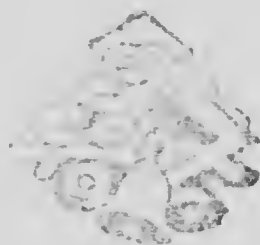


Chime 



THE WANDERING MOTHER.

Cold is the driving snow,—
But O, her heart is colder,
Wandering to and fro
With the babe upon her shoulder !

Poor daughter of despair,
Outcast, repelled, forsaken,
In the drear twilight, where
Shall her hopeless road be taken,—

To face the stabbing blast,
To front the snow-storm blindly,
Till Life shall learn at last
Of a Death more just, more kindly ?