

A MOTHER'S LOVE

And from worn eyes tears force their way.

She pressed her babe against her breast,

And cast her glances wildly round;

The gath'ring gloom, the stony ground,

Small chance of food, small hope of rest.

Around the infant, warm and tight,

Her shawl she wrapt, it fell to sleep;

And soon the falling snowflakes deep,

Covered her wretchedness from sight.

And morning came, with tiny fist,

The smiling baby soft and fair,

Beat with a cry for food and care,

On the dead mother's icy breast.

— FINIS —