

'Tis but the shadow of a child ;  
Yet let the parent wake,  
Like aspen leaf, in summer breeze,  
That helpless thing will shake.

The husband—where is he ? you ask ;  
He toils from morn till night—  
Too often, when his work is o'er,  
He looks on that sad sight ;  
And lifts his baby in his arms  
To hush its feeble moan,  
And prays that God may guide its steps,  
For *mother*, it has none.

Oh, lady, weep not—rather pray  
That this poor erring one  
May find a refuge yet from sin  
In God's own holy Son.  
Pray that the father, mother, child,  
Be found 'mid heaven's host ;  
And that their happy greeting be,  
“ All here—no wand'rer lost.”

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### THE DAUGHTER'S APPEAL.

O mother, throw that cup away,  
It is an evil thing ;  
There's venom in the subtle draught,  
Each drop contains a sting.  
It flattereth—then deceiveth ;  
And holdeth up to scorn