

POETRY.

[Almost two years have transpired since receiving the following lines, written by a devoted brother, a servant of the Lord, in Ohio. Apologies, in this climate, are generally of a pale color, and not much admired; however, we may be allowed to say, that, on our return from the embryo journey to Scotland in 1846, we found such a pile of letters, periodicals, and documents—private, public, and mixed—that more than one half of them, from necessity, were either partially or wholly neglected. To atone in part for past apparent delinquency, these stanzas appear even at this late day.—D. O.]

A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHER.

My Mother, Ah! that sacred name;
 Entwined with many a pleasing thought,
 That calls me back from whence I came,
 And brings to view things once forgot.

How firmly 'graved upon the mind
 Are scenes I first experienced here;
 Ere evil thoughts my heart inclined,
 While filled with love without a fear.

'Twas then I had "a mother kind,"
 To guide me in the way of truth,
 Who deeply planted in my mind,
 The rules that led me in my youth.

How often then, when day had sped,
 And nature lay in silence deep;
 "My mother" coming, gently, said
 "My son I lay thee down to sleep,"

Since now I've left a mother dear
 And many cares enclose me round,
 Shall I forget a mother's tear,
 Amid the toils in which I'm found?

Ah! mother when I thee forget,
 No more my hand its cunning keep,
 My tongue be dumb and palsied; let—
 Yes,—let my heart refuse to beat!

L. C.

From the Christian Luminary.

OBITUARY.

Died in Clark, C. W., August 17th, 1818, Phebe Jane Darling, wife of William Darling. The deceased was born of respectable parents in the United States; some of her connections live near Picton. It may be truly said of her, that she died in the Lord. During the last few months of her life, she suffered much by a decline, or consumption. In early life she sought the Lord, and found, to the joy of her soul. The deceased has left a husband and eight children to mourn the loss of a pious companion and an affectionate mother. Previous to her death, she made choice of the writer to preach her funeral sermon, which was done on the 18th, at Orono, from Psalms lxxxviii. v. 18. "Lover and friend, hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness."

THOMAS HENRY.

Will the *Witness* please copy the above, in the request of

W. D.