,
With bitter tears.

Ay—must I linger here,
A lonely branch, upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee,

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come—whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild
And thrilling tones o' tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thine urn, religion's holiest shrine,
Oh, give his spirit undefiled
'To blend with thine.

SOLITUDE,

There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.

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