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IN THE MORNING LIGHT.
FROM THE PICTURE BY A RÖSTEL.

Softly tread, the door unclosing
See where wrapped in slumber deep
In each other's arms reposing
Still my tender nurslings sleep
Grief nor care
Touch them e'er
Heaven, I pray, my babies keep.

Softly—'tis their bodies slumber,
In the Angels' haunts are they;
Heavenly legions, without number,
Guard their souls till comes the day.
Then from Heaven
Back are given
Angel souls to earthly clay.

Softly tread—too soon th' awaking
Comes to them, to us, to all
Light and day our slumber breaking
Comes too soon great and small.

Slumber then Little men

Dream sweet dreams that never pall.

E. W. B.