

Stands awed ; amazed ; just then, O, list !
 Stretched slowly forth a tiny fist.
 Refreshed by sleep the babe woke up,
 And cooing called for Nature's cup ;
 But finding naught, in muttering cries,
 Exerts its feeble energies.

Oh, Heav'n, what next ? I know no lullaby.
 Have spirits changed me ? Do my dreams supply
 Fantastic visions ? and my common sense
 Exist alone in empty vain pretense ?

What shall I do ? I cannot nurse ;
 I'll leave *it* there to cry, or worse.
 What will they say ? and this cold night !
 Was ever man in such a plight ?
 He pondered long ; perchance he swore ;
 And e'en his waxed moustaches tore ;
 He clenched his fist. Impotent rage !
 'Twould not the infant's wants assuage.
 At length compassion takes the rein,
 He lifts the babe with stern disdain,
 But yielding soon to Nature's right,
 He gently soothed the tender wight.
 Slow passed the time in chill array,
 With night fast changing into day ;
 Perplexed to bottom of his soul,
 While thus he fill'd th' unwonted role.

* * * *

Now shift the slide,
 And onward glide
 To view
 The happy twain,
 At home again,
 Anew.

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Unrobing vestments of the ball.
 "One kiss dear love"—and that was all—