

Poetry.

MY MOTHER'S GOD.

"At a religious meeting, an infidel of talent and respectability, under the power of the truth, bowed upon his knees and cried in agony, 'God of my mother! have mercy upon me!'"

A young child knelt all meekly
Beside a mother's knee,
With air devout and holy
Most beautiful to see!
And pray!—the voice of childhood
Rose softly on the air,
And the snowy wings of angels
Were softly hovering there!

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I saw a man whose forehead
Was lifted up in scorn
Against the noblest, holiest things;
The true, the heaven-born,
An Infidel! and weak ones
Shrank back where'er he trod—
He scanned the universe unawed,
And said, "There is no God!"

Sad sight, alas! and angels
In sorrow turned away,
While dark above the skeptic's mind
An ominous shadow lay.
And while the hearts of thousands
Bowed 'neath conviction's rod,
He still unmoved, in scornful tones
Denied his mother's God

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A scene most strange and thrilling—
Sore-burdened hearts were there;
Christian and sinner met to prove
Th' omnipotence of prayer!
Why comes *he* here—the godless?
Is it to scoff, or pray?
An unseen power has brought him;
He may not stay away.

Like strong oaks of the forest,
Riven by the tempest's breath,
They bowed around him—voices plead
As though 'twere life or death—