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For empty title, ribbon or star,
For worshipped and much sought gold,
How men will struggle at home—afar—
And suffer toils untold;
Plodding their narrow, earth-bound way
Mid care and restless strife,
Wasting, ah! more than one short day,
Losing an entire life!

And thou, fair child, with to-morrow's dawn
Wilt rise again, calm—glad—
To cull wild flowers, mid wood and lawn,
Untroubled by feeling sad.
But, alas! the worldly wise of earth,
When life's last bonds are riven,
Will find that for things of meanest worth,
They've lost both Life and Heaven.

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

(Written for the Journal of Education).

A CHILD'S TREASURES.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

Thou art home at last, my darling one,
Flushed and tired with thy play,
From morning dawn until setting sun
Hast thou been at sport away;
And thy steps are weary—hot thy brow,
Yet thine eyes with joy are bright;
Ah! I read the riddle, show me now
The treasures thou graspest tight.

A pretty pebble—a tiny shell,
A feather by wild bird cast;
Gay flowers gathered in forest dell,
Already withering fast;
Four speckled eggs in a tiny nest,
Thy last and thy greatest prize,
Such the things that fill with joy thy breast,
And laughing light thine eyes.

Well, child, what right have I to smile
And whisper, too dearly bought
By wand'ring many a weary mile—
Dust, heat and toilsome thought;
For we children of maturer years
Task aching heart and brain,
Waste yearning hopes and anxious fears
Upon baubles just as vain.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

O cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That soothed me last, as you fondly press'd
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;
For I saw a scene, while I slumbered last,
That I fain would see again, mamma,
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast asleep, mamma;
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine,
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I would give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see, mamma;
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
And we rested under a bough;
When near me a butterfly flouted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide;
But the night came on, I had lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do, mamma;
And I knew not what to do.