

III.

The sick son and the mother
They slept in their little room:
The Mother of God came softly there,
In silence through the gloom.

Over the boy she bent her—
A light around her shone—
She laid her hand on his heart, and smiled—
And like a dream was gone.

In her dreams the mother saw her
So lightly come and go:
Then suddenly woke and look'd around—
The dogs moan'd loud, below.

There lay her Wilhelm calmly—
She call'd—but he was dead:
Over his wasted cheek there fell
A ray of the morning red.

She stood with trembling hands—
She felt, she knew not how—
But softly in her heart she said
'O Mary, praised be thou'!

E. J. C., TORONTO, August 25, 1877.