

A MOTHER'S THOUGHT.

Once a frail toddler at her mother's knee,
Uplifting her blue eyes to that calm face,
Sweet mirrors to reflect love's perfect grace ;
Once a shy maid, all ideality,
Dreaming the world as innocent as she ;
Once blushing in her lover's fond embrace,
And weeping farewell to her nesting-place
To walk with him towards eternity :

To-day within the palace of the wood,
Whose roof is intricate with many a scroll
Of shifting sun, with her own babe she
strays,
Tasting the joys of happy motherhood,
Yet grave for thinking, even as she plays,
Herself the mother of a deathless soul.