

Poetry.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

There was a sound of wailing beside a cottage-hearth,
Its loveliest and its fairest flower had pass'd away from earth.

"Darling!" so the mother's breast
Pour'd forth sadly its unrest :
"As a summer flow'ret blasted,
As a pearly raindrop wasted ;
As the spring-morn's fragrant breath,
Tainted by decay and death ;
So thy life hath pass'd away,
Thy sweet beauty, it is clay.

"Morn awakes, but song of gladness
Silent is for utter sadness :
Vesper twilight's rosy flush
Waketh not thy joyous gush :
Radiant smile and glance of light
Come not with the closing night ;
And the stars, whose clustering grace
Thou, in wild delight, would'st trace,
From their azure depths look forth
Mournfully upon the earth :—
Darling! thou hast pass'd away,
Thy sweet beauty, it is clay."

And a deeper sound of wailing was by that cottage-hearth,
For its loveliest and fairest flower thus pass'd away from earth.

"Flowers are round our cottage-home,
Bell and bud shed sweet perfume,—
Many a bright and golden wreath
Odour flings to morning's breath ;
Dew and sunshine, light and shade,
Still shall bless each starry glade ;
Woo and win sweet treasures there,
Waking myriad blossoms fair :
But thy hand is icy chill,—
And thy joyous voice is still !
Lone and sorrowful, I weep
Thou no more may'st wake from sleep ;
Darling child ! thy mother's heart
Shrinketh from its all to part !"