

THE
COTTAGER'S FRIEND,
AND
GUIDE OF THE YOUNG.

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THE MOTHER'S PARTING KISS.

"I was but five years old when my mother died; but her image was distinct to my recollection, now that twelve years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale, beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice that was soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I erred, for I was a wild, thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it, that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient: methinks I can now see her large blue eyes glisten with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, 'My child how can you grieve me so?' I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble, and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, that I thought she must be well. But then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, and be kind to him, for he would have no one else to love.' I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and ship were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day, and it seemed very long. At night they told me mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered, 'Mother, mother, won't you kiss me?' Her lips were very cold, and when she put her arm around me, laid my head upon her bosom; and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room, but he could not