

Is it not your mother, your own dear mother? Now, then, let me ask you, Are you kind to your mother? There are many ways in which children show whether they are kind or not.

Do you always obey her, and try to please her? When she speaks, are you ready to attend to her voice? or do you neglect what she wishes you to do? Do you love to make her heart feel glad?

TO A CHILD.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

Just out of heaven!—grace from high
 Around thy forehead clings,
 And fancy gazes till her eye
 Can almost see thy wings.
 The world, as yet, hath laid no stain
 Upon thy spirit's light,
 Nor sorrow flung a single chain
 Upon its sunny flight.
 The rose upon thy cheek still wears
 The colour of its birth;
 Its hues unwithered by the tears
 And breezes of the earth;
 And round the tints of beauty, yet,
 The gleams of glory play,
 As thou hast left the skies of late
 And in their starry plains hadst met
 The rainbow on thy way;
 And like the bird that pours its lay
 Its own bright paths along,
 Thy foot-steps dance along thy way,
 Unto thine own heart's song!
 Oh! thus that it might ever be!
 But onward, onward, darkly driven,
 The world shall be too cold for thee;
 Of such as thee is heaven.
 That thou might'st ever be as now!
 How brightly on thy childish brow
 Is heaven's sign unfurled!
 Thou walk'st amid our darker day,
 Like angels who have lost their way,
 And wandered to the world.
 Oh! that thou might at once go back,
 Nor tempt the sad and onward track
 Where lights that are not of the skies
 Shall lead thy wandering feet astray;

And breezes not from Paradise
 Shall chill thee on thy way;
 Where hills that seem for ever near
 Shall fade before thy cheated eyes,
 And shouts of laughter in thine ear,
 Sink, wailing, into sighs;—
 Where thou shalt find hope's thousand streams

All flow to memory's gloomy river,
 Whose waves are fed by perish'd dreams

For ever and for ever;
 Where guilt may stamp her burning brand

Upon thy soul's divinest part,
 And grief must lay her icy hand
 Upon thy shrinking heart;
 'Till—like a wounded sinking bird
 Joy's song may never more be heard,
 And peace, that built within thy breast,

May perish in its very nest;
 And youth, within thy darkened eye
 Grow old, and cease to prophecy;
 Till thou, amid thy soul's decline,
 And o'er thy spirit's ruin'd shrine.
 And o'er the forms that haunt thy sleep

To fade with night—may'st sit and weep:

Like me, may'st vainly weep and pray

To be the thing thou art to-day,
 And wish the wish—as old as wild—
 Thou were, again, a playful child.

THE SUMMER IS PAST.

Summer is past,—her soft farewell
 Still lingers in my ear;
 Like chiming of a faroff bell
 That we but faintly hear.
 The zephyrs sigh a sad sweet plaint,
 As 'mid the leaves they stray;
 And the birds breathe forth their soft
 Summer is past away. [lament:
 The rose-leaves now are falling fast,
 On the soft ground they lie;
 And each sweet flower droops its head,
 To wither and to die.
 And in this cold and dreary time,
 When earth was wrap'd in gloom,
 And all of Nature's fairest pets
 Seemed hastening to the tomb.

One tender bud my rose-bush bore,
 Methought 'twould blossom soon:
 And oh! I loved this little bud
 More than the rose of June.
 Methought that when the rest were gone,
 This little rose would bloom;
 And that 'twould cheer my lonely heart,
 When all but it was gloom.
 Alas! my hopes were all in vain;
 The blight it could not bear;
 My little bud ne'er bloomed, nor shed
 Its fragrance on the air.
 And so it is with earthly things;
 They last but for a day;
 And what we fondly love the most
 Doth quickly pass away.